CYCLOPEDIA OF ILLUSTRATIONS FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS

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for public speakers

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CYCLOPEDIA OF
ILLUSTRATIONS
FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS

CONTAINING FACTS, INCIDENTS, STORIES, EXPERIENCES, ANECDOTES, SELECTIONS, ETC., FOR ILLUSTRATIVE PURPOSES. WITH CROSS-REFERENCES

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
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PREFACE

In estimating the prospectus of this work a well-known clergyman exprest the judgment that "A book of fresh illustrations should be made as often, at least, as once in ten years." A somewhat extensive inquiry, to which many responses were received, has convinced the editors and publishers that a liberal use is made of collections of illustrations, by clergymen and other public speakers, and that to meet their requirements a new collection at this time would be welcomed by those whose functions and duties involve public speaking, teaching and preaching.

Paxton Hood's definitive epigram, "Illustrations are windows," has often been repeated in varied forms. William Morley Punshon states the relation of the illustration to the truth it is designed to serve when he says, "The illustration is but the handmaid in the palace, while truth is the queen upon the throne." This is to affirm under a figure of speech that every good illustration should take a place of service, and is valuable only as it assists the understanding in grasping the truth more easily and apprehending it more vividly.

An illustration is regarded as something more than a brief figure of speech, as a simile or a metaphor, tho these may be often expanded to the scope and value of illustration proper. An illustration, as found in this work, whether narrative, fact or series of facts, an incident, anecdote, story, experience, or description, is intended to be such as may be used to make clear the truth or principle indicated in the title.

Inasmuch as the same story, incident or array of facts frequently may be found to suggest more than one thought, principle or truth, a system of cross-references has been used referring under some given head to other titles: or, other titles are inserted separately, with which the illustration may be used, with a cross-reference to the illustration. It is hoped that this system of cross-references may prove an acceptable and valuable feature of the book.

As the title implies, this collection is intended to be serviceable to all public speakers. It has not been the intention either to include or to exclude illustrations because they are specifically religious. We are all coming to recognize that the sacredness or the secularity of anything and everything, is far more a matter of attitude of mind in men than in any specific quality in things themselves. Whether an illustration prove to be secular or sacred is to be determined probably by the use made of it, the purpose which it serves, and the spirit in which it is employed.

It will be noted that here and there in the book there have been included entries that, on the face of them, do not seem to be in the strictest sense illustrations. We think, however, that careful examination will show even these to be susceptible of illustrative uses. Sometimes an array of facts, or a condensed table of statistics, may furnish exemplary instances and throw needed light on a topic.

In inserting poetry, we have tried to adhere to the principle that only poetry that constitutes a real illustration and is quotable, should find place in this work. A poem in its entirety has rarely been used; in most cases only such verses appear as seem to apply to the truth under illustration. The aim, farther, has been to include only such poetry as seemed to us to have true poetical merit. Sometimes this has meant only a pathetic or witty turn of the verse, or a flash of genuine humor, or the metrical illumination of a deep or important truth. In considering this kind of illustration, even tho verse brought to our attention might seem to furnish an apt illustration, if it did not appear to possess poetical merit also, it has been excluded.

The intention of the editors, through the years required to bring this collection together, has been to present a book of newly-prepared illustrations that, for the variety it includes, would not soon be surpassed. They represent research that has extended through hundreds of different publications, books, magazines, papers, of almost every class and kind. The result is a sifted residue, after inspection of a much greater number that have been excluded. It may be doubted if any similar work represents an equal amount of painstaking labor. No illustration has been included without the agreement of at least two competent examiners upon its availability.

The editors, however, are quite well aware that the value and utility of such a work and of the particular illustrations, will be different with different individuals, according to the illimitable differences of view-point, of taste, and of judgment that exist in any given circle of readers. The illustrations from nature will be more welcome to some, those from personal experience to others, and to still others, the extracts from science, or from common life, or from religious activities and experience will appeal more strongly. Some extracts supply the element of humor, which, rightly used, is a valuable asset in public address. The editors feel confident that the variety here provided will meet the different needs and tastes of the readers of this volume.

The alphabetical order of arrangement has seemed to make unnecessary any topical or word indexes. Any one desiring to examine all the illustrations closely applicable to any given topic, may do so conveniently by means of the cross-references. For instance, under "Missions" will be found cross-references to such illustrations, entered under other titles, as apply also to missions.

For the special use of preachers, many of the illustrations have a reference to a Scripture text, and two text indexes are provided. One of these is in the order of the Biblical books, chapters and verses; by turning to which the number of the illustration with which each text belongs will guide to the alphabetical place where the illustration occurs. This index will at once show whether a given text is or is not directly illustrated in the volume. The other text-index, arranged in the order of the topics, includes the text itself, in whole or in part, so that in turning from a text reference in the body of the book to this index, one can determine immediately whether the text promises to be useful in connection with the topic.

The illustrations will be found to have a secondary value in educational directions. A large amount of useful information is conveyed in compact paragraphic form. Facts from almost every department of human knowledge are to be found in these pages. Science has furnished many, including habits and doings of beasts and birds, curious and wonderful feats of surgery; ways and wonders of plant life; useful and valuable data from astronomy; the work of inventors, explorers and discoverers, etc., etc. From history and geography have been gleaned many important, curious, interesting incidents, facts, and sayings. From common and current life there will be found hundreds of useful and usable things worthy of being remembered. Literature has yielded a goodly store of her treasures. The religious life, especially as exprest in missionary work, is represented in numerous paragraphs. In short, merely as a store of useful information, this work should prove valuable.

Unusual care has been taken to make this work accurate. It is apparent without discussion that a public speaker does not wish to use, and ought not to use, even by way of illustration, material that is unreliable in any facts cited, or inaccurate in any statement made. Wherever there has been any doubt as to facts, authorities, or statements, the rule has been to exclude everything subject to such doubt.

This effort at accuracy has led to the practise of citing the source of each extract, wherever it could be ascertained. The occasional exceptions to this have been cases where the matter was a generally circulated piece of news or some extract wherein, from the nature of the case, no question of accuracy or authorship could be involved. In addition to this, there are a few extracts, the sources of which we have been unable to trace.

It is intended that the topic heads shall cover about all the subjects which a preacher or public speaker would ever wish to discuss. But it should be said that these topics are not intended as titles for discourses. They are topics that may sometimes serve as titles, but that are primarily subjects or ideas rather than titles. They are intended to be fairly comprehensive of the range of ideas of the average speaker, and may often represent only a subhead or a passage in his discourse.

If it happens that the user of this book, coming upon these topic heads from new angles and view-points, should not at first deem them exactly descriptive or definitive of the extract with which they appear, it need only be said that such difference of instinct and judgment is inevitable to different men, and if more is seen in any extract than the editors saw, that will add nothing to the confest sense of their undoubted fallibility.

The manner in which such a work as this shall be used will be determined—and should be—by each user for himself. It may not be wholly irrelevant, however, to suggest that so far as the prose extracts are concerned, they are mostly susceptible of profitable paraphrasing and of every sort of manipulation that may fit them to the particular use desired. The chief profit in a book of illustration, doubtless, will be found, for every really vital user, far more in the suggestive values of the extracts than in the actual material furnished. Many of them are in themselves seeds and nuclei capable to be developed into a discourse. They should serve to set the mind working, provide the stimulus for new thought, and lead on to something far greater than they contain.

The editors have been assisted in the gathering of this collection by the staff of contributors whose names are given below, and whose valuable aid we take pleasure in acknowledging: The Rev. G. L. Diven; S. B. Dunn, D.D.; the Rev. William Durban (London); the Rev. Benjamin L. Herr; Mrs. Delavan L. Pierson; the Rev. David Williamson (London); Miss Z. Irene Davis. Editorial acknowledgment is extended also to Franklin Noble, D.D., for valuable suggestions, and to many clergymen who kindly responded to our request for criticism and comment upon the prospectus.

For permission to use extracts from copyrighted books, granted by publishers and authors, who, for the most part, have responded kindly to our requests, we desire to extend our thanks. Among those so responding are the following:

Felix Adler; H. R. Allenson, Ltd.; American Unitarian Association; D. Appleton & Company; The Arakelyan Press; The Arcadian Press; A. C. Armstrong & Son; Edward William Bok; Character Development League; Dodd, Mead & Company; Doubleday, Page & Company; James J. Doyle; Duffield & Company; E. P. Dutton & Company; Eaton & Mains; Paul Elder & Company; Ginn & Company; Gospel Publishing House; D. C. Heath & Company; Hodder & Stoughton; Henry Holt & Company; Houghton, Mifflin Company; J. B. Lippincott Company; Longmans, Green & Company; Lutheran Publication Society; The MacMillan Company; A. C. McClurg & Company; Morgan & Scott, Ltd.; Neale Publishing Company; The Pilgrim Press; G. P. Putnam's Sons; Fleming H. Revell Company; Seeley & Company, Ltd., London; Sherman, French & Company; Small, Maynard & Company, Inc.; Smith, Elder & Company; Frederick A. Stokes Company; Student Volunteer Movement; Sunday-school Times Company; E. B. Treat & Company; University of Chicago Press; The Young Churchman Company; Young People's Missionary Movement.

A great many of the illustrations have been taken from periodical literature, including monthly and weekly magazines and daily and weekly papers, both secular and religious. We desire to acknowledge our obligation to all these publications, some of which are here indicated:

Ainslee's Magazine; Andover Review; Appleton's Magazine; Atlantic Monthly; Art Amateur; Belford's Magazine; Book Chat; Building; Cassell's Family Magazine; Chamber's Journal; Christian Statesman; Christian World Pulpit; Collier's Weekly; Contemporary Review; Cornhill Magazine; Cosmopolitan; Country Life in America; Decorator and Furnisher; Electricity; Electrical Review; English Illustrated Magazine; Everybody's Magazine; Forest and Stream; Fortnightly Review; Forward; Good Health; Grace and Truth; Hampton's Magazine; Harper's Bazar; Harper's Magazine; Harper's Weekly; Health; Home Magazine; Indoors and Out; Journal of Education; Judge's Magazine; Leslie's Weekly; Life; Lippincott's Magazine; McClure's Magazine; Machinery; Magazine of American History; Metropolitan Magazine, Missionary Review of the World; Munsey's Magazine; National Geographic Magazine; National Monthly; New England Magazine; Nineteenth Century; North American Review; Open Court; Overland; Penn Monthly; Phrenological Journal; Popular Science Monthly; Pottery Gazette; Progress Magazine; Puck; Putnam's Monthly; Reader Magazine; Review of Reviews; School Journal; Scribner's Magazine; St. Nicholas; Strand Magazine; Success Magazine; Sunday-school Times; Sunset Magazine; System; Temple Bar; The American Journal of Theology; The American Magazine; The Argonaut; The Automobile Magazine; The Booklover's Magazine; The Bookman; The Century Magazine; The Chautauquan; The Critic; The Delineator; The Epoch; The Forum; The Gentleman's Magazine; The Independent; The Literary Digest; The Metropolitan; The Mid-Continent; The Monthly Review; The National Magazine; The Outlook; The Popular Science Monthly; The Quiver; The Reader; The Saturday Evening Post; The Scrap Book; The Statesman; The Sunday Magazine; The Survey; The Tennesseean; The World To-day; Washington Craftsman; Revue Scientifique; Wide Awake; Wide World Magazine; Woman's Home Companion; World's Work; Youth's Companion.

Cyclopedia of Illustrations For Public Speakers

ABBREVIATION

I remember a lesson in brevity I once received in a barber's shop. An Irishman came in, and the unsteady gait with which he approached the chair showed that he had been imbibing of the produce of the still run by North Carolina moonshiners. He wanted his hair cut, and while the barber was getting him ready, went off into a drunken sleep. His head got bobbing from one side to the other, and at length the barber, in making a snip, cut off the lower part of his ear. The barber jumped about and howled, and a crowd of neighbors rushed in. Finally, the demonstration became so great that it began to attract the attention of the man in the chair, and he opened one eye and said, "Wh-wh-at's the matther wid yez?" "Good Lord!" said the barber, "I've cut off the whole lower part of your ear." "Have yez? Ah, thin, go on wid yer bizness—it was too long, anyhow!"—HORACE PORTER. (1)

ABDICATION

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." If men who are obscure and quiet and tempted to envy the glory of kings they might profitably meditate on the speech that Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Richard II while he abandons his crown:

I give this heavy weight from off my head
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths. (2)

Aberration, Mental — See ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

Abhorrence, Instinctive — See ANTIPATHY, INSTINCTIVE.

ABILITIES

Lord Bacon says that "natural abilities are like natural plants that need pruning by study." Conversely untrained talents are like wild plants that degenerate when left to themselves. (3)

Ability Commanding Trust—See CONFIDENCE.

Ability, Determining—See WORTH, ESTIMATING.

ABILITY, GAGE OF

Mr. Edmund Driggs, of Brooklyn, gives a motto that came into his life like an influence, and greatly helped him toward success. At the age of fifteen he left home to engage with an older brother in the freighting business on the Hudson River. The first duty he performed on the vessel was to go aloft to reef the pennant-halyards through the truck of the topmast, which was forty feet above the top of the mainmast, without any rigging attached thereto. When the sailing-master had arranged the halyards over his shoulder, with a running bowline under his right arm, he ordered him aloft. The new sailor looked at the sailing-master and then aloft, and then asked the question, "Did anybody ever do that?" "Yes, you fool," was the answer. "Do you suppose that I would order you to do a thing that was never done before?" The young sailor replied, "If anybody ever did it, I can do it." He did it. That maxim has been his watchword through life. Tho he is now over seventy years of age, he is still engaged in active business life, and whatever enterprise he undertakes the watchword still is, "If anybody ever did it, I can do it." (Text.)—WILBUR F. CRAFTS, "Successful Men of To-day." (4)

ABILITY, USELESS

Plutarch says that a traveler at Sparta, standing long upon one leg, said to a Lacedæmonian, "I do not believe you can do as much." "True," said he, "but a goose can."

There are many who have abilities to do greater things who are content to boast of some accomplishment as useless as standing on one leg. (5)

Abnormality—See Deformity.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

A Canadian farmer, noted for his absent-mindedness, went to town one day and transacted his business with the utmost precision. He started on his way home, however, with the firm conviction that he had forgotten something, but what it was he could not recall. As he neared home, the conviction increased, and three times he stopt his horse and went carefully through his pocketbook in a vain endeavor to discover what he had forgotten. In due course he reached home and was met by his daughter, who looked at him in surprize and exclaimed, "Why, father, where have you left mother?"—*Leslie's Weekly.* (6)

There are many firm believers in the theory that most people are crazy at times, and facts seem to support their belief. The following will possibly remind a number of our readers of some incident in their experience, which at the time of its occurrence seemed to them most unaccountable:

A wise man will step backward off a porch or into a mud-puddle, a great philosopher will hunt for the spectacles that are in his hand or on his forehead, a hunter will sometimes shoot himself or his dog. A working girl had been feeding a great clothing knife for ten years. One day she watched the knife come down slowly upon her hand. Too late she woke out of her stupor with one hand gone. For a few seconds her mind had failed, and she sat by her machine a temporary lunatic and had watched the knife approach her own hand. A distinguished professor was teaching near a canal. Walking along one evening in summer, he walked as deliberately into the canal as he had been walking along the path a second before. He was brought to his senses by the water and mud and the absurdity of the situation. He had on a new suit of clothes and a new silk hat, but, tho the damage was thus great, he still laughs over the adventure. Our mail collectors find in the iron boxes along the streets all sorts of papers and articles which have been put in by some hand from whose motions the mind has become detached for a second. A glove, a pair of spectacles, a deed, a mortgage, a theater ticket, goes in, and on goes the person, holding on to the regular letter which should have been deposited. This is called absent-mindedness, but it is a brief lunacy.—*Public Opinion.* (7)

Absentees—See Excuses.

Absolution—See Forgiveness, Conditions of.

ABSORPTION

The Italian mothers get for nurses the most beautiful persons, because they believe that by constantly looking into such faces the infant will unconsciously take on some of the beauty of the nurse.

This may be a fiction; but we do know that where there is mutuality of interest and deep affection, persons thrown closely together, in the process of the years, take on traits each of the other. (8)

See Beautiful Life, Secret of; Language, Formation of.

Absorption in One's Art—See Thoroughness.

ABSORPTION, MENTAL

The anecdote is a familiar one in the history of painting, of the artist employed upon the frescoes of a dome, who stept back to see from a better point of view the work which he had done, and became so absorbed in comparing the scenes which he had depicted with the forming idea as it lay in his mind, that still proceeding backward he had reached the edge of the lofty scaffolding, when a pupil, observing his instant peril, and afraid even to shout to him, rushed forward and marred the figures with his trowel, so calling back and saving the master. The mind, engrossed in its own operation, had forgotten the body, and was treating it as carelessly as the boy treats the chip which he tosses on the wave.—Richard S. Storrs.

See Assimilation. (9)

ABSTAINERS LIVE LONG

An interesting investigation was conducted by the *Associated Prohibition Press* in April, 1909, as to the causes of death in the city of Chicago of all men who had reached the age of sixty years and over, and whose death was reported during that month. Every death reported in Chicago during this month of April was carefully investigated for the purpose of securing an accurate memorandum of the age, nationality, and cause of death.

Out of 155 men concerning whose deaths this data was obtained, it was found that 73 had been total abstainers, 75 moderate drinkers, and 4 were said to be heavy drinkers. The age ranged from 60 to 92 years.

On the basis of the facts secured in this investigation, the drinking men, by their use of alcoholic poison, shortened their lives nearly four years.

In the aggregate, therefore, by means of its subtle poison, alcoholic liquor helped to deprive these 79 victims of a total of more than 334 years of active life which their abstaining contemporaries had lived to enjoy.—"American Prohibition Year-book." (10)

Abstinence as an Example—See EXAMPLE.

ABSTINENCE, DIFFICULTY OF

There was a certain ancient colored gentleman who was addicted to the habit of excessive drink. When asked why he didn't quit he replied:

"It's dis here way, boss. Jus' as long as I kin quit when I wants ter I ain't in no danger. Jus' as soon as I fin' I kain't quit I's gwine t' swar off."

There are numbers of drinking men who keep right on because they think they can stop when they want to. They frequently find out too late that they can not quit. (11)

ABSURD NOTIONS

I stumbled upon an English book of etiquette the other day. In it I found this curious statement: "A gentleman may carry a book through the streets if it is not wrapt, but if it is done up in wrapping paper it becomes a parcel and must be carried by a servant." The wrapping-paper makes a wonderful difference. And so absurd are the fashionable ideas of refinement and gentility.—OBADIAH OLDSCHOOL, *The Interior*. (12)

ABSURDITY IN NOMENCLATURE

All who have seen the ancient maps of North Carolina will remember Win-gin-da-coa as its name. This was the first thing said by a savage to Raleigh's men. In reply to the question, "What is the name of this country?" he answered, "Win-gin-da-coa." It was afterward learned that the North Carolina aborigine said in this phrase, "Those are very fine clothes you have on." And so North Carolina carried a fashion-plate label to unsuspecting readers.—EDWARD EGGLESTON. (13)

Abundance and Incompetency—See OPPORTUNITIES UNUTILIZED.

Acceleration of Life—See FAST LIVING.

Accident as a Minor Thing—See MISFORTUNE, SUPERIORITY TO.

Accident—See LOSS AND PROFIT.

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY

Argand, the inventor of the famous lamp which bears his name, had been experimenting for some time in trying to increase the light given out by his lamp, but all to no purpose. On a table before him one night lay an oil-flask which had accidentally got the bottom broken off, leaving a long-necked, funnel-shaped tube. This Argand took up carelessly from the table and placed —almost without thought, as he afterward related—over the flame. A brilliant white light was the magical result. It is needless to add that the hint was not lost by the experimenter, who proceeded to put his discovery into practical use by "inventing" the common glass lamp-chimney. Hundreds of discoveries which have been heralded to the world as the acme of human genius have been the result of merest accident—the auger, calico printing and vulcanization of rubber being among the number.—St. Louis *Republic*. (14)

See DISCOVERY, ACCIDENTAL; INSULATION.

ACCIDENTAL SUCCESS

Protogenes, the Greek painter, was an impatient man. In painting a picture of a tired, panting dog, he met with satisfactory success except that he failed in every attempt to imitate the foam that should have been seen on the dog's mouth. He was so much provoked over it, that he seized the sponge with which he cleansed his brushes, and threw it against the picture with the intention of spoiling it. It happened to strike on the dog's mouth, and produced, to the astonishment and delight of the painter, the very effect that he had labored so persistently to imitate.—FRANK H. STAUFFER, *The Epoch.* (15)

ACCIDENTS

Man's increasing wisdom and growing regard for his fellow man will some day result in a better state of things than is here indicated:

According to an estimate made by Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, of the Prudential Insurance Company, the annual rate of fatal accidents in American cities is between 80 and 85 in each 100,000. On a basis of 80,000,000 population, this would mean a yearly loss of about 65,000 lives. By the same authority it is calculated that 1,664,000 persons are badly injured every year, and that some 4,800,000 receive wounds of a less serious character. We have a yearly list of fatalities somewhere between 64,000 and 80,240, and of serious maimings of 1,600,000; whereas two great armies, employing all the enginery of warfare, could succeed in slaughtering only 62,112 human beings yearly. (Text.) (16)

ACCOMMODATION

According to a story told by Rev. J. Ed. Shaw, of Hammonton, N. J., a man should always adapt himself to local conditions if he wants to slip along without falling over his feet.

Some time ago, Mr. Shaw said, a little colored congregation over in Jersey invited a preacher friend of his to occupy their pulpit at the coming Sunday evening service, and the good dominie, wishing to encourage the colored brethren, readily complied.

Reaching the church where he was the only paleface present, the preacher delivered a sermon full of helping advice, made an eloquent prayer, and then announced that the service would be closed by singing the hymn, "Wash Me and I Shall Be Whiter Than Snow." At this point one of the darksome congregation rose to his feet.

"Look heah, pahson," said he impressively. "Yo' will hab to 'scuse me, but I rise to a point ob ordah."

"What is it?" asked the preacher, with large symptoms of surprize floating over his features.

"It am dis way," replied the parishioner. "Yo' hab ebidently made a mistake in de crowd. Dis am a cull'ed congregashun, an' s'nce all de pump watah an' sof' soap in de county can't make de words ob dat hymn come true, I jes' wish dat yo' would change her to some uddah tune."—Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph.* (17)

ACCOMPLISHMENT

Among the influential public men who were wild in their unreasonable prejudice against Grant and cried aloud for his dismissal, was Col. Alexander K. McClure, of Philadelphia. He could not see how the President could sustain himself if he persisted in retaining Grant. So he went to Washington to counsel with Mr. Lincoln, and urge him in the name of the people to remove Grant without delay. I will let the Colonel tell in his own way the result of his visit to the President:

"I appealed to Lincoln for his own sake to remove Grant at once, and in giving my reasons for it I simply voiced the admittedly overwhelming protest from the loyal people of the land against Grant's continuance in command. . . . When I had said everything that could be said from my standpoint, we lapsed into silence. Lincoln remained silent for what seemed a very long time. He then gathered himself up in his chair and said in a tone of earnestness that I shall never forget: 'I can't spare this man; he fights.' That was all he said, but I knew that it was enough, and that Grant was safe in Lincoln's hands against the countless hosts of enemies." —Col. NICHOLAS SMITH, "Grant, the Man of Mystery." (18)

See WORK VERSUS WORKER.

Accounting—See BALANCE, A LOOSE.

Accuracy—See PUNCTILIOUSNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

ACCUSATION INSUFFICIENT

When Numerius, governor of the Narbonnoise Gaul, was impeached for plunder of his province, he defended himself, and denied the charge and explained it away so skilfully that he baffled his accusers. A famous lawyer thereupon exclaimed, "Cæsar, who will ever be found guilty, if it is sufficient for a man to deny the charge?" To which Julian retorted, "But who will appear innocent, if a bare accusation is sufficient?" (Text.) (19)

ACHIEVEMENT

The Denver *Republican* recently contained this brief account of a farmer working heroically on a one-man railroad, and remarked that it is typical of the individual spirit that has achieved great things in the West:

The story of the Kansas farmer, who, with a scraper and a pair of mules, is building a fifty-mile railroad, would indicate that the supply of courageous men is not entirely exhausted.

The farmer who is tackling this tremendous job alone and who is serenely indifferent to all the jeers of his neighbors, scorned to admit defeat when he could not interest any one with capital in the road which he deemed necessary. He went to work with such material as he had at hand and, somehow, even without seeing the man or knowing aught of his project, one can not help sharing the farmer's belief that he is to "carry the thing through." (20)

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, was kind and courteous to his army, both to officers and soldiers. He shared the toils and hardships of those who were under his command. He gave them, too, their share of the glory which he acquired, by attributing his success to their courage and fidelity. At one time, after some brilliant campaign in Macedonia, some persons in his army compared his progress to the flight of an eagle. "If I am an eagle," replied Pyrrhus, "I owe it to you, for you are the wings by means of which I have risen so high." (21)

ACQUAINTANCES

If we could prove by statistics the number of acquaintances a man had fifty years ago, and those which the modern man has, the difference would be enormous. The tendency is everywhere to enlarge one's circle—ambitious people with discernment, but the foolish, blindly, without any interest or inclination to guide them. I once heard a woman announce with pride, "I have 2,000 visits to make this winter." She flaunted this fact before her less favored friends, who had only 1,000 names on their visiting lists. Could there be anything more futile than this thirst for increasing one's bowing acquaintances? What useless ballast are these interminable lists, in which no place is left for an hour's intelligent or affectionate intercourse. The habit of going from drawing-room to drawing-room gives certain persons a style in conversation that is as flat as a well-drest stone, not one spontaneous word in it, not an angle, not a defined form!—DORA MELEGARI, "Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy." (22)

Acquiescence in Temptation—See DESIRES, INORDINATE.

ACQUIESCENCE TO PROVIDENCE

Each branch of a vine is bound to a certain point of its wall or its conservatory. It is not growing just where and how it would spontaneously and naturally choose, but is affixt there contrary to its natural bent, in order that it may catch the sunbeams at that point and cover that spot with beautiful foliage and luscious fruit.

Sorrow is like the nail that compels the branch to grow in that direction; inevitable circumstance is like the rough strip of fiber which bends the branch, and pain is like the restraint which is suffered by the branch which would have liked to wander at its own will. We are not to murmur or repine at our lot in life, but are to remember that God has appointed it and placed us there. (Text.) (23)

ACQUISITION

An interesting side-light on the kind of men who attend the classes of the city evening technical schools was given by a commissioner of the Board of Education in a recent address to young men:

"I visited the forge-room" (said he), "where a class of twenty-five young blacksmiths were shaping and welding various models of iron bars and iron blades. It was an inspiring scene. No man, however indolent or indifferent to the world's work, could have looked on without having his ambitions revived. The glowing metal yielded to the hammer blows of these youthful artizans, because interest in their work and a desire to become producers directed their bare and brawny arms. I walked about unnoticed. They felt no interest in commissioners of education. At one of the anvils I noticed a particularly fine, well-built young fellow. He was wholly absorbed in his work, so when I picked up the book he had partly hidden under his cap on his tool-bench it did not attract his attention. What book do you think it was? Oh, no, not a treatise on tool-work in iron; that would have been fine. It was something even finer than that. The book was a copy of Vergil's 'Eneid' and the marginal notes on the pages show that he was as ambitious to acquire a taste for good literature as for the possession of technical skill."—New York *Press*. (24)

ACTING, ACTOR AFFECTED BY

The following remembrance of Henry Irving is given by his friend and associate Ellen Terry:

My greatest triumph as Desdemona was not gained with the audience, but with Henry Irving! He found my endeavors to accept comfort from Iago so pathetic that they brought the tears to his eyes. It was the oddest sensation, when I said, "Oh, good Iago, what shall I do to win my lord again?" to look up—my own eyes dry, for Desdemona is past crying then—and see Henry's eyes at their biggest, luminous, soft, and full of tears! He was, in spite of Iago and in spite of his power of identifying himself with the part, very deeply moved by my acting. (25)

ACTION, INSTANT

I have seen ten years of young men who rush out into the world with messages, and when they find how deaf the world is, they think they must save their strength and get quietly up on some little eminence from which they can make themselves heard. "In a few years," reasons one of them, "I shall have gained a standing, and then I shall use my power for good." Next year comes, and with it a strange discovery. The man has lost his horizon of thought. His ambition has evaporated; he has nothing to say. The great occasion that was to have let him loose on society was some little occasion that nobody saw, some moment in which he decided to obtain a standing. The great battle of a lifetime has been fought and lost over a silent scruple. But for this the man might, within a few years, have spoken to the nation with the voice of an archangel. What was he waiting for? Did he think that the laws of nature were to be changed for him? Did he think that a "notice of trial" would be served on him? Or that some spirit would stand at his elbow and say, "Now's your time?" The time of trial is always. Now is the appointed time. And the compensation for beginning at once is that your voice carries at once. You do not need a standing. It would not help you. Within less time than you can see it, you will have been heard. The air is filled with sounding-boards and the echoes are flying. It is ten to one that you have but to lift your voice to be heard in California, and that from where you stand. A bold plunge will teach you that the visions of the unity of human nature which the poets have sung were not fictions of their imagination, but a record of what they saw. Deal with the world, and you will discover their reality. Speak to the world, and you will hear their echo.—JOHN JAY CHAPMAN. (26)

Activity and Light-giving—See LIGHT AND ACTIVITY.

Activity and Thought-training — See THINKING, HOW COORDINATED.

Actors Become Preachers—See EVANGELISM, UNUSUAL.

ADAPTABILITY

As an illustration of adaptability to circumstances and the willingness to take chances in order to achieve results of any kind, of the men who open up a new country to civilization, a recent incident is instructive:

A little schooner reached Seattle recently from Nome, on Bering Sea. She had made the voyage down during the most tempestuous season of the year in the North Pacific, and had survived storms which tried well-found steamships of the better class. Yet there was not a man on board, from the captain down, who had ever made a voyage at sea, save as passengers, on a boat running to Alaska. There were no navigating instruments on board save a compass and an obsolete Russian chart of the North Pacific.

These men wanted to come out for the winter, and there was no other way within their means to accomplish the trip. They got hold of the schooner and they started with her. They were not seamen or navigators, simply handy men who were accustomed to doing things for themselves. This was out of the routine, but they did it. (27)

The men who made the voyage down from Nome in a little schooner without any previous knowledge of seamanship probably saw nothing remarkable in the feat. They were used to doing things that had to be done with the material that came to hand, whether they knew anything about how it should be done or not.—Seattle *Post-Intelligencer.* (28)

ADAPTATION

If we are unable to bring our surroundings into subjection to our desires, we can often moderate our desires to the measure of our surroundings.

The colonel of a volunteer regiment camping in Virginia came across a private on the outskirts of the camp, painfully munching on something. His face was wry, and his lips seemed to move only with the greatest effort.

"What are you eating?" demanded the colonel.

"Persimmons, sir."

"Good heavens! Haven't you got any more sense than to eat persimmons at this time of the year? They'll pucker the very stomach out of you!"

"I know, sir. That's why I'm eatin' them. I'm tryin' to shrink me stomach to fit me rations." (29)

Numerous are the animals that, escaping persecution, have adapted themselves to the altered conditions. Was this adaptation unconscious on their part? There was room and to spare when it was in progress, and did not choice enter into the problem? Or was it mere chance that they stayed near or even in habitations, and with no more volition than the autumn leaves that now filled the air?

It may be mere coincidence, but the skunk that lived under the doorstep yet gave no sign of its presence; the raccoon that occupied a clothes-line box and was not suspected; the opossum that lived in a hollow tree within ten feet of the house and was discovered only by accident—all suggest to me that they considered the several situations, and realizing their advantages in the matter of food supply, were willing to take the chances; yet a fine bit of primitive woodland was not fifty yards away.—C. C. ABBOTT, New York *Sun.* (30)

Why should we not adapt our moral seed-sowing for character to the different types of men as carefully as agriculturists do after close study of the different types of soil?

"The greatest surprize to the agriculturist," said Mr. David G. Fairchild, "and one which will throw into confusion the calculations of the economist, will come through the utilization of what are now considered desert lands, for the growing of special arid-land crops requiring but a fraction of the moisture necessary for the production of the ordinary plants of the eastern half of the United States, such as corn and wheat.

"We are finding new plants from the far table-lands of Turkestan and the steppes of Russia and Siberia, which grow luxuriantly under such conditions of aridity that the crops of the Mississippi Valley farms would wither and die as tho scorched by the sirocco."—*The Technical World.* (31)

See POISONS AND MEDICINE.

Adaptation, Lack of—See ACCOMMODATION.

ADAPTING THE BIBLE

The postulate that any portion of the Scripture is as serviceable as any other portion for the purpose of stimulating and nourishing the moral and religious growth of children, regardless of their age—the Bible itself refutes this postulate. In 1 Peter 2:2, "As new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the word." We have a very plain assertion of the need of different food for different stages of growth in the spiritual life, the assertion clothing itself in terms of the food for the several stages of the physical life. In 1 Cor. 3:2, "I have fed you with milk and not with meat," we have the same truth set forth by another writer, who employs the same physical analogy. When we turn to Hebrews we find the author employing in more detail the same analogy to teach the same fact—Heb. 5:12-14. Here we really have granted, embryonically, it may be, the principle that is striving to-day for recognition at the hands of the religious teaching world.—A. B. BUNN VAN ORMER, "Studies in Religious Nurture." (32)

Adding More—See MARGINS OF LIFE.

Adjustment—See UNFITNESS.

Admiration, Unspontaneous—See PRAISE-SEEKING.

Adolescence—See LOYALTY, SPIRIT OF.

Adolescent Folly—See Kindness.

Adoption—See Sympathy, Practical.

ADVANCEMENT, RAPID

When things all move so fast, Christian men must be wide-awake if they would have morals and religion keep pace with material progress:

Such is the pace at which we live to day that, while millions of people in this country have not yet got up to the stage of "civilization" represented by the use of gas, but when they encounter it casually employ it suicidally, other millions have outgrown and discarded it, and will have none of it even for a curling-iron or a chafing-dish, let alone for lighting. To put it briefly, the use of electricity for lighting in New York State alone has increased over 2,000 per cent in ten years, and the use of electricity for power, also from central stations, has increased in the decade nearly 1,200 per cent. And yet the electricians are inclined to think they have only just started in. (Text.)—*The Electrical World and Engineer.* (33)

ADVANTAGE, WORKING TO THE BEST

If we all worked at what we could do best, not only would more work be done, but most of life's friction and worry would be eliminated.

The English are a ballad-loving people, and few singers could sing a ballad like Antoinette Sterling. She sometimes, but rarely, sang classical music. She knew where she was the strongest, and she wisely kept in that direction, with the result that she shared the same popularity which the English people extended to Sims Reeves, the favorite tenor balladist. It was enough to insure the success of a new song to have it sung by Madam Sterling, and success in London means heavy royalties to singer as well as composer. (Text.)—Chicago *Tribune.* (34)

ADVERSITY

The whole tenor of the New Testament inculcates the principle of resignation under adverse conditions, and more. For the follower of Jesus Christ must not be merely a passive sufferer but a strenuous and persevering combatant against opposing forces.

Tourists along the shores of the Mediterranean express their surprize at the insipidity of the fishes served up for food. This flavorless quality is easily accounted for. The fish around the shores of Spain, Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor are mostly caught in the quiet lagoons or calm waters of protected bays and gulfs, where they swim lazily and slowly, or bask indolently in the quietude. How different is the life of battling with storm and tempest on the part of the creatures that inhabit the rough waters around the Orkneys, the Shetlands, and the Hebrides of Scotland! Fish caught there is always delicious. (Text.) (35)

See Affliction Producing Virtue.

ADVERSITY HELPING GENIUS

There is an apprenticeship to difficulty, which is better for excellence sometimes than years of ease and comfort. A great musician once said of a promising but passionless young singer who was being educated for the stage: "She sings well, but she lacks something which is everything. If she were married to a tyrant who would maltreat her and break her heart, in six months she would be the greatest singer in Europe."—James T. Fields. (36)

ADVERTISING

Mr. George Hibbard discovers a new literature in process of development, born of the needs of modern advertising. In *The Booklover's Magazine* he writes:

The modern advertisement is worth looking at, whether it is the sounding proclamation of some big corporation, with facts and figures both weighty and impressive, or the light eye-catching notice of some simple trade or contrivance. All forms of literary composition find place in the advertising pages: history, story, verse. Many advertisements measure up to the test of good literature. In truth, there is often an uncommon amount of character in them. A word here or a phrase there is often singularly vivid as "local color," and behind many an advertisement it is possible to see a vigorous personality. Nor are there lacking in this new literature qualities of humor, both intentional and unintentional. One generation writes an epic, another an advertisement; and who shall say that one manifestation is not as important as the other. (37)

Going into a green field surrounded by beautiful trees, we were once shocked by seeing painted upon a large rock the injunction, "Prepare to meet thy God." This was the work of some ardent religionist who was entirely unconscious that this was a holy place. God was there, altho he knew it not, else he would not have intruded in that sacred place with his vulgar application of a venerable injunction.—*The Christian Register.* (38)

See PUBLICITY; WHOLENESS.

Advertising, Novel—See FOOLISHNESS SOMETIMES IS WISDOM.

ADVERTISING, PERSISTENCY IN

Any patent medicine, however worthless, will make its advocate rich if he will only persist in advertising it. The dear public succumb in the long run. They can not stand up under the continuous force of his big-lettered suggestions. They rather enjoy being humbugged. What splendid advantage the big stores take of this weakness on our part! All they need do is to keep offering suggestions of cheapness or of the supposed worth and imagined usefulness of their wares, and multitudinous innocent ones, whose sole interests the advertiser seems to have at heart, take hold of the tempting bait.—ROBERT MACDONALD. (39)

Advice, Bad—See SUCCESS TOO DEAR.

Advice, Benefiting by—See MIND-HEALING.

ADVICE, DISREGARDED

We were so sure in the Philippines that we could not get too much light that we built our houses to admit it in floods, and contemptuously disregarded the English and Dutch experience of two centuries. We called people lazy if they hid themselves at midday, and we bravely went abroad in the full glare of the light. Even the heavily pigmented Filipinos darkened their houses, and were astounded at our foolishness in doing what they did not dare to do. Collapse always came in time—if not a real collapse, at least a degree of destruction of nervous vigor which demanded a return to darker climates to escape chronic invalidism or even death.—Major CHARLES E. WOODRUFF, *Harper's Weekly.* (40)

ADVICE, UNWELCOME

Andy McTavish was "no feelin' juist weel," so he went to the doctor and stated his complaints.

"What do you drink?" demanded the medico.

"Whusky."

"How much?"

"Maybe a bottle a day."

"Do you smoke?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Two ounces a day."

"Well, you give up whisky and tobacco altogether."

Andy took up his cap and in three steps reached the door.

"Andy," called the doctor, "you have not paid for my advice!"

"Ahm no' takkin' it," snapt Andy, as he shut the door behind him. (41)

AERIAL ACHIEVEMENT

Gen. Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin, in the world's first aerial liner, at the ripe age of nearly seventy-two years, performed a magnificent flight of 250 miles from Friedrichshafen to Düsseldorf. The New York *Times* says of him:

> He presents one of the finest examples in history of effort concentrated on a single object, of failure after failure borne with courage, of refusal to give up, of final triumph.
>
> He has had a career which in the case of most men would have been regarded as sufficiently full of honor many years ago. He served in the American civil war as a cavalry officer on the Union side, becoming an intimate friend of the late Carl Schurz, and when he returned to Europe he took part in the Austro-Prussian War of 1866 and in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.
>
> As late as 1907 such words as these could be written about Count von Zeppelin and generally regarded as describing him: "He has sacrificed half a century of time, his wealth, his estates, his reputation, his happiness, his family life, in a futile attempt to solve the problem of flying. It is practically certain that after fifty years of unexampled perseverance Count Zeppelin is doomed to complete failure. There is something unspeakably tragic in the fate of this high-minded aristocrat."

His failures continued for some time after this verdict was written, but at length the world was startled by the splendid flights made by his dirigible "No. 4," and when that vessel was wrecked in August, 1908, the German Government and the German people combined to aid the old patriot and inventor to make good his loss. (42)

Aeroplane—See TENDENCIES, INHERITED.

Affection, Disinterested—See FRIENDS, KEEPING.

Affection for Animals—See ANIMALS, ABSURD FONDNESS FOR.

Affections Misplaced—See ANIMALS, ABSURD FONDNESS FOR.

AFFLICTION

At some famous pottery works a visitor selected for purchase an exquisite model of Dante and Beatrice. The price was, however, far greater than he anticipated, being treble what had been asked for some other specimens of the potter's handiwork. "Why is this so much more expensive?" he asked. "Because it has passed more often through the furnace," was the reply.

God sends His children sometimes through repeated furnaces of affliction in order that their characters may attain a rare and priceless perfection. (Text.)

(43)

AFFLICTION PRODUCING VIRTUE

The editor of *The United Presbyterian* writes thus:

On a recent evening during a severe hailstorm we opened our door to observe the progress of the storm, and were surprized to find the air laden with the odor of nasturtiums. There were porch-boxes containing nasturtiums, geraniums and other flowering and foliage plants. Beds of nasturtiums were by the street's side and at the side of the lawn, and into these the hail had fallen, beating down and breaking the vines until the porch floor and the ground beneath the boxes and the vines were covered with ends of broken sprays, leaves and bright bits of yellow and gold, scarlet and maroon of the mangled flowers. But the air was full of the sweetness of the crusht and wounded vines. They were returning good for evil in the misfortune that had come upon them. For every wound that the hail had made they were giving out the fragrance of a beautiful spirit. Tho bruised and broken, they were filling the whole atmosphere with an aroma which was in beautiful contrast to the adverse rain of hail that still rattled on the roofs and walks and fell among the prostrate vines. Blest is that life which can yield its sweetest fragrance when the storms are at their highest. We have all known men and women who, when lacerated with pain, prostrate under the hand of God, have made the very atmosphere of the sick-room redolent with the incense of Christian hope and trust. (44)

AFFLICTION, USES OF

The Scriptures say that "It is good to be afflicted," and experience has her own confirmatory word:

The waters go out over the fields, leaving a waste, where pasture and corn-field had been, and then gradually subside. What have the waters done? Have they ruined the labors of the year? They who do not know Egypt might think so indeed, but the peasants know that to that yearly flood they owe the fertility of the land, that it is that which makes the crops grow and enables them to gather in the harvest. So it is with the river of the grace of God: the waters at times overflow their banks, and one seems to be overwhelmed; the soul is borne down by the flood, all her fruitful land is covered by the waters—waters of desolation, bereavement, affliction. "I am overwhelmed, undone; God has smitten me; my life is all wrong; I shall never smile again." Nay, the flood which terrifies thee is the water of the river of God. The water is washing away the impurity of thy soul, giving thee fertility; the fruits of love, patience, charity, shall grow now; it is not a flood of desolation, but of blessing and fruitfulness. (Text.) (45)

Afraid of the Darkness—See FEAR OF MAN.

AFFLUENCE, THE PRINCIPLE OF

The structural provisions of the living organism are not built on the principle of economy. On the contrary, the superabundance of tissues and mechanisms indicates clearly that safety is the goal of the animal organism. We may safely state that the living animal organism is provided in its structures with factors of safety at least as abundantly as any human-made machine.

The moral drawn from these facts is that to govern the supply of tissue and energy by means of food, nature indicates for us the same principle of affluence which controls the entire construction of the animal for the safety of its life and the perpetuation of its species. In other words, we should eat not just enough to preserve life, but a good deal more. In such cases safety is more important than economy.—S. J. Meltzer, *Science.* (46)

AGE

"There are in the suburbs of Rome," says *Cosmos,* "two farms where antique medals are made in large quantities. This would seem to be a singular agricultural product, yet nothing is more exact. The people who devote themselves to this odd industry cause to be swallowed by turkeys coins or medals roughly struck with the effigy of Tiberius or Caligula. After remaining for some time in the bodies of the fowls, the little disks of metal become coated with a remarkable 'patina.' If this coating were only the result of the gastro-intestinal voyage, it would be easy to secure it by treating the coins to be aged with dilute hydrochloric acid, for instance. But the mechanical action of the tiny stones contained in the gizzard is added to the purely chemical action of the gastric juice, partially effacing the figures and toning down the hardness of the features. It is to be feared that some of the specimens in our public collections have been obtained by this curious process." (47)

AGE AND EXPERIENCE

We might find an argument against the "dead line" in such facts as the following:

We make a great mistake in America when we lay our older men on the shelf, while they are still in their prime as counselors. Benjamin Franklin was sent to France as a minister when he was seventy years old, and the best work he did for his country, he did between his seventy-first and seventy-eighth years. The State of New York had an absurd statute which removed Chancellor Kent from the bench because he was sixty-five. After that time he wrote and published his "Commentaries," a book recognized as one of the most important books in the study of our jurisprudence. So much good did the country gain from one of the frequent absurdities of New York legislation. In England, Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone are recent instances, well remembered, of the force which statesmen gain, almost by the law of geometrical progression, from their memory of the experiments which fail, from what I call organic connection with the national life of the last two generations. —Edward Everett Hale, *The Chautauquan.* (48)

AGE AND ORATORY

This is the description of one who had the privilege of hearing Gladstone, in the autumn of 1896, make his last great oration in Liverpool:

See the old man with slow and dragging steps advancing from the door behind the platform to his seat before that sea of eager faces. The figure is shrunken. The eyelids droop. The cheeks are as parchment. Now that he sits, his hands lean heavily upon his staff. We think, "Ah, it is too late; the fire has flickered out; the speech will be but the dead echo of bygone glories." But lo! he rises. The color mantles to his face. He stands erect, alert. The great eyes open full upon his countrymen. Yes, the first notes are somewhat feeble, somewhat painful; but a few minutes pass, and the noble voice falls as the solemn music of an organ on the throng. The eloquent arms seem to weave a mystic garment for his oratory. The involved sentences unfold themselves with a perfect lucidity. The whole man dilates. The soul breaks out through the marvelous lips. Age? Not so! this is eternal youth. He is pleading for mercy to an outraged people, for fidelity to a national obligation, for courage and for conscience in a tremendous crisis. And the words from the Revised Version of the Psalms seem to print themselves on the listener's heart: "Thou hast made him but little lower than God, and crownest him with glory and honor." (Text.) (49)

AGE, THE NEW

Frederick Lawrence Knowles writes this optimistic outlook for the future:

When memory of battles,
  At last is strange and old,
When nations have one banner
  And creeds have found one fold,

When the Hand that sprinkles midnight
  With its powdered drift of suns
Has hushed this tiny tumult
  Of sects and swords and guns;

Then Hate's last note of discord
  In all God's worlds shall cease,
In the conquest which is service,
  In the victory which is peace! (Text.)
(50)

AGENTS, INSIGNIFICANT

Nature shows how the weakness of God is immeasurably stronger than men; so does history with equal clearness. The oft-quoted saying, "Providence is always on the side of the big battalions," is one with an imposing sound, but it is disproved by history over and over again. Some of the decisive battles of the world were won by the small battalions. More than once has the sling and the stone prevailed against the Philistine army. Battles are won by the big brain; and wherever that may be, slight weapons and resources are sufficient for splendid victories. Now the all-wise God sits on the throne of the world, and we are often filled with astonishment at the insignificant agents with which heaven smites its foes, and causes victory to settle on the banners of right and justice. The world's Ruler defeated Pharaoh with frogs and flies; He humbled Israel with the grasshopper; He smeared the splendor of Herod with worms; on the plains of Russia, He broke the power of Napoleon with a snowflake. God has no need to dispatch an archangel; when once He is angry, a microbe will do. (Text.)—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (51)

AGGREGATION

A drop of rain is a very little thing, but here is a calculation of a rainfall:

The rain fell in buckets, the thunder racketed terribly, and the lightning drew zigzag lines of bright gold upon the violet sky.

"So you, too, don't know what an inch of rain is exactly," said the weather clerk, as he looked at his rain-measuring instrument. "Very few people do, it seems. I'll explain it to you.

"An acre is 6,272,640 square inches. An inch of water on an acre is therefore 6,272,640 cubic inches. That amount, at 227 cubic inches to the gallon, equals 22,000 gallons, or 220,000 pounds, or 100 tons.

"An inch of rain is, in other words, rain falling at the rate of 100 tons to the acre."
(52)

AGGRESSION

Many fail through over-caution. A course duly weighed, venture all.

In a more recent number of Robert L. Taylor's magazine, a leading article speaks of Admiral Farragut, at Mobile. The *Brooklyn* hesitated to go forward. "What's the matter?" asked the Admiral. "Torpedoes," replied the captain. "D——n the torpedoes,—full speed against the enemy!" He meant no profanity, but it was a time for action of the most pronounced sort. The best protection against the enemy's fire is a well-directed fire from our own guns.

General Grant in the civil war of 1861-65 said, "The best defense of Washington is an army before Richmond." These epigrammatic maxims are the best accepted fighting rules known to warfare to this day. (53)

Colonel Henderson, of the British Army, says in the *Science of War:*

The Federal strategy in the last year of the war, with Grant in command and Sherman his lieutenant, stands out in marked relief to the disjointed, partial, and complicated operations of the previous years. . . . Grant seems to have been the first to recognize that, as von Moltke puts it, the true objective of a campaign is the defeat of the enemy's main army. . . . General Sheridan's summing up of the handling of the Army of the Potomac, before Grant took command, is to the point: "The army was all right; the trouble was that the commanders never went out to lick anybody, but always thought first of keeping from getting licked." Grant, like Moltke, was always ready to try conclusions.
(54)

Agitation—See QUIET, STUDY TO BE.

AHEAD OF CIRCUMSTANCE

In life there are those who keep just ahead of the breaking wave, and others who halt and it engulfs them. Marshall P. Wilder describes in the extract below the skill of the Hawaiian natives with their canoes:

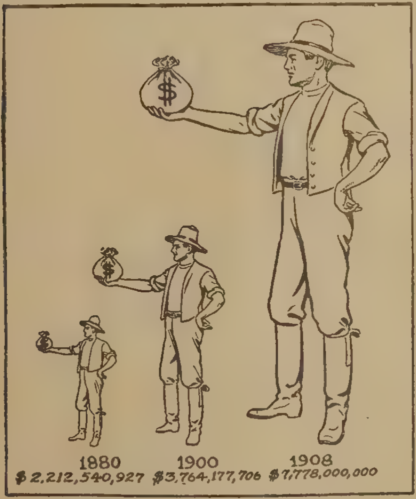
We donned bathing-suits and took a surf ride. This is the national sport and, being at all times sufficiently thrilling, must be taken in a high surf, a tremendous experience. The boats are long, deep and very narrow canoes, with an outrigger at one side to keep them from tipping.

Two natives, and they must be skilled, usually operate these canoes. Three or four passengers at a time are taken out, the natives rowing with broad paddles a quarter or half mile from the shore, where they wait for a large wave. With the nicest precision they keep ahead of it, just as it breaks, and are carried smoothly in, poised on its crest. I sat facing the stern, and the experience was something to remember, the swift bird-like swoop of the canoe, with the white, seething wall of water behind it, apparently just about to engulf us. After we were safely on shore again they told us stories of how the wave, if the rowers miscalculate, will break over the canoe, driving it to the bottom.—"Smiling 'Round the World." (56)

Aim—See Spiritual Gunnery.

AGRICULTURE

The rate at which the people of the United States have been carrying out the divine command to replenish the earth and subdue it may be seen at a glance by the diagram below: (Text.)



A POPULAR KIND OF RURAL UPLIFT

The total value of farm products in the United States from $2,000,000,000 in 1880 to nearly $8,000,000,000 in 1900. (55)

Ahead, Looking—See Prevision.

AIM HIGH

The following inspiring advice is by Willis Warren Kent:

Aim high!
Watch the target with an eye
Steady as the eaglet's glance;
Fit your arrow, let it fly,
Fear no failure, no mischance!
Aim high!

Aim high!
Tho your arrows hurtle by,
Miss the target, sail below,
Pick them up, once more to try,
Arms a-tangle, eyes aglow!
Aim high!

Aim high!
Learn to laugh and cease to sigh,
Learn to hide your deep chagrin!
Life's a test at archery
Where the true of heart will win!
Aim high!

(57)

AIMLESSNESS

Washington Irving tells a story of a man who tried to jump over a hill. He went back so far to get his start for the great leap and ran so hard that he was completely exhausted when he came to the hill, and had to lie down and rest. Then he got up and walked over the hill.

A great many people exhaust themselves getting ready to do their work. They are always preparing. They spend their lives getting ready to do something which they never do.

It is an excellent thing to keep improving oneself, to keep growing; but there must be a time to begin the great work of life. I know a man who is almost forty years old, who has not yet decided what he is going to do. He has graduated from college, and taken a number of post-graduate courses—but all along general lines. He has not yet begun to specialize. This man fully believes he is going to do great things yet. I hope he may.—O. S. Marden. (58)

"And he that walketh in the darkness knoweth not whither he goeth." What a picture comes into the mind as by the aid of the imagination we read these words. I think of a vast forest, with its winding trail, its deep shadows, its tangled underbrush, its decayed trunks here and there. I think of myself at the end of a long day's tramp. No opening in sight. The sun has gone down. The light coming through the openings above growing less and less. The sky overcast. Soon it is dark. I miss the trail. I get down on my hands and knees to feel for it. Presently no sound but the cracking of the underbrush. Suddenly it dawns upon me that I am lost in the woods. All sense of direction is gone. Any way I turn may be the wrong way. I am utterly aimless. Jesus says the end of the selfish man is utter aimlessness. That as a man in the woods wanders without aim so the selfish man wanders in the moral universe without aim, not knowing whither he goeth.—ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN. (59)

It is told of Professor Huxley that once, when the British Association met in Dublin, he arrived late in the city; fearing to miss the president's address, he rushed from the train to the station platform, jumped on a jaunting-car, and said to the Celt in charge, "Drive fast; I'm in a hurry." Cabby whipt up his horse and proved to be another Jehu. Suddenly it flashed upon the passenger, bounding about the vehicle in a most undignified way, to shout to the driver above the rattle of the car, "Do you know where I want to go?" "No, yer honor," was Pat's laughing rejoinder, "but I'm driving fast all the while."

There are many who keep up a great activity, but who, for want of a definite aim or a great guiding ideal, accomplish little good in the world. (60)

AIR, EFFECTS OF

Attention has been called to some curious effects of rarefied and of condensed air on human respiration. On high mountains some persons experience distressing shortness of breath, one result of which is that they are unable to whistle. Precisely the same effect is sometimes produced by the condensed air in caissons and diving-bells. Laborers working in compress air frequently find, however, that their powers of exertion are increased as long as the atmospheric pressure is not more than double that of ordinary air; but beyond that point unpleasant effects are experienced after the men have left the working shafts and returned into the open air. On the other hand, high atmospheric pressure in the case of persons not doing manual labor has been found to act as a mental stimulus, increasing the impulse to talk.—*Harper's Weekly.* (61)

Air of Sea as Purifier—See PURIFICATION.

Airship Flight—See AMBITION.

ALCOHOLIC BAIT

In May, 1880, on Platt River, in Benzie County, Michigan, an old man was showing an Indian named Pokagon how to catch pigeons in their nesting-place. He led him to an open pole-pen which he called his bait-bed, where he scattered a bucketful of wheat. While the two watched in ambush the pigeons poured into the pen and gorged themselves. "Come on, you redskin," said the old man to Pokagon, and they caught about a hundred fine birds. "How did you do it?" asked the Indian in surprize. With one eye half shut and a sly wink with the other, the old man replied: "That wheat was soaked in whisky."

How many other than birds have been snared by the same whisky-bait! (62)

ALIBI

A distinguished jurist once sat down to a course dinner. He had been waited on by one servant during two courses. He had had the soup. Another servant came to him and said, "Sir, shall I take your order? Will you have some of the chicken soup?" "No, sir; I have been served with chicken soup, but the chicken proved an alibi."—GEORGE M. PALMER. (63)

Alleviation—See DRUDGERY RELIEVED.

ALLUREMENT, FATAL

The Judas-tree, so-called, is a remarkable plant. Its blossoms appear before its leaves, and are a most brilliant crimson. The flowers flaming forth, attract innumerable insects. The bee, for instance, in quest of honey, is drawn to it. But searching the petals for nectar, it imbibes a fatal opiate. Beneath this Judas-tree the ground is strewn with the victims of its deadly fascination. (64)

Flicker-flick,
Above the wick,
Burned the candle flame.
Through the open window-shutter
Young Moth Miller came.
Straight he fluttered toward the yellow,
Bright, alluring thing.
And, alas, poor foolish fellov
Scorched his downy wing!

Little ones, take lesson from him,
Be not overbold;
Stop and think that glittering things
Are not always gold. (Text.)

—ELIZABETH HILL. (65)

The Venus fly trap is small and shaped as if you placed your two open palms side by side. Its surface is plastered with honey and the other palm has sharp needles pointing outward. The "silly fly" yields to the attraction of the sweets and is immediately shut in as the two palms close upon him. He is instantly stung to death by the needles.

How alluring evil can appear at times. Satan himself can pose as an angel of light. Evil often presents its most subtle attraction to the young. But sin in any guise is the soul's death-trap. (Text.) (66)

Allurement to Evil—See SIN, FASCINATION OF.

Allurement to Good—See FISHERS OF MEN.

ALMSGIVING

That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives only worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite
And gives to that which is out of sight,
The hand can not clasp the whole of his alms. (Text.)

—LOWELL. (67)

ALTAR, THE

In the old days a father built a home for his family. It was complete in every part, but the altar around which they gathered in prayer was not yet set in place. The mother wished it in the kitchen; there she was perplexed with her many cares. The father wished it in his study: God seemed nearer to him among his books. The son wished it in the room where guests were received, that the stranger entering might see that they worshiped God. At last they agreed to leave the matter to the youngest, who was a little child. Now the altar was a shaft of polished wood, very fragrant, and the child, who loved most of all to sit before the great fire and see beautiful forms in the flames, said, "See, the fire-log is gone; put the altar there." So, because one would not yield to the other, they obeyed, and the altar was consumed, while its sweet odors filled the whole house—the kitchen, the study, and the guest hall—and the child saw beautiful forms in the flames.—DAVID STARR JORDAN, "The Religion of a Sensible American." (68)

ALTRUISM

There is in Cambridge, Mass., an elm-tree of moderate size, which has, according to the estimates of Professor Gray, a leaf surface of 200,000 square feet. This tree exhales seven and three-quarter tons of water every twelve hours. A forest of 500 such trees would return to the atmosphere nearly 4,000 tons in the same time.

Our lives should be like this tree, shedding their refreshment continually. (Text.) (69)

Good men are not meant to be simply like trees planted by rivers of waters, flourishing in their own pride and for their own sake. They ought to be like the eucalyptus trees which have been set out in the marshes of the Campagna, from which a healthful, tonic influence is said to be diffused to countervail the malaria. They ought to be like the Tree of Paradise, "whose leaves are for the healing of nations."—HENRY VAN DYKE. (70)

The flower blooms not for itself at all,
Its joy is the joy that diffuses:
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives in the life it freely loses;
No choice for the rose but glory or doom,
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom.
To deny
Is to die.

See VICARIOUSNESS. (71)

ALTRUISM AMONG BIRDS

An old gentleman in New England told me of a case he once observed. Noticing a little flock of chewinks or towhee buntings who came about the house for food that was thrown out, he saw that one was larger than the others and that they fed him. To satisfy his curiosity, he threw a stone with such accuracy that his victim fell, and on picking him up he was surprized to see that the bird's mandibles were crossed so that he could not possibly feed himself. The inference was obvious; his comrades had fed him, and so well that he had grown bigger than any of them.—Olive Thorne Miller, "The Bird Our Brother." (72)

ALTRUISM IN INSECTS

A gentleman, while reading the newspaper, feeling bothered by the buzzing of a wasp about his head, beat it down. It fell through the open window and lay on the sill as if dead. A few seconds afterward, to his great surprize, a large wasp flew on to the window-sill, and after buzzing around his wounded brother for a few minutes, began to lick him all over. The sick wasp seemed to revive under this treatment, and his friend then gently dragged him to the edge, grasped him round the body and flew away with him. It was plain that the stranger, finding a wounded comrade, gave him "first aid," as well as he could, and then bore him away home. This is one of many cases in which the law of altruism is traceable in the world of living things below man. How much more should intelligent man exercise this spirit of helpfulness in the rescue of his fallen brother. (73)

ALTRUISM IN NATURE

The flower does not live for itself. Beautiful, fragrant-making, the tree an incense-holder, hang the apple-blossoms for a day; tomorrow they have let go their hold upon the tree and are scattered over the ground in order that the fruit may grow. The fruit guards the seed until it is mature, then the fruit goes to decay that the seed may be released; the seed gives up its life that a new tree may come. What a glorious parable is this: life for life, the old dying for the new; every tree in the orchard, every grain-stalk in the corn-field, every dusty weed by the roadside living for others and ready to die for others. The doctrine of unselfish love and of sacrifice comes to us fragrant with the odor of ten thousand blossoms and rich with the yellow fruitage of ten thousand harvests. Self-preservation is no longer the first law of nature. The first law seems to be preparation for that which is coming next.—John K. Willey. (74)

ALUMNI OCCUPATIONS

Beloit College has been coeducational for about fifteen years. The following list of what its women alumni are doing is given in a current number of the college paper:

Eighty-eight are teaching.
Fifty-four are married.
Nineteen are at home.
Three are librarians.
Four are graduate students.
Two are college instructors.
One is supervisor of domestic economy.
One is vice-president of a bank.
One is a nurse.
One is an editor.
One is an assistant postmaster.
One is a visitor of Associated Charities.
One is superintendent of northwest district of United Charities in Chicago.
Two are high-school principals.
One is a student in the Baptist Missionary Training School, Chicago.
One is the industrial secretary of the Y. W. C. A., Detroit.
One is a bookkeeper in a bank.
One is a teacher in North China Union Woman's College, American Board.
One is nursery visitor of United Charities in Chicago.
One is a private tutor. (75)

AMBASSADOR, THE MINISTER AS AN

The minister must be something as well as do something. He must consistently make an impression upon everybody he approaches that he is in something unlike the ordinary run of men. I do not mean that he should be sanctimonious, for that repels; it must be something in his own consciousness. My father was a clergyman. One of the most impressive incidents of my youth occurs to me. He was in a party of gentlemen, when one of them used a profane word unthinkingly. With a start he turned to my father, and said, "I beg your pardon, Dr. Wilson." My father said, very simply and gently, "Oh, sir, you have not offended me." The emphasis he laid upon that word "me" brought with it a tremendous impression. All present felt that my father regarded himself as an ambassador of some-one higher; their realization of it showed in their faces.—Woodrow Wilson, *The Churchman.* (76)

Ambidexterity Favored — See Asymmetry.

AMBITION

When William the Conqueror was born his first exploit was to grasp a handful of straw, and to hold it so tenaciously in his little fist that the nurse could scarcely take it away. This infantile prowess was considered an omen, and the nurse predicted that the babe would some day signalize himself by seizing and holding great possessions. And he did.

But what, after all, were many of the possessions seized by the Norman Conqueror but a handful of straw. And so are not a few of the conquests of earthly ambition, no matter how tenaciously held as well as ardently won. Over many a pile of wealth and massed achievement might be written: "A handful of straw in a baby fist!" (77)

Daisy Rinehart expresses a very common feeling in this poem:

I'm tired of sailing my little boat
  Far inside of the harbor bar;
I want to be out where the big ships float—
  Out on the deep, where the great ones are!

And should my frail craft prove too slight
  For storms that sweep those wide seas o'er,
Better go down in the stirring fight
  Than drowse to death by the sheltered
    shore!

—*Munsey's Magazine.* (78)

Glenn H. Curtiss, by his successful and spectacular flight of 150 miles from Albany to this city (May 29, 1910), has jumped into the first rank of aviators.

Curtiss began life as soon as he was of a workable age as a newsboy. He is still remembered as a lad always ambitious in sport, particularly if there were any mechanical contrivances to be worked out that might add to his triumph. His ambition was to "arrive" in anything he undertook, and to do this he was not content to accept the suggestions of others, but sought to work out his own original ideas.

When about ten or eleven years old he was very much perturbed over the fact that one of his chums owned a hand-sled that always coasts down-hill faster than his own. Curtiss set to work to construct a sled that would outdistance his rival's, and after weeks of quiet work had the satisfaction of leaving his rival far behind.

From sleds he turned his attention to bicycles.

"Why not attach a gasoline engine to it?" he asked one day, and immediately he went to work, using the model of an old gasoline engine to work on, and was soon able to amaze his neighbors by chugging through the country on his hand-made machine. The fever of the motorcycle was right on him, and that early success led him to establish a bicycle shop which soon grew from a mere repair shop to a plant for the manufacture of motor-cycles, and the success of the improved Curtiss motor was what gave him his first real fame.

In 1907 he took one of his machines to Ormond, Fla. It was built solely for speed, for it was Curtiss' aim to go faster than any one else. The judges, greatly to the disappointment of the inventor, pronounced it a freak and not eligible, with the orthodox machines. It was a big disappointment, but Curtiss announced that he would make an exhibition mile trial, and, to the amazement of the experts, he covered the distance in the remarkable time of 0:26 2-5, the fastest mile that had ever been traveled by a man.

From making motors for bicycles it was an easy step to try the construction of light gasoline motors for flying purposes. Captain Thomas S. Baldwin was the first to see the possibilities of the Curtiss motor for balloon purposes, and at his suggestion Curtiss built one for Baldwin's dirigible airship. This was successful, and others were built.

Then followed the success of the Wright brothers with heavier-than-air machines and the craze for the heavier-than-air type abroad. Curtiss' little shop at Hammondsport became the headquarters for the aeronautical students of this country and aerial flight received its first big impetus, next to that given by the Wrights when Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, in November, 1907, organized his Aeronautic Experiment Association, and Curtiss was one of its six members. (79)

By the sheer force of his ambition Pope won his place, and held it, in spite of religious prejudice, and in the face of physical and temperamental obstacles that would have discouraged a stronger man. For Pope was deformed and sickly, dwarfish in soul and body. He knew little of the world of nature or of the world of the human heart. He was lacking, apparently, in noble feeling, and instinctively chose a lie when the truth had manifestly more advantages. Yet this jealous, peevish, waspish little man became the acknowledged leader of English literature.—WILLIAM J. LONG, "English Literature." (80)

AMBITION, A WORTHY

Dr. William H. Thomson, speaking of the tubercle bacillus in his book, "What is Physical Life?" says:

For ages upon ages this mighty micro-organism has waged a cruel destructive war upon the human race. After fifty years of observation and study of its ghastly doings, I can say that I would rather have the power to cause the tears shed on its account to cease than to be the greatest official or the greatest owner on the earth. (81)

AMERICA IN SYMBOL

In the hour when for the first time I stood before the cataracts of Niagara, I seemed to see a vision of the fears and hopes of America. It was midnight, the moon was full, and I saw from the suspension bridge the ceaseless contortion, confusion, whirl, and chaos which burst forth in clouds of foam from that immense central chasm which divides the American from the British dominion; and as I looked on that ever-changing movement, and listened to that everlasting roar, I saw an emblem of the devouring activity, and ceaseless, restless, beating whirlpool of existence in the United States. But into the moonlight sky there rose a cloud of spray twice as high as the falls themselves, silent, majestic, immovable. In that silver column, glittering in the moonlight, I saw an image of the future of American destiny, of the pillar of light which should emerge from the distractions of the present—a likeness of the buoyancy and hopefulness which characterize you both as individuals and as a nation.—Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. (82)

AMERICA, THE NAME

The meaning of the name Amerigo has been often discust, the only thing certain being that it is one of those names of Teutonic origin, like Humberto, Alfonzo, Grimaldi, or Garibaldi, so common in northern Italy, which testifies to the Gothic or Lombard conquest. Americ, which occurs as early as 744 A.D., is probably a contracted form of the name Amalaric, borne by a king of the Visigoths who died in 531. A Bishop Emrich was present at the Council of Salisbury, in 807, and an Americus Balistarius is mentioned in the Close Rolls (thirteenth century). It has been conjectured that the stem is im, from which we get the name of Emma. The meaning of this is not known with certainty, tho Ferguson thinks it may denote "strife" or "noise." Since, however, the name is probably of Gothic origin, and since the Amalungs were the royal race of the Ostragoths, it is more likely that the stem is "amal," which was formerly thought to mean "without spot," but is now more plausibly connected with the old Norse "aml," labor, work. The suffix "ric," cognate with rex, reich, and rick, means "rich" or "powerful," and, therefore, the most probable signification of Amerigo is "strong for labor."
—Isaac Taylor, *Notes and Queries.* (83)

American Citizenship—See Ignorance.

AMERICAN OPPORTUNITY

A young Irishman who settled in Chicago forty years ago, and found his first employment as driver of a baker's wagon, has just retired from business a millionaire. An Italian, then aged sixteen, who reached Trenton, N. J., thirteen years ago with barely sufficient money to set up in business as a bootblack, now owns twenty-three houses, and announces his intention to take up real estate. Both these passages of contemporary biography are recorded in the same newspaper. Probably they will attract little attention or remark. That is to be explained by the happy circumstance that such progress from poverty is no exceptional thing in this country, and any community could match the stories with many that are equally striking.—Boston *Transcript.* (84)

American Prosperity—See Prosperity as an Advertisement.

AMERICANISM, TRUE

Suppose you are a father, and you have five children. One is named Philip, and Philip says to his brothers and sisters: "Now, John, you go and live in the small room at the end of the hall. George, you go and stay up in the garret. Mary, you go and live in the cellar, and, Fannie, you go and live in the kitchen, and don't any of you come out. I am Philip, and will occupy the parlor; I like it; I like the lambrequins at the window, and I like the pictures on the wall. I am Philip, and, being Philip, the parlor shall only be for the Philipians." You, the father, come home, and say: "Fannie, what are you doing in the kitchen? Come out of there." And you say to Mary, "Mary, come out of that cellar." And you say to John, "John, don't stay shut up in that small room. Come out of there." And you say to George,

"George, come down out of that garret." And you say to the children, "This is my house. You can go anywhere in it that you want to." And you go and haul Philip out of the parlor, and you tell him that his brothers and sisters have just as much right in there as he has, and that they are all to enjoy it. Now, God is our Father, and this world is a house of several rooms, and God has at least five children—the North American continent, the South American continent, the Asiatic continent, the European continent, and the African continent. The North American continent sneaks away, and says: "I prefer the parlor. You South Americans, Asiatics, Europeans, and Africans, you stay in your own rooms; this is the place for me; I prefer it, and I am going to stay in the parlor; I like the front windows facing on the Atlantic, and the side windows facing on the Pacific, and the nice piazza on the south where the sun shines, and the glorious view from the piazza to the north." And God, the Father, comes in and sends thunder and lightning through the house, and says to his son, the American continent: "You are no more my child than are all these others, and they have just as much right to enjoy this part of my house as you have."—T. DEWITT TALMAGE. (85)

Americans as Spenders—See MISSIONS, INDIFFERENCE TO.

AMERICA'S ATTITUDE

"The attitude of the United States that she was not warring with China in 1900 and that she recognized no spoils of war; the attitude that made her give back to China the large quantity of silver which fell into her possession at Tien-Tsin; that made her give over to the Chinese Government, unmolested, the treasury and its treasures in the Forbidden City; that caused her, without compulsion, to cancel the Boxer indemnity fund, is an attitude too deep, too broad, too high for word expression. Does not this attitude reveal a strong current of sisterly good will, when it is able to sweep away the heavy weights of financial gain? This attitude is not one of spontaneity; the seed was brought over in the *Mayflower;* it was planted in the virgin soil of liberty, where it rooted, and was watered with treasured dew-drops; was nourished into being in love's tenderness; was sustained in truth's fortitude. This is the story of our country's attitude."—"Letters from China." (86)

Amity—See KINDNESS.

AMITY AFTER WAR

News of an international event of no little pathos comes from Port Arthur. Around the great fortress were buried thousands of Russians who fell in the siege, and whose graves were unmarked. The Russian Government asked permission to gather these remains in one place and erect a tomb for them which should be a suitable monument to their heroism. The Japanese Government replied by asking for permission to engage in this sad duty as a token of honor to the Russian dead. In this Russia readily acquiesced, and the tomb, which is of noble proportions and Etruscan in design, was recently dedicated. At these solemn services the old foes met once more. General Nogi, the hero of Port Arthur, was by special order of the Emperor the representative of Japan. Russia sent two generals and an admiral, who were supported by many Russian officers who had fought over that very ground. Regiments of Japanese troops stood on guard, as did also representatives of the Japanese navy. These latter, at the moment of unveiling, bore a worn and battle-torn flag to the tomb, and reverently lowered it as a tribute of respect. The religious ceremonies were in charge of the Bishop of Peking, of the Russian Church. (Text.) (87)

AMUSEMENTS

A news item says:

Mrs. A. B. Sims, of Des Moines, winner of the woman's whist championship of the United States, stood before an audience of 4,000 at Winona Lake and told why she burned up the forty decks of cards that she had at her home.

"It was not uncommon for me to play whist from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.," said Mrs. Sims. "After that I saw what I was really doing. I burned up all the pasteboards, and I should like to speak in every church to the women and tell them what card-playing led me to, and what it will lead them to. It was undermining our church. The whist and euchre parties were sweeping the women of the congregation and the church was sinking because of their neglect. The card craze as it prevails among women is the most serious competitor the Church has to-day."

Worldliness manifests itself in its games as in other phases of its life.

As the fathers saw the horror of the gladiatorial shows and their pernicious effect on morals, so in these latter days is caution necessary and salutary. (88)

Anarchy, Remedy for—See EVIL, SELF-DESTRUCTIVE.

ANCESTOR WORSHIP

The destructive influence of ancestor worship far outweighs its benefits. It is a ruthless and voracious land-grabber; the best of the hills are for the dead. The living may go to Jericho, or may huddle together down in the malarial flats, while the ancestral shade rests in the high places on the hill. The exhilarating surroundings of the trees and green sod are for the dead, the living are left to the dust and heat and smells of the market-place.

Ancestral piety forbids the digging of the hills for gold or silver or any other treasure. What are the living and what is yellow gold compared with the sweet repose of my father's ghost? Away with all sordid visions and leave the hills in peace!—JAMES S. GALE, "Korea in Transition." (89)

ANCESTRAL EXAMPLE

It was the custom of the primitive Romans to preserve in the halls of their houses the images of all the illustrious men whom their families had produced. These images are supposed to have consisted of a mask exactly representing the countenance of each deceased individual, accompanied with habiliments of like fashion with those worn in his time, and with the armor, badges, and insignia of his offices and exploits; all so disposed around the sides of the hall as to present, in the attitude of living men, the long succession of the departed; and thus to set before the Roman citizen, whenever he entered or left the house, the venerable array of his ancestors revived in this imposing similitude. Whenever, by a death in the family, another distinguished member of it was gathered to his fathers, a strange and awful procession was formed. The ancestral masks, including that of the newly deceased, were fitted upon the servants of the family, selected of the size and appearance of those whom they were intended to represent, and drawn up in solemn array to follow the funeral train of the living mourners, first to the market-place, where the public eulogium was pronounced, and then to the tomb. As he thus moved along, with all the great fathers of his name quickening, as it were, from their urns, to enkindle his emulation, the virtuous Roman renewed his vows of respect to their memory, and his resolution to imitate their fortitude, frugality, and patriotism.—EDWARD EVERETT. (90)

Ancestry—See PEDIGREE.

ANCHOR, AN

Every ship has an anchor, and there are times when the safety of the ship depends on its right use of its anchors. When I was a boy in Constantinople, an American captain visited our house. He told us that his ship was anchored in an exposed harbor in one of the islands of the Ægean, when a violent storm broke upon them. Both of the anchors which they had down began to drag, and it was only a question of time when they would be cast ashore. They had one little anchor still unused, and tho they did not hope much good could come from dropping it they took the chance. To their great surprize and equal delight, tho the two larger anchors would not hold, the smaller one held, and they rode out the storm in safety. When they came to weigh the anchors, the two large ones came up easily, but the smaller one came with great difficulty. When at last it appeared above the surface of the water, lo and behold, the fluke of the anchor had caught in the ring of a large man-of-war's anchor that had been lost there long before! The man-of-war's anchor had been embedded in the soil, and this accounted for the fact that the little anchor held.

Every man voyaging on the ocean of life ought to have an anchor. The apostle speaks about a good hope, which he says we have as an anchor sure and stedfast entering into the unseen, which is within the veil.—A. F. SCHAUFFLER, *The Christian Herald.* (91)

ANCIENT ART

To the student of architecture it may be surprizing to learn that the arch, until recently supposed to have been unknown to the ancients, was frequently employed by the pre-Babylonians of more than 6,000 years ago. Such an arch, in a poor state of preservation, was, a few years ago, discovered in the lowest stratum, beneath the Babylonian city of Nippur. More recently an arched drain was found beneath the old city of

Fara, which the Germans have excavated in central Babylonia. The city, altho one of the earliest known, was built upon an earlier ruin, and provided with an arched drain constructed of small, plano-convex bricks. It measures about one meter in height, and has an equal width.

While delving among the ruins of the oldest cities of the world, we are thus finding that at the time when we supposed that man was primitive and savage, he provided his home and city with "improvements" which we are inclined to call modern, but which we are only reinventing. (Text.)—Prof. EDGAR JAMES BANKS, *The Scientific American.* (92)

Ancient Human Remains—See PREHISTORIC WOMEN.

Ancient Masters—See COMPLIMENT.

Anesthetics—See BENEFACTION OF ANESTHETICS.

Angel Ministers—See COOPERATION, LACK OF.

Angel Visitants—See INDIFFERENCE TO THE GOOD.

Angels—See FRIEND, THE SYMPATHETIC.

Angels Astray—See RESCUE.

ANGER

A cobbler at Leyden, who used to attend the public disputations held at the Academy, was once asked if he understood Latin. "No," replied the mechanic, "but I know who is wrong in the argument." "How?" replied his friend. "Why, by seeing who is angry first."

Let not your angry passions rise, if you would be a full overcomer. (Text.) (93)

ANGER, FUTILE

The camel has one very bad fault. He likes to "pay back," and if his driver has injured him in any way he will not rest till he has got even.

The Arabs, people who wander about the desert, and so use the camel a great deal, know about this fault of his, and have a queer way of keeping themselves from getting hurt.

When a driver has made his camel angry, he first runs away out of sight. Then, choosing a place where the camel will soon pass, he throws down some of his clothes, and fixes them so that the heap will look like a sleeping man.

Pretty soon, along comes the camel, and sees the heap. Thinking to himself, "Now I've got him," he pounces on the clothes, shakes them around, and tramples all over them. After he tires of this and has turned away, the driver can appear and ride him away without harm.

Poor, silly camel! He has been in what we call a "blind rage," so angry that he can't tell the difference between a man and a heap of clothes. (94)

Angle, At the Right—See PLACE, IN THE RIGHT.

Anguish—See SUFFERING TRANSFORMED.

ANIMAL ANCESTRY

A simple-minded Irish priest I have been told of, having heard that we were descended from monkeys, yet not quite grasping the chronology of the business, recently visited a menagerie, and gave particular and patient attention to a large cage of our alleged poor relations on exhibition there. He stood for a long time intently scrutinizing their human-like motions, gestures, and expressions. By and by he fancied that the largest of them, an individual of a singularly grave demeanor, seated at the front of the cage, gave him a glance of intelligence. The glance was returned. A palpable wink followed, which also was returned, as were other like signals; and so it went on until his reverence, having cast an eye around to see that nobody was observing him, leaned forward and said, in a low, confidential tone: "Av ye'll spake one w-u-r-r-d, I'll baptize ye, begorra!"—JOSEPH H. TWICHELL, D.D. (95)

ANIMAL DOMINION

An English hunter tells the story of a tigress that was known all over India as the man-eater, who once had given her whelps a live man to play with. She carried off the man from an open hut in the forest where some wood-cutters were sleeping. His companions took refuge in trees, and from their place of safety saw her take the man alive to where the whelps were waiting close by, and lay him down before them. As the man attempted to crawl away the whelps would cling to his legs with teeth and claws, the tigress looking on and purring with pleasure. (Text.)—LOUIS ALBERT BANKS. (96)

Animal Friendliness—See PROTECTION.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE

A recent dispatch from an Indiana town says:

Jeff Clarke, a farmer of Wabash township, owns a mule that plays the part of an alarm-clock every morning with such regularity that Clarke has about discarded the little alarm-clock that hangs on the bed-post and firmly refuses to part with the animal.

Promptly at 4 o'clock this mule kicks the side of the barn four times in succession. At first Clarke thought the animal was ill, and for several mornings he got up and investigated. He took note, however, that the gong of the alarm-clock started buzzing when the mule started kicking.

He put two and two together, and reached the conclusion that the mule knows the hour when the Clarke household should arise and begin the day's work. (97)

The criminal classes of Moscow, Russia, are beginning to believe that the police dog "Tref" is possest of an evil spirit.

It was rumored recently, in the night shelters and criminal dens of Moscow, that "Tref" and his keeper were on the track of certain robbers, and were about to scour the town.

It transpired that a number of bank-notes and other valuables had been stolen from a Moscow gentleman named Pokrofsky. "Tref's" services were immediately requisitioned. He was put on the scent of the thief, and, after taking a circuitous course, entered a night shelter and made straight for an old coat belonging to a house-painter who was known under the name of Alexander. The sum of five hundred rubles, which had been stolen from M. Pokrofsky, was found in one of the pockets of the coat.

"Tref" then left the night shelter, and, still hot on the scent, went to the shop of a second-hand dealer named Gussef, and here a number of silver articles stolen from M. Pokrofsky were discovered. A cabman drove up at this time, and complained that he had just been robbed of a fur coat and an ordinary overcoat. "Tref" was at once taken to the scene of the theft, and within a few minutes found the clothing concealed in the courtyard of a neighboring house.—Philadelphia *Record.* (98)

See CONVICTION THROUGH A MONKEY; DIRECTION; INSTINCT, THE HOMING.

Animal Instinct—See FAITH BETTER THAN SIGHT.

Animal Retaliation—See ANGER, FUTILE.

ANIMAL SAVES LIFE

St. Clair McClary, a miner, buried deep in a snow-slide, at Seward, Alaska, owed his life to the keen scent of his dog. The snow-slide swept down the mountain. Four men at work on the property were caught without warning and buried under several feet of snow and débris. Two escaped without serious injury. So deep was the slide, however, that difficulty was experienced in reaching the others. The dog led the rescuers to a place several yards distant, where, after hard digging, they came on the men, who had been buried eight hours. Thomas Coales was dead under the icy weight. McClary was barely alive when taken out.—*The Associated Press.* (99)

ANIMAL SOLVING PROBLEM

A tiny mouse recently solved the problem of getting an electric wire through a pipe 197 feet long at the Vinery Building (Norfolk, Va.). There were several bends in the pipe, and modern methods, such as blow-pipes, failed to produce results.

A mouse was caught and a thread tied to its leg. A tape was tied to the thread, and the wire to the tape. The mouse was given a start, and went through the pipe in a hurry. Liberty was its reward.—Philadelphia *Record.* (100)

Animal Traits—See PEACEFUL INSTINCT OF SIMIANS.

ANIMALS, ABSURD FONDNESS FOR

A seamstress whom I know was sewing in the home of a wealthy woman in one of the aristocratic suburbs of Boston. She was there every day for nearly a week, when finally her patience became exhausted and she left the house never to return.

She said she could stand being fed on crackers and milk every day at the noon meal, but when she heard the mistress of the house at the telephone ordering half a chicken for her pet dogs she could withhold her wrath no longer.

Of course, the good woman of the house was sweetly unconscious of the absurd comparison between the dogs' food and the food for the seamstress. Had she had any sense of the meanness of her conduct, she never would have telephoned that message within the hearing of the seamstress.

The truth of the matter was that her heart—as much as she had left of it—was all wrapt up in her pet dogs, and her interest in human beings had become as a matter of habit, simply a question of the amount of service they could render her. She is probably whining to-day about the seamstress who didn't know her place and who was jealous of people who had means.—George W. Coleman, "Searchlights." (101)

Animals as Pest Destroyers—See Barriers.

Animals Before Men—See Heartless Pagans.

Animals, Inferior to Man—See Man's Conquest of Animals.

Animals not Original—See Originality of Man.

Animals, Reason in—See Reasoning Power in Animals.

ANIMISM

The child's religious nature, like that of primitive man, is animistic. Professor Dawson, in "The Child and His Religion," says:

It is hard for children to resist the feeling that a summer shower comes with a sort of personal benevolence to water the dry flowers and grass. A little girl of four years illustrated this feeling on a certain occasion. There was a thunder-shower after a long dry spell. The rain was pattering on the sidewalk outside the house. The child stretched forth her hands toward the raindrops and said: "Come, good rain, and water our plants!" Flowers and trees have individuality for most children, if not for all. Ruth's mama found her sitting among the wild geraniums, some distance from the house. "What are you doing, Ruth?" "I'm sitting by the flowers. They are lonesome and like to have me with them, don't you know?" At another time she said: "Mama, these daisies seem to look up at me and talk to me. Perhaps they want us to kiss them." On one occasion she said to her brother, who was in the act of gathering some flowers she claimed for herself, "I don't think it nice to break off those poor flowers. They like to live just as well as you do." The boy thus chided by his sister for gathering her flowers was generally very fond of plants and trees, and felt a quite human companionship in them. He could not bear to see flowering plants hanging in a broken condition, or lying crusht upon the sidewalk. Even at the age of ten years, he would still work solicitously over flowers like the violets, bluets, and crowfoots, with evident concern for their comfort. (102)

Announcement, Apt—See Choir, The.

ANSWER, A SOFT

A drunken carter came into a Greenock (Scotland) train and sat opposite a clergyman, who was reading his paper. Recognizing the profession of his vis-a-vis, the carter leaned forward and in a maudlin way remarked, "I don't believe there's any heaven." The clergyman paid no heed. "Do you hear me?" persisted the carter. "I don't believe there's any heaven." Still the clergyman remained behind his newspaper. The carter, shouting his confession loudly, said, "I tell ye to your face, and you're a minister, that I don't believe there's any heaven." "Very well," said the clergyman; "if you do not believe there is any heaven, go elsewhere, but please go quietly." (Text.)—London *Graphic.* (103)

Anthem, Extending a National—See Praise, United.

ANTHROPOMORPHISM

Spiritual manhood has put away childish thinking. What, for instance, does a child think about God? Professor Street publishes some first-hand illustrations of childish conceptions of God. He says that children "completely anthropomorphize God, making Him subservient to time, space, and passions, just the same as they themselves are." I recall an example or two: When a girl was told that the stars were God's eyes, she at once asked where His legs were. Another saw, for the first time, a cupola on a barn. Gazing at it she asked, "Does God live in that little house?" A boy asked some one if God made the river running back of his house. On receiving an affirmative answer, he promptly replied, "He must have had a big shovel." When another boy refused to say his prayers, he was asked for the reason. He answered, "Why, they are old. God has heard them so many times that they are old to Him, too. Why, He knows them as well as I do myself."—F. F. Shannon. (104)

ANTICIPATING SUCCESS

One may so believe as already in a sense, to possess:

In a little parlor down-stairs of Mencci's house in Staten Island were three large altar-candles in the Italian colors of red, white and green which, Mencci told us (says a correspondent of the *Century*) he and Garibaldi had amused themselves at making in a leisure hour "to illuminate the Campidoglio of Rome when the Italian army should enter the Eternal City and make it the capital of United Italy." When Rome was recovered, three other candles in the Italian colors were actually sent to Garibaldi there. (Text.) (105)

ANTICIPATION

Lessing said something like this: If he had truth in one hand and the search for truth in the other, he would let truth go in order that he might search for it. Something of this philosophy is in these verses:

For me the loitering of the road,
The hidden voice that sings;
For me the vernal mysteries,
Deep woods and silent springs.

I covet not the ended road,
The granary, the sheaf;
For me the sowing of the grain,
The promise of the leaf. (Text.)
—*Lippincott's Magazine.*
(106)

See Nature's Antidote.

ANTIPATHIES, INSTINCTIVE

It would be an excellent accomplishment if an abhorrence of moral evils could be bred in men similar to the instinctive antipathies described in this extract:

It seems absolutely incredible that Peter the Great, the father of the Russian navy, should shudder at the sight of water, whether running or still, yet so it was, especially when alone. His palace gardens, beautiful as they were, he never entered, because the river Mosera flowed through them. His coachman had orders to avoid all roads which led past streams, and if compelled to cross a brook or bridge, the great emperor would sit with closed windows, in a cold perspiration. Another monarch, James I, the English Solomon, as he liked to be called, had many antipathies, chiefly tobacco, ling, and pork. He never overcame his inability to look at a drawn sword, and it is said that on one occasion when giving the accolade, the king turned his face aside, nearly wounding the new-made knight. Henry III of France had so great a dislike for cats that he fainted at the sight of one. We suppose that in this case the cat had to waive his proverbial prerogative, and could not look at a king. This will seem as absurd, as extraordinary to lady lovers of that much-petted animal, but what are we to say of the Countess of Lamballe, of unhappy history, to whom a violet was a thing of horror? Even this is not without its precedent, for it is on record that Vincent, the painter, was seized with vertigo and swooned at the smell of roses. Scaliger states that one of his relations was made ill at the sight of a lily, and he himself would turn pale at the sight of watercresses, and could never drink milk. Charles Kingsley, naturalist as he was to the core, had a great horror of spiders, and in "Glaucus," after saying that every one seems to have his antipathic animal, continues: "I know one (himself), bred from his childhood to zoology by land and sea, and bold in asserting and honest in feeling that all, without exception, is beautiful, who yet can not after handling and petting and examining all day long, every uncouth and venomous beast, avoid a paroxysm of horror at the sight of the common house-spider." (Text.)—*Cassell's Family Magazine.* (107)

A well-known officer of Her Majesty's army, who has proved his strength and courage in more than one campaign, turns pale at the sight of a cat. On one occasion, when asked out to dinner, his host, who was rather skeptical as to the reality of this feeling, concealed a cat in an ottoman in the dining-room. Dinner was announced and commenced, but his guest was evidently ill at ease; and at length declared his inability to go on eating, as he was sure there was a cat in the room. An apparently thorough but unavailing search was made; but his visitor was so completely upset that the host, with many apologies for his experiment, "let the cat out of the bag," and out of the ottoman at the same time.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.* (108)

Antiques, Artificial—See Age.

ANTIQUITY

Sven Hedin has furnished additional evidence of the Chinese invention of paper. On his recent journeys he found Chinese paper that dates back to the second half of the third century after Christ. This lay buried in the sand of the Gobi desert, near the former northern shore of the Lop Nor Sea, where, in the ruins of a city and in the remnants of one of the oldest houses, he discovered a goodly lot of manuscripts, many of paper, covered with Chinese script, preserved for some 1,650 years. The date is Dr. Himly's conclusion. According to Chinese sources, paper was manufactured as early as the second millennium before the Christian era. The character of the Gobi desert find makes it probable that the making of paper out of vegetable fibers was already an old art in the third Christian century.—*The Scientific American.* (109)

See PEDIGREE.

ANXIETY, COST OF

An English auctioneer tells the following story:

I had eight acres of land to sell, and there was one landowner in the district, whom I will call Mr. Robinson, who was very anxious to secure this particular piece of land because it adjoined his own estate. He had already attempted to acquire it by private arrangement, but the negotiations had fallen through.

Being engaged at the funeral of a relative on the day of the sale, he left very definite instructions with his butler, who had only entered his service a day or two before, to attend the sale and buy the land at any price. The butler duly came to the sale and took up his station in the old chimney-corner, out of sight of every one excepting myself. It so happened, however, that Mr. Robinson was back from the funeral earlier than he expected, and, going to the sale and failing to observe his butler, began the bidding with an offer of $2,500. Up and up went the price, the landowner and the butler bidding against one another like Trojans, until at last the field was knocked down to the latter at $7,500. The feelings of Mr. Robinson and the amusement of the company may be easily imagined when the purchaser remarked in a quiet voice, "For Mr. Robinson. Here's his check for you to fill in for the deposit."

Fortunately, Mr. Robinson was anything but a poor man, and he had benefited to the tune of $200,000 in the loss of his relative, so the few extra thousands he paid did not hurt him. (110)

ANYHOW, THE LAND OF

Beyond the Isle of What's-the-Use,
  Where Slipshod Point is now,
There used to be, when I was young,
  The Land of Anyhow.

Don't Care was king of all this realm—
  A cruel king was he!
For those who served him with good heart
  He treated shamefully!

When boys and girls their tasks would slight
  And cloud poor mother's brow,
He'd say, "Don't care! It's good enough!
  Just do it anyhow."

But when in after life they longed
  To make proud fortune bow,
He let them find that fate ne'er smiles
  On work done anyhow.

For he who would the harvest reap
  Must learn to use the plow,
And pitch his tent a long, long way
  From the Land of Anyhow!
—*Canadian Presbyterian.*
(111)

APOLOGY APPRECIATED

The Hon. W. P. Fessenden unintentionally made a remark against Seward, which was considered to be highly insulting. When Fessenden was informed of the construction placed upon it, he went frankly to Seward, and said, "Mr. Seward, I have insulted you, but I did not mean it." Mr. Seward was so delighted with the frank apology that he exclaimed, "God bless you, Fessenden! I wish you would insult me again."—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (112)

APPAREL

The late Mark Twain, in *The North American Review,* gave a striking "Sartor Resartus" sketch of what might be the Czar's morning meditations, from which we quote the following paragraph:

"After the Czar's morning bath it is his habit to meditate an hour before dressing himself."—London *Times* Correspondence.

(*Viewing himself in the pier-glass.*) Naked, what am I? A lank, skinny, spider legged libel on the image of God! Look at the waxwork head—the face, with the expression of a melon—the projecting ears—the knotted elbows—the dished breast—the knife-edged shins—and then the feet, all beads and joints and bonesprays, an imitation X-ray photograph! There is nothing imperial about this, nothing imposing, impressive, nothing to invoke awe and reverence. Is it this that a hundred and forty million Russians kiss the dust before and worship? Manifestly not! No one could worship this spectacle, which is Me. Then who is it, what is it, that they worship? Privately, none knows better than I: it is my clothes. Without my clothes I should be as destitute of authority as any other naked person. Nobody could tell me from a parson, a barber, a dude. Then who is the real Emperor of Russia? My clothes. There is no other. (Text.) (113)

See Dress Affecting Moods.

APPAREL IN FORMER TIMES

When Governor Bowdoin, a tall, dignified man, reviewed the troops assembled at Cambridge, in 1785, he was drest in a gray wig, cocked hat, a white broadcloth coat and waistcoat, red small-clothes, and black silk stockings. John Hancock, thin in person, six feet in stature, was very fond of ornamental dress. He wore a wig when abroad, and a cap when at home. A gentleman who visited Hancock one day at noon, in June, 1782, describes him as drest in a red velvet cap lined with fine white linen, which was turned up two or three inches over the lower edge of the velvet. He also wore a blue damask gown lined with silk; a white stock, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small-clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers. Washington, at his receptions in Philadelphia, was drest in black velvet; his hair was powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag. His hands were encased in yellow gloves; he held a cocked hat with a cockade on it, and its edges adorned with a black feather. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and at his left hip appeared a long sword in a polished white leather scabbard, with a polished steel hilt. Chief-Justice Dana, of Massachusetts, used to wear in winter a white corduroy surtout, lined with fur, and held his hands in a large muff. The judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts wore, till 1793, robes of scarlet, faced with black velvet, in winter, and black silk gowns in summer. At the beginning of this century powder for the hair became unfashionable, tying up the hair was abandoned, colored garments went out of use, buckles disappeared, and knee-breeches gave place to trousers.—*Youth's Companion.*

See Judging from Facts. (114)

APPEAL, A LIVING

Dr. Barnardo, of London, the great philanthropist, was standing at his front door one bitter day, when a ragged urchin came up to him and asked to be admitted to the Orphans' Home. "How do I know what you tell me is true? Have you any friends to speak for you?" asked Dr. Bernardo, assuming a tone of severity. "Friends!" echoed the little fellow—"friends! No, I ain't got no friends. But if these ere rags," holding up his tattered garments, "if these ere rags won't speak for me, nothing else will." (Text.) (115)

Appeal Wasted—See Omniscience.

APPEARANCE

The Late Charles P. Thompson, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, at one time in his practise had a client named Michael Dougherty, who had been arrested for the illegal sale of liquor, but the police had no evidence except one pint of whisky, which they found in his alleged kitchen barroom. The Boston *Herald,* in relating this story, says:

In the superior court this evidence was produced and a somewhat vivid claim made of *prima facie* evidence of guilt by the prosecuting attorney. During all this time Mr. Thompson was silent. When his turn came for the defense he arose and said:

"Michael Dougherty, take the stand."

And Mike, with big red nose, unshaven face, bleared eyes, and a general appearance of dilapidation and dejection, took the stand.

"Michael Dougherty, look upon the jury. Gentlemen of the jury, look on Michael Dougherty," said Mr. Thompson. All complied. Mr. Thompson himself silently and steadily gazing at Mike for a moment, slowly and with solemnity turned to the jury and said: "Gentlemen of the jury, do you mean to say to this court and to me that you honestly and truly believe that Michael Dougherty, if he had a pint of whisky, would sell it?"

It is needless to say Mike was acquitted. (Text.) (116)

APPEARANCES

An officer of a Cunard steamer remarked that there is "a vast difference between the appearance of steerage passengers returning to Europe and those coming to America. On the western voyage the faces of the immigrants are bright with expectancy. You can see that they have been inspired by the roseate visions painted for them by their friends who have succeeded on this side of the water. Those who go back are not many. You can pick them out by their dejected looks. They have not succeeded. They have found that hard work is just as necessary to get along in the States as in Europe."

The sad faces of those who go back because they failed is an illustration of the gloomy hearts that are carried by those who have turned away from their Christian profession and gone back to their sins. (117)

See PROFESSION VERSUS CHARACTER; SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.

Appearances, Judging by—See JUDGMENTS, INDISCRIMINATE.

APPEARANCES MISLEADING

It is the custom in European, if not in all American, prisons to shave the head and face of criminals in order to have the full force of the moral expression furnished by the contour of one and the outlines of the other. A profusion of hair may disguise the head whose shape often reveals a degree of turpitude. A luxuriant mustache may hide a mouth about which lurks the evidence of the basest instincts. (Text.)—San Francisco *Chronicle.* (118)

APPETITE

To be slain by appetite is a common fate with men, as it was with this serpent:

A boa-constrictor woke up hungry from a three months' nap and caught a rabbit, which he bolted whole in the usual way. This did not satisfy the cravings of his capacious stomach, and so he went afield in search of further victuals, and presently came to a rail fence, which he essayed to get through. But the lump caused by the defunct tho undigested bunny stopt him, like a knot in a rope, when his head and a few feet only of his body had passed between the rails. Lying in this attitude, he caught and swallowed another rabbit which had incautiously ventured within his narrow sphere of action. Now, what was the state of affairs? He could neither go ahead nor astern through the fence, being jammed by his fore-and-aft inside passengers, and in this embarrassing position he was slain with ease. (119)

APPOINTMENT, GOD'S

Take each disappointment
As thy Lord's appointment
  Sent in love divine;
Check all faithless fretting
God is not forgetting
  Any need of thine.

Appraising the Christian Religion—See CHRISTIAN HONESTY.

Appreciating Patience—See GOOD, SEEING THE.

APPRECIATION

When Sir Godfrey Kneller had painted for Alexander Pope the statues of Apollo, Venus, and Hercules, the poet paid the painter with these lines:

What god, what genius did the pencil move,
  When Kneller painted these!
'Twas friendship, warm as Phœbus, kind as love,
  And strong as Hercules. (120)

The reckless extravagance that has brought Princess Louise, of Belgium, into such trouble with her royal relations is far from being due entirely to selfishness, and Brussels now is discussing, half in admiration, half in despair, the latest story showing the utter inability of the princess to realize the value of money or the things it buys. When in Paris, a few weeks ago, she happened to be in her room in her hotel when a little work-girl from one of the shops in the Rue de la Paix called to deliver a gown. Princess Louise was struck with the girl's charm of face and manner, and, keeping her for a few minutes in conversation, chanced to admire a small silver medal she was wearing around her neck.

"It is a medal of the virgin of Prague," said the girl. "Perhaps your Highness will accept it."

Princess Louise thanked her warmly; but, insisting on giving the girl something to replace the trinket, handed her a rope of pearls. The girl supposed they were only imitations, but the whole story came out in a few days when, on taking them to a jeweler to have the clasp tightened, she was cross-questioned as to how the pearls had come into her possession. They proved to be worth more than $11,000.—New York *Press.* (121)

See COMPLIMENT; ENDEAVOR; HEROISM RECOGNIZED; KINSHIP.

Appreciation, Belated—See IRRETRIEVABLE, THE.

APPRECIATION, DELAYED

Mrs. Marion M. Hutson points out the necessity of appreciating the help of others before it is too late.

Somewhere in the future—God knows when—
These tired hands will lie at rest—and then
The friends and loved ones will recall with tears
Some kindly deed they wrought in bygone years.
Will ponder o'er those little acts again,
And register them all on heart and brain.
My precious ones, why wait? Tell me to-day
If ever hands of mine have soothed your way. (122)

APPRECIATION, LACK OF

The owner of a small country estate decided to sell his property, and consulted an estate agent in the nearest town about the matter. After visiting the place, the agent wrote a description of it, and submitted it to his client for approval.

"Read that again," said the owner, closing his eyes and leaning back in his chair contentedly.

After the second reading he was silent a few moments, and then said thoughtfully: "I don't think I'll sell. I've been looking for that kind of a place all my life, but until you read that description I didn't know I had it! No; I won't sell now."

If we could see our own blessings as others see them, would it not add to our contentment with our lot? (123)

APPRECIATION OF CHARACTER

A shipping merchant said to a boy applying for work, "What can you do?" "I can do my best to do what you are kind enough to let me try," replied the boy. "What have you done?" "I have sawed and split my mother's wood for nearly two years." "What have you *not* done?" "Well, sir," the boy replied after a moment's reflection, "I have not whispered in school for over a year." "That is enough," said the merchant. "I will take you aboard my vessel, and I hope some day to see you her captain. A boy who can master a wood-pile and bridle his tongue must have good stuff in him."—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (124)

Appreciation of Poetry—See POET APPRECIATED.

Appreciation of the Gospel Story—See FATHER, OUR.

APPRECIATION, SPIRITUAL

An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of the spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raffael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression!—WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. (125)

APPREHENSION, LINCOLN'S

In Carl Schurtz' war reminiscences, we find the following, showing the apprehension felt by Lincoln at the outbreak of the war:

One afternoon, after he [President Lincoln] had issued his call for troops, he sat alone in his room, and a feeling came over him as if he were utterly deserted and helpless. He thought any moderately strong body of Secessionist troops, if there were any in the neighborhood, might come over the "long bridge" across the Potomac, and just take him and the members of the Cabinet—the whole lot of them. Then he suddenly heard a sound like the boom of a cannon. "There they are!" he said to himself. He expected every moment that somebody would rush in with the report of an attack. But the White House attendants, whom he interrogated, had heard nothing. Nobody came, and all remained still. Then he thought he would look after the thing himself. So he walked out, and walked and walked until he got to the arsenal. There he found the doors all open, and not a soul to guard them. Anybody might have gone in and helped himself to the arms. There was perfect solitude and stillness all around. Then he walked back to the White House without noticing the slightest sign of disturbance. He met a few persons on the way, some of whom he asked whether they had not heard something like the boom of a cannon. Nobody had heard anything, and so he supposed it must have been a freak of his imagination. It is probable that at least a guard was sent to the arsenal that evening. (Text.) (126)

Aptitude—See Capacity, Original.

Arch, The—See Ancient Art.

Architecture Imitating Nature—See Nature a Model.

ARGUING FOR TRUTH

To illustrate the extraordinary argumentativeness of the Scots there is a story of a Scotchman who lay dying in a London hospital. A woman visitor wanted to sing to him some hymns, but he told her that he had all his life fought against using hymn tunes in the service of God, but he was willing to argue the question with her as long as his senses remained. I say that when a man in the face of death is willing to stand for the truth as it has been taught to him, it is out of such stuff that heroes are made. (Text.)—John Watson. (127)

Argument, Ineffectual—See Docility, Spiritual.

ARISTOCRACY, ABSURDITIES OF

It is common to find in American novels such expressions as "great families," "best society," "long descended," and we also hear of the "exclusiveness" of the "fastidious" American aristocracy, who think as much of their positions as the haughtiest *vieille noblesse* in Europe. "A patrician crush" is, according to one writer, the synonym of what another calls "a tony gathering." These crushes and gatherings have, however, little of the aristocratic element in their composition. They are, for the most part, but fashionable circles in which prevails "the milliner's estimate of life." It is into this society that the young lady makes her "dew-bew," as *debut* is startlingly pronounced in America. In no other English-speaking community do the plebeians stickle so for the titles of "gentleman" and "lady." I was told by an Irish-American laundress that "the lady what did the clear-starching got twelve dollars a week." And I have heard of a cabman who asked, "Are you the man as wants a gentleman to drive him to the depot?" During an investigation concerning the Cambridge, Mass., workhouse, one of the witnesses spoke of the "ladies' cell." And a newspaper reporter writing of a funeral had occasion to say how "the corpse of the dead lady" looked. The plebeian who, by dint of hard work, has accumulated wealth, often aspires to patrician distinction. Tiffany, of New York, is said to have a pattern-book of crests, from which the embryo nobleman may choose an escutcheon emblematic either of his business or of some less worthy characteristic. A shirt-maker of Connecticut, having made a fortune by an improved cutting-machine, announced his intention of getting a coat of arms. An unappreciative commoner asked him if the design would be a shirt rampant. "No," he gravely replied, "it will be a shirt pendant and washer-woman rampant."—Harold Brydges, *Cosmopolitan*. (128)

ARISTOCRACY, INGRAINED

Tolstoy says:

Speaking of my past I condemn myself unreservedly, for all my faults and errors were the natural result of my aristocratic birth and training, which is the worst thing that can befall a man, as it stifles every human instinct. Turgenef wrote to me: "You have tried for many years to become a peasant in conduct as well as in ideas, but you nevertheless are the same aristocrat. You are good-hearted and have a charming personality, but I have observed that in all your practical dealings with the peasants you remain the patronizing master who likes to be esteemed for his benefactions and to be considered the bounteous patriarch," in which he was very right. (129)

Ark, Noah's Seaworthy—See Bible Reenforced.

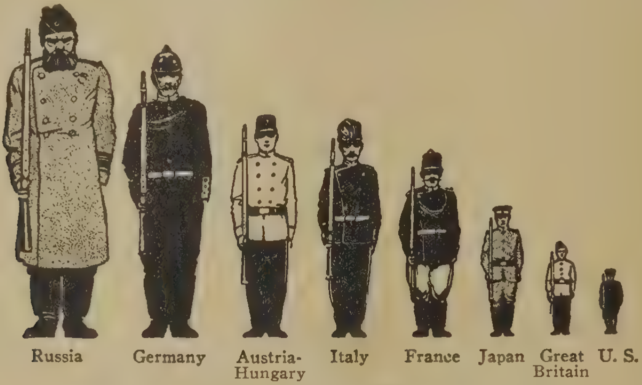
Armament, Costly—See War, After Effects of.

ARMIES OF THE WORLD

The comparative exemption of the United States from great military burdens may be inferred from the chart below. The cost proportionately of maintaining the army in this country is far greater than in Europe. The table below shows the cost of maintaining the armies of some of the principal countries.

British Army (1908-09)	$138,800,000
United States Army	103,000,000
German Army	206,000,000
French Army (1907-08)	189,000,000

See MILITARISM. (130)



COMPARATIVE SIZE OF THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD

ARMOR

The king-crab, found in the Indian and American seas, is armed with a sword-like weapon at his tail and his head is protected by a sword-shaped helmet, so he is well armed for the battle of life. Since he and his ancestry have assisted in purifying the sea, we can see the wisdom which preserved them from age to age.

In the age-long battle against spiritual enemies, Paul urges the Ephesian Christians to "take unto them the whole armor of God"; "and having done all to stand." (Text.) (131)

See RESISTANCE.

ARMOR-PROOF

Paul writes of the "whole armor of God," proof against "the fiery darts of the wicked."

Mr. W. T. Stead thinks that armor is certainly about to be revived in the military forces of Europe. A bullet-proof substance has been discovered; and if it be used as a breast-plate like a steel cuirass, it will put a different face on modern warfare. The French Government has tested the new armor, and reports that it has four or five times the resistance of chilled steel, and is invulnerable to rifle bullets. The equipment is not heavier than a cuirass and costs half as much. Of his own observation in this matter, Mr. Stead writes as follows in the London *Daily Chronicle;*

"I have myself witnessed experiments which go to prove that the soldier provided with this new armor can expose himself to the fire of modern rifles, at a distance of one hundred yards, and suffer as little from their fire as if he were being assailed by pea-shooters. The regiment arrayed in this armor of proof, and marching up to within one hundred yards of the enemy, suffers no more damage from a mitraille of steel bullets than if it were marching through an ordinary hailstorm." (132)

Army, Tribute to — See ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

AROUSAL

Sensationalism in the sense of stirring men to greater interest in verities, seems wholly praiseworthy:

Old Peter Cartwright was a famous preacher and circuit-rider many years ago.

The exhorter was holding a camp-meeting in Ohio. There was a great number of campers on the field, and the eccentric speaker addrest vast concourses at every service, but he thought too few were being converted. He felt that something should be done to stir the sinners to repentance, so he prepared a strong sermon on the second coming of Christ. He told how the world would go on in its sin and wickedness, and at last Gabriel would sound his trumpet and time would come to an end. He described the horrors of the lost and the joys of those who were saved. The sermon grew in intensity, and he brought his people up to a grand climax, when suddenly the sound of a trumpet smote the ears of the anxious throng.

There was a great sensation, and many fell upon their knees in terror and began to repent and pray. Women screamed and strong men groaned. Pandemonium was let loose for a few minutes. After the terror had somewhat ceased the preacher called to a man up a tree, and he descended with a long tin horn in his hand. The speaker then turned in fierce wrath and upbraided the people. He cried out in stentorian tones that, if a man with a tin horn up a tree could frighten them so, how would it be in the last great end when Gabriel's trumpet sounded the knell of the world! The sermon had a great effect upon the vast audience, and many hundreds flocked to the front and were converted. (133)

AROUSEMENT BY A THOUGHT

It is not infrequent to find a really great mind sunk in apathy for want of a compelling thought, a dominant idea, a commensurate ambition. Then something rouses such a mind, and at the touch of a magic wand its slumber is broken. Some hint drops like a seed into its prepared soil, and the mind becomes so renewed and vitalized that henceforth it scarcely seems the same. This was precisely the history of Gibbon's intellect. The moment when his imaginative sympathy was touched with the thought of the past glory and present degradation of Rome, was the moment that freed all the latent powers of his genius, as ice is thawed by the sudden burst of summer warmth. And in that moment, also, his years of wide and irregular study bore fruit.—W. J. Dawson, "The Makers of English Prose." (134)

Arousing an Undutiful Son—See Worshiper, A Mother.

Arrested Development—See Retardation.

Arriving—See Ambition.

Art—See Home Values; Picture, Record Price for; Realism.

Art, Age in—See Enduring Art.

Art as a Transformer—See Beautiful, Influence of the.

ART, DECLINE OF

As long as a family thought itself comfortably furnished with a chest or two, a wardrobe, a box-bedstead, a dozen earthenware pots of different sizes, and three or four vessels of pewter or copper, each one of these objects of utility might become a vehicle for a good deal of artistic thought. The piece would be handed down from mother to daughter, from father to son. At all events, it would be made with that possibility in mind. It was made to last, and in an artistic community it would be the object of a good deal of careful consideration as to its form and as to the little adornments that might be added to it. Now, however, when the poorest family requires two hundred utensils of one and another kind, and finds, moreover, that these utensils are furnished at an incredibly low price by great companies which make them by the thousand and force them upon the customer with favorable opportunities for immediate delivery and gradual payment, the possibility of having the common objects of life beautiful has gone.—Russell Sturgis, "Lubke's History of Art." (135)

ART, DEVOTION TO

The secret of success in any calling is an enthusiasm for our work like that of this artist:

The steamer was anchored in Glacier Bay, and he [R. Swain Gifford] was alone on the beach near Muir inlet, sketching. He was making a sketch of the Muir glacier, which was 250 feet above water and two miles wide. Suddenly he noticed an enormous mass of ice breaking away from the glacier. It was several hundred yards long, and Gifford quickly realized that he was witnessing something few men had seen. He saw his danger if he stayed on the beach, but he wanted a picture of that huge detached mass of ice. He had his camera with him; he quickly adjusted it and took a snap-shot. He didn't lose a minute then in collecting his tools and running as fast as he could to the high ground.

He escaped none too soon. The great mass of ice dropt into the water, and then came a return wave that would have swallowed the artist if he hadn't been on high ground. (Text.) (136)

Art Highly Valued—See PICTURE, RECORD PRICE FOR.

Art in Weather Changes—See ICE BEAUTY.

ART UNAPPRECIATED

The enterprising manager of a Paris theater once called upon Meissonier and asked him to paint a drop-scene for a certain theater and name his own terms. "You have seen my pictures, then?" asked Meissonier. "Oh, yes," exclaimed the manager; "but it is your name—your name I want; it will draw crowds to my theater." "And how large is it you wish this curtain to be?" inquired the artist. "Ah, well, we will say fifteen meters by eighteen." Meissonier took up a pencil and proceeded to make a calculation. At last he looked up and said with imperturbable gravity, "I have calculated and find that my pictures are valued at 80,000 francs per meter. Your curtain, therefore, will cost you just 21,600,000 francs. But that is not all. It takes me twelve months to paint twenty centimeters of canvas. It will, therefore, take me just one hundred and ninety years to finish your curtain. You should have come to me earlier, monsieur; I am too old for the undertaking now. Good-morning."—*Art Amateur.*

See AGE. (137)

ARTICULATION

"Clear articulation, not loudness in speech, is what the deaf desire. Remember this, and not only will the deaf hear, but they will be spared the physical pains and embarrassing discomfort occasioned by shouting," advised Dr. C. J. Blake in a lecture at the Harvard medical school during which he discust hearing and speech.

"People thoughtlessly shout at those who are afflicted with deafness, little realizing the real pain they are causing," said Dr. Blake. "If you would be thoughtful and considerate of these unfortunates, put emphasis on the articulation. Again and again have deaf persons said to me, 'How I wish people would not shout at me so,' and there is a pathetic note in the voice which long suffering creates."

It was brought out that the so-called drum-head is tough enough to sustain a column of mercury twelve inches high and of its own diameter; but is, nevertheless, delicate enough to record sound waves vibrating 50,000 times a second.

The ordinary human voice, he explained, is vibrating about 152 times, and should be perfectly understood by an ordinary healthy individual. Consonant sounds, he said, are the retarding factor in speech, hence it is the duty of every person to cultivate the habit of clear articulation. (138)

ARTIFICE

I once discovered a mother cuckoo in charge of an infant, evidently on his first outing. Drawn by his insistent demand for food, I came unexpectedly upon the pair in a retired spot in the woods. At sight of me the mother instantly left her clamorous offspring and flew to the lowest limb of a tree near by, where she treated me to a series of theatrical postures, bows, feathered displays, and acrobatic performances wonderful to see, keeping up at the same time a low cry which had instantly silenced the baby cries I had heard. Never for an instant taking her eyes off me, nor interrupting her remarkable demonstrations, the anxious mother very gradually, almost imperceptibly, moved away, a twig at a time, while I followed, fascinated and far more interested in her dramatic efforts than in finding her youngling. When she had thus drawn me several feet away from the dangerous spot, presto! she took to her wings and was gone.—OLIVE THORNE MILLER, "The Bird Our Brother." (139)

There is a pleasant story of a lawyer, who, being refused entrance into heaven by St. Peter, contrived to throw his hat inside the door; and then, being permitted by the kind saint to go in and fetch it, took advantage of his being fixt to his post as doorkeeper to refuse to come back again. (Text.) —CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (140)

A congregation in Connecticut had lost their pastor, and were desirous of filling his place. But their last minister had been self-taught, and the aristocracy—to wit, the deacons, etc.—stipulated that the new minister should have a classical education. In order to be sure of their man, the deacons agreed to let applicants preach a sermon on trial. At last a Welshman heard of the vacancy, but he was less learned than the one who had left; still, he determined to try. The day was arranged, the appointed minute arrived, and the candidate mounted into the pulpit. He got well on in his sermon, when he suddenly recollected that he was expected to show his learning.

"My friends" he said, "I will now quote you a passage in Greek."

With a solemn look he repeated a verse in his native tongue. The effect was marvelous; approving nods and smiles were exchanged among the deacons. Thus encouraged, he followed up his advantage by saying:

"Perhaps you would also like to hear it in Latin?"

He then repeated another passage in Welsh; this was even more successful than before. The preacher cast his eye over his flock, and saw that he was regarded with looks of increasing respect. Unfortunately, there was also a Welshman in the congregation; he was sitting at the back, almost choked in his efforts to stifle his laughter. The minister's eye fell on him, and took in the whole situation at a glance. Preserving his countenance, he continued:

"I will also repeat it in Hebrew."

He then sang out in his broadest Welsh: "My dear fellow, stop laughing, or they will find it out."

The other understood, stifled his laughter, and afterward dined with his successful countryman.—*Tit-Bits*. (141)

See Foolishness Sometimes is Wisdom; Preferred Creditor.

Artifice in Insects—See Simulation.

Ascent of Man—See Blessing the Ropes.

ASCETICISM

The black shadow of asceticism spread over the sky of the Puritan Fathers. Given two coats, they chose the ugliest one. Given two colors for the woman's garb, they chose the saddest and somberest. Given two roads, they chose the one that held the most thorns and cutting rocks. Given two forms of fear and self-denial, they took both. The favorite text of asceticism is "deny yourself." The favorite color of asceticism is black; its favorite music, a dirge; its favorite hour is midnight; its favorite theme is a tombstone. The mistake of asceticism is in thinking that pain by itself considered has a moral value.—N. D. Hillis. (142)

Macaulay said that "the Puritans hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." I once knew a man of this type who rooted up his wife's flower-bed on the ground that attention to flowers was a wicked waste of time that ought to be given to the study of the Bible.—W. C. S. (143)

ASKING AMISS

We ask for so many foolish things. If we should get them we would not know what to do with the answers. "Sophie," the scrub-woman, of Brooklyn, in her quaint, half-broken English, once said this:

"I heard about a countryman who was in the city for the first time. He went into a restaurant and made up his mind to have something fine, whatever the cost. He saw a man at the next table put a little mustard on his plate, and he said 'that must be fine and expensive, he has so little, but no matter what it costs, I will haf some.' So he told the waiter to bring him a dollar's worth of that stuff. A plate was brought. He took a big spoonful: it bit him; he spit it out and did not want any more. So, we ask for things that if our Father should give them to us we would only be bitten by them and be glad to get rid of them." (Text.) (144)

Asking and Receiving—See Faith and Prayer.

ASKING, BOLDNESS IN

The story is told in the Springfield *Republican* that Andrew Carnegie asked a young man who was about to become a student at Jena to get for him an autograph of Professor Haeckel. When it arrived it read thus: "Ernst Haeckel gratefully acknowledges the receipt from Andrew Carnegie of a Zumpt microscope for the biological laboratory of the Jena University." Mr. Carnegie made good, admiring the scientist more than ever. (Text.) (145)

ASLEEP

Tsavo is 133 miles from Mombasa, and during the construction of the line no less than twenty-nine Indians were eaten there by lions. The work was threatened, and a party of three young men—Hubner, Parenti and Ryal—took a car and lay in wait at night for a bold man-eater, who had stalked up and picked up a man on an open railway truck as the train slowed down into the station. Parenti lay on the floor, Hubner was in an upper berth, and Ryal was on the seat of the carriage, with his rifle. Ryal was on guard, but unfortunately he fell asleep. At 2 o'clock in the morning the man-eater they were hunting entered the carriage, picked up Ryal, jumped through the window, and fled to the forest, where the unfortunate man's whitened bones were long afterward found.—PETER MACQUEEN, *Leslie's Weekly.* (146)

ASPIRATION

Does not every man at times feel the aspiration to realize the man he "might have been":

Across the fields of long ago
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad with face aglow—
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully,
Once he has crept within—
I think that he still hopes to see
The man I might have been!

(147)

Climb on! Climb ever! Ne'er despond,
Tho from each summit gained
There stretch forth ever heights beyond—
Ideals to be attained!
Life's rescript simply is to climb,
Unheeding toil and tire;
Failure hath no attaint of crime,
If we but still aspire.
—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons."

(148)

The spirit of man is not intended to grovel on low levels or to gravitate downward under carnal influences. Man is the only creature on earth so constructed physically as to be able to gaze upward.

"He died climbing" is the simple inscription on a monument to an Alpine guide, who perished when attempting the ascent of a peak. That record is a noble tribute to a hero. His attitude should be ours—looking upward and pressing forward. He was pressing on in the pathway of duty. Many a splendid career, intercepted at the critical juncture, might be described by the same sententious record. "He died climbing" may be said of many a young and ardent enthusiast—of Mackay, soon cut off in Uganda; of Bishop Hannington, reaching the border of the same land and martyred there; of Patteson, soon slain in Melanesia by islanders who mistook him for a slave-catching captain; of Henry Martyn, who did not live to see any of the results of his mission; of Wyclif, who sent forth the Bible in English but was not permitted to see the beginning of the Reformation. All these "died climbing." (Text.)

(149)

Theodosia Garrison points out in these verses that aspiration, even when it fails of realization, is good for the soul:

Let me remember that I failed,
So I may not forget
How dear that goal the distance veiled
Toward which my feet were set.

Let me forget, if so Thy will,
How fair the joy desired,
Dear God, so I remember still
That one day I aspired. (Text.)
—*Ainslee's Magazine.* (150)

W. H. T. Squires expresses the normal law of the soul—that its desires are to rise and climb—in these verses:

Up from the mists of marsh and fen,
Up from the gloom of the glen,
The mountains rise to kiss the skies,
They spurn the plain that lowly lies—
Up from the forest's fitful shade,
Up to the heights that God hath made.

Up from the stains of sordid strife,
Up to a loftier life
My spirit cries, "Aspire! aspire!"
Climb we the heights from high to higher
Up, lest the fleeting daylight fade,
"Up!" is the law God hath laid. (151)

See DISCONTENT, DIVINE; FOCUSING THE EYE.

ASSIMILATION

The alfalfa plant is a rank species of grass that grows in the western sections of our country. It is valuable for horses and also for enriching waste land. It thrives in a soil where other plants would fail because of its power to find water. Roots in search of moisture have been found that were eighteen inches in length. The stalk makes heavy drafts on the surrounding air for nitrogen. Its powers of assimilation are remarkable. Its rapid and sturdy growth is a result of its habit of drawing upon all the surrounding air and the soil to build itself up.

If we wish to grow we must avail ourselves of every possible means. Soul culture depends not only upon hearing the truth, but upon assimilating the truth. (Text.) (152)

Are there not moral and religious "bolters and chewers." Some men try to get their religious pabulum by "bolting" all their experience in a revival; others, with a more quiet deliberation, are intent upon growing in grace through the years.

In an address at the Royal Dental Hospital, London, Dr. Osler, as reported in *The Hospital* (London), asserted that the public may be divided into two great groups, the bolters and chewers. Says this paper: "He maintains that it is the business of dental students to endeavor to convert the overwhelming percentage of bolters into a select group of chewers. This is their mission of utility; but Professor Osler also affirms that they have a mission to beautify the race. He holds that if there is one thing more beautiful than another under heaven it is a beautiful set of teeth. To promote these missions he would have attached to every elementary school a dental surgeon to inspect the mouths of the children; and total abstainers will learn with a shock, that he considers the question of teeth more a national problem than that of alcohol. If people generally had good teeth instead of bad, the chewers would be many and the bolters few, and a potent cause of human suffering and physical deterioration would be arrested." (153)

Assistance—See HELPFULNESS.

ASSOCIATION

There are localities in Switzerland where the canary is caged with a nightingale so that it may catch the sweetness and breathe into its notes that harmonious melody that delights all tourists in Europe. It is a demonstration of the power of association. This canary-bird had been trained by a nightingale.

So men may make their lives strong, pure, sweet and holy in thought, word and deed by unbroken association with those who live on a higher plane. (Text.) (154)

Association, Christian—See WARMTH, LOST.

ASSOCIATION, LAW OF

My father remembered the last clergyman in New England who still continued to wear the wig. At first it became a singularity and at last a monstrosity, and the good doctor concluded to leave it off. But there was one poor woman among his parishioners who lamented this sadly; and waylaying the clergyman as he came out of church, she said, "Oh, dear doctor, I have always listened to your sermon with the greatest edification and comfort, but now that the wig is gone all is gone."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. (155)

ASSOCIATION, LEARNING BY

A gentleman had in his bird-room a deformed blue jay, who was reared from the nest and never associated with his kind. In the room was also a cardinal grosbeak, one of the finest singers of his family. The young blue jay learned the song of the cardinal so perfectly that the gentleman could not tell it from the cardinal's own. "Even when hearing the two performers almost together, I could distinguish only a slight difference, which was not in the cardinal's favor."—OLIVE THORNE MILLER, "The Bird Our Brother." (156)

ASSOCIATIONS MOLD MEN

Among the doctrines of Belial is the theory that we must familiarize ourselves with evil if we would have power to resist it.

Jean François Millet in the middle of the last century was engaged on his early pictures. As they appeared one after another they astonished and delighted all lovers of art throughout the world. What were the subjects of these wonderful paintings? They were all deeply religious—the "Angelus," the "Sower," the "Man with the Hoe," the "Winnower," the "Gleaners." These masterpieces were not only spiritual, but were replete with beauty, pathos, power, and with all the works of the highest genius. Now, the theory had been popular that an artist must revel in fleshly and voluptuous presentations of life. But Millet hated the salaciousness of Greece, and Rome was abhorrent to him. He was a lifelong lover of his Bible, and his life was one of devotion and purity. (Text.) (157)

ASSURANCE

Among the Hebrews is preserved a legend of two sisters, who on the night of the Exodus, when the destroying angel passed through the land of Egypt, remained indoors with the family.

One was ready for the departure, and filled with assurance and peace, so partaking of the paschal lamb. The other was restless and fearful lest the death angel would not pass them by. "Is the blood sprinkled?" she kept asking anxiously, reproaching her confident sister for being so unconcerned. "Oh, is it sprinkled?" "Why, yes," said the sister, "the blood has been sprinkled, and we have God's word that when He sees the blood He will pass over." (158)

Assurance from Doing God's Will—See Temperature.

Astrology—See Birth Ceremonies.

ASYMMETRY

Men are one-sided in their views and opinions as truly as in the use of their hands. There was never but one character that was perfectly symmetrical:

Why shouldn't we work with two hands just as we walk with two feet? It seems ridiculous that the human family should have been using but one hand, either left or right, when nature provided two good hands with no apparent reason why they should not both be used. This oversight, or neglect, is being remedied at a school in Philadelphia, where the pupils are learning to use either hand with equal facility. The boys and girls are taught to draw with the right and left hand at once, and it is marvelous with what ease, after a little practise, the pupils can draw a design on the blackboard, using the right hand for the right side of the picture and the left hand for the left side, completing the entire design in a few minutes, the two hands working with perfect coordination. Compared with the old method of drawing laboriously and slowly with one hand, the ambidextrous system is infinitely superior. (159)

ATHEIST'S GIFT TO MISSIONS

In the year 1877, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll made an extended tour of the Pacific coast. He spoke in several of the larger cities, and at length arrived at Portland. There was in the city a certain missionary to the Chinooks. He could not afford a ticket to the lecture, and was greatly disturbed at what he read concerning it. Yet he felt a strong desire to meet Colonel Ingersoll, and a common friend procured a meeting between them.

There was a moment of restraint, relieved by the greater ease of Colonel Ingersoll, who began the conversation by inquiring concerning the work of the missionary. A little mirthfully he questioned him about the advisability of exporting religion, of which there might not be any surplus at home, and inquired, somewhat doubtfully, about the wisdom of a man giving his life to a hopeless task in attempting to teach a small and vanishing tribe things of which we ourselves have perhaps less knowledge than we suppose.

The answers of the missionary, however, interested Colonel Ingersoll. He inquired about the "Chinook jargon," that mongrel speech, made of English, Canadian French, Chinook and other Indian words, picked up from several tribes, and all softened and modified to suit deficiencies of pronunciation; the *r* changed into *l*, after the Chinese manner, and the grammar "made by chopping up words with a tomahawk."

How could a man preach in a language where one word had to serve as noun, verb and adjective? How could a man of education make himself understood in a language with only four parts of speech and some fragments? How could he tell the story of Peter's denial in a language which, having only one word for all manner of feathered things, and no verb for the act of crowing, made it necessary for the speaker to imitate the act and sound? How could he tell that Peter swore, in a language that had no verb "to curse," but had plenty of oaths inherited from traders in various tongues? How could he impart any idea of sacred things in a polyglot of slang?

The missionary told him the story of his work—how he preached as best he could in the poor, meager speech of the people, meantime teaching the children English, encouraging them in useful arts, fighting the vices of civilization as they made inroads among the people, and doing what he could for them as adviser and friend. It was hard work, and not very encouraging, but it was worth doing, and he was happy in it.

In telling his story thus, encouraged and led on by a man trained and skilful in cross-examination, the missionary unconsciously disclosed many of the hardships and privations which his work entailed upon him. Possibly, and indeed probably, he had not thought of them seriously as hardships, and therefore he related with telling simplicity the stories of long journeys by canoe and on horseback, of nights in the open, of poor and sometimes revolting food eaten in savage company. There was no word of complaint, nor even the least expression of regret, except for books and papers and magazines missed.

When the missionary rose to go, Colonel Ingersoll took his hand warmly, and said, "I thank you for coming to see me. This interests me very much. It's good work you are doing, it's good work. And here, take this. I am not a frequent contributor to missionary work, but I like this."

Into the missionary's hand he dropt a bright twenty-dollar gold piece.—*Youth's Companion.* (160)

Atmosphere—See Impurities.

Atmosphere, City—See Tests.

Atmosphere, The, and Light—See Light-bearers.

Atmosphere, The Christian—See Hospitality in Church.

ATOM, THE, A WITNESS TO GOD

Not only "day unto day, uttereth speech," but, according to science, there are innumerable voices in the world that also speak of God. A writer finds such in the atom of matter:

How then came they to be what they are? These "myriad types of the same letter"; these unhewn blocks from an unknown quarry; more indestructible than adamant; the substratum of all the phenomena of the universe; and yet, amid the wreck of all things else, this infinitude of discrete atoms alone is found incapable of change or of decay. Who preserves to them their absolute identity, notwithstanding their infinite variety? Who endowed them with their inalienable properties? Who imprest upon them the ineffaceable characters which they are found to bear? At what mint were they struck, on what anvil were they forged, in what loom were they woven, so as to possess, as Huxley declares, "all the characteristics of manufactured articles"? (161)

ATONEMENT

All the theological interpretations of atonement look back to the Old Testament Hebrew terms *kaphar* and *kasah* "to cover." We are saved by an atoning sacrifice; that is, by a sacrifice which covers us.

A fire on a gentleman's estate in England destroyed his mansion. It spread to a plantation near by, and trees and bushes were burned and charred. The gentleman next day heard the chirping of little birds in a blackened thicket close by him. He searched among the charred branches and discovered a nest, on which was lying, with outstretched wings, a dead robin. Under her were three fledglings, safe and sound. The mother bird had covered her young, saving them at the cost of her own life. (Text.) (162)

ATONEMENT COMPELLED

There is a Spanish story of a village where the devil, having made the people excessively wicked, was punished by being compelled to assume the appearance and habit of a friar, and to preach so eloquently, in spite of his internal repugnance and rage, that the inhabitants were completely reformed. (Text.) (163)

See Sin Without Atonement.

ATROPHY

Professor Dawson, in his book "The Child and His Religion," says:

I once saw a little girl of three years who was unable to walk, or even stand alone. She would make no attempt to do either, and seemed to have absolutely no interest in getting up on her feet or walking. The child seemed perfectly well, and her parents had become very anxious about her. Inquiry revealed the fact that when she was nine months old the little girl had been injured by a fall, and had been kept very closely confined for six months; at first in her crib, and later in a high chair, never being allowed to stand on her feet. When she was at last put upon the floor, she began her creeping just as she had been in the habit of doing six months before. Nor did she show any disposition to do otherwise than creep, even after her strength had been fully recovered. It required several months of careful attention on the part of the parents, in exercising her in standing and walking, to awaken any interest whatsoever in these activities. This law of atrophy through disuse undoubtedly operates throughout the entire range of human interests, not only in those interests more closely related to organic life, but also in the intellectual, moral, and religious interests. It is manifestly of great concern to parents and others who have the care of children that all normal interests be given a chance to function at the right time and in the right way. (Text.) (164)

ATTACHMENT REWARDED

In order to secure some token by which to remember a great-aunt to whom she had been much attached, Mlle. Bertha Chevanne, a young French woman, of Paris, attended a sale of the old lady's effects. The girl was poor and most of the articles were beyond her purse. A shabby old book—a book of devotions—was, however, put up. Nobody bid for it except Mademoiselle Chevanne, and she bought it for next to nothing. In turning over the leaves she came across a folded paper. It was a will bequeathing her the whole of her great-aunt's estate, valued at $80,000. (165)

ATTACK, DISCRETION IN

As with a fortress, so with many fortified evils. It is often better to flank them than to exhaust strength by direct attack.

To let a fortress go, so far from being disgraceful, is often one of the best things a general can do. If MacMahon had let Metz go, the Germans could not have got round Paris without tremendous losses and months of fighting. If Lee had abandoned Richmond in 1862 the war might have been protracted indefinitely. The greatest mistake Osman Pasha made in 1877 was holding on to Plevna too long. Napoleon let Genoa go in spite of the fine defense of Massena, but he soon recovered it after he had defeated the Austrians in the field. In the American civil war Burnside was compelled by the press to advance, with the result of the failure at Fredericksburg and the loss of 12,000 men. A field army should never be risked for a fortress.—Dr. Miller Maguire, London *News.* (166)

See Aggression; Saloon, Fighting the.

Attainment by Abandonment — See Higher, The.

ATTAINMENT, SUPERFICIAL

There are men who attempt to rise in the social scale without any apparent fitness for the larger place aspired to. Many start off on a course, but lack ability, patience and pluck to persevere and so fail of their goal, as the following somewhat humorous illustration suggests:

Attorney William S. Barnes, of San Francisco, has a new office boy. The last boy with whom he was associated resigned a few days ago because the law business did not suit his peculiar temperament.

"How long have you been here?" asked Barnes, when the small boy made known his intention to engage in a different vocation.

"Six months," replied the boy.

"And you don't like the law business?"

"Naw. It's no good, and I tell you straight, I'm mighty sorry I learned it." (167)

Audience Attracted—See Providential Interposition.

AUDIENCE, INSPIRATION FROM

"When a singer is up before an audience, he or she can tell whether the effect of the voice is pleasing or not by watching the countenances of the listeners," says Thomas A. Edison in *Popular Mechanics.* "When, however, one sings into a dead instrument like the phonograph, without the slightest recognition as to whether the voice is properly tuned and pitched, the singer becomes rather nervous. I know some very capable singers who can sing splendidly before an audience, but when it comes to getting their voice into the phonograph, they are dumb. I have brought people of great note out to the works, and paid them handsomely for their vocal efforts, only to find, when I came to reproduce these attempts on the phonograph, that the records were utterly worthless. One must have, indeed, a regular phonograph voice in order to make a good record. Some people can sing well into a phonograph who could not get up before an audience to save their lives; and again, as I have said, some people can sing before persons, but they can not perform before a phonograph." (168)

Audiences—See Fitness; Opportunities Improved.

AUGURY

The apostle who said "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able, &c.," had a far better assurance than the philosopher who trusted in a meaningless omen.

Rousseau, in his celebrated "Confessions," records that he was one day sitting in a grove, meditating whether his soul would probably be saved or lost. How could he settle the question? A supernatural voice seemed to suggest an appeal to a singular kind of augury. "I will," said he, "throw this stone at that tree. If I hit the tree, it shall be a sign that my soul is to be saved. If I miss it, it shall indicate that I am to be lost." Selecting a large tree, he took the precaution of standing near to it, and threw his stone plump against the trunk. "After that," naively says the philosopher, "I never again had a doubt respecting my salvation." (169)

Author Encouraged—See Good, Seeing the.

AUTHORITY UNCONSCIOUSLY SOUGHT

The child finds the world so complex and varied with so many unpleasant and pleasant experiences that he soon discovers the usefulness of his elders in providing him with pleasant experiences or in warning or guarding him against the unpleasant whenever he feels uncertain in a new situation. That is, the child tends to fall back on the authority of the older person and automatically to accept, up to a certain point, the dogmatic verdict of his elders as to the desirability or undesirability of a course of action. Neither the child nor the grown person is, as a rule, conscious of his acceptance of the thought of another as his own, but examples of it are evident enough in the spheres of religion, politics, precedent (in law), fashion, and, in fact, all of life's activities.—Stuart H. Rowe, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association," 1907. (170)

Authority—See Risk Shifted.

AUTHORS, WORK OF

George Eliot is said to have worked harder on "Romola" than on any of her other books. In her own words: "I began it a young woman—I finished it an old woman." And yet but about seventeen months were consumed in the work. Some authors have lived long. Alexander von Humboldt lived to be over eighty. Goethe was over eighty-one when he died. Kant lived his quiet life for just eighty years, the quietest and most uneventful life known to a man of genius. Titian died at the age of ninety-nine. Michelangelo lived to be more than eighty. Among the royal persons who have become known as authors are Queen Victoria, King Oscar II, of Sweden; Dom Louis, of Portugal; the Shar Nasr-ed Deen, of Persia; Queen Elizabeth, of Rumania; Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro; Dom Pedro II, of Brazil; King Louis II, of Bavaria, and several others. The novelists are at present dominant among us, so far as popular acceptation and remuneration go. It has been lately ascertained that Mr. Tennyson made four thousand pounds a year by his poetry. Walter Besant, who was seduced from the career of a college don by the fascinations of the novelist's art, earns more for any one of his romances than Carlyle earned in the first ten years of his literary career. Charles Reade averaged, we believe, five pounds per page for his writings. Herbert Spencer's remuneration scarcely exceeded five shillings per page. Matthew Arnold's imaginative powers earned him an income at least four times smaller than Wilkie Collins' imagination could command. A shoemaker's son, a few years ago, wrote a short comic story which tickled the public taste; his success was so immediate that the public—represented by the publishers—afterward paid him one thousand pounds a year for whatever he chose to write.—*Christian At Work.* (171)

Autograph Diplomacy — See Asking, Boldness in.

AUTOMATIC EXPERIENCES

Man early acquires automatic tendencies and abilities quite beyond the compass of his natural equipment. Man is gifted natively with a brief and fleeting form of attention, but by exercise and wise guidance its effectiveness may be greatly increased both as to direction and span. Imagination and memory may be natively vigorous in a desultory and disorganized sort of a way and yet be comparatively helpless when confronted with a situation requiring the organization of details into a system or unit. For example, children may get a great deal of pleasure out of fairy stories long before they understand much from the various disconnected and often incorrect interpretations they make of the words they have heard. This tendency is shown also in childish explanations of things. One young man notices that leaves, sticks, and stones left standing some time on the pond where he skated gradually sink into the ice. He notices, also, that slight scratches and flakes of snow gradually disappear. Such data led him to explain to himself the phenomenon as due to the fact that the water worked through the pores of the ice and froze on the top. It is evident that he had not heard of radiation from dark as compared with light surfaces, but it illustrated an automatic tendency to explain things fairly well developed which was quite beyond the power of man naturally.—STUART H. ROWE, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association," 1907. (172)

AUTOMATIC LEARNING

Nature has provided plants, animals, and man with many ways of adjusting themselves to their environment, but only animals and man organize their experiences so as to make them of use to them in future situations. Some kinds of mice can learn to go to a little house with a blue-colored front because it suggests food to them as they have always found it there, and not in a similar one with a red front. Another kind of mouse (the Japanese dancing mouse) does not learn this difference, either because it is color-blind or, much more likely, because it has not sufficient intelligence to organize its experiences of blueness by making it suggest food to him. It has been said bees can distinguish colors and associate them with sweetened water. These animals, and, in fact, animals in general, have the ability, as we say, naturally to do thousands of appropriate things whenever the appropriate stimulus presents itself. Given the newly hatched chicken and the attractive piece of corn within easy range, and with a quick dive of the head the corn has been snapt up by a series of muscular movements quite complicated in their totality but all coordinated or organized from the first. The chicken does not have to learn this accomplishment. A young child also can perform many kinds of action without learning, as, for example, movements of head, limbs, and other parts of the body.

Compare the difficulty a year-old child able to walk has in picking up something with his hands. He makes many motions, sometimes overreaching, sometimes falling short, in the end probably falls flat. The child has to learn both to walk and to pick things up, but he learns both without realizing that he is learning them. It is done spontaneously.

There are, then, some things that man and animals can do without learning, and some things they have to learn, but that they learn automatically. Beside these easier tasks there are many others that man may learn, but only through definite thinking or direction with a distinct aim in view, rather than automatically without any consciousness of his learning. The child may recognize his father's authority instinctively even without learning. He may by imitation think of some things as right or wrong without being taught. There are others he must be taught and learn with a definite purpose and effort or he will not make the distinction.—STUART H. ROWE, "Proceedings of Religious Education Association," 1907. (173)

Auxiliary Strength—See REENFORCEMENT FROM WITHOUT.

Auxiliary Workers — See SUPPLIES, BRINGING UP.

AVARICE

When you can put out a fire by throwing oil on it, then, and not till then, can you extinguish avarice by feeding it with millions.—N. D. HILLIS. (174)

See GREED; MONEY, GREED FOR.

AVERAGE LIFE

Many an enthusiastic tourist has sacrificed morning sleep to witness a sunrise from some summit, and suffered disappointment. The splendor extended over too wide an area; it lacked concentration—accentuation. The sunrise of the short horizon, seen from the average altitude, appears brighter as well as narrower. It requires no wide ranging of the eye, no shifting of the point of attention. It is not weakened by its own diffusion. You may carry this principle over into the philosophy of life. The short horizon—which is, for the most part, the average—has its distinct advantage. You will doubtless get more out of life at the average altitude than if you live always in some extraordinary height. (175)

B

BABIES, NAMING

In Japan a curious custom is in vogue with respect to the naming of babies. The new-born is taken to the temple, when it has attained the age of two weeks, and to the priest who receives him the father of the little one suggests three names deemed to be appropriate. The priest writes these three names on slips of paper. He holds these slips of paper for a few minutes, and then throws them over his shoulder, sending them as high in the air as possible. The slip that reaches the ground last contains the name that is conferred on the waiting baby.

The next step in the process is for the priest to copy the name on a piece of silk or fine paper, which is handed to the proud parent, with these words:

"So shall the child be named."—*Harper's Weekly.* (176)

Baby, Captivated by a—See CHILD, SAVED BY A.

Baby's Thinking—See THINKING, HOW COORDINATED.

BACKBONE

Any good quality needs backbone to make it effective. The little boy who read aloud, "Now Daniel had an excellent spine in him," when the letters spelled "spirit," was not so far from the truth after all. All of God's servants need spine.—JAMES M. STIFLER, "The Fighting Saint." (177)

BACKGROUND OF LIGHT

There is often great advantage in a position of obscurity from which to look out on the world. The lace-weavers of Nottingham founded a great industry in caves, as described below:

This great (lace) industry here began in this way: There is, or was, originally, a long, high bank of very soft sandstone on the north bank of the river Trent, pointing to the sun. In this soft sandstone the early Britons dug caves. They dug them deep and wide and wonderful in construction. It is said that even now the city of caves under the ground is almost as large as the broad and populous city on top of the ground. In case of invasion or conquest these cave-dwellers would retreat underground and defy pursuit. It is the boast of the people of Nottingham that their ancestors were never really conquered by any one. The weaving of laces came about here in this way: The half or wholly savage women sitting at the mouths of these caves and holding their threads against the sun with the darkness behind them could see the fine threads better, and so could do finer and better work than any other women in western Europe. And their immunity from conquest and consequent interruption in their peculiar industry fastened it here and kept it well forward.—JOAQUIN MILLER, *The Independent.* (178)

Backslider Regained — See WARMTH, LOST.

Bacteria—See CLEANSING, DIFFICULTY OF.

BADGES

Everywhere on the streets one meets men, from the gray-haired veteran to the half-developed beau, all parading on breast or coat lapel some distinctive mark of membership in some association. There are medals with ribbons, medals without ribbons, and ribbons without medals. There are buttons; big buttons and little buttons; silk buttons and metal buttons. There are pins, gold and silver and plated; every imaginable kind of pin. And these are worn by ladies and misses of all rank and quality, down to the little silver cross of the King's Daughters, so familiar everywhere. Nobody seems ashamed to own membership in these various societies and alliances. Men parade the streets under banners and flags, with uniforms, and distinctive feathers in their caps, and are not ashamed to acknowledge their favorite organizations. And yet there are many persons who seem to be ashamed to own their Lord and to confess His cause. (Text.)—*The Mid-Continent.* (179)

Bad Company—See Companions, Evil.

Bad to Worse—See Down Grade, The.

BADNESS IN BOYS

"He is a bad boy" may mean so many things. In the eyes of some teachers a boy is "bad" if he talks repeatedly to his neighbor. The boy who has a fight with another boy is "bad." The boy who does not study his lessons is "bad." The boy who goes to a moving-picture show is "bad." The boy who throws ink across the room is "bad." The boy who "answers back" is "bad." The boy who rifles the teacher's desk is "bad." The boy who disobeys school rules is "bad." "Give a dog a bad name and hang him" should now read, "Give a boy a bad name and ruin him."

All school types of "badness" need classification. Many of them under careful classification would no longer be considered "bad." A boy's wrong acts are often due not so much to deliberate choosing of wrong after he knows right, but to the lack of any sense of right or wrong. Children's so-called "badness" is due to unmorality oftener than to immorality. Until a boy's moral nature has been roused and developed, it is absurd to think that one can find the basis of appeal in theoretic ethics or right for right's sake. Who is to blame when blind, unquestioning obedience to short-sighted, arbitrary school rules is made the basis of a child's conduct and reputation?

When children go through school learning nothing except what can be given to hundreds simultaneously, in classes so large that undue emphasis is laid upon order and quiet, who is to blame if the majority leave school with morals that alarm those interested? Go through the list of "bad boys" in your school or your town. Classify their offenses. Is immorality or unmorality responsible? If the latter, what share of the blame for this condition belongs to the school? Why consider a boy hopeless or degenerate because he commits a moral offense? Do we consider him intellectually hopeless or defective because of his errors in spelling or arithmetic?—Julia Richman, "Proceedings of the National Education Association," 1909. (180)

BALANCE, A LOOSE

Many men think they can rely in a general way upon fate or fortune to square their moral accounts, but in the long run a man must face his record.

Mr. Moody tells of a young couple who on commencing to keep house started to keep an account of their family expenses. After a few months the young husband said to his wife: "Darling, I'll spend the evening at home to-night, and we will look over the account together." The young husband found frequent entries like this: "G.K.W., one dollar and a half"; and a little later on, "G.K.W., two dollars"; and after a little, "G.K.W., three dollars." Becoming a little suspicious, he demanded, "Who is this 'G.K.W.' you have spent so much on?" "Oh," said she, "I never could make the accounts come out right, so I lumped all together that wouldn't balance, and called it G.K.W.—Goodness Knows What!" (Text.) —Louis Albert Banks. (181)

BALANCE OF JESUS' MIND

In our earth, the two hemispheres are balanced to a hair and leaf! But what man save Jesus has balanced his radicalism that was sound by a conservatism that is true?—N. D. Hillis. (182)

BALANCE PRESERVED IN NATURE

Since times prehistoric, ever since the human species developed the sense of comparison and an eye for form, all spiders, with a resemblance to the big, hairy, ugly creatures reputed to be poisonous and now generally known by the name "tarantula," have been the victims of the crushing heel.

I think it can be said that there never has been one absolutely authentic case of spider bite. The so-called spider bites received occasionally, and generally in early summer, often in bed, are inflicted by certain blood-sucking insects of several species, large and small. The mandibles of the average-sized spiders are hardly powerful enough to pierce the human skin, and all of the poison contained in an arachnid's glands, injected into the flesh of a human being, will not make as much fuss as a respectable bee-sting. Moreover, spiders are not mammal blood-suckers, and wouldn't bite if they could. So much for the negative qualities of spiders.

If it were not for the spiders we should all promptly starve to death. Perhaps this is a little startling; it is none the less true.

To enlarge upon it, certain spiders prey upon certain caterpillars, regularly inhabit their abodes, and kill so many of them that often whole colonies of the insects are wiped out of existence. These caterpillars normally feed upon the leaves of trees, bushes, and shrubs, frequently denuding a plant entirely. If they were plentiful enough to exhaust their common food they would turn to the weeds and grasses. Without check of any kind they would overrun the earth and destroy every green and growing thing. The spiders beautifully preserve the balance of nature. Kill all the spiders and mankind is doomed.—*Collier's Weekly.* (183)

BALLOT A DUTY

"Arrow," in the *Christian Endeavor World,* reads this lesson to Christian voters:

"Well, I suppose it's Alderman Smith today."

"Alderman—nothing!"

"What? Do you mean to say Smith wasn't elected?"

"Precisely. Lost it by forty-one votes."

"Well, well, well! Why, I thought Smith was popular, such a nice, clean fellow; and smart, too."

"He is popular."

"And I thought his opponent was a scallawag."

"He is. The rummies were all for him, and he celebrated his victory with a big free-for-all debauch. I guess our ward 'll be open enough now, all right."

"But what was the matter? I suppose Smith lay back and took it easy."

"No, sir! He got out and hustled for himself."

"Then he probably had no machine to back him."

"Ah, but he had; and some of the best politicians in the city worked for him. Why, nearly all the strongest men in the ward signed a paper in his interest, and every one got a copy a day before the election."

"But they couldn't have known the issue at stake—between decency and indecency, character and hoodlumism."

"They did, if words could make it clear."

"Then why, in the name of all that is reasonable, in that pious ward of yours, wasn't Smith elected?"

"Just because about sixty of the pious men stayed at home or let their sons neglect to vote. We know the names of that many who didn't vote. Tried to get them to come out, telephone and all that; but no good. Too busy. Or they 'weren't needed.' And the other side got out every man."

"Those pious men go to prayer-meeting?"

"Well, I don't know what you think about it, but I'd rather have one X opposite Smith's name on that ballot than ten years of prayer-meeting eloquence without it."

"Yes, most of them; and my! but they shine when the topic is a patriotic one."

"So 'd I." (Text.) (184)

Banks, Making, Useful—See SAVING DISAPPROVED.

BAPTISM

Dr. R. F. Horton, in the *Christian Endeavor World,* tells the following story:

There is a scene in my earlier ministry that used to make the best woman I ever knew laugh till the tears ran down her cheeks whenever she recalled it.

A father, a tall and dignified man, with his wife, a gentle, quiet little lady, had brought the baby to the font that Sunday morning. As I read the opening words, the baby woke and began to scream. For my own part I was imperturbable, nor was the mother upset. But the tall, dignified man could not endure it; and just as I was approaching the actual rite, and required the baby, what the congregation saw was the father rapidly striding to a side door, with the white clothes of the screaming infant streaming behind in the haste of the flight. Happily parental authority worked miracles in the corridor, and the infant, vastly pacified, was brought back just in time to save the service from being a fiasco. And the humor turns into a deeper joy when now I see that child grown up into a beautiful girl, the joy of her parents and of all who behold her. (185)

BAPTISM INTERPRETED

At the Student Volunteer Convention in Toronto, Dr. Horace G. Underwood told the following incident:

A copy of the Book of the Acts fell into the hands of a Korean, whose heart was touched by the truths. He gathered his villagers together and taught them its contents and they sent for missionaries to come to them. It was impossible for them to go at once, but they sent copies of the Gospels. The eager Koreans read and studied as well as they could alone, and noticing that some "washing rite" was enjoined upon the believers in the Jesus doctrine, they met to discuss how they should follow it out and thus fulfil all righteousness. They prayed over it for a time, and at last decided that each should go to his own home and reverently should wash himself in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. (Text.) (186)

BARBARISM

The missionaries to the Dyaks of Borneo, in making their calls not infrequently are seated in a position of honor in a native hut underneath a huge cluster of skulls, the war trophy of the head-hunting Dyaks. Rev. H. L. E. Luering writes in the London *Christian* that the natives believe that the courage of the slain enemy enters his victor's soul if the head of the dead man is in his possession. So the heads are cut off and placed in loose rattan receptacles and smoked over a slow fire, and polished and strung up like great bunches of grapes, and guarded with a jealousy greater than is accorded any other possession. They represent just so much of the owner's self—his own soul—and to lose a head would deprive him of just so much strength and courage. (187)

The late Bishop Taylor, of Africa, narrated the following in the *Missionary Review of the World:*

I saw a woman who had been accused of witchcraft and condemned to death by exposure to ferocious ants. She was bound to a big ant-hill ten or fifteen feet high. The victim usually dies in two days, but this woman endured it for five days and was then driven away because "she was too hard to kill." She crawled in a terrible condition to the mission station—the most pitiful sight the missionary had ever beheld. After months of careful nursing she recovered, and this woman, so terribly scarred and disfigured, was converted at one of my meetings. (188)

See Cruel Greed.

BARGAIN DISCOUNTENANCED

It was proposed to the Duke of Wellington to purchase a certain farm in the neighborhood of his estate at Strathfieldsaye. He assented. When the transfer was completed, his steward, who had made the purchase, congratulated him upon having made a great bargain, as the seller was in difficulties, and forced to part with his farm. "What do you mean by a bargain?" asked the Duke. The steward replied, "It was valued at £5,500, and we got it for £4,000." "In that case," said the Duke, "you will please to carry the extra £1,500 to the late owner, and never talk to me of cheap land again." (189)

BARGAIN-MAKING

A former queen of Spain once rode out in the country, when the driver of the royal carriage became lost and spent two hours vainly trying to find the way. The queen and the infanta were somewhat alarmed.

All at once they came upon an old wood-cutter, who, with a bunch of fagots upon his back, gathered laboriously from the stunted bushes to be found here and there, had sunk down to the ground, evidently for a moment's rest.

"Ho, my good man!" the driver of the royal carriage called out. "Will you tell us the road to Madrid?"

"No," said the wood-cutter, "I will not, except on one condition."

"What's that?"

"That you take me in and carry me back to the city."

The coachman declined to do this.

"Very well, then; find the road yourself," said the wood-cutter.

The queen here intervened. She ordered the coachman to let the man tie his fagot at the back of the coach, and to take him upon the driver's seat and drive him home.

The man tied his rough fagot at the back of the royal coach, mounted the box, and the road to Madrid was soon found.

When the royal carriage entered the city in this queer state, there was a great sensation, as the people readily recognized the equipage. The wood-cutter sat proudly on the box. When his quarter was reached, he got down and unfastened his fagot. The queen put her head out of the door.

"Go to the royal palace to-morrow," she said, "and your service will be rewarded."

The old man, suddenly perceiving whose passenger he had been, was overcome with humiliation. He stood bowing, rubbing his cap between his hands, and uttering exclamations of astonishment until the carriage was out of sight.—*The Christian Register.* (190)

BARRIERS

In the West, the farmer's boy makes a trap for prairie-chickens and wild turkeys. Looking toward the corn, the bird pushes against the tiny wooden bar that yields for admittance. But having gotten in, the gate will not push out.

When it is too late, the youth who has played false, finds that the way into sin was easy, and the way out hard. Strange that there should not be a single barrier in the downward path, but that when the transgressor turns to retrace his steps that red-hot iron barriers are in the path!—N. D. Hillis. (191)

The water-hyacinth is a beautiful thing, so beautiful that some years ago an enterprising gentleman decided to introduce it in Florida. As it turned out, he not only introduced it, but he made it a part of the country. It has outgrown all bounds, formed impassible barriers in streams, caused the Government to spend thousands to get rid of it, and is still an impediment to navigation in many rivers all over the South.

The situation has become so serious in Louisiana that it is proposed to import hippopotami. At first thought, few will be able to see any relation between hippopotami and water-hyacinths, yet there is. In fact, the ordinary hippopotamus eats water-hyacinth from morning until night if he can get it. It is evident, therefore, that were there plenty of hippopotami in Louisiana there would soon be no water-hyacinth. It is for this reason that the Government will be asked to import the beasts, domesticate them, and turn them loose in Louisiana.

The hippopotamus is not a dangerous brute—altho Mr. Roosevelt has taken much credit to himself for having killed some of them—his flesh makes excellent steaks, particularly if he has fed on water-hyacinth, and he is altogether a desirable creature to have about, we are told. We trust that the Government will act quickly in this matter. Perhaps in addition to being fond of water-hyacinth the hippopotamus may also have an appetite for the boll-weevil. Let Louisiana have the beasts by all means.—Charleston *News and Courier.* (192)

The conquering races were compelled to follow river-beds, and could not penetrate the forests. It was not the warrior who finally conquered English soil, but the farmer. The half-dozen kingdoms, which were divided by vast forests, coalesced only when the ax cut away barriers. Earlier races could not inhabit any part of the earth except the coast lines. All their food came from the sea; and the refuse still remains as the great shell-heaps of the sea-coasts of Europe.

So to-day in the moral world one must cleave his way through barriers as with an ax to the open of a large place. (193)

See Dishonesty.

BARRIERS, SUPERNATURAL

During some recent work in West Africa, a certain native chief was anxious to prevent my explorations of such creeks and rivers as led to trading districts which he desired to remain unknown. Finding verbal dissuasions unavailing, and not liking to have recourse to physical force, he tried as a last and somewhat despairing resort to place supernatural obstacles in my way; so he directed that at the entrance to these forbidden creeks a live white fowl (lowest and cheapest sacrifice) should be suspended from a palm-stake. Consequently, I was frequently surprized and pleased at what I thought was a graceful token of hospitality posted at different points of my journey, and never failed to turn the fowl to account in my bill of fare. After this manner of disposing of the fowl-fetish had occurred several times, and yet I remained unpunished for my temerity by the local gods, the natives gave up further opposition to my journey as futile and expensive. In talking this over on my return with one of the more advanced chiefs of the district, my native friend shook his head half humorously, half seriously over the decay of religious belief. A white fowl, he said, was "poor man's juju"; a few years ago it would have been a white goat, and in his father's time a white boy (albino negro), spitted on a stake to bar the way, and this last would have been a sacrifice that might well have moved the local gods of wold and stream to intervene.—H. H. Johnston, *Fortnightly Review.* (194)

Battle Against Frailty—See Body, Mastering the.

Beating Process a Necessity—See Discipline.

BEAUTIFUL, INFLUENCE OF THE

Every one is influenced to a greater or less degree by that which he sees about him, and those with whom he comes in contact.

A beautiful statue once stood in the market-place of an Italian city. It was the statue of a Greek slave-girl. It represented the slave as tidy and well drest. A ragged, uncombed little street child, coming across the statue in her play, stopt and gazed at it in admiration. She was captivated by it. She gazed long and lovingly. Moved by a sudden impulse, she went home and washed her face and combed her hair. Another day she stopt again before the statue and admired it, and she got a new idea. Next day her tattered clothes were washed and mended. Each time she looked at the statue she found something in its beauties until she was a transformed child.

This law of transformation through appreciation has its highest illustration in the changed life and character of men who have lived in communion with God. (195)

BEAUTIFUL LIFE, SECRET OF

In the legend of the "Great Stone Face" Hawthorne tells us how a great soul was formed by constantly looking at an ideal head formed by rocks on the side of a mountain. Ernest had been told by his mother that some day or other (so the people in the valley believed) a man would grow up from among them who would be the greatest man of his time, and that his face would resemble the face outlined on the rocks of the mountain. So Ernest waited, and finally a man who had become very rich came back to the valley and built a palace, and people thought for a time that the legend had been fulfilled in Mr. Grabgold, but the man was hard and selfish. Another came who was famous as a statesman, but ambition had killed his spiritual life. A poet came, whose verses had been an inspiration to Ernest, who often preached to the people of the valley, but the poet was a sensualist. He admitted to Ernest that he had not lived the beautiful life that he had depicted in his poetry, that he had even doubted at times whether the beautiful things he had taught to men were true. So at last, when Ernest had been almost in despair about the great man who should come to the valley, he went out one evening to preach to the people, and as the rays of the setting sun lighted up his face, and also the Great Stone Face of the mountain, the people shouted, "The legend has been fulfilled; the faces are alike." It was true. The boy of the valley, by keeping his eyes on the noble face on the mountain, had accomplished more than they all. It is the secret of the development of the soul. A man must keep his eyes on the face of Jesus Christ to-day, because there is none else so noble.—C. F. J. WRIGLEY. (196)

BEAUTIFUL, UTILITY OF THE

In one of the earlier chapters of his "Les Miserables," Victor Hugo tells how a good bishop answered his housekeeper once. She expostulated with his lordship for giving a full quarter of his garden to flowers, saying that it would be better and wiser to grow lettuce there than bouquets. "Ah, Madame Magloire," replied the bishop, "the beautiful is as useful as it is beautiful."

The ministry of beauty is one of the overflowings of the divine mind and heart, and serves God's purpose in common with the utilities of His works. (197)

BEAUTY

The sense of the beautiful extends to the animal creation.

Land-birds show fondness for decoration. A robin in Pennsylvania made the whole nest of flowers and white stems of everlasting, and it may now be seen in the Philadelphia Academy of Science. Other birds have been known to build entirely of flowers. Miss Hayward, an invalid who studied birds from her window, saw one pair build a nest of the blossoms of the sycamore and sprays of forget-me-not, and another—an English sparrow—cover its nest with white sweet alyssum.—OLIVE THORNE MILLER, "The Bird Our Brother." (198)

Beauty and Utility—See WORK AND ART.

BEAUTY, DECEIVED BY

Bates found on the Amazon a brilliant spider that spread itself out as a flower, and the insects lighting upon it, seeking sweetness, found horror, torment, death. Such transformations are common in human life; things of poison and blood are everywhere displaying themselves in forms of innocence, in dyes of beauty. The perfection of mimicry is in the moral world, deceiving the very elect. (Text.)—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (199)

BEAUTY FROM FRAGMENTS

May not God find ways to gather up the fragments of wasted lives and reconstitute them in His own image, as this great artist reconstructed the window:

In a certain old town was a great cathedral in which was a wondrous stained-glass window. Its fame had gone abroad over the land. From miles around people pilgrimaged to gaze upon the splendor of this masterpiece of art. One day there came a great storm. The violence of the tempest forced in the window, and it crashed to the marble floor, shattered into a hundred pieces. Great was the grief of the people at the catastrophe which had suddenly bereft the town of its proudest work of art. They gathered up the fragments, huddled them in a box, and carried them to the cellar of the church. One day there came along a stranger, and craved permission to see the beautiful window. They told him of its fate. He asked what they had done with the fragments. And they took him to the vault and showed him the broken morsels of glass. "Would you mind giving these to me?" said the stranger. "Take them along," was the reply; "they are no longer of any use to us." And the visitor carefully lifted the box and carried it away in his arms. Weeks passed by; then one day there came an invitation to the custodians of the cathedral. It was from a famous artist, noted for his master-skill in glass-craft. It summoned them to his study to inspect a stained-glass window, the work of his genius. Ushering them into his studio, he stood them before a great veil of canvas. At the touch of his hand upon a cord the canvas dropt. And there before their astonished gaze shone a stained-glass window surpassing in beauty all their eyes had ever beheld. As they gazed entranced upon its rich tints, wondrous pattern, and cunning workmanship, the artist turned and said: "This window I have wrought from the fragments of your shattered one, and it is now ready to be replaced." Once more a great window shed its beauteous light into the dim aisles of the old cathedral. But the splendor of the new far surpassed the glory of the old, and the fame of its strange fashioning filled the land.—*Grace and Truth.* (200)

BEAUTY IN COMMON LIFE

I saw in an art gallery a group of well-drest people admiring a picture of some Spanish beggars. The beggars were unkempt, deformed, ugly, but the artist had seen beauty in the group, and his imagination made the scene appeal strongly to the passer-by. How many of those people, think you, would ever stop to look at a group of beggars, not in a picture, but in life? Would they have the imagination, apart from the artist, to feel the appeal of real men and women in real need and see beauty and grace of form beneath rags? And yet it is possible for all of us to be artists and see common life transfigured with a beauty and grace divine.—JOHN H. MELISH. (201)

Beauty, Insensitiveness to—See INSENSITIVENESS TO BEAUTY.

BEAUTY PERVERTED

One of the most beautiful sights around Ispahan, in Persia, is a field of poppies—those pure white flowers—stretching away for miles. But the poppy is often the source of a curse and misery. Before the poppy is ripe the "head" is scratched at sunset with a kind of comb in three places; and from these gashes the opium oozes out. Next morning it is collected before sunrise, dried and rolled into cakes ready for use or market. Its growers are enriched by the traffic, but the ground is greatly impoverished. And the users of opium? Why, it is death to them.

Too often, as with the poppy, beauty becomes a curse, and blessing a bane. (Text.) (202)

Bed, Taking Up the—See BIBLE CUSTOMS TO-DAY.

BEER, EFFECT OF

I was at a hospital when an ambulance came tearing to the door, with a man whose leg was crusht from mid-thigh down. He was placed upon the operating table, restless and moaning. "Oh, doctor," he said, "will it kill me?" and the good, blunt man of science answered, "No; not the leg, but the beer may do you up." And it did. The limb was removed quickly and skilfully, but the clean aseptic cut had really no chance to heal, because the general physical degradation of beer no surgeon's knife can amputate. When life and death grip one another, beer stabs life in the back.—JOHN G. WOOLLEY. (203)

Beggary—See GIVING.

BEGINNING, RIGHT

R. H. Haweis gives this opinion about learning to play the violin, which applies equally well to all training of youth:

Ought young children to begin upon small-sized violins? All makers say "Yes"; naturally, for they supply the new violins of all sizes. But I emphatically say "No." The sooner the child is accustomed to the right violin intervals the better; the small violins merely present him with a series of wrong distances, which he has successively to unlearn. (204)

See TIMIDITY.

BEGINNINGS DETERMINE ENDINGS

When the toper lies dead over his cups there is an invisible line that runs back from his death to the first dram. When the aged saint lies triumphant in his last sleep that victory is related to his mother's lullaby and to his own first prayer. The broad estuary where the fleets of a nation float may be traced back to its fountain among the green hills in which a little child may wade or a robin rustle its feathers without fear. The faith that overcomes the world is the consummation of the faith when, in fear and trembling, the young convert first placed his hand in the hand of God. The first step on the stair is a prophecy of the landing. When we start right we have only to keep on in that direction and the end will be more than we longed for. (205)

Beginnings of Great Men—See GREAT MEN'S BEGINNINGS.

BEING BEFORE DOING

"He that would hope to write well hereafter in laudable things," says Milton, "ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and most honorable things." Here is a new proposition in art which suggests the lofty ideal of Fra Angelico, that before one can write literature, which is the expression of the ideal, he must first develop in himself the ideal man. Because Milton is human he must know the best in humanity; therefore he studies, giving his days to music, art, and literature; his nights to profound research and meditation. But because he knows that man is more than mortal he also prays, depending, as he tells us, on "devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge."—WILLIAM J. LONG, "English Literature." (206)

Belated Honors—See DELAY.

Belief not Destroyed by Mysteries—See MYSTERY IN RELIGION.

Belief Required—See MYSTERY NO BAR TO BELIEF.

BELLS

We have given up announcing the miracle of transubstantiation or putting to flight storms and demons or managing exorcism by bell, book and candle, but bells as sweet as the Angelus still ring over our English fields and woodlands on Sunday. The passing-bell in a country churchyard is full of pathos and memory, breaking the stillness and arresting for a moment the busy haymakers as they pause to listen, and remember some old comrade who will no more be seen in their ranks. The solemn bell at our midnight services, now so customary on the last evening in each year throughout the land, is also charged with hallowed thoughts; indeed, I know few things more thrilling than that watch-night bell, which seems as the crowd kneels within to beat away on its waves of sound the hopes and fears, and tumultuous passions of the dead year when its echoes have ceased those kneeling crowds feel that one more chapter in the book of life has been written, that ringing voice has sealed the troubled past and heralded in with its iron, inexorable, tho trembling lips the unknown future. What with the dinner-bell, safety yard bell, school, factory and jail bells, small cupola spring-bells, safety electric bells, not to forget baby's coral and bells, bell-rattles, last reminiscence of the extinct fool's cap and bells, and fool's wand, with its crown of jingling baubles, we seem never to hear the last of bells. Bells are the landmarks of history as well as the daily ministers to our religious and secular life. The bell's tongue is impartial and passionless as fate. It tolls for the king's death *"Le roi est mort."* It rings in his successor, *"Vive le roi."* The cynical bells rang out as Henry VIII led wife after wife to the altar, the loyal bells rang out for the birth of Charles I, and the disloyal ones tolled again for his execution. The bells of Chester rang a peal for Trafalgar, alternated with a deep toll for the death of Nelson, and some of us can remember the tolling of St. Paul's bell as the Iron Duke's funeral passed up Ludgate Hill. The long green bell which announced to the Pisans that the wretched Ugolino, starved to death in the bottom dungeon, had at length ceased to breathe, still hangs in the famous leaning tower of Pisa.

At the ringing of the Sicilian Vespers in the Easter of 1282, 8,000 French were massacred in cold blood by John of Procida. The midnight bells of Paris gave the sign for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, August 24, 1471, when 100,000 persons are said to have perished. The great towers of Christendom have all their eloquent bell tongues, and as we pass in imagination from one to the other we not only catch the mingled refrain of life and death as it floats upward from the fleeting generations of men, but we may literally from those lofty summits contemplate all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them.—H. R. HAWEIS, *English Illustrated Magazine.* (207)

Benefaction in Kind—See CONDITIONS SUGGEST COURSES.

BENEFACTION OF ANESTHETICS

A fine sculpture in the Boston Public Garden is a marble group representing the Good Samaritan helping the man who had fallen among thieves. But more beautiful than the fine work of the sculptor is the inscription showing how the monument was erected to commemorate the earliest use of anesthetics in surgery at the Massachusetts General Hospital, with these texts from Scripture appended:

"Neither shall there be any more pain."

"This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."—FRANKLIN NOBLE, "Sermons in Illustration." (208)

BENEFIT, COMPULSORY

The following paragraph appeared recently in *The Medical Record* (New York):

Because of the opposition of his parents to the operation, surgeons of the County Hospital of Chicago were compelled to obtain an order from the court directing the amputation of the arm of a fourteen-year-old boy recently. Gangrene following a fracture made the operation necessary, but neither the boy nor his parents would consent.

Sometimes it is legitimate to do a man good against his will. (209)

BENEVOLENCE

He is dead whose hand is not open wide
  To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the length of his lifelong ride
  Who of his fortune gives to another;
    And a thousand million lives are his
    Who carries the world in his sympathies.
(210)

Kosciusko, the famous Polish patriot and general, was very benevolent. Sending a messenger on a hurried errand, he bade him ride his own horse. But the man was long gone, and returning said that next time he must take another horse, for that one insisted on stopping at every poor hovel and with every beggar by the way, as if he had stopt to give alms at every wayside call. Even a horse can learn the way of giving.—FRANKLIN NOBLE, "Sermons in Illustration." (211)

Benevolence, Christian—See UNSELFISHNESS, POWER OF.

BENEVOLENCE, MODEST

One of Baron Rothschild's peculiarities was to conceal his benevolence. He gave away a great deal of money, but if the one who received it ever mentioned the fact so that it came back to the baron's ears, he never got any more. His contributions to general benevolence were always anonymous or passed through the hands of others. His name never appeared upon any benevolent list. (212)

Benevolence, Practical—See SENTIMENT, USELESS.

Best, Getting the—See BUYING, GOOD.

BEST, MAKING THE

Drudgery is the gray angel of success. . . . Look at the leaders in the professions, the solid men in business, the master-workmen who begin as poor boys and end by building a town to house their factory-hands; they are drudges of the single aim. . . . "One thing I do." . . . Mr. Maydole, the hammer-maker of central New York, was an artist. "Yes," he said, "I have made hammers for twenty-eight years." "Well, then, you ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer by this time." "No, sir," was the answer. "I never made a pretty good hammer; I make the best hammer made in the United States."—WILLIAM C. GANNETT. (213)

Best, The, is Brief Here—See LIFE, USES OF.

Betrayal—See DISPLACEMENT.

Betting—See GAMBLING.

BIBLE

Charles A. Dana was a great editor and thinker. This is his fine tribute to a book that has influenced the life and destiny of more men than any other literature:

There is perhaps no book whose style is more suggestive and more instructive, from which you learn more directly that sublime simplicity which never exaggerates, which recounts the greatest event with solemnity, of course, but without sentimentality or affectation, none which you open with such confidence and lay down with such reverence: there is no book like the Bible. When you get into a controversy and want exactly the right answer, when you are looking for an expression, what is there that closes a dispute like a verse from the Bible? What is it that sets up the right principle for you, which pleads for a policy, for a cause, so much as the right passage of Holy Scripture? (214)

See DIRECTIONS; LETTER OF GOD; WAY, DIRECTION OF; WORD THE, A HAMMER.

Bible a Book of Directions—See DIRECTIONS.

Bible a Book of Life—See HIGHER CRITICISM.

Bible Adaptation—See ADAPTING THE BIBLE.

BIBLE A HANDBOOK

Primarily the Bible is a handbook setting forth the way of God with individuals. When an inventor sells his sewing-machine, or car, he accompanies the mechanism with an illustrated handbook describing each wheel, each lever and hidden spring. Now the Bible is an illustrated handbook that accompanies the mechanism of the soul, with all its mental levers and moral springs. Having first stated the facts about life and duty and destiny, the Bible goes on to illustrate these facts. (Text.)—N. D. HILLIS. (215)

BIBLE A LAMP

This book is a lamp, but lamps are not to be pulled in pieces; lamps are to be read by. When you go down into the valley and the shadow, you will need a light. In that long journey down into the darkness of death you will travel alone. And here is a lamp that will light your path and bring you out of the chill and the damp and the dark into the morning, and the dawn shall be followed by day and the day shall deepen into high noon, the noon of God's heaven. (Text.)—N. D. HILLIS. (216)

BIBLE AMONG HEATHEN

The eagerness of the Tahitians to have and read the Bible is indicated by the following account:

For years Mr. Nott had been translating the Gospel of Luke into Tahitian, assisted by Pomare; and while the book was in press the natives often constrained Mr. Ellis to stop printing to explain to them what they read. The missionaries wished to bind the books before they were distributed, but the impatience of the people constrained them to give up waiting for proper binding materials. The natives, however, did not suffer these precious books to remain without proper protection; dogs and cats and goats were killed so that their skins might be prepared for covers, and the greatest anxiety was manifested to obtain these new copies of the Word of God.—PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions." (217)

Bible and Experience—See EXPERIENCE AND BIBLE.

BIBLE AND HUMAN NATURE

Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, of India, went to a native city where the name of Jesus had never been heard. He began to explain to them the first chapter of Romans, that chapter which describes the heart of man wandering away from God and into sin, and conceiving evil conceptions of God, until at last, "Tho they know the judgment of God—that they which do such things are worthy of death—not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them." The most intelligent man in the audience, a Brahman, stept forward and said to Dr. Chamberlain, "Sir, that chapter must have been written for us Hindus. It describes us exactly." (218)

BIBLE AS A CHART

Dr. W. L. Watkinson, commending the Bible as the chart of life, gives this illustration:

A famous Swiss guide was once interviewed. He was a man who had never suffered an accident. Invariably he had brought his parties successfully through the most ambitious undertakings. The man who interviewed him spoke of the failures of other guides. His reply to that was, "There are guides and guides. One takes you up and trusts to luck. He is ready for anything, but he does not know what is coming. He guesses where he is when you ask him, 'Where is the top?' I never do that. Before I start on a new track, or one I have not made before, I study it thoroughly. I watch it through the glass until I know it. I make a map of it. When I say, 'Go,' then I can see what is before me. On the mountain I must always know where I am. If you come to me for science, it is no good; but I must carry my map with me and point, 'We are here.' I never start without my compass, my thermometer, and my aneroid; so that when you come to me at any moment and ask, 'Where are we?' I can say, 'Here! and it is so many feet to the top.'" (219)

BIBLE AS A COMPASS

Every ship has a compass. No captain would dream of going to sea without a compass, for there are times when neither sun nor stars appear and steering must be done by the compass alone. So every man should have a compass. The Bible is the Christian mariner's compass, and by it he must steer. (220)

Bible as a Mind-cure—See MIND-HEALING.

BIBLE AS BREAD

A year ago in Austria a Bible was baked in a loaf of bread. Some wicked men came into the house to find the Bible and burn it, but the good woman of the home, who was just going to bake bread for her family, rolled up her Bible in a big loaf and put it in the oven. When the intruders went away she took out the loaf, and the Bible was uninjured.

The Bible is bread. A good loaf to hide the Bible in is a warm heart. The Bible is best baked in a good life. (Text.) (221)

BIBLE CUSTOMS TO-DAY

How far away the Bible seems to us when it tells of sack-cloth and ashes, and about Jacob and Mordecai and Isaiah, who marked their desolation by these signs! In Korea sack-cloth is still such a mark, and with hair unbound and their persons wrapt about with these coarse folds of bagging they sit like Job and cry, "Aigo, aigo." "And the mourners go about the streets." From the writer's house we look out on one of the main thoroughfares of the city; and frequently, as the sun goes down, there comes a procession bearing lanterns and a long line of mourners in sack-cloth following the dead with mournful wailings. Is there not a thought and a providence underlying the oneness of these things with all the settings of the Scripture? (222)

"Take up thy bed and walk," seemed to the writer in his boyhood days as a most extraordinary expression. He pictured a four-posted bed being tugged out of a bedroom by one poor man only just recovered of his sickness; but when he came to Korea, he understood it all. The bed was just a little mattress spread out on the floor of the living-room, and to roll it up and put it away was the common act of every morning when the sleeper awoke. Morning light and consciousness had come into the life of the poor invalid, so he would roll up his sleeping-mat and walk off to where it was put for the day. So, in many of the common acts of life in Korea we were in touch with the days of our Lord on earth. (223)

Then there is the foot-gear or sandals. Neither China nor Japan so markedly reflects Scripture in this respect as Korea. Here are the strings tied over the instep, here the humble servant is called to bow down and unloose them. As in Judea, they are never worn indoors, but are dropt off on the entrance-mat. (224)

The expression, "Girt about the breasts with a golden girdle," is never quite clear to a young Bible reader at home, and China and Japan cast no special light upon it; but in Korea there was the long white robe down to the feet, and round the breast the embroidered girdle. It remained until after the missionary arrived, and then in the changes of the new century the girdle was swept away. The white robes, too, find their corresponding part in Scripture, and the expression, "So as no fuller on earth can whiten them," often came to mind in the old days, when out of the little squalid huts came forth coats that shone like polished marble.—The above four illustrations from JAMES S. GALE, "Korea in Transition." (225)

BIBLE, EFFECT OF

The Rev. E. W. Burt, of the Baptist mission in Shantung, says that three men came from a distant village in the hills begging the missionary to visit them. He expected to find some lawsuit at the bottom of their eagerness, but instead found a chapel built and everything ready for a splendid work in their midst. Three years before a colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society had sold them Bibles, and without any human instruction they had come to believe in Christ. (226)

Bible for Missions—See GOSPEL, SENDING THE.

BIBLE FROM GOD

At a large dinner given in New York, Mrs. Margaret Bottome, for a long time head of the King's Daughters Circle, sat beside a German professor of science. In the course of conversation, Mrs. Bottome said quite naturally for her:

"The Bible says so and so."

"The Bible," remarked the professor. "You don't believe the Bible!"

"Yes, indeed, I believe it," replied Mrs. Bottome.

"Why, I didn't suppose that any intelligent person to-day believed the Bible."

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Bottome said, "I believe it all. I know the Author." (227)

BIBLE FROM HEATHEN VIEWPOINTS

Certain parts of the Bible appeal with unexpected force to various races, and to men in different stages of civilization, who read the Scriptures with other eyes than ours. We may illustrate this point by a few actual examples.

When Dr. Kilgour was translating the Old Testament into Nepali (India), he found it an arduous, not to say a tedious, task, to render the long chapters of ritual regulations in Leviticus; he was surprized, however, to discover that his Nepalese assistant considered these chapters to be among the most interesting and important in the whole Pentateuch.

So, again, the Chinese, who lay enormous stress on reverence for ancestors, are profoundly impress by the first chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, because it begins with the genealogy of our Lord, which, as a colporteur wrote last year, "goes back to our Chinese Hsia dynasty."

In Egypt, Moslems are attracted by the Book of Genesis, which they call "the history of the creation of the world." In the south of Europe the Book of Proverbs is often purchased eagerly by Freemasons, who look back to King Solomon as the legendary founder of their craft.

In heathen countries it is by no means uncommon for the missionaries, who are translating the Old Testament, first to make a version of the Psalter and perhaps of Genesis, and then to translate the Book of Jonah before attempting any other of the prophets. They realize—what we sometimes forget—that Jonah is the one thoroughly missionary book in the Old Testament, and they find that its message comes home to their converts with peculiar power.—*The Lutheran.* (228)

BIBLE FRUIT

The following incident is related in an issue of the *Illustrated Missionary News:*

One day a Chinese scholar named Ch'u paid a visit to an old friend, Chang, who was priest of a Buddhist temple among the mountains of Shansi. As he looked over the library his eye fell upon a book of unusual appearance lying on a dusty shelf, and he inquired of the priest what book it was. "Ah," replied his friend, "that is a strange book I picked up on a journey—a foreign classic. You will not think much of it." It was a copy of the Gospel of Mark, and Ch'u became interested in some things he read in it. He had never heard of Christ before, and now that life so simple and sublime laid hold on him. He came again and again to the temple to read that little book until he knew it almost by heart. But no one else could tell him more, for no Christian had ever penetrated to that lonely mountain. Could all this story about Jesus be true? If so, when did it happen? Where were His followers whom He told to preach His gospel? Could Jesus help men now? At length, after long waiting and much inquiry, he learned that there were some Christians in a town three days' journey away, and he set off to seek them. There he met Pastor Hsi, a Chinese evangelist, who was able to tell him that Jesus Christ was alive and he could trust Him. Once again he visited the Buddhist temple, this time to tell his old friend of the grace of Christ, and Chang also became a believer. When some years later a Christian missionary went to this place, there was a community of saved men and women, and a little church gathered together through the agency of the message of that one little book. (229)

BIBLE, GRIP OF THE

At one time I gave a Mohammedan a New Testament on condition that he would read it. He was a Turkish official, but he promised that he would do so. I saw him a year later, when he came to me like Nicodemus by night. I said to him, "Have you read the book I gave you?" He replied, "Yes, I have read it through four times, and it gets hold of me every time right here"—putting his hand upon his heart. "I believe that is the religion which must ultimately be accepted by the world as the true religion; it seems to me that it is the only religion." He went out and away and he is to-day an official of the Turkish Government. He is a representative of a great class in the Mohammedan world who are beginning to have an intelligent knowledge of Christianity.—James L. Barton, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (230)

BIBLE, INTEREST IN

A laboring man had come up from the country for a holiday in London. He seemed strong and active, tho his hair was gray; and standing in the Roman Gallery, he looked wonderingly at the long line of statues and busts of the Roman emperors. As I pointed out one and another to a friend with me, he stept forward and said, "Have they got Julius Cæsar here?" I at once told him that the bust stood at the end of the gallery and he walked toward it, but soon came back again, evidently not quite satisfied. I asked him if he had found it.

"No," he said, "I couldn't see him." So I took the old man back to where it stood, and pointed it out.

"You are interested in these things?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied, "and now I can tell folks when I go home that I've seen him. Which is the one that was alive when Jesus Christ was crucified?" I soon showed him Tiberius Cæsar, and then Augustus, telling him how God had through his means set the whole Roman world in motion, in order that according to prophecy Christ might be born in Bethlehem. And then I asked him if he knew the Lord Jesus Christ. With a bright, satisfied look lighting up his fine old face, he said, "Ah, yes! one gets to know summat of Him in a lifetime."

There were many things to be seen in London, but evidently the British Museum stood first and foremost in his estimation, because he could there see portraits of those about whom he read in the Bible.—Ada R. Habershon, "The Bible and the British Museum." (231)

BIBLE, LIVING ON THE

We never fully realize the value of the Bible till it becomes our very life. The way to deal with the Bible is not merely to study it or to meditate upon it, but actually to live on it, as that squirrel lives on his beech-tree.

A preacher, one day, resting under a beech-tree, pondering on the divine wisdom that had created it, saw a squirrel running round the trunk and up the branches, and he said to himself, "Ah! little creature, this beech-tree is much more to you than it is to me, for it is your home, your living, and your all." Its big branches were the main streets of his city and its little boughs were the lanes. Somewhere in that tree he had his house and the beechnuts were his daily food. (232)

BIBLE NOT OUT OF DATE

A trader passing a converted cannibal in Africa, asked him what he was doing. "Oh, I am reading the Bible," was the reply. "That book is out of date in my country," said the foreigner. "If it had been out of date here," said the African to the European, "you'd have been eaten long ago." (233)

BIBLE, OFFENSE OF THE

A New York City missionary, accustomed to speak in the lowest sections of the city, was going to hold an open-air meeting in Paradise Park. Before he began to preach he heard a man in the crowd say, "Damn the Bible, anyhow." He mounted his barrel and announced, "My text to-day is 'Damn the Bible, anyhow.'" That made that man and every other man eager to hear what he was going to say next. Then he told why the devil wanted the Bible damned: because it closed up all liquor stores and brothels, cleaned men's lives and taught truth and salvation. (234)

BIBLE OUTWEARS ASSAULT

Dr. John Clifford puts into the following verse the vanity and failure of all assaults on the Bible:

Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil sing the vesper chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers, worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all those hammers so?"
"Just one," he said; then, with a twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, tho the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unharmed—the hammers gone.
(235)

BIBLE, POPULARITY OF

The Bible continues to be the most popular of books, as shown by the report of the American Bible Society for 1909. The total number of issues amounted to 2,826,831, of which 1,427,247 came from the Bible House in New York, and 1,399,584 from the society's agencies abroad, in Turkey, Syria, Siam, China, Japan, etc. These issues consisted of 327,636 Bibles, 545,743 New Testaments, and 1,953,452 Scripture portions. The number of volumes was 673,803 in excess of the issues of a year ago, and 590,076 in excess of any year in its history. (236)

BIBLE, REENFORCED

Recent dispatches from Denmark tell of remarkable experiments, carried on in the sound between Denmark and Sweden, for the purpose of testing the seaworthiness of a vessel built according to the dimensions of Noah's Ark, as given in Gen. 6:15. According to the Copenhagen *Daily Dannebrog*, Naval Architect Vogt, who has experimented for a long time with the dimensions of Noah's Ark as given in the Bible, has recently completed a model of that ancient craft. It measures 30 feet in length by 5 feet in width by 3 feet in height, the actual measurements of the ark of Noah being 300x50x30. The model is built in the shape of an old-fashioned saddle-roof, so that a cross-section represents an isosceles triangle. When this queer craft was released from the tugboat which had towed it outside the harbor and left to face the weather on its own account, it developed remarkable seagoing qualities. It drifted sideways with the tide, creating a belt of calm water to leeward, and the test proved conclusively that a vessel of this primitive make might be perfectly seaworthy for a long voyage. It is well known that the proportionate dimensions used by modern ship-builders are identical with those of the diluvian vessel. (Text.) (237)

BIBLE, REGARD FOR

Rev. Egerton R. Young says of the Canadian Indians among whom he worked:

Often I have been made ashamed of the littleness of my love by the devotion of these Indians and their love for the Bible. One of our Indians came with his son from the distant hunting-grounds to fish on the shores of our Great Lakes, gathering their supplies for the winter. "My son," said the father, "we leave for home to-morrow morning early; put the Book of Heaven in your pack." So the young man put it in, and after doing so, an uncle came and said, "Nephew, lend me the Book of Heaven that I may read a little. I have loaned mine." So the pack was opened and the Bible taken out, and the uncle put it on the blankets after finishing with it, instead of into the pack. The next morning the father and son strapped on their snow-shoes and walked thirty-five miles toward home, dug a hole in the snow at night, cooked some rabbits, had their prayers and lay down and slept. The next morning after prayers they pushed on thirty-five miles more, and made their home. That night the father said, "We are home now in our wigwam. Son, give me the Book of Heaven, that the mother and the rest may read the word and have prayers." They searched for the book, but it was not in the pack and the son told of his uncle's request to borrow it. The father was disappointed, but said little. The next morning he arose early, put a few cooked rabbits in his pack and started off. That day he walked seventy-five miles, found his precious book and returned the whole distance the following day, having walked in snow-shoes one hundred and fifty miles through the wild forest of the northwest to regain his copy of the Word of God! (Text.) (238)

BIBLE REMEMBERED

Years ago when Bibles were scarce in Mexico, a man chanced upon one, and it seemed to him interesting and of good moral tone, so he told his son he might read it. The boy read and read and was delighted. He memorized large portions of it, and came to love it dearly. He thought it was the only book of its kind in the world, and when he was twelve or fourteen he carried his book as a proud possession to school to show it to his teacher. What was his consternation when the teacher threw up his hands in horror and cried, "Ave Maria, boy, where did you get that book? Don't you know it is one of those accurst Protestant books? Give it to me this instant?"

He seized the volume and carried it to the priest. The boy went home inconsolable and wept most of the night. The next day he met the priest, who told him the book was a dangerous teacher of false doctrines and that he had burned it. From that day the boy lost interest in everything. He led a careless, dissolute life, wandering from place to place. At length he was working in El Paso, Texas, and was invited by a man to attend a gathering in a near-by hall. As he entered, a man was standing on a platform at a desk reading from a book. Instantly the boy recognized some of the words he had memorized from the Bible and in a trice he was down in front of the reader, demanding, "Sir, have the kindness to give me back my book. That is my book that you are reading from. They took it away from me years ago, but it is mine." As he stretched out his hand toward the preacher to receive his treasure he said, "I can prove to you that it is mine—I will tell you what it says." And he began and repeated passages that he had learned years before. They gave him "his book," as he truly thought it was—and it changed his life. He became an honored doctor in the city of Mexico and a member of an evangelical church. (239)

BIBLES REQUIRED

By act of Parliament in 1579 every Scotch householder with $2,500 to his credit had to provide, under penalty of $50, "a Bible and Psalme buke in vulgare language in their houssis for the better instruction of thame selffis and their famelijes in the knowledge of God." The condition of the times gave added value to such a regulation. Books were few and the Bible was a treat. Being compelled to buy it may have been a financial hardship, but having it and next to no other book at all made opportunity for good intellectual and spiritual delight.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.* (240)

BIBLE STORIES, VALUE OF

Egerton Young tells how he interested the Indians of British Columbia through the Old Testament stories:

Some of the Indians are huge fellows, over six feet tall, and they pride themselves on their stature. As they talked about their height, I would say, "Listen, I have a book that tells about a man as tall as if one of you were seated on the shoulders of the tallest among you." "Oh, what a story; what talk is that, missionary?" "Well, come and listen." Then I talked to them about Goliath, and got them interested, and the gospel follows. In my work among these people I found one reason, at least, why those stories were in the Bible. Benjamin would not listen, but he became interested in the stories, and then he listened to the gospel.—PIERSON, "Miracles of Missions." (241)

BIBLE, TESTIMONY TO

In the district of Allahabad some conversions had taken place among the women and girls which had greatly stirred up the opposition of the men. The reading circles in the zenanas had to be stopt and the missionaries were prohibited from visiting the women. One old woman, explaining the situation, said: "Our men say you come and take us away. It is not you who take our women away and make them Christians; it is your Book. There are such wonderful words in it; when they sink into the heart nothing can take them out again." (242)

BIBLE, TRANSLATING THE

When the armies of King Philip of Spain were seeking to crush liberty and life out of the people of the Netherlands, an evangelist named Philippe de Marnix was flung into prison by the Spaniards. The captive acted as did Luther in the castle of the Wartburg, and as did John Bunyan in Bedford jail, for he at once commenced the translation of the Bible into his native Dutch language. And just as Martin Luther's translation of the Bible became the regenerating agency in Germany, so did the version of Marnix prove to be the corner-stone of the Dutch republic. (243)

Bible, Translation of, into Life—See VERSION, HIS MOTHER'S.

Bible, Use of—See RELIGION DIFFUSED.

BIBLIOMANCY

Whitefield had to sail for Georgia, and he summoned Wesley to leave London and come to Bristol to take up the strange work begun there. In the little society in Fetter Lane that call was heard with dread. Some dim sense of great issues hanging upon the answer to it disquieted the minds of the little company. The Bible was consulted by lot, and repeatedly, in search of a text which might be accepted as a decision. But only the most alarming passages emerged. "Get thee up into this mountain and die on the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered to thy people," ran one. When one chance-selected text proved disquieting in this fashion the lot was cast again and yet again, but always with the same result. There was a quaint mixture of superstition and simplicity in the Bibliomancy of the early Methodists. If the text which presented itself did not please, it was rejected, and the sacred pages were interrogated by chance afresh, in the hope of more welcome results. W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (244)

BIGNESS

The size of a gathering is not the important thing, it is the spirit and purpose of it.

Some years ago at a meeting of Congregationalist ministers in Windham County, Conn., one of their number arose and proposed that arrangements be made for a great convocation of all the ministers and churches in all that county and vicinity. He expatiated largely upon the importance of such an assembly, tho without giving any very definite evidence as to the value of the results that might be attained; and closed by recommending the project to the favorable consideration of the brotherhood.

An old and well-known and somewhat eccentric preacher, Thomas Williams, arose in his place and spoke in substance as follows: "A man once said: 'If all the iron in the world were made into one ax, what a great ax that would be! And if all the water in the world were poured into one pond, what a great pond that would be! And if all the wood in the world were made into one tree, what a great tree that would be! And if all the men in the world were made into one man, what a great man that would be!' And then," drawled out the speaker, "if that great man should take that great ax, and fell that great tree into that great pond, what a great splosh there would be!"

The old man sat down, and nothing more was heard of the "great splosh" or the great meeting. (245)

Bigness and Littleness Relative—See COMPARATIVE, THE.

Bigness Obscured by Littleness—See PROPORTION.

BIGOTRY, RELIGIOUS

Thomas Jefferson was fiercely assailed by the Federal party, including nearly all of the clergy of the country, as not only depraved in heart and life, but as a blatant infidel, for whom the yawning abyss of wo, with its eternal torments, was none too severe a doom. Not long since a man died at Rhinebeck who, when an infant, was taken into the Reformed Dutch Church in that town to be baptized. After the clergyman had received the child in his arms the father gave the name to be applied as "Thomas Jefferson," who was then President. "It would be blasphemy," said the minister, "to call that name in the house of God; this child's name is John," and he finished the christening, the boy bearing the name thus given to the day of his death.—New York *Journal of Commerce.* (246)

BIRD NOTES

Most of our song-birds have three notes expressive of love, alarm, and fellowship. The last call seems to keep them in touch with one another. I might perhaps add to this list the scream of distress which most birds utter when caught by a cat or a hawk—the voice of uncontrolled terror and pain which is nearly the same in all species—dissonant and piercing. The other notes and calls are characteristic, but this last is the simple screech of common terrified nature. (Text.)—JOHN BURROUGHS, *Country Life in America.* (247)

See DARKNESS, INFLUENCE OF.

Birds—See CRUELTY TO BIRDS.

Birds, Resemblances of, to Men—See HUMAN TRAITS IN BIRDS.

BIRDS, VALUE OF

The bird is not only our brother—he is far more. He is our benefactor, our preserver, for the simple reason that he alone is able to hold in check the most powerful race on earth—the insects. It is well known to scientific men that the insect tribes, unchecked, would control the earth. Innumerable, multiplying with a rapidity that defies figures and even comprehension, devouring everything that has, or has had, life, from the vegetable to the man, and living but to eat, these myriads would soon, if left to themselves, reduce our planet to a barren wilderness, uninhabitable by man or beast.—OLIVE THORNE MILLER, "The Bird Our Brother." (248)

BIRTH CEREMONIES

On the birth of a Parsee child a magian and a fire priest, who is always an astrologer, are called in to predict the future life of the babe. The magian, drest in a strange robe of many colors, a pointed cap with jingling bells, and armed with a long broom made of beresma twigs (which is thought to have the power of putting evil spirits to flight), enters the chamber of the Parsee mother and babe and setting the end of his broom on fire dances around, exorcising the evil spirits; finally he flourishes his firebrand over the mother and child and in all the corners of the room. This done, the fire-priest draws a number of squares on a blackboard; in one corner of each square he draws a curious figure of bird, beast, fish or insect, each of which stands for some mental, physical, or spiritual characteristic, together with its appropriate star or planet. The magian then proceeds by means of spells and incantations to exercise any evil spirit that may be lurking unseen in the blackboard. Next the fire-priest begins to count and recount the stars under whose influence the child is supposed to be born, and then with closed eyes and solemn voice he predicts the future life of the babe. Next he prepares a horoscope or birth-paper and hands it to the father. Then, placing the babe on his knees, he waves over it the sacred flame, sprinkles it with holy water, fills its ears and nostrils with sea-salt to keep out the evil spirits, and finally returns the screaming infant to its mother's arms.—MRS. LEONOWENS, *Wide Awake.* (249)

BIRTH-RATE IN FRANCE

Will the French nation live to the twenty-first or twenty-second century or will they by that time have committed suicide? asks Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, French deputy, professor in the Free School of Political Science, and assistant editor of the important *Économiste Français* (Paris), in which he writes with patriotic passion in the following strain, apropos of the recently published Government Census returns:

> There is no doubt whatever that the French people are rushing to suicide. If they continue on this course, the French nation, those of French stock, will have lost a fifth of their number before the expiration of the present century and will absolutely have vanished from Europe by the end of the twenty-second century; that is, in two hundred years. It is now twenty years ago that we first stated this frightful fact. So far we have been a voice in the wilderness. While people are eternally discussing the advantages of secular education and the beauty of the income tax, and all the grand democratic reforms that are to come, amid all the fine speeches of sophistical cranks, the French people are gradually committing suicide. They are tightening the cord about the national neck; the breath of life is becoming feebler and now is but a gasp which must soon end in silence.

This writer says that marriage still exists in France, but it is no longer an institution "intended," according to the language of the Book of Common Prayer, "for the procreation of children." On this aspect of the question he remarks:

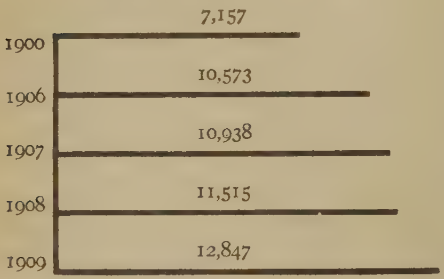
> People still marry in France almost as frequently as in other countries. But this does not result in the multiplication of children. In 1909 marriages to the number of 307,954 were celebrated, which amounted to 7.85 for every thousand inhabitants, a slightly less proportion than during the years immediately preceding.

But divorce with all its consequences is on the increase in France, and we read:

> If the marriage-rate remains normal in France, divorces are becoming more and

more common. There were 12,847 divorces in 1909, against 11,515 in 1908; 10,938 in 1907; 10,573 in 1906, and 7,157 in 1900. Thus in eight years divorces have increased at the rate of 80 per cent. Taking into consideration the facility with which a divorce may be obtained from the courts, the number of those who ask for and gain this release is sure to increase rapidly. After a short time divorce will be common in rural districts, which so far have rebelled against it, and doubtless the number will grow to 20,000 or 30,000, if not more, per annum.

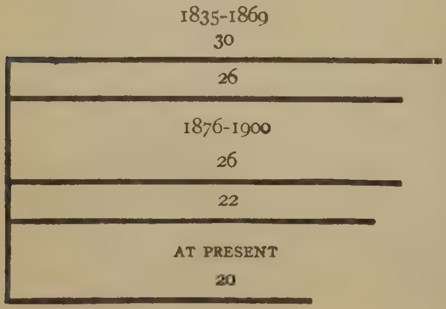
GROWTH OF DIVORCE IN FRANCE



Mr. Leroy-Beaulieu observes that divorces might lead to remarrying and so far be in the interest of a larger population. This, however, is not the case. The great sore of France is the dwindling birth-rate. He tells us:

> When we come to the birth-rate of France here we find the hurt, the deadly hurt, from which our country suffers. The birth-rate in France has been declining for a century. This decline has become so accelerated during the past ten or fifteen years that, as I feel bound to repeat, we stand confronted by an impending suicide of the nation.

He gives the following figures to confirm his deduction:



> During the first thirty years of the nineteenth century France recorded more than 30 births per thousand inhabitants; from 1835 to 1869 the birth-rate oscillated between 30 and 26 per thousand. Leaving out the depopulating years of the Franco-Prussian War, 1870-71, and years succeeding, which suffered from this scourge, we find that from 1876 to 1900 the birth-rate was on the decline and ranged from 26 to 22 per thousand. In 1900 it had sunk to 21, and by the latest statistics it is at present only 20 per thousand inhabitants.

This writer tells us that while in 1801 the birth-rate in France exceeded the death-rate by 5.1 per thousand inhabitants, the excess last year was merely 0.3 per thousand. He admits that hygienic improvements and decreasing deaths among children have lowered the death-rate, but this can not remedy the decrease of the birth-rate:

> If ten homes do not contain among them more than fifteen children to take the place of twenty parents, there is no reduction in the death-rate which can prevent the final diminution of the national population.

(250)

BLACK, TURNING

Character can be made black as easily, but not as easily restored, as the skin of the lady mentioned in the extract below:

> A celebrated Parisian belle, says the *Popular Science News,* who had acquired the habit of whitewashing herself, so to speak, from the soles of her feet to the roots of her hair, with chemically-prepared cosmetics, one day took a medicated bath, and on emerging from it she was horrified to find herself as black as an Ethiopian. The transformation was complete; not a vestige of the "supreme Caucasian race" was left. Her physician was sent for in alarm and haste. On his arrival he laughed immoderately and said, "Madame, you are not ill, you are a chemical product. You are no longer a woman, but you are a 'sulfid.' It is not now a question of medical treatment, but a simple chemical reaction. I shall subject you to a bath of sulfuric acid diluted with water. The acid will have the honor of combining with you; it will take up the sulfur, the metal will produce a 'sulfurate,' and we shall find

as a 'precipitate' a very pretty woman." The good-natured physician went through with his reaction, and the belle was restored to her membership with the white race. (251)

Blasted Hopes—See DISAPPOINTMENT.

Bleeding in Old Times—See SURGERY, IMPROVEMENT IN.

BLESSING THE ROPES

Every summer, at the beginning of the climbing season in the Swiss mountains, a solemn service is held among the guides, many of whom are godly men, who know they take their lives in their hands when they ascend the Alps. So they bring their ropes with them and lay them at the foot of one of the mountains. Old and new ropes are piled in a heap, and then they are "blessed" by the pastor. Prayer is offered that the old ropes may still bear the strain safely, and that the new ropes may prove equal to all the stress placed upon them. The guides are commended to the mercy of God that in their daily ascents they may be kept safely and that they may succor the travelers who trust in them. (Text.) (252)

BLESSINGS, CONQUERING

Goethe uttered a true word where he sings:

Yes! to this thought I hold with firm persistence;
The last result of wisdom stamps it true:
He only earns his freedom and existence
Who daily conquers them anew. (Text.)
(253)

BLESSINGS COUNTED

When upon life's billows you are tempest tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprize you what the Lord hath done.

Are you ever burdened with a load of care?
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear?
Count your many blessings, every doubt will fly,
And you will be singing as the days go by.

When you look at others with their lands and gold,
Think that Christ has promised you His wealth untold,
Count your many blessings, money can not buy
Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high. (Text.) (254)

BLESSINGS FROM TRIAL

The naturalist reminds us how the furious eagerness of the winged insects, which seem to be the agents of death, is frequently a cause of life. By an incessant persecution of the sick flocks, enfeebled by hot, damp airs, they insure their safety. Otherwise they would remain stupidly resigned, and hour by hour become less capable of motion until they could rise no more. The inexorable spur of the furious insects knows, however, the secrets of putting the flocks on their legs; tho with trembling limbs, they take to flight; the insect never quits them, presses them, urges them, bleeding, to the wholesome regions of the dry lands and the living waters where their afflictions cease.

On life's lower plains, living lives of ease and indulgence, the strength and dignity of the soul would perish; but the ills of life disturb us, sting us, incessantly attack and pursue us, until bleeding we find the higher planes of thought and life, until at last we reach the sweet table-lands of which God Himself is sun and moon. The fiery law is a chariot of fire, lifting true souls into heavenly places.—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth."
(255)

Blessings Shared—See RESPONSIBILITY.

Blessings Unappreciated—See APPRECIATION, LACK OF.

"Blest Be the Tie that Binds"—See CHRISTIAN UNITY.

Blind Children in India—See INDIA, MEDICAL OPPORTUNITIES IN.

BLIND GUIDES

I have read of a blind lamp-lighter. This poor man had mastered the long street in his city, and obtained the position of lamp-lighter. He would go up and down the street, opening the gas key and lighting the flame.

Tired men went home from work in the light that he had lit. The blind man found the street dark; he left it a blaze of light for the tired multitudes. And yet, when he had lighted all the lamps, he felt his own way back home. Oh, pathetic scene! telling us how science looks down at the clods, works over iron and ore, matter and force, and stumbles forward in the very moment when the whole world is a blaze of light.—N. D. HILLIS. (256)

Blind, The, and Christ—See CHRIST A GUIDE TO THE FATHER.

BLINDNESS

Edward Wilbur Mason in the following verses shows how men miss the best things because they are spiritually blind as to the things nearest to them.

We seek for beauty on the height afar;
But on the earth it glimmers all the while:
'Tis in the garden where the roses are;
'Tis in the glory of a mother's smile.

We seek for God in every distant place;
But lo, beside us He forever stands:
We meet Him guised as sunlight face to face;
We touch Him when we take a brother's hands. (257)

See DARKNESS; GENIUS PERSECUTED.

BLINDNESS A BLESSING

Moses endured, it is said, as "seeing Him who is invisible." And "there are others," thank God!

Fanny Crosby, in the eighties, has fulfilled the vow which she made at eight, and has never mourned over the fact that she is blind. What an impressive lesson of trust and resignation is her declaration that her blindness has proved not a deprivation, but a real blessing!

If the gift of sight were offered her now she has said that she would elect to remain as she is. For she says cheerfully:

"If I had not been deprived of sight, I should never have received so good an education, nor have cultivated so fine a memory, nor have been able to do good to so many people." (Text.) (258)

BLINDNESS AND CONTACT

Mr. W. H. Levy, who is blind, says in his book, "Blindness and the Blind," that he can tell when he is opposite an object, and can perceive whether it is tall or short, slender or bulky. He can also determine whether it be a solitary object or a continuous fence; whether a close fence or an open one, and sometimes whether a wooden fence, a stone wall, or a hedge. None of the five senses has anything to do with this perceptive power, but the impressions are made on the skin of his face, and by it transmitted to the brain. He therefore names this unrecognized sense facial perception. The presence of a fog interferes with facial perception, and makes the impressions faint and untrustworthy; but darkness is no impediment. A noise which distracts the attention interferes with the impressions. In passing along the street he can distinguish stores from private houses, and doors from windows, if the windows consist of a number of panes, and not of a single sheet of glass. A remarkable fact, bearing on the subject of an unrecognized sense is mentioned by Mr. Levy. A naturalist extracted the eyes of several bats and covered the empty sockets with leather. In this condition the bats flew about the room, avoiding the sides and flying out of the door without touching the door-case. In flying through a sewer which made a right angle, they turned at the proper point. They flew through threads suspended from the ceiling without touching them, tho they were only far enough apart to admit the passage of the bats' extended wings.—*Youth's Companion.* (259)

BLINDNESS CURED

The blind man whom Jesus cured said, "I see men as trees walking." Christianity is a "convex" lens helping men to see, but it is too much to expect a newly enlightened convert to see accurately all at once.

Convex spectacles are made for the use of patients who have undergone the operation of removal of a cataract. A cataract is merely the crystalline lens of the eye become opaque. The convex lens of the spectacles supplies the place of the crystalline lens. But the patient is obliged to learn distances and dimensions after sight is thus restored, and during this experience he often suffers illusions. (260)

BLINDNESS, MORAL

There came a day when, in her solemn assembly, France voted to cast off the recognition of Almighty God. She lifted up instead the Goddess of Reason, and in her delirium the multitude placed a daughter of pleasure in a chariot, crowned her with flowers, and determined to worship the body, instead of the Angel of Duty. But smashing the telescope does not put out the stars. Voting not to have any sun does not annihilate the summer. The microscope may show the germs of death in the reservoir, but breaking the microscope will not cleanse the springs.—N. D. HILLIS. (261)

BLOOD, CRY FOR

The Arabs have a belief that over the grave of a murdered man his spirit hovers in the form of a bird that cries, "Give me drink! Give me drink!" and only ceases to cry when the murder is avenged by the death of the murderer. (Text.) (262)

BLOOD, THE AVENGER OF

A Bedouin horseman riding along a desert track, seeing the sign of blood on the side of the road, will instantly dismount and cover it with earth "to lay the *mâred*" (the avenger of blood). The idea is that the spirit of him who died by an act of violence, the victim of man's hate, the *mâred*, calls for vengeance on him who has taken the life of his fellow man.—"The Witness of the Wilderness." (263)

BLOOD, THE TIE OF

Henry M. Stanley, in his work "Through the Dark Continent," describes the warrior chief Mirambo, the Mars of Africa, whose genius for war Stanley likens to that of Frederick the Great and Napoleon Bonaparte. He was a formidable adversary, and Stanley was very anxious to convert him from a foe into an ally. By skilful management he did accomplish this, and to make the alliance an unbreakable one, the covenant of brotherhood was sealed by an interchange of blood between the African hero and the American hero, an incision being made in the right leg of each for this purpose. The same blood now flowed in the veins of both Stanley and Mirambo, and they thereafter vied with each other in proofs of their unselfish fidelity. Abraham and Abimelech made such a covenant and the literal translation is "they cut a covenant." Jacob and Laban also "cut a covenant." An Oriental could as soon commit suicide as slay a covenant brother, for it would be shedding his own blood. (264)

Blotting Out Errors—See EFFACEMENT OF SINS.

Blows, Repeated—See REPETITION, FORCE OF.

Bluffer, The Human—See PRETENSE.

BLUNDER, A

This incident is told by Dr. R. F. Horton in the *Christian Endeavor World:*

I had been addressing a large midday congregation in Leeds, and a deep seriousness pervaded the atmosphere. The closing hymn appointed began, "Sin-sick and Sorrow-laden"; and by some inconceivable oddity of my own mind I gave it out, quite deliberately and distinctly, "Seasick and Sorrow-laden." I perceived what I had done in a second. I literally trembled, for it was impossible to recall the slip without calling attention to it. I feared that there would be an awful titter, or even an explosion of laughter. Wonderful to say, it was as if no one but myself noticed the blunder, and I was awed into gravity, not only by the occasion, but by my fear of what might happen. (265)

Body, Frailty of—See HOUSE, THE MORTAL.

BODY, MASTERING THE

I think of the delicacy and perfection of much of R. L. Stevenson's work—just the kind of writing which a man might plead could not be done except in moments of inspiration and in favorable conditions. Then I remember how that delicate style was attained by years of severe drill, and when the instrument had been perfected, it was used with conscientious diligence in face of every conceivable hindrance. When, after hemorrhage, his right hand is in a sling, he writes some of his "Child's Garden of Verses" with his left hand; when the hemorrhage has been so bad that he may not even speak, he dictates a novel in the deaf and dumb alphabet. He writes to George Meredith: "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health. I have written in bed, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me, I have won my wager and recovered my glove. The battle goes on —ill or well is a trifle, so as it goes. I was made for contest, and the powers have so willed that my battle-field should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic-bottle." No wonder that he could say: "I frankly believe (thanks to my dire industry) I have done more with smaller gifts than almost any man of letters in the world." And yet this man declared that he labored only for art, and that the end of art was to give pleasure! If such a motive can command such devotion, what is not possible for us who serve the Savior, for us whose end is the salvation of men and the redemption of the world!—W. W. B. EMERY, *Christian World Pulpit.* (266)

Body, The, as a House—See HOUSE OF THE SOUL.

BODY, THE HUMAN

The human body is a marvelous machine with a storage of power. It is estimated that if all the beats of the heart in a single day could be concentrated in one huge throb of vital power, it would be sufficient to throw a ton of iron 120 feet into the air. An electrical engineer has affirmed that this expended heart-energy is equal to a two-candle power of an incandescent electrical lamp; or, if converted into cold light, this amount of power would represent forty candles. If a man had some such organ as a firefly has he could surround himself with light enough to live by without artificial lighting. (267)

A scientific writer, speaking of the human body in its marvelous mechanism, calls it an epitome of all mechanics, of all hydraulics, of all machinery. It has all the bars, levers, pulleys, wheels, axles and buffers known to science. All the more than three hundred movements included in modern mechanics are simply modifications and variations of those found in the human body—adaptations of processes and first principles employed in the human organism.

In a true sense the human body is its own law, possessing the potential means of fulfilling the purposes of physical life. (268)

Boldness—See FAITH.

Boldness in Asking—See ASKING, BOLDNESS IN.

Bondage—See GREED.

BONDAGE TO SIN

The strength of some of the spiders which build their webs in trees and other places in Central America is astounding. One of them had in captivity, not long ago, a wild canary.

The ends of the wings, the tail and feet of the bird were bound together by some sticky substance, to which were attached the threads of the spider, which was slowly but surely drawing up the bird by an ingenious arrangement. The bird hung head downward, and was so securely bound with little threads that it could not struggle and would soon have been a prey to its great ugly captor if it had not been rescued.

All around us are men being bound by the arch enemy of souls, that he may devour them. At first, he tempts them with little sins that charm and fascinate, and as they yield, he binds them with threads of filmy texture. Temptations multiply. The reward of sin is greater sin. As they become more submissive, he binds them so fast that finally they are unable to make further resistance. (Text.) (269)

BOOK, INFLUENCE OF A

I can still remember plainly the circumstances under which I finished it. ("Uncle Tom's Cabin.") I had got well into the second volume. It was Thursday. Sunday was looming up before me, and at the rate at which I was going there would not be time to finish it before Sunday, and I could never preach till I had finished it. So I set myself to it and determined to finish it at once. I had got a considerable way into the second volume, and I recommended my wife to go to bed. I didn't want anybody down there. I soon began to cry. Then I went and shut all the doors, for I did not want any one to see me. Then I sat down to it and finished it that night, for I knew that only in that way should I be able to preach on Sunday.—HENRY WARD BEECHER. (270)

BOOK-STUDY

It was always with a sigh of relief that Macaulay turned aside from public duties to the companionship of books, and he said that he could covet no higher joy than to be shut up in the seclusion of a great library, and never pass a moment without a book in his hand. And this confession declares the man. To acquire information was the real passion of his life. He was not interested in the study of human nature, and had no love or aptitude for meditation. A man with genial interest in his fellows, and in life as a whole, would not have walked the streets of London with a book in his hand; and a man with any faculty of meditative thought would scarcely have employed a long starlit night on the Irish Sea in a recitation of Milton.—W. J. DAWSON, "The Makers of English Prose." (271)

See SURPRIZES IN BOOKS.

Book, The Most Popular—See BIBLE, POPULARITY OF.

BOOKS AND WORTH

Browning would never write for a magazine. He wrote: "I can not bring myself to write for periodicals. If I publish a book, and people choose to buy it, that proves they want to read my work. But to have them to turn over the pages of a magazine and find me—that is to be an uninvited guest." (272)

Books, Influence of—See REFORMATION.

Books Less Important than Things—See THINGS NOT BOOKS.

BOOKS, POISON IN

A gentleman in India went into his library and took down a book from the shelves. As he did so he felt a slight pain in his finger like the prick of a pin. He thought that a pin had been stuck by some careless person in the cover of the book. But soon his finger began to swell, then his arm, and then his whole body, and in a few days he died. It was not a pin among the books, but a small and deadly serpent.

There are many books that contain moral poison more deadly to character than this serpent. (Text.) (273)

BOOKS, THE SIZE OF

We are capable of believing, not only that we love books which we do not love, but that we have read books which we have not read. A lifelong intimacy with their titles, a partial acquaintance with modern criticism, a lively recollection of many familiar quotations—these things come in time to be mistaken for a knowledge of the books themselves. Perhaps in youth it was our ambitious purpose to storm certain bulwarks of literature; but we were deterred by their unpardonable length. It is a melancholy truth, which may as well be acknowledged at the start, that many of the books best worth reading are very, very long, and that they can not, without mortal hurt, be shortened. Nothing less than a shipwreck on a desert island in company with Froissart's "Chronicles" would give us leisure to peruse this glorious narrative, and it is useless to hope for such a happy combination of chances. We might, indeed, be wrecked—that is always a possibility—but the volume saved dripping from the deep would be "Soldiers of Fortune," or "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."—AGNES REPPLIER, "Compromises." (274)

BOORISHNESS

Boorishness is a product of selfishness far more than a product of ignorance; or at least a product of that ignorance which is in itself a product of selfishness. I was once at a wedding breakfast in a rural community in the West. The groom ate in silence the food that was set before him, dispatched his meal before the rest of us were more than half through, pushed back his plate, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and turning to his bride, said, "Well, Sally, you may as well get used to my way at the beginning, and I always leave the table when I have got through with my meal!" With these words he went out to pick his teeth on the door-steps, leaving his bride with a flushed face and a pained heart, the object of our commiseration. The man was a boor, you say. True! What made him a boor? The fact that he selfishly thought of his own comfort. It never entered his head to inquire whether his conduct would be agreeable or painful to his bride.—LYMAN ABBOTT, *The Chautauquan.* (275)

Borrowed Trouble—See WAIT AND SEE.

BORROWING HABIT ARRESTED

A wag has declared that there is one borrower set down in every neighborhood; that she either "leavens the whole lump" (being of the fomenting class) or speedily moves away. But he is mistaken; sometimes the borrower gets converted. Here is the way one woman managed it:

"Ma wants to know if you will loan her a cup of sugar?" asks Mrs. B.'s little girl.

"Why, certainly! But be sure to tell her not to return it," was the cheerful response of Mrs. Neighbor.

The next day the child reappeared with the sugar, but she was promptly sent home with it. Mrs. N. was "glad to let her have it, and it was too small a matter to be repaid."

This caused Mrs. Borrower to gasp and to wait a while before despatching the child for a cup of lard. This was given also, and when no return was allowed Mrs. B. realized the situation and was too proud to ask for further loans. She resented her neighbor's attitude, but her mouth was shut, especially as Mrs. N. continued as friendly as ever when they met. The result was that she was simply forced to exercise a little more headwork thereafter in her household affairs, ordering supplies sufficiently in advance of her needs, and soon she had broken herself of the borrowing habit.—LEE MCCRAE, *Zion's Advocate.* (276)

BOTTOM, BEGINNING AT THE

It was in the pursuit of a mission that Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., went to Thompsonville. He might have found a more showy position, for he had name and influence. He might have found plenty of things to do that would at the start have brought him more money. For that matter, he had enough of his own so that he need not bother with work; and had he been like some young men, he would never have been seen in overalls or any other uniform of the toiler. But he went to the carpet mill, and he did what he was told. He began at the bottom. He has worked hard. And now we may understand what he did it for. Announcement is made that he is to go West as manager of one of the Hartford Carpet Company's Western houses. It is for a purpose that he has been learning the business in all its details. He could not manage without that knowledge.

It is an old lesson, but never was there an instance better showing it than does this of the son of the former President. If he could afford to begin at the bottom, others can. If he must, others must. If with his brains and education he needed to do that, nearly any young man does. If his prospective position is the reward of that sort of sacrifice, it is a sacrifice that any young man can afford to make.—New Haven *Register.* (277)

Boy, A Chance for the—See CHANCE FOR THE BOY.

Boy, a Dutiful—See PRESERVATION.

BOY AND KING

Mark Twain tells a story of how a bootblack saved a king. The king was sick; his trouble defied the skill of all his doctors, and it seemed as if he must die. The little bootblack knew a peculiar but a sure remedy for the disease; but how to get the king to take a prescription from a bootblack was a problem. He might have gone to the palace doors and pleaded till he was hoarse without any one listening. So he told his remedy to the ash-boy, who was older than himself, and the ash-boy told it to the butcher, and the butcher told it to his wife, and she told it to some one else, and so on it went, a little higher each time, until it reached the king's doctors. The king would have nothing more to do with them, so they told it to the favorite page, and since the king was very fond of the page he tried the remedy just to please him. The king was cured by the bootblack's remedy.—JAMES M. STIFLER, "The Fighting Saint." (278)

Boy, A Noble—See LOVE, FILIAL.

Boy, His Own—See FATHERHOOD.

BOYS ADJUSTING THEIR TROUBLES

When Edward VII was a boy of ten, he was with his mother, Queen Victoria, at Balmoral Castle in the Highlands of Scotland. At that time the Queen was quite a skilful painter in water-colors and spent many days by the waterfalls and in the glens making pictures.

One day she was sitting at her easel on a sandy beach of the river beneath a waterfall. Young Edward was playing around her. The little Prince suddenly caught sight of a Highland lad in kilts. The lad was making a sand castle and adorning it with sprigs of heather and "chucky-stones."

The Prince advanced to him with royal hauteur and asked for whom the sand castle was being built.

"For bonnie Prince Charlie," was the playful reply of the boy, who stood with his hands on his hips to see the effect of a thistle on the top story. The lad had no idea that his interlocutor was any different from any other boy.

The young Prince, however, determined to make it clear that he—and not Prince Charlie—was to be King some day. He kicked over the sand castle.

The Highland boy glared at him and said:

"Ye'll no dae that again!"

It was a challenge. The lad rebuilt his sand castle very deliberately. The Prince waited until the thistle was stuck on the top story, then kicked it over as deliberately as it had been built.

"Ye'll no dae that a third time!" challenged the little Scot, beginning to rebuild with even more deliberation.

The Queen had been noticing the affair. She set aside her brush and palette, but said nothing; only watched with a firm, studious expression on her maternal face.

A third time Prince Edward kicked over the Highland lad's sand castle. No sooner was it done than its kilted builder closed his fists and lowered his head. In another moment the two boys were hammering one another.

The Queen sat there and never interfered by word or act. The little Prince presently returned, weeping, bruised, and bloody-nosed, while the rebel Gael stood apart, himself considerably frayed, waiting to see if any further service were needed in the training of royal children.

To the little Prince's plea for speedy justice and vengeance, the motherly Queen merely replied, as she wiped the blood from the future King's nose with a pocket handkerchief:

"It served you right!"—New York *Times*. (279)

BOYS' CHAMPION

Pages, messenger boys, newsboys and bootblacks have a champion in a member of Congress who never lets pass an opportunity to help them along. If a messenger boy should happen to drop into the office of Representative William J. Cary, of Milwaukee, in the House office building, he would get as much consideration as a member of the United States Senate.

Mr. Cary is the friend of the little chaps because he knows from experience what it means to get out and hustle for a living when some of your pals are off playing baseball in the back lots, and whenever he gets a chance to give a youngster a boost he boosts hard.

Mr. Cary was left an orphan when he was thirteen years old, together with five younger brothers and sisters who were placed in an orphan asylum.

In chasing around Milwaukee as a messenger boy he became acquainted with the political leaders of the city and by the time he was old enough to vote he was a full-fledged politician. Machine methods do not appeal to him and he would rather mix up in a fight with the Cannon organization than to take a cruise to Europe.—Boston *Journal*. (280)

Boys and Saloon—See CHANCE FOR THE BOY.

Boy's Courage, A—See LOYALTY.

Boys, Influences Upon—See YOUTHFUL TENDENCIES.

BOY'S CLUB, VALUE OF THE

I was talking once with an East Side boy, one of the keenest and quickest fellows I have ever met. He told me the story of his early years. There was no good reason why he should have been a newsboy; his father was a fairly prosperous tailor; but he loved the adventure of it, and used to play hookey from school and from home to sell papers. Union Square was his center, and from there down to Washington Square he ranged. He was the quickest and the most fearless of the newsboys in the neighborhood, and soon became a leader among them. His brightness and wit won him entrance into most of the saloons and restaurants thereabouts, when the other boys were excluded; and in many of these the waiters or the barkeeper would save the dregs of drinks for him. He stole when he could, just for the excitement of the thing; and with great glee he told me how he once had picked the pocket of Mr. Robert Graham, the general secretary of the Church Temperance Society, as that gentleman stood talking at the window of the society's coffee-van in the square. At the time he told me this, he and I both belonged to a company of the Church Temperance Society which claimed Mr. Graham as its adjutant commander. His story was not all of such proud recollections, however. For after a pause he said, rather slowly, "The boys I used to go with around here, my gang, have all gone to the devil, and mighty fast." "Well, John," I asked, "how is it that you didn't go to the devil, too, with them?" "Well, I'll tell you. I belonged to a boy's club down near my house. It wasn't much of a club; we used to steal and have rough house all we pleased. But I was there every night." And then he added, with a momentary seriousness I shall not soon forget: "Mr. Bartlett, if you want to save the boys, keep them off the streets at night." It was expert testimony; he knew whereof he spoke. And what he said puts in a nutshell the whole philosophy of the boys' club, secular or spiritual, on its negative, but a most important, side. If the club simply keeps the boys off the streets at night, it does much more than enough to pay for all it costs.—George G. Bartlett, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association," 1904. (281)

Boys Contrasted—See Early Habits Tell.

BOYS' MISSIONARY EFFORTS

Eight boys in a Sunday-school class in one of our churches, following the suggestion of their teacher, decided to send Christmas remembrances to eight boys in a mission church in the far Northwest. They set aside five cents each week for seven weeks and purchased knives of much greater value than thirty-five cents each, through the kindness of the merchant who was informed of their purpose. Each boy wrote a personal letter to the boy who was to receive his gift. The eight knives went on their way before Christmas to the care of the minister of the mission, who wisely required his eight boys to write personal letters acknowledging their gifts and telling something about themselves, before they received the knives. So eight choir-boys, close up to the Canada line in the Northwest, received these Christmas gifts. The letters received here were said to have interfered for a Sunday or two with the regular lessons. With their accounts of hunting rabbits, etc., they made Newark boys feel that all the advantages of life are not found in New Jersey. The plan here described was suggested incidentally by the work of the Church Periodical Club, which has done a great deal to brighten the lives of our missionaries and their people.—The Newark (N. J.) *Churchman.* (282)

Boy's Religion—See Early Religion.

Boy's Trust in Father—See Confidence.

BOYCOTT, ORIGIN OF

Boycotting did originate in America, but it was started long before the slavery troubles became annoying. The boycott originated with Thomas Jefferson. It will be remembered that by the embargo we boycotted every species of English goods; we neither bought of that country nor sold to her. The ships of New England were suffered to lie rotting at the wharves, and American foreign trade was at a complete standstill. The Hartford Convention was the result of that boycott, and the lukewarmness of the East in the war of 1812 may be traced to it. It was not a highly successful boycott, but it occupied a pretty big place in history.—Detroit *Evening Journal.* (283)

Brag—See Pretense.

BRAIN IN MAN

Most animals, if not all, have brains. Man, in common with his kingdom, has a brain; but because of its greater weight and perfection, scientists see in it an illustration of man's vast superiority over all below him.

Note has to be taken among the mammalia themselves, from the marsupials to man, of the presence or absence of one testing character, and that the chief—the perfect brain. This is found in one creature, occupying, as it were, the inner ring and core of the concentric circles of vitality, and in one alone. In the lowest variety of man it is present—present in the negro or the bushman as in the civilized European; and absent in all below man—absent in the ape or the elephant as truly as in the kangaroo or the duckmole. To all men the pleno-cerebral type is common: to man, as such, it is peculiar. And till we hear of some simian tribe which speculates on its own origin, or discusses its own place in the scale of being, we shall be safe in opposing the human brain, with its sign in language, culture, capacity of progress, as a barrier to Mr. Darwin's scheme. (284)

Bravery—See Loyalty.

BRAVERY OF WOMEN

Henry Savage Landor, one of the many passengers on the *Baltic,* added chapter after chapter to the good story of the bravery and coolness displayed by men and women when the *Republic* was struck, and throughout the hours of waiting and of rescue:

In all my travels through the countries of the two hemispheres, never have I seen displayed a spirit of womanhood that could be better in such an extreme than was that of the women of the *Republic.* When we of the *Baltic* met them, it was as they were being brought to our vessel in a tossing sea in small boats after nearly a score of hours spent on the crowded Italian emigrant vessel, to which they had been taken from another wreck. Yet not only was there no whimpering, but they actually came aboard with smiling faces. They forgot that all their traveling possessions were doomed, forgot all the ordeal they had encountered, and showed themselves happy and contented because they thought, most of them, that in the face of disaster, all that the hands of willing men could do to help them had been done. (285)

BREVITY OF LIFE

The May-fly, of which there are several varieties, lives at the longest but three or four days; some varieties but a few hours of one day. Yet they are delicately organized, and possess all the functions of insect lives.

Man's few years of mortal existence may seem as brief compared with eternity. (286)

The life of a perfect butterfly or moth is short. A few days after emergence from the chrysalis case, the female deposits her eggs on the leaves or stems of the plant that is to sustain the larvæ. Her work is now accomplished, and the few days more allowed her are spent in frolicking among the flowers, and sucking the sweet juices they provide. They soon show symptoms of a fast approaching end. Their colors begin to fade, and the beauty-making scales of the wings gradually disappear through friction against the petals of hundreds of flowers visited and the merry dances with scores and scores of playful companions. At last, one bright afternoon, while the sun is still high in the heavens, a butterfly, more weary than usual, with heavy and laborious flight, seeks a place of rest for the approaching night. Here, on a waving stalk, it is soon lulled to sleep by a gentle breeze.

Next morning, a few hours before noon, the blazing sun calls it out for its usual frolics. But its body now seems too heavy to be supported by the feeble and ragged wings, and, after one or two weak attempts at play, it settles down in its final resting-place. On the following morning a dead butterfly is seen, still clinging by its claws to a swinging stem.—W. Furneaux, "Butterflies and Moths." (287)

Life is too short for any vain regretting;
Let dead delight bury its dead, I say,
And let us go upon our way forgetting
The joys and sorrows of each yesterday.
Between the swift sun's rising and its setting
We have no time for useless tears or fretting.
Life is too short.

Life is too short for any bitter feeling;
Time is the best avenger, if we wait.
The years speed by, and on their wings bear healing—
We have no room for anything like hate.
This solemn truth the low mounds seem revealing
That thick and fast about our feet are stealing.
Life is too short.

Life is too short for aught but high endeavor—
Too short for spite, but long enough for love.
And love lives on forever and forever,
It links the worlds that circle on above;
'Tis God's first law, the universe's lever,
In His vast realm the radiant souls sigh never.
Life is too short. (Text.)
(288)

Bride-racing—See Marriage-racing.

BRIGHT SIDE

There's a bad side, 'tis the sad side—
Never mind it!
There's a bright side, 'tis the right side—
Try to find it!
Pessimism's but a screen.
Thrust the light and you between—
But the sun shines bright, I ween,
Just behind it!

—Jean Dwight Franklin, *The Circle.*
(289)

Broad-mindedness in Civics—See Civics.

BROTHERHOOD

Two men saw a piece of jewelry on the sidewalk, they reached for it simultaneously, struck their heads violently; each arose to censure the other, when they found they were brothers and had not seen each other for a dozen years. It must not be forgotten that all competitions and rivalries to-day are between brothers, and some day the vast brotherhood will be permanently organized. —CHARLES E. LOCKE. (290)

A man preaching to the inmates of a prison made the remark that the only difference between himself and them was owing to the grace of God. Afterward one of the prisoners approached him and asked: "Did you mean what you said about sympathizing with us, and that only the help of God made you differ from us?" Being answered in the affirmative, the prisoner said: "I am here for life, but I can stay here more contentedly now that I know I have a brother out in the world."

How we might lighten the burden of others if we had and showed more feeling for them, if we followed more closely in the footsteps of our blessed Lord.—ST. CLAIR HESTER. (291)

The story is told, as an instance of Oriental humor, of a little Chinese girl who was carrying her brother on her back. "Is he heavy?" she was asked. "No," she replied, "he is my brother."

For some reason this seems funny to the Chinese; but it is better than humorous, it is sweet and winning. Love makes all burdens light. When one is carrying his brother, he feels little weight. Here is a good text for social workers. If they consider that they are working for mere aliens and strangers, their toil may seem irksome; but if the idea of brotherhood once enters in, the task becomes light. I am carrying my weaker brother, therefore I feel no weight. (292)

See WEAKNESS, CONSIDERATION FOR.

BUILDERS, ANCIENT

The old Egyptians were better builders than those of the present day. There are blocks of stone in the pyramids which weigh three or four times as much as the obelisk on the London embankment. There is one stone the weight of which is estimated at eight hundred and eighty tons. There are stones thirty feet in length which fit so closely together that a penknife may be run over the surface without discovering the break between them. They are not laid with mortar, either. We have no machinery so perfect that it will make two surfaces thirty feet in length which will meet together as these stones in the pyramids meet. It is supposed that they were rubbed backward and forward upon each other until the surfaces were assimilated, making them the world's wonders in mechanical skill.—The London *Budget.* (293)

See DAILY CHARACTER WORK.

Building Character—See IMPERFECTIONS CORRECTED.

Building, Cheap—See FIRE, COST OF.

BUILDING THE SOUL'S CITY

Prof. Felix Adler is the author of this poem:

Have you heard the golden city
  Mentioned in the legends old?
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
  Wondrous tales of it are told.
Only righteous men and women
  Dwell within its gleaming wall;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
  Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that city;
  All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts,
  All our lives are building-stones.
But a few brief years we labor,
  Soon our earthly day is o'er,
Other builders take our places,
  And our place knows us no more.

But the work which we have builded,
  Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
  Will not perish with the years.
It will last, and shine transfigured
  In the final reign of Right;
It will merge into the splendors
  Of the City of the Light. (Text.)

(294)

Burdens—See BROTHERHOOD.

BURDENS, BEARING ONE ANOTHER'S

On a railway train running on a branch road from a great city to the suburb, a little incident in complete contrast was noted by eyes quick to see what happened on the road. A woman, evidently a foreigner and very poor, was encumbered by a baby in her arms, while two older children tugged at her skirt. In addition she had several nondescript bundles. When the brakeman announced her station she was bewildered and greatly impeded in her efforts to leave the car. She was not quite sure of the place, and she could not easily manage the babies and the bundles.

A tall young fellow, conspicuously well drest, had been sitting near, apparently lost in a book which he was studying. He tossed the book aside, seized the heavy bundles and gave a hand to one little brown-faced child, assisted the whole party out of the car, first ascertaining that they were at the right point of their journey, lifted his hat to the mother as if she had been his own, and resumed his place and book as if he had done nothing uncommon. This incident was chronicled in the memory of one whom it made happier for a whole long day. (Text.)—*Herald and Presbyter.* (295)

Burdens for Others—See Hardship Vicariously Borne.

Burglar Punished—See Unloading the Useless.

BURIAL, A NOVEL PLAN OF

Gen. M. C. Meigs, U.S.A., discusses the burial of the dead as follows in *Building:*

I see that the question of disposing of the dead in towers of masonry, or by cementation, is being discust. It is not new. Asiatic conquerors have built the living, after capture of their cities, into towers of masonry, using their bodies as blocks, and generally the adobe mortars of the desert plains for cementing them together. One of them built a pyramid or tower containing thousands of heads.

The city of New York inters in its Potter's Field about four thousand bodies annually. Europe rents a grave site for a term of years—a short term—and then disinters the bones and packs them in a catacomb or a vault. Would not New York save money and treat its dead with greater respect if it embedded each body in a mass of Hudson River cement and sand (Beton Coignet)? I find that one-half a cubic yard of Beton Coignet will completely enclose the body of a man of six feet stature, weighing two hundred pounds. The average human being would require even less than thirteen cubic feet. At ruling prices such a sarcophagus would cost only two or three dollars. The name and date, a perpetual record and memorial of the dead, could be inscribed with letter-punches or stamps on the head or foot of the block or sarcophagus. Ranged alongside each other in contact, and in two rows, *i.e.,* two blocks deep, these would build on any suitable plan a fourteen-foot wall, massive enough and strong enough to be carried to the height of one hundred and fifty feet.

Thus would be erected, at the rate of nearly two thousand cubic yards per year, a great temple of silence, a grand and everlasting monument to those who pass away. The designs for such a monument seem worthy of the study of our best architects. It might be a pyramid, a cone, a tower, or a temple, or a long gallery like those of the Italian city of Bologna, the most beautiful cemetery in the world.

Many years ago the London *Architect* published the proposal of an architect to erect by slow degrees and in successive courses a solid pyramid in which, in cells, the dead of London would be enclosed. But this made no provision for memorial inscriptions or visible records. The fourteen-foot wall does this.—*Building.* (296)

Burial too Expensive—See Poverty.

Buried Cities—See Earth Increasing.

BUSINESS A TEST OF CHARACTER

Beethoven, when he had completed one of his grand musical compositions, was accustomed to test it on an old harpsichord, lest a more perfect instrument might flatter it or hide its defects.

The old harpsichord on which to test our religious life, our new song, is the market-place. A man, like muddy water, may be very peaceful when he is quietly "settled"—not shaken up by temptation. That proves nothing about his religious life. But if a man's patience and peace and principles can stand the test of business, his religion is genuine. (297)

Business Absorption—See Engrossment in Business.

Business Acumen—See Oversight.

Business Brevity—See Success Inspires Confidence.

BUSINESS CHANCES

In 1840 Worcester had thirty leading manufacturers of whom twenty-eight began as journeymen and two as sons of manufacturers. Of seventy-five manufacturers in 1850, six only were sons of manufacturers, only six of the one hundred and seven in 1860, and of one hundred and seventy-six manufacturers in 1878, only fifteen. The chance that the head of a manufacturing business will be reached by the son of an owner in Worcester for forty years has been pretty steadily about one in ten of the total chances of going to the head. As the sons of manufacturers in Worcester in 1840 could not have been, taking thirty manufacturers as the number, one per cent of the population, the chances of success for them was above the average, but not so far above as to discourage young men without this good fortune. The chance that property will stay two generations in one family seems also to be about one in ten in Worcester. Of the thirty manufacturers in 1840, fourteen of whom died or retired with property, only three in 1888 had left sons with money; of the seventy-five in 1850, the sons of only six survive now; and of one hundred and seven in 1860, eight only were represented by sons in the business world of Worcester twenty-eight years later. The business field at any given year is apt to look to young men as if all the leading places were filled by men whose sons were certain to enjoy the advantages of wealth and likely to take the places of their fathers. But there is not over one chance in ten that this will take place, and scarcely this that wealth will be left by those who inherit it. While of those in business on any date, one-fourth drop out in five years, one-half in ten, and two-thirds in fifteen years.

Nine places out of ten thirty years hence are therefore open to those who to-day have nothing.—Philadelphia *Press*. (298)

BUSINESS CHEATING

Your prize-fighter has some honor in him yet; and so have the men in the ring round him: they will judge him to lose the match by foul hitting. But your prize-merchant gains his match by foul selling, and no one cries out against that. You drive a gambler out of the gambling-room who loads dice, but you leave a tradesman in flourishing business who loads scales! For observe, all dishonest dealing is loading scales. What difference does it make whether I get short weight, adulterate substance, or dishonest fabric?—unless that flaw in the substance or fabric is the worse evil of the two. Give me short measure of food, and I only lose by you; but give me adulterate food and I die by you.—JOHN RUSKIN. (299)

BUSINESS MEN IN CHURCH

Dr. Crafts asked a prominent business man of Chicago, who has been active in the very heart of its commercial life for sixteen years, to make a careful list of its one hundred richest men, and then tell him how many of them were church-members. His report was, "Seventy church-members, twenty-four attend church, and I think are not members; three I consider dissipated, and three are Jews, who are good citizens." (300)

BUSINESS, RELIGION IN

Altho Mrs. J. Alden Gaylord conducts a bond-investment business in Wall Street, she firmly believes that financial success can be gained in that "frenzied" business center by godly spiritual guidance. Mrs. Gaylord has achieved the distinction of taking over the management of the affairs of her late husband and running them on original lines. Says the New York *Herald:*

> Seated in a spacious office, this plucky little woman spends her time discussing with her clients the flotation of security issues and the financing of railway lines. Religious mottoes are posted on the walls, and a Testament and prayer-books occupy a conspicuous place on the desk.
>
> "Yes, every morning after I arrive in this city," said Mrs. Gaylord, "I spend a few minutes in Old Trinity to pray. That was a custom of my husband's, who was one of the most godly men that lived. Before we begin business here we have a prayer-meeting in the office. I have a good many young men here to whom I am teaching the business. I conduct the services, assisted by my partner, Mr. Fletcher.
>
> "We carry on our work here according to the teaching of the Scriptures. Even if I make only one-quarter of one per cent, that is enough. And business is coming in from every part of the country. It is perfectly wonderful. Only yesterday two loans came in—one for $3,000,000 and another for $2,000,000.

"The deals will be closed to-morrow. I believe the Lord has educated me in all this. I know He is helping me, and the money I make will all go to the Lord. I only want to provide for my grandchildren. All the rest will go to charity and missions." (Text.) (301)

BUYING, GOOD

Not very long ago a lawyer accompanied his wife to a Harlem market in New York, and while she made some purchases, he watched a woman beside him select meats for an unusually large order. So extensive were her purchases that he grew interested. Later he found himself forgetting quantity in admiration for the judgment and care she was exercising in her buying. After she left, his curiosity got the better of him. "Do you mind telling me," said he to the clerk, "who that woman was? I think I never saw one who bought so well."

"Not at all," was the answer. "She's Mrs. X, and she keeps a boarding-house on Y Street," naming a number almost opposite the man's home. "She personally inspects every piece of meat she serves on her table, and I tell you her boarders get the best. You can't fool her."

"I've found a place to take our meals in the next domestic crisis," was the thought that flashed into the man's mind. This kind of boarding-house keeper was not the sort he had known in the days of his bachelor wanderings.—*The Evening Post.* (302)

By-products—See Utilizing Seed.

By-products of Seaweed—See Utilizing Seaweed.

C

Calf Intelligence—See Direction, Sense of.

CALL, THE, OF GOD

In the summer of 1871, Rev. Robert W. McAll and his wife, visiting Paris at the close of the war with Germany, and led by a deep desire to reach workingmen with the gospel, were giving away tracts in the hotels and on the public streets, when a workingman said: "If any one will come among us and teach us not a gospel of priestcraft and superstition, but of truth and liberty, many of us are ready to hear."

Mr. McAll returned home, but above the murmur of the waves and the hum of busy life he heard that voice, "If any one will come and teach us . . . we are ready to hear." He said to himself, "Is this God's call? Shall I go?" Friends said, "No!" But a voice within said, "Yes." And he left his English parish and went back, and in a district worse to work in than St. Giles in London he began to tell the old story of Jesus. Soon the little place was crowded, and a larger room became a necessity; and sixteen years later that one gospel hall has become 112, in which, in one year, have been held 14,000 religious meetings, with a million hearers, and 4,000 services for children, with 200,000 attendants.—Pierson, "The Miracles of Missions." (303)

CALL TO BETTER LIFE, THE

When summer is ending the wild bird in arctic zones responds to the call of the tropic winds and perfumes and plumes his flight for southern feeding-grounds. So the soul of man is drawn and responds to subtle and haunting attractions in the realm of holiness and heaven. (304)

Call to Duty—See Responding to the Call.

CALLS AND CONVEYANCES IN THE EAST

A source of offense (in the East) are calls formal in character. One can ruin his social standing by going to make this call in a wrong style of conveyance. A friend of mine had bought a Chinese sedan-chair with shorter handles than those of an ordinary sedan. It was loaned to a millionaire from New York to bring him up from the river, and it caused the greatest excitement that the city had ever known. People were laughing for years over it. Why? Because those shorter handles made of that sedan a spirit chair, in which the ghost is carried at funeral processions. It was just as appropriate as if Dr. Anderson, of the First Presbyterian Church up here, should receive a visiting clergyman in a hearse down at the station and bring him up-town in it. It is safe to say that the sight of his guest looking out through the glass sides would not be forgotten. You have reached your place, and you desire to make a good impression; but you are in such haste that you leap down from your cart, or gharry. Well, if a lady should do this in China or India, she might just as well in America if she desired to make a good impression upon a new friend, approach this friend's house skipping, or on the run; or a gentleman might just as appropriately vault a fence to get over into the yard, instead of entering by the gate where he was going to make a call.—H. P. BEACH, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (305)

Calmness—See CONFIDENCE.

CALMNESS IN A CRISIS

Speaking of that "anxious moment" in the decisive battle of Königgrätz before the arrival of the Crown Prince in the rear of the Austrians, Bismarck, according to Mr. Schurz's autobiography in *McClure's Magazine*, related the following incident showing von Moltke's coolness:

It was an anxious moment, a moment on the decision of which the fate of the empire depended. Squadrons of cavalry, all mixt up, hussars, dragoons, uhlans, were streaming by the spot where the King, Moltke, and myself stood, and altho we had calculated that the Crown Prince might long have appeared behind the Austrian rear, no sign of the Crown Prince! Things began to look ominous. I confess I felt not a little nervous. I looked at Moltke, who sat quietly on his horse and did not seem to be disturbed by what was going on around us. I thought I would test whether he was really as calm as he appeared. I rode up to him and asked him whether I might offer him a cigar, since I noticed he was not smoking. He replied that he would be glad if I had one to spare. I presented to him my open case in which there were only two cigars, one a very good Havana, and the other of rather poor quality. Moltke looked at them and even handled them with great attention, in order to ascertain their relative value, and then with slow deliberation chose the Havana. "Very good," he said composedly. This assured me very much. I thought, if Moltke can bestow so much time and attention upon the choice between two cigars, things can not be very bad. (306)

Calmness of Pupils—See DISCIPLINE AMONG CHILDREN.

CALVARY, ANTICIPATING

Overbeck, the celebrated German painter, in one of his immortal canvases, represents the child Jesus at play in Joseph's workshop. He is fashioning sticks and blocks into the shape of a cross, as if anticipating and rehearsing in his tender years the tragedy of Calvary. Child as he is, even in his play the serious work of his life looms up before Him. (307)

Canadian Resources—See MONEY POWER IN CANADA.

Candles, Illustrations from—See ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CANDLES.

CANT

A professor, addressing an academic audience, warned his hearers against cant. At the close, questions were invited and one of the students asked the professor, "What is cant?" "There is a kind of religion," was the reply, "which is natural to an old woman, and there is another which is natural to a young man; but if the young man professes to have the religion of the old woman, that is cant." (308)

CAPACITY

You do not preach to the acorn that it is its duty to become a large tree; you do not preach to the art-pupil that it is his duty to become a Holbein. You plant your acorn in favorable soil, where it can have light and air, and be sheltered from the wind, you remove the superfluous branches, you train the strength into the leading shoots. The acorn will then become as fine a tree as it has vital force to become. The difference between men and other things is only in the largeness and variety of man's capacities.—JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. (309)

CAPACITY LIMITING SUPPLY

You can limit the working of almighty power, and can determine the rate at which it shall work on you. God fills the waterpots to the brim, but not beyond the brim; and if, like the woman in the Old Testament story, we stop bringing vessels, the oil will stop flowing. It is an awful thing to think that we have the power, as it were, to turn a stopcock, and so increase or diminish, or cut off altogether, the supply of God's mercy and Christ's healing and cleansing love in our hearts. You will get as much of God as you want, and no more. The measure of your desire is the measure of your capacity, and the measure of your capacity is the measure of God's gift.—ALEXANDER MCLAREN. (310)

See RECEPTIVENESS.

CAPACITY, ORIGINAL

During the trial in court of a case involving the originality of a picture, an eminent counsel put this question to Gainsborough: "I observe you lay great stress on the phrase, 'the painter's eye'; what do you mean by that?" "The painter's eye," replied the artist in a smart repartee, "is to him what the lawyer's tongue is to you." (311)

Capacity, Restricting—See ROUTINE.

Captain and Crew Stedfast—See LOYALTY.

CAPTAIN, CHRIST OUR

Among the old war pictures I remember one of a captain of artillery bringing his battery into action. His whole soul was in the effort to rally his men and guns on the line. You could hear the thunderous roll of the wheels, crushing over all unevenness and hindrance, the frantic straining of the horses, the fearless, intense resolution of the men, and above all, the captain waving his sword, shouting his commands—but shot dead just as the guns wheel into line. Our Captain died rallying us, but He rose again, and He still has His dying enthusiasm of love for each one of us.—FRANKLIN NOBLE, "Sermons in Illustration." (312)

CAPTAIN, OUR

Every ship has a captain. Some captains are good, some bad. Years ago, I went by steamer from Quebec through the lower St. Lawrence and around the Dominion coast. Our captain was under the influence of liquor the whole way, and you can easily imagine that I was glad to get ashore safely. One of the ocean steamship lines once dismissed a captain who, tho thoroughly capable when he was sober, was given to drink. Another ocean line took him up, hoping that he had reformed. Unfortunately, this was not the case. Bringing his steamer across the Atlantic, and being under the influence of drink, he ran her too far north and on a winter's night rushed his steamer on to the rocks. That night 532 people found a watery grave. Surely that is not the kind of captain with whom we would ever care to sail. On the other hand, there was in my earlier days a captain of the Cunard Steamship Company—Captain Cook by name—careful, capable, endlessly vigilant. The passengers felt safe while he was on the bridge.

Some one has charge of us in all our life's voyage, and either we are under the command of Jesus Christ as Captain of our salvation, or under the command of Satan, the captain of ruin and death and despair.—A. F. SCHAUFFLER in *The Christian Herald.* (313)

CAPTAIN, THE DIVINE

A vessel lies at the wharf. Her timbers are sound, her masts are stanch, her canvas is bent. The tide coaxes her seaward; the winds plead with her to move. The ship itself strains at her moorings to be leaping over the ocean. But the vessel must wait, wait for the skipper's will. Not best timbers or fullest tide can carry that ship to the distant port until the master reveals his mind to the vessel. The earnest expectation of the vessel waiteth for the revealing of the captain.

So, here is the world; the master-builder has fitted it with all things needful for its consummation; it is ready for its wonder purpose; but it must wait; something is needed for the accomplishment of that end. The earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God.—T. C. MCCLELLAND. (314)

Card-playing—See AMUSEMENTS.

CARE IN PERFORMING DUTIES

The postal-clerk must know the various mail routes as familiarly as he does the faces of his best friends. His car, with its tier over tier of pigeon-holes, and its ranks of yawning mail-bags, is to him no labyrinth of mysteries. His eyes are in his fingers, and the skilful musician's touch is not more accurate than the aim of this wizard of the mail-car. The department rules are exacting, and if an occasional error results from the hurried manner in which the mail is thrown, in course of distribution, it is sure to be detected by the next clerk into whose hands the stray piece of mail falls, and a report of it is at once sent to the division superintendent to be charged against the clerk making the error. During a given year the number of letters and other pieces of mail matter distributed was 5,329,521,475. The number of errors made in handling this vast quantity of matter was only 1,260,443. The number of pieces handled for each error committed were 4,228, thus making the percentage of correct distribution 99.98. All employees are required to attest their skill by frequent examinations, and for this purpose much of the leisure time of each is devoted to studying the mail schemes of the various States attaching to the division in which he is employed—JOHN M. BISHOP, *Magazine of American History.* (315)

CARE OF GOD, THE

There are winter times with blight and cold and fruitlessness and storm for us all; times when we do not see that the wonder-workings of the divine care are on us. But they are on us, definitely, "all the days." The sun was not only bringing the earth around all winter to a time when spring should break forth; but the coal you burned to expel the winter's cold that same sun had caused to grow in ancient ages in its original vegetation; the wood that enclosed the comforts of your home and shut out the driving storm, that sun had caused to grow in recent years; day by day all the winter through the sun sent light to cheer your rooms while snows lay deep and winds were wild; and day by day the sun purified the air and sterilized germs of disease, and so made it possible for you to baffle sickness and nurse your loved one back to health. The sun was working for your good all the time. Even so our Lord is ever working in us and in our lives to will and to do of his good pleasure.—Monday Club, "Sermons on the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1904."

(316)

CARE-FREE

The Baroness Burdette-Coutts inherited from her grandfather, of the Coutts Bank, a fortune of about $20,000,000. She managed it ably, but devoted it to great works of charity during her long and busy life. Not long before her death she said:

"I seem to be living in a transitional age. Every one is in such a hurry nowadays, and I don't ever remember being in a hurry. The weather never depresses me. I don't mind noise and rather enjoy the rush of the motor-busses past Holly Lodge. I don't myself know what nerves are, and yet I've had to send Tip, my fox-terrier, to a rest-cure." (Text.) (317)

Carefulness—See HEADWORK.

Careless Work—See ANYHOW, THE LAND OF.

CARELESSNESS

Down in the fire-room of a big steamer that was lying at the wharf in New York, a young man was told to do a certain piece of work in connection with the pumps. There were two pumps close together in the room—one for feeding the boiler and the other to use in case the ship should take fire. This latter one was capable of throwing a volume of water as large as a man's body. The young man, who had been employed on the ship for three years, and who, when he concentrated his attention on it, knew all that was necessary concerning the work in hand, went to the wrong pump and removed the cap from the fire-pump. In a moment he discovered his error, but the force of the water was so great that he could not replace the cap on the pump. Without a word he ran to the deck, left the steamer, and took the cars for his home in another State. Before the accident was discovered the water had filled the hold of the vessel, and in spite of every effort the vessel sank, and many thousands of dollars of damage was done.—LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

See IGNORANCE. (318)

CARELESSNESS, COST OF

The city of Butte, Montana, is built over a mine which has been on fire for seventeen years, not blazing out, but smoldering quietly, every effort being made to keep out the air, without which it can not spread very rapidly.

As to the origin of this fire the story is that a miner named Henshaw left his candle burning on a pine beam in the mine when he finished work one day seventeen years ago.

"Goin' to leave the glim there, Bill?" his partner queried.

"Sure; what's the difference?"

"Oh, nothin', only there'll be nobody round here for quite a while and I was just thinkin' that if a fire started it might spread."

"Well, we'll take chances; let's go!" was the glum response.

They went out, but the fire didn't. A set of timbers caught and the flames spread quickly.

Since that time thousands of men have been engaged in fighting this fire without complete success, for it still burns, and a fortune has been expended in the conflict.

What a price to pay for a foolish act! All acts of carelessness are not followed by such serious consequences, but there is always an element of risk in doing the wrong thing.

In how many lives has the fire of sin been kindled by some deed of folly in early life, and it still smolders in the soul, cursing the man's whole being.—*Onward.* (319)

CAREERS CONTRASTED

In the year 1877 two young men stood up with the rest of their class at Bowdoin University to receive diplomas. One was called Bob, the other was called Charlie. They were Maine boys, both of them, and of about the same age. Within the last few weeks those two boys, now grown into grizzled men in the early fifties, have been conspicuous in the news of the day.

One of them, Bob, went in for fame, and after devoting the best years of his life to wrestling with arctic storms, throwing dice with death, enduring the very limits of privation and hardship, more than once glad to chew tanned leather or bite into rancid blubber, he emerged the other day with a story of discovery which thrilled the whole world, and will send his name, Robert E. Peary, sounding down the ages to the end of time.

The other boy, Charlie, went in for fortune. He had already developed the knack of the money-maker, and he did not tie up his talent in a napkin. He sold candy. He sold ice. He sold lumber. He acquired banks and trust companies and juggled stocks and bonds until he amassed a fortune of twenty millions. Then something happened. On the day after New-year's day of this year (1910), his money gone, his reputation destroyed, his liberty lost, he took the 10:43 train on the Southern Limited, escorted by a United States marshal and two deputies, on the way to the Federal prison at Atlanta, Ga., to which he had been sentenced for a term of fifteen years. Every legal device to save him had been tried, and had failed, and Charles Wyman Morse has now become convict Number 2814—that is all.—*Current Literature.* (320)

CARGOES THAT WRECK

Every ship has a cargo, or if no cargo it is seeking for cargo. Some cargoes are safe and some dangerous. In olden time they used to load grain in bulk, which was dangerous, for if the grain shifted in a storm it was apt to throw the ship on her beam ends. Cotton is a dangerous cargo, and many steamship lines advertise, "These ships carry no cotton." Some years ago, an evil-minded man tried to ship an infernal machine on one of the steamers of a transatlantic line. His intention was that the clockwork in the machine should go off while the ship was in mid-ocean, and blow her to pieces. Fortunately, the clockwork went off while the infernal machine was on the dock. It blew off the stern of the steamer and killed thirteen men. Surely that would have been a dangerous cargo to carry.

Just so every man carries a cargo. By this I mean a cargo of opinions, passions, appetites, and these are sure to wreck any young man who carries them.—A. F. SCHAUFFLER, *The Christian Herald.* (321)

CASTE

Dr. Pauline Root, of India, gives this example of the tenacity of the Hindus to their rules of caste:

The Brahman custom which prescribes for every man and woman the ceremonial bath every day also prescribes that during any illness the bath shall be omitted. A woman who is ill is banished to a little room and left to take care of herself unless a hired person is sent to be her nurse. I had under my care a young girl of high caste who was ill with an illness which had already carried off the mother and two sisters. The father was ready to make almost any concessions to me if I would only come and save his daughter's life. I insisted that she be brought out into one of the main rooms of the home, and that she be given a cot to sleep upon. When she grew better she wanted me with her most of the time to sit beside her and hold her hand. I really thought she was succumbing before love. Finally, I told her that she was convalescent enough to have her ceremonial bath. The next morning her father met me with a munificent gift. I saw the girl arrayed in her beautiful dresses, but a great distance had been put between us, and when I held out my hand she refused it, saying, "Please don't touch me; I have taken my bath." (322)

Catalepsy—See PATHOLOGICAL CONDITION.

Catching Souls—See FISHERS OF MEN.

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSIONS

Probably few people outside the Catholic Church know what that body is doing for the evangelization of heathen lands. And if we are to believe the Catholic leaders and writers, their own people have shared to some degree this lack of information and interest, for the Catholic missionaries have had to struggle on with little support from home compared with the generous gifts the Protestant missionaries receive. A report has just been issued by Monsignor Freri, general director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, that is full of information on this subject. It is summarized in the New York *Evening Sun* and *Post* and many Catholic journals. Its figures afford some interesting comparisons. While an unmarried Protestant missionary receives about $600, the income of the Catholic missionary, who receives no stated salary, is less than $111. While the Northern Methodists of America alone last year subscribed over $2,000,000 in missionary funds, and all American Protestants more than $11,000,000, Catholics the world over contributed in all but $1,342,292.27.

Monsignor Freri's report shows the actual receipts for 1909 to be $61,755.02 in excess of those of the preceding year. He directs special attention to the zeal of the Catholics of France, who, in spite of the extraordinary burdens imposed upon them by the confiscation of religious property and the separation of Church and State, contributed $630,688.51, almost half of the total.

The United States and its insular possessions hold the second place with the gift of $220,637.78. This is an increase of $27,583.38 over 1908. Germany gave $140,530.92; Belgium, $71,529.40; the Argentine Republic, $47,448.97; Italy, $46,898.74; Spain, $39,080.42; Mexico, $24,149.60; Switzerland, $18,532.74; Chile, $16,403.93, and the British Isles donated a trifle above $25,000, of which Ireland gave $15,478.92.

It is estimated that the number of Catholic missionaries in the foreign field, exclusive of converted natives who have taken up the work, is 54,000, of whom 10,000 are priests, 4,000 teaching brothers, and 45,000 nuns. In addition to their share of the general fund, the missionaries receive alms and contributions from various sources. Yet, to quote an address delivered by Monsignor Freri before the Catholic Missionary Congress:

"Including all these sources of income, and after consultation with many heads of missions, I think I am far within the truth when I say that the total contribution for missions, from all sources, is less than $6,000,000 a year. If we reckon 10,000 priests, 4,000 brothers, and 40,000 nuns, this would give an average of less than $111 per capita. With this they must support themselves, build churches, maintain schools, hospitals, asylums, colleges, pay the transportation of missionaries, etc."

One of the chief missionary bands is that of the "White Fathers," or Algerian missionaries, whose missions in Uganda Mr. Roosevelt visited in his African travels. According to the report, the total number of baptisms within the jurisdiction of this one organization during the year beginning July, 1908, was 10,000. (323)

CATHOLICITY, A KING'S

His (Edward VII) catholicity, the object of both praise and censure, was proverbial. An instance of this was given in a letter written by Archbishop Magee, in December, 1873. Speaking of a week-end visit to Sandringham, where Edward, then Prince of Wales, attended his services, he said: "Just returned from church, where I preached for twenty-six minutes (Romans, 8:28). The church is a very small country one, close to the grounds. The house, as I saw it by daylight, is a handsome country house of red stone with white facings, standing well and looking quietly comfortable and suitable. I find the company pleasant and civil, but we are a curious mixture. Two Jews, Sir A. Rothschild and his daughter; a Roman Catholic, Col. Higgins; an Italian duchess, who is an English woman, and her daughter brought up as a Roman Catholic and now turning Protestant; a set of young lords, and a bishop. The Jewess came to church; so did the half-Protestant lady. Dizzy (Disraeli) did the same, and was profuse in his praises of my sermon.—New York *Evening Post.* (324)

CAUSALITY IN CHILDREN

A few illustrations will suffice to make clear the instinct of causality in children. I draw first of all upon notes taken on the religious development of a boy between the age of three and six years. At the end of the third year, while visiting Niagara Falls with his parents, this boy showed his first interest in the cause of things. While watching the water of the falls from Prospect Park, he said: "Mama, who pours the water over Niagara Falls?" We may imagine similar questions being asked by the American Indian ages previously, and answered in terms of "Gitchie Manitou, the Mighty." From this beginning, the boy during the next three years seemed to be trying to make himself clear upon the question of where things come from originally, and who keeps the world going. "Who makes the birds?" "Who made the very first bird?" "Who fixt their wings so they can fly?" "Who takes care of the birds and rabbits in the winter when snow is on the ground?" "Who makes the grass grow?" "Who makes the trees?" "Who makes them shed their leaves and then get them back again?" "Who makes it thunder?" "Who put the moon in the sky?" "Who made the whole world?" "Who made people?" "Who made me?" "Does God make everything?" "Who made God?" "Was God already made?" "Is God everywhere?" Such were the questions asked again and again, with all sorts of comments in reply to the answers that were given him. The question of what is the origin of things was seldom or never asked. It was always who; and when the personal cause he was seeking was named "God" in connection with numerous objects, he finally generalized by asking if God makes everything.—GEORGE E. DAWSON, "The Child and His Religion." (325)

Causative Sense Instructive—See AUTOMATIC EXPERIENCE.

CAUSES CURED

A bitter fountain comes rushing down the mountain side, and drinking thereof, the people of the city are poisoned. Along comes a man who says: "I will build a lime factory just above the city, and pour a stream of lime-water into the bitter fountain." Jesus' method was simpler. Go higher up, into the mountain of God, and strike the rock, that sweet waters may gush forth, to flow through the land, carrying health and happiness to all that stand upon the banks of this river of water of life. Jesus reformed institutions by reforming human nature. He was a fundamental thinker. He dealt with causes. —N. D. HILLIS. (326)

Caution in Revealing Truth—See TRUTH FATAL.

CEMETERY, THE EARTH AS A

Again and again this old poetic fancy of the earth as one great cemetery buried several times deep with dead men, women and children, has been refuted by figures. But great is the error and will prevail, unless the truth be well and steadily upheld. The population of the earth is now about 1,500,000,000. Suppose the human race to have existed for 6,000 years and you have sixty centuries. In each century you may count three generations of mankind, or one hundred and eighty generations in all, each being a generation of 1,500,000,000. Now, lay out a cemetery for one generation. It will be a huge estimate to give to every man, woman, and child a grave five feet by two, or ten square. You want for your graveyard, then, 15,000,000,000 square feet of ground. A square mile contains something less than 28,000,000 square feet. You want, then, a graveyard fifty-five miles long by ten wide for your whole generation. Now multiply this by one hundred and eighty and you have your burial-ground for 6,000 years of mankind. That is, a strip of land, 1,800 miles long by 55 miles wide will be ample. In other words, a cemetery containing 100,000 square miles would be sufficient for the entire human race to lie side by side. The estimate which I have given you of continuous population is obviously enormously large. The estimate of the size of each grave is very large. A strictly correct estimate would reduce the size of the required cemetery more than one-half. But enormous as it is, you could lay out your burial-ground for all men who have lived on earth, so that they could lie side by side in Arizona or in California, or you could lay it out in Texas large enough to accommodate the race of 6,000 years past, and also the race for 6,000 years yet to come, all sleeping in the soil of that one State of this Union. But some one says the race of man has been on the earth 100,000 years. That is a pure imagination and there is not, so far as I know, a fact on which to rest it. But suppose it is true, and suppose the population always what it is now, you have provided for 6,000 years of it. You want nearly seventeen times as large a cemetery for the generations of a thousand centuries. That is, you want 1,700,000 square miles in it. Lay it out whenever you please, 1,700 miles long by 1,000 miles wide. It is but part of the United States. And so enormously large have been the rough estimates thus far used, it is safe to say that if the human race has been in existence 100,000 years, a separate grave could be provided for every individual of the race within a part of the United States east of the Mississippi River.—W. C. Prime, New York *Journal of Commerce.* (327)

Censure, Misplaced—See Reflection, Imperfect.

Census-taking, Primitive—See Collective Labor.

CENTER OF LIFE

Some men have a Ptolemaic notion of life; their little earth is the center around which all things move. If I have been of that sort, I will remember that the age has outgrown that. It is time to reconstruct one's life on the Copernican theory, admitting that ours is only a little earth in the great universe, and finding our true solar center in the great moral gravitation of the divine love.—Franklin Noble, D.D., "Sermons in Illustration." (328)

Ceremonial Purging—See Prejudice, Religious.

CEREMONY, USELESSNESS OF

At Teschen, which town Stephen Schultz, missionary to the Jews, visited several times, he entered the store of a Jewish merchant to buy some articles. He conversed with one of the Jewish clerks on the necessity of an atonement for sin, when the Jew asserted that every man can atone for his own sins. Schultz made him agree to the statement that we are all become altogether as an unclean thing, and then asked him:

"How, then, can we pay our debts to God or atone for our sins?" "We must pray, fast, give alms, etc., for altho we dare not now offer any sacrifices, yet if we read over the institution and rites of sacrifices, it will be accepted." Schultz, without paying any attention to this absurd statement at this time, asked: "How much do I owe for these articles I bought?" "Fifty-seven cents." "Please write it down upon the counter, lest I forget it." The Jew did so, and Schultz read ten times: "Fifty-seven cents," and then walked toward the door as if he would depart. The clerk called him back, saying: "You have not paid me." "What! Have not yet paid? Have I not read over ten times just what you wrote?" "Yes, but that will not pay your debt." "And will you then deal so treacherously with God, and think to pay your debts to Him by repeating some prayers?" (Text.)—*Missionary Review of the World.* (329)

CHAINS

David had twenty-four columns of marble around his banqueting room, and he chained a bandit and an old enemy to each column, and in the presence of his enemies feasted. Christ enables the soul to chain hate, envy, lying, avarice, gluttony, jealousy, evil-speaking, sloth, and then the soul exclaims, Thou hast spread me a table in the midst of mine enemies! (Text.)—N. D. Hillis. (330)

CHALLENGE

The outburst of the matchless hymnic genius of Isaac Watts was the response to a challenge. When a youth of eighteen he complained to his father, who was a deacon in an Independent church at Southampton, England, of the poor quality of the hymns sung in the nonconformist services of the time. "Suppose you make a few," said his father, with more than a suggestion of gentle sarcasm. Taking up the challenge, the poet retired; and soon, out from his seclusion where he had put on his "singing robes," came the hymn: "Behold the Glories of the Lamb," which was sung at an early meeting; and so began a career of hymn-writing which continued through the author's life, and which later aroused to song a whole nest of singing-birds. (331)

Chance and Work—See Toil and Providence.

Chance, Decision by—See Coincidence and Superstition.

CHANCE FOR THE BOY

From *Congregational Work* is taken the following incident:

Patrick A. Collins, Mayor of Boston for a number of years past, believed that a boy's word is worth listening to. One time complaint was made to him that a saloon was located too near a certain public school. The politicians and others interested in keeping the place open urged him not to interfere with the resort. The school authorities desired it closed and removed.

After the Mayor had listened to arguments from both sides, he said:

"Well, I'm going to let the boys of the school tell me what they think of the place. Send me," he said to the principal of the school, "half a dozen of your brightest boys. I'll listen to them."

The next day half a dozen of the boys, ranging from ten to fifteen years of age, called on the Mayor. Each boy gave some reason why he believed the saloon ought to be taken away, until it came to the last one, a youngster of twelve. He looked the Mayor squarely in the eye, and gave as his reason:

"My school gives me a chance to be Mayor of Boston some day; the saloon can't. I think us boys ought to have all the show we can get to be Mayor. That's all I know about it."

The Mayor threw himself back in his chair and laughed heartily; then, straightening up, he said to the last spokesman:

"My boy, you have said more than did all the politicians and the teachers. You shall have the show to be Mayor. That saloon will have to quit business at once."

The boys gave the Mayor a hearty cheer, and marched out of his office. They had conquered, and were consequently happy and triumphant. (332)

CHANGE RENOVATES

Police captains find that if they change every man around to a different position about once in so often, it is good for the entire force. The managers of some business offices say that a good big jar is beneficial to almost everybody, and especially for those in danger of believing that they are indispensable. It is a most remarkable boy who is not improved, on occasions, by a genuine "calling down."—JAMES M. STIFLER, "The Fighting Saint." (333)

Change Wrought by Time—See TIME, CHANGES OF.

Changes in China—See CHINESE PROGRESS.

CHANGES WROUGHT BY CHRIST

The geologist tells us that ages ago vast and horrible creatures filled the air and waters—fierce and hideous monsters swarmed and fought in the primeval slime; but in due time God swept away mastodon, mammoth, megatherium, and filled the world with mild and beautiful forms of life.

To-day we see moral changes wrought far more wonderful than any to which the petrifactions of the geologist witness; we see the power of Christ destroying passions far more terrible than the lizards, serpents, and crocodiles of the antediluvian world, creating graces sweeter and fairer than the choicest forms of perfected nature.—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (334)

Channels, Choked—See LIFE.

CHARACTER

That a life tells more than a creed is shown in this incident told in the *Young Man:*

Mr. John Morley said to a Presbyterian minister who was his guest: "How was it that your Church tolerated Drummond? His views were surely not those of the Free Church." "No," said the minister, "but we never took him seriously as a thinker. No one believed that he would shape the theological opinions of the Church. We regarded him rather as a religious influence." "Ah, yes," said Mr. Morley, "you are quite right; he wasn't a thinker." After some talk on other matters he returned to the subject: "You said a little while ago that Drummond was a religious influence. How did he show that?" "Well," replied the minister, "for one thing, he cleansed Edinburgh University life for several years." "Ah," said Mr. Morley thoughtfully, "that's better than being a thinker." It is never easy for the Church to drive out heretics who are not thinkers, but who purify by love the sources of spiritual life in men. (335)

As the light is rayed back from the flower and the wave, from the rock and the roadside, from all objects in nature and all ornaments of art, no matter from what center it emanated first, so the excellence of a character, when serenely and brightly exprest through life, attracts an immediate and instinctive response from all natures around it.—RICHARD S. STORRS. (336)

See APPEARANCE; TRUST.

Character and Evil—See EVIL GERMINAL.

CHARACTER AND FAME

Fame is what you have taken,
  Character is what you give;
When to this truth you awaken,
  Then you begin to live.
—BAYARD TAYLOR.
(337)

Character and Manners — See DUAL CHARACTER.

CHARACTER-BUILDING

Men might as well try to erect a skyscraper on a bog as to attempt to build a character on anything less enduring than Jesus. Every little while some one makes a new religion with Jesus omitted. These structures dot the plains of nineteen centuries. For a time they appear attractive. But, sooner or later, their tenants discover that there is something wrong with the underpinning. Happy they if they can succeed in moving out before the flimsy fabrics collapse and bury their misguided occupants beneath unseemly ruins.—JOEL B. SLOCUM. (338)

See DAILY CHARACTER WORK.

CHARACTER CONDITIONED BY THE PHYSICAL

A news item from Toledo, Ohio, reads:

Skilled surgeons at St. Vincent's hospital have transformed Harold Hurley, the bad boy, into Harold Hurley, the good boy.

A few days ago, Harold, aged twelve, who was slated for the Lancaster reform school, was taken to the hospital. To-day he was taken home, a changed boy, different in thought, acts, and even appearance.

Harold has been a problem to his mother and to the juvenile court officers for some time. Probation Officer Dilgart got a look at Harold recently and discovered a peculiar scar on the boy's forehead. Inquiry developed that when five years of age Harold stumbled, and striking his head upon a stone, sustained a fracture of the skull. Gradually he became bad; but instead of being sent to Lancaster, he was removed to the hospital, where the pressure of a broken bone on his brain was removed.

After the operation the lad's faculties gathered slowly. Dr. James Donnelly states that the pressure of the piece of bone upon the brain had gradually dulled all the higher sensibilities, and if it had gone on Harold would in time have become an utter degenerate. (Text.) (339)

CHARACTER, CROWN OF

That all men may attain the crown of a Godlike character is the lesson of this poem by Edwin Markham;

When punctual death comes knocking at the door,
To lead the soul upon the unknown road,
There is one crown, one only, never flung
Back to the dust by his fastidious hand.
Touched by this crown, a man is king indeed,
And carries fate and freedom in his breast;
And when his house of clay falls ruining,
His soul is out upon the path of stars!
This is the one thing stronger than the years
That tear the kingdoms down. Imperious time,
Pressing a wasteful hand on mortal things,
Reveals this young eternity in man.

The peasant, he may earn it with the king,
And tread an equal palace full of light.
Fleet youth may seize this crown: slow-footed age
May wear its immortality. Behold!
Its power can turn bare rafters to a home
Hallowed with hopes and hushed with memories;
Can turn a field of ruin to a place
Where pilgrims keep the watches of the night. (340)

CHARACTER IMPARTED

Said a young lady to her hostess: "I want to scent my lace handkerchief and I have no sachet with me." The handkerchief was taken by the lady and placed inside a great rose-jar. "Your handkerchief will be scented in a few hours and the fragrance will never depart from it." And it never did. The lady explained that the jar had been obtained in China and had been a rose-jar for generations. But when it came into her possession she spent a large sum of money on attar of roses to penetrate the inner glazing of the glass and her object was fulfilled. The fragrance would never depart from it and was communicated to any object placed in it for a few hours. Roman Catholic priests remark that if they can have charge of a child until he is ten years of age he will never depart from the faith. Certainly the pervasive influence of the moral atmosphere is a mighty power in determining character. (341)

Character Impugned—See MODESTY.

Character in Pictures—See GENIUS, PORTRAYING.

Character Like the Diamond—See REFLECTION OF GOD.

CHARACTER MORE THAN CLOTHING

A Scotch nobleman, seeing an old gardener of his establishment with a very ragged coat, made some passing remarks on its condition. "It's a verra guid coat," said the honest old man. "I can not agree with you there," said his lordship. "Ah, it's just a verra guid coat," persisted the old man; "it covers a contented spirit, and a body that owes no man anything, and that's mair than mony a man can say of his coat." (Text.) (342)

CHARACTER NOT PURCHASABLE

In an address, made not long before his death, Bishop Potter, of New York, said:

About a year ago there came into my study in New York some one whom I had never seen, a stranger whose name sent in upon his card I did not recognize, and whose errand I could not divine. "Sir," he said, "I am from such and such a part of the country. In that part of the country a very fierce political campaign is now in progress. One of your clergy is attacking from the pulpit the moral character and moral standards of a gentleman, a candidate there for a very high office, whom I represent."

I said: "I have not got any clergymen out in that part of the world. I have no more jurisdiction there than you have." He said: "Perhaps not in the sense you mean, but it is one of your men." "Thank God for that," said I. "As he came from here he believes in you, and he thinks that sort of talk is his duty." "What do you want me to do?" I asked. "I want you to stop it," said he, "and I am authorized by the distinguished gentleman whom I represent to say that if you will stop it he will make it worth your while."

I felt like saying, "I will come high." I got up and walked to the door. I opened it and stood there. He looked there a moment in some perplexity. I said: "Does it not occur to you, sir, that this interview is at an end." He went out.

I mention that incident as a proof of the statement I have made here. Here was a person in a distant part of the country, a candidate for a very high position, who had not the smallest hesitation in sending an emissary to me with an intimation that if I were prepared to silence a speaker who was saying disagreeable things that money would be put to make it worth my while. I am saying that with that symptomatic you can not ignore the appalling significance of such a condition of things. (Text.) (343)

CHARACTER POTS

I had sometimes caught a glimpse of the small scullery-maid at my boarding-house; but one day, slipping to the kitchen for a cup of hot water, I had a queer bit of a chat with her. She was scouring granite pots with a vim and vigor which were bound to bring results, and all the while her face was as shining as her finished work.

"Do you like them, Alice?" I asked.

"No, I hate them," she replied emphatically.

"What makes you smile so over them, then?" I asked, curiously.

"Because they're 'character pots,'" the child replied at once.

"What?" I inquired, thinking I had misunderstood.

"'Character pots,' miss. You see, I used to only half clean them. I often cried over them, but Miss Mary told me as how, if I made them real shiny, they'd help to build my character. And ever since then I've tried hard, miss; and, oh, it's been so much easier since I've known they were 'character pots.'"

I said a word or two of encouragement, and went on my way, knowing that I had been rubbing up against a real heroine. Every-day life is brimful of disagreeable duties. Why not turn them every one into "character pots?"—*East and West.* (344)

CHARACTER SELF-COMMENDING

It is told of Antipater, an officer in Alexander's army and a favorite in his court, that one day Philip of Macedon, placed in a position which required special vigilance, made his appearance at a late hour in the morning, with the apology: "I have slept rather late this morning, but then I knew that Antipater was awake." And at another time, when some person exprest surprize that Antipater did not clothe himself in a purple robe, the badge of nobility and greatness, as the other commanders and ministers of state were accustomed to do, Alexander replied: "Those men wear purple on the outside, but Antipater is purple within." (345)

CHARACTER SHOWN IN THE FEET

Distinctions of character are not seen, really, in the feet themselves, but in what the owner does with them. Sometimes it is significant that their owner does not know what to do with them. He is vulgarly, defiantly self-sufficient and despises ceremony, so when he smokes a cigar he puts his feet on the mantel-piece, out of the way. Or he is a country-bumpkin, painfully self-conscious, so he stands on one foot and then on the other, and shifts them about, perplexed what to do with them, as ill-bred folks, when they sit idle and sociable, are perplexed by possessing a pair of hands. On the contrary, the fop—whose feet are clad without spot or speck, and regardless of expense—knows very well what to do with them; they are part of the exhibition which is his constant care. In general, it is a sign of vanity to thrust forward habitually a neat foot when one is at rest. A conceited man nurses a leg and admires a foot, which he twitches and twirls beneath his delighted eyes—quite unconsciously, and in a different manner from the fop; for the vain man thinks of the effect produced upon other people, but the conceited man is satisfied with himself, without any regard to the ordinary mortals who may chance to be observing him. Very different is the generous mind of the philanthropist, who thinks constantly of the rest of the world, and not of himself. There is nothing cramped about any of his ideas or of his possessions. He forgets such small matters as fashion and details of appearance. Except on state occasions, he considers neatness to be a hindrance; everything about him is large, from his benevolent schemes down to his well-worn shoes. His stand is not alert, but patient, well set on the ground; he is ready and steady; he waits to give what he can, and to do what he can, and while he thinks of weighty matters, personal details are forgotten. He may walk flat-footed in old shoes; insteps and heels are infinitely beneath his consideration, so his foot is not the type that the dancing-master believes to be the one thing necessary for a gentleman; but he has already flattened injustice under his feet, and the horror of the dancing-master shall never reach his ears.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.* (346)

Character, Springs of—See Springs of Character.

CHARACTER, SUPPORT OF

A man once purchased a vacant lot on which stood a gigantic elm-tree.

So much did he admire the elm that when he erected his house he built it around the trunk. He did not care to mutilate it or cut it down, but desired that it should constantly exhale its aroma and moisture in his drawing-room. The silence of its growth and steady expansion would be a constant source of interest to himself and to his friends. The opening in the roof was capped to shut out the insect enemies and to shut in the fragrance. When a cyclone swept over the village and the lightning flashed around, the house had shelter and protection in the tree. Other houses might fall, but not that one.

We are all builders of character. Whether that character will stand the tests of life or not depends on whether we have built Christ into our character or not. If He is in us a real and living personality, we shall never fail. (Text.) (347)

CHARACTER, TEST OF

You can not read a man so well during his busy hours as by what he does after supper, or from the closing hour of business to bedtime. You can not gage his character so well by the money he spends for necessaries or the living of his family as by that little overplus of money which is left after the necessary expenses are paid. What does he do with his spare money, that margin left over from business and from living expenses? What he does with that margin will throw a wonderful light upon his character.

The largest part of every active life must be devoted to getting a living, attending to one's affairs, and this is done by most people in a routine sort of a way. You can not tell much about the real man during these hours, because he has a system, his regular daily routine, and he does very much the same thing every day. But the moment he is free, he is quite a different man. Then his real propensities come out. People are not natural until they are free from restraint.

Watch the boy and the girl when they are free from their regular duties, and see how they spend their evenings, what society they keep, what companionships they form, what they do. This will be a pretty good test of their character.—*Success.* (348)

Character that Shines—See Luminosity.

Character Unaffected by Death — See Death Does Not Change Character.

CHARACTER, UNSEEN PLACES IN

The editor of the *Central Presbyterian* moralizes on flowers from a back yard as follows:

A lovely flower came to us last week from the back yard of a home in the city. It was a white hyacinth, large and full, white as the driven snow, and sweetly perfumed. And it came not from the florist's hothouse, nor from the fine plot at the front of a good home, but from the little yard at the rear. What a thing of beauty and fragrance to spring up in this homely place, common, soiled and trampled! It is a happy thought, not uncommon nowadays, to make the back yard, not often seen by other's eyes, a place of beauty and sweetness, turning the common and the obscure into a source of pleasure and all that is wholesome and inspiring.

One may do well to look after the back yard of his own life. He has sometimes a front that all men see and admire. Toward his friends and neighbors he is careful to make a fair exhibition of good morals and courteous manner. He maintains a front with which no fault can be found. But can the rear, the small and commonplace, the every-day and out-of-sight part of character and conduct, bear the same careful inspection? Are there any fair and fragrant flowers that spring up where no man ever looks, and only God's eye can see? (349)

Character Wrought by Hardship—See Saved in Service.

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS

A look, a touch, a word is enough, not infrequently, to betray the man back of it, the unconscious being the characteristic.

Mendelssohn once revealed his master-hand as a musician to the organ-keeper in Strasburg Cathedral by the way he made the instrument speak, just as Giotto, as an artist, did to a stranger on one occasion by drawing a perfect circle at a stroke. (350)

Characteristics Revealing Authorship—See Recognition by One's Work.

Characterization, Improper—See Badness in Boys.

CHARITY

Don't look for the flaws as you go through
 life,
 And, even when you find them,
It's wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
 And search for the light behind them.
(351)

See Other Side, The.

Charity, Inadequate—See Injustice.

CHARITY, LOGIC OF

Put a Chinaman into your hospital and he will get treated. You may lie awake at night drawing up reasons for doing something different with this disgusting Chinaman—who somehow is in the world and is thrown into your care, your hospital, your thought—but the machinery of your own being is so constructed that if you take any other course with him than that which you take with your own people, your institution will instantly lose its meaning; you would not have the face to beg money for its continuance in the following year. The logic of this, which, if you like, is the logic of self-protection under the illusion of self-sacrifice, is the logic which is at the bottom of all human progress. The utility of hospitals is not to cure the sick. It is to teach mercy. The veneration for hospitals is not because they cure the sick, it is because they stand for love, and responsibility.—John Jay Chapman. (352)

CHARITY RESPECTED

It is reported that during the late disturbances in southern China consequent upon the French expedition to Tonquin, a small Wesleyan mission station at Fatshan was at the mercy of a riotous mob. The chapel was wrecked. The hospital for days was menaced and was hourly expected to fall, but here, for the first time, the rioters appeared to hesitate. Some of the sick were removed before their eyes; others, they knew, could not leave the building. They constantly threatened assault, but the blow never came, and amid their angry menaces the doctor was allowed to pass freely to and from the hospital. A finer touch than that which compelled a kindred feeling between this rabble and its foreign benefactors does not exist in nature. The Chinese mob probably did not include many acute controversialists in theology, but it did, as a whole, recognize the presence of that charity which is rightly regarded as the essence of religion.—London *Lancet.* (353)

Charm, A, Surrendered—See RESERVATION.

Chastening—See AFFLICTION, USES OF.

Chastisement—See DISCIPLINE.

CHEER, GOOD

Eben E. Rexford writes this cheering philosophy:

Tell me, what's the use of fretting when we think that things go wrong?
It never makes them better; but I've heard it said a song
Makes the heavy load seem lighter, and will cheer the troubled heart
Till it quite forgets its worries, and its vexing cares depart—
As the wind that sweeps the marshes where the fog hangs, chill and gray,
Moves the mists that mar the morning till it blows them all away.

So, whenever storm-clouds gather till they hide the sun from sight,
And it's darker in the morning than it ought to be at night,
Then let's sing about the sunshine that is on the other side
Of the darkest cloud, my comrade. Let the song ring far and wide
On the listening ear of others who climb the hill with you.
Till the rifted clouds are scattered, and the gray old world seems new. (354)

CHEER, SIGNALS OF

Sailors who navigate the seas on the South Atlantic coast are always glad when they near the harbor of Savannah, for that means that they will pass within saluting distance of the "little lighthouse girl." This is the officially accepted title of Florence Martus, who has for the last eleven years waved a friendly signal to every craft passing between the city and the sea. It is a hobby of this young girl to greet the ships that go and wish them a safe return, and greet the ships that come and congratulate them on their voyage.

The Martus dwelling is the only habitation on Elba Island. There is no landing wharf, and visitors arrive on an average once a year. The barks, the steamers, and the various other craft never get near enough for an exchange of greetings other than that most expressive form of good will, the waving of a handkerchief by day and of a lantern by night. And as the girl sends out her welcome, the seamen who know all about her, and who would resent the elimination of the ceremony which she so popularized, send back an answering salute, three "toots" of the steam-whistle. Then Miss Martus is as happy as a belle at a debutante party.

It is her desire that no vessel shall pass the lighthouse without receiving a salute. She never overlooks a sail in the daytime, and her handkerchief is ever ready for its service of cordiality. She says it is her ambition to signal every ship that touches at Savannah. She was asked her reason for signalling the passing sea throng, and she answered that it was to cheer the crew.

This beautiful and unselfish ministry illustrates how a noble heart invents ways to scatter sunshine. The world passes us like ships on the sea. How much interest do we take in others? How far a kind word, or smile, or handshake goes to help the friendless and hopeless. It is not the great acts but the little deeds of kindness that make human beings happy. (Text.) (355)

"That boy," said the foreman in the machine-shop, "will make a good workman. He always whistles at his work." (Text.) (356)

Cherubim — See LOVE RATHER THAN KNOWLEDGE.

Child, A, as Reconciler—See GOOD WILL.

Child, A Little—See SOUL, YOUR.

CHILD, FAITH OF A

The prediction that "a little child shall lead them," applies in this poem to a skeptic rather than to ravenous beasts.

A little child walked by my side,
  I had lost faith in God and man,
He prattled of his joys and hopes
  As only little children can.
I did not try to blast his hopes,
  I did not tell him of my pain,
And, somehow, when our walk was done,
  My shattered faith was whole again.
—RENA HURD INGHAM, *Congregationalist.*

(Text.) (357)

Child, Influence of a—See Pardon for a Child's Sake.

CHILD LABOR

The National Child Labor Committee was organized in 1904. Up to that time very little had been done toward preventing the employment of children in many industries, the worst of these being the work of coal-breaking in mines and long days of labor in textile factories. A summary of the work accomplished by the committee in six years will show the gains that are being made in saving children from the too heavy burdens of labor at a tender age, under which their growth is often stunted, and their education interrupted or prevented.

Eight-hour day for children under 16 established in 10 States and District of Columbia (in many or all industries).

Hours of employment for children reduced in 13 more States.

Child labor laws passed for the first time in 6 States.

Age limit of 14 years applied to factories and stores: In 1904, 12 States; in 1810, 19 States.

Also from factories and stores the limit in 1910 extends to offices, laundries, hotels, bowling-alleys, etc.

Age limit of 16 for work in coal-mines; 1904 none. In 1910 6 States fixt limit of 16 years; 18 States at 14, and 8 States at 12.

Employment forbidden during school hours: 1904 in 14 States; 1910 in 23 States.

Night-work prohibited: 1904 in 13 States, the age limit in some being as low as 12 years. 1910: 24 States with 16-year limit, 7 States with 14-year limit, 2 States with 12-year limit, 1 State (in certain industries) with 18-year limit. New York prohibited night work in messenger service 10 P.M. to 5 A.M. to all minors.

Compulsory education: Laws for the first time in 6 States. Age limit for attendance raised in 6 (more) States.

Child-labor laws now (1910) exist in every State except Nevada. They are being steadily improved. (358)

See Missionaries in the Making.

CHILD, LEADING OF A

A young mother who had lost her first-born, sat fondling its icy hands, and amid her tears said, "If ever I get to heaven, it will be these little fingers that will pull me there." (Text.) (359)

Child Nature—See Animism.

CHILD RELIGION

There is a striking story of a certain missionary who was sent for on one occasion to go to a little village in an out-of-the-way corner of India to baptize and receive into church fellowship sixty or seventy adult converts from Hinduism.

At the commencement of the proceedings he had noticed a boy about fifteen years of age sitting in a back corner, looking very anxiously and listening very wistfully. He now came forward. "What, my boy? Do you want to join the Church?" "Yes, sir." "But you are very young, and if I were to receive you into fellowship with the Church to-day, and then you were to slip aside, it would bring discredit upon this church and do great injury to the cause of Christ. I shall be coming this way again in about six months. Now you be very loyal to the Lord Jesus Christ during that time, and if when I come again at the end of the half year I find you still stedfast and true, I will baptize and receive you gladly."

No sooner was this said than all the people rose to their feet, and, some speaking for the rest, said: "Why, sir, it is he who has taught us all that we know about Jesus Christ."

And so it turned out to be. This was the little minister of the little church the honored instrument in the hand of God for saving all the rest for Jesus Christ. (360)

CHILD, SAVED BY A

Dr. George Grenfell, who did much to open up to civilization and to Christianity the hinterland of the Kongo, was traveling in the little steamer called the *Peace* up a great tributary of the Kongo which had never before been navigated by a white man. Suddenly the craft was stopt and surrounded by a crowd of canoes filled with natives. These were armed with spears and their attitude was hostile and malignant. Dr. Grenfell momentarily expected that some of the murderous weapons would be hurled at him. But by a happy inspiration he called to his wife who was in the cabin, "Show them the baby!" She rushed forward and held out the infant she was nursing. The savages, amazed at the sight of the first light-colored baby they had ever seen, and charmed with its smiles and its entire lack of fear, dropt their spears, smiled in their turn with delight, and at once became the sincere friends of the missionaries. Thus once again was verified the prediction, "A little child shall lead them." (361)

CHILD, THE

The value and possibilities of a new-born child are thus set forth by James Oppenheim:

You may be Christ or Shakespeare, little child,
A savior or a sun to the lost world.
There is no babe born but may carry furled
Strength to make bloom the world's disastrous wild.
Oh, what then must our labors be to mold you,
To open the heart, to build with dream the brain,
To strengthen the young soul in toil and pain,
Till our age-aching hands no longer hold you!

Vision far-dreamed! But soft! If your last goal
Be low, if you are only common clay,
What then? Toil lost? Were our toil trebled, nay!
You are a soul, you are a human soul,
A greater than the skies ten-trillion starred—
Shakespeare no greater, O you slip of God!

(Text.)—*Cosmopolitan.*
(362)

See Faith, a Child's.

Child, The, as an Educator—See Home, Foundation of the Republic.

Child Training—See Prodigy, A; Training Children.

Child's View of God—See Anthropomorphism.

Childhood and Nature—See God in the Child Mind.

CHILDLIKE TRUST AND MATURITY

A few days since, just after the recent snow-storm, I passed in the street a little fellow drawing a sled; a little, rosy-cheeked boy, who was so full of perfect happiness that his entire face was crinkled into a smile. He made a beautiful picture. That sled was his only responsibility, and that, along with the snow, made out for him a perfect heaven. I watched the lad and wished I were a boy again. It was a foolish wish, and yet not altogether foolish. There was something exquisite in the situation which one would have been not only foolish but stupid not to appreciate. He had no burden. His sled was unloaded, and slipt along over the frosty pavement almost of its own momentum. He had no anxieties. The little fellow's heart is sometimes bruised, I suppose, but child bruises do not last as long as older bruises.

But I had not gone many steps past him before I revised my wish, and thought only how beautiful it would be to have the innocence of the boy and his simple trust, and along with that the mature equipment opening out into the vast opportunities that form the heritage of years that are ripe.—Charles H. Parkhurst. (363)

Children—See Cruelty to Children.

CHILDREN AND CIVIC SERVICE

Two hundred clubs of children on the New York East Side cooperate with the street-cleaning department in keeping clean streets in their respective neighborhoods. They hand prepared cards furnished by the city to every one seen throwing rubbish in the street, which read as follows:

Give your banana-peels to a horse. Horses like them. Orange-peels, peanut-shells, newspapers and other rubbish must not be thrown in the street. Keep yours and throw them in the receptacle placed at street corners for that purpose. You should sprinkle your sidewalk before sweeping. Don't raise the dust, as it breeds disease. It is against the law to throw rubbish from the windows to the street. Don't put paper, rags and other rubbish either in the ash-can or garbage-can.

A badge is given to each child to wear on which is inscribed the motto: "We are for clean streets." Thus thousands of children are learning to take pride in their city. (364)

CHILDREN AND GARDENS

Professor Hanna, head of the Department of Natural History of the Board of Education, New York, divided an open lot into some three hundred little garden plots, took boys from the Bowery district, and girls as well. Each child spaded up its own ground, planted its seeds, pulled out the weeds, and watched the ruddy vegetables grow. A thousand questions arose to these city-born children. Given a black clod and a drop of rain-water, and a few seeds, how does the same clod make a beet red, and a carrot a golden hue? How could one clod condense the smells of a whole soap factory, into one little onion? How does a potato come to have starch in it? If one bunch of green weeds is worth ten cents for spinach, why doesn't everybody in Wall Street go to farming? When some of the boys reached the Bowery Saturday night, the first question they asked their fathers was: "How much it would take to buy a ticket to Dakota." Ah, Wordsworth, looking across the field, and writing, "My heart with rapture thrills and dances with the daffodils," and Ruskin with his confession of what the fields and brooks did for his culture, throw a pathetic light on the lives of the little waifs of the tenement-house, starved for an outlook on the grass and the wave, and the shrub and the flower. Plainly the child has a right to its outlook upon the world of nature.—N. D. HILLIS. (365)

Children and Music—See MUSIC AND CHILDREN.

Children and the Bible—See ADAPTING THE BIBLE.

CHILDREN FORMING PARENTS' CHARACTER

A friend once said to me: "So long as my children were little, I lived at peace with my faults and bad habits. Perhaps they were annoying to others, but they caused me no uneasiness. But since my children have grown up, I am ashamed to meet their eyes, for I know they judge me, observe my attitude, my manner of acting, and measure my words. Nothing escapes them; neither the little 'white lie,' nor my illogical reasoning; neither unjustifiable irritation, nor any of the thousand imperfections I formerly indulged in. I require now to be constantly on my guard, and what will finally happen is this, that, instead of my having trained them, my children will have formed my character."—DORA MELEGARI, "Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy." (366)

CHILDREN, LINCOLN'S REGARD FOR

When Lincoln, on his way by train from Washington to Gettysburg, was halted at a station, a little girl was lifted up to an open window of the car, and handing a bouquet of rosebuds to him, said: "Flowers for the President!" Mr. Lincoln took the rosebuds, bent down and kissed the child, saying, "You're a sweet little rosebud yourself. I hope your life will open into perpetual beauty and goodness." (367)

Children Missionaries—See SONG, EFFECTIVE.

Children, Neglecting the—See HOME, THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Children, Religious Nature of—See ANIMISM.

CHILDREN, ROMAN CATHOLIC CARE OF

Bishop Fowler, in the *Christian Advocate,* describes the method by which Roman Catholic institutions in South America receive and care for foundlings:

No thoughtful man can watch the long processions of children which the sisters are teaching, and believe that Romanism is closing its career. She takes the utmost care of all the children she can obtain. In the great cities she has her foundling institutions. The arrangement for receiving foundlings is unique. It reminds one of the standard advertisements for stolen property, "No questions asked." There is a rotary dummy in the side of the building above the sidewalk. This contrivance turns round instead of moving on pulleys. The outside is simply flush with the wall. Any one can turn it around. On the other side is a little bed. The waif is placed in this bed, the trap is turned back to its place, a bell is rung, a servant comes to the bed, takes out the waif, and no one is the wiser. The party depositing the child may be round the corner and gone in the darkness. The child is cared for, soon put to work, soon hired out, and becomes a source of income to the institution, and adds one more to the rolls of the church. (368)

CHILDREN SAFE

An old sexton in a cemetery took special pains with the little graves. When asked why, he said: "Sir, about those larger graves I don't know who are the Lord's saints, and who are not; but you know, sir, it's different with the bairns." (Text.) (369)

CHILDREN, SAVING

Judge Benjamin B. Lindsey speaks as follows of his work in dealing with juvenile delinquents:

I have often been asked how it is if I can trust a youthful burglar to go alone to a reformatory why can not I trust him to go alone to work?

The answer is that the individual is weak rather than vicious. He is strong enough to last over night, but not strong enough to last a month. He goes to the institution. He learns the trade of a carpenter or a stonecutter—then he has some incentive in life. He gets out of the habit of being bad. When he comes out he is proud of his job, and as soon as we get him work he wants to show how well he can do it—the past is behind him forever.

This new children's crusade started in 1906. We are now going on the theory that the law is not one-tenth of the problem. Psychology, for want of a better word, is the other nine-tenths. The solution of the problem of child delinquents lies chiefly in knowing how to get at truth, in getting loyalty to the state and to the law. Once you get a boy to go regularly to school the problem is solved. On the other hand, we do not want him to think that the court is a brute or dead easy. (370)

CHILDREN'S RELIGIOUS IDEAS

A CHILD'S PRAYER

Please, God, grandpa has gone to you. Take good care of him. Please always mind and shut the door, because he can't stand drafts. (371)

A PRAYER TO THE DEVIL

A little child was seen to bury a piece of paper in the ground. On examination of the paper by a curious adult, it was seen to contain the following: "Dear devil, please come and take aunt. I can't stand her much longer." (372)

MEN ARE GODS

Seeing a group of workmen, a child said: "Mama, are these gods?"

"Gods? Why?"

"Because they make houses and churches, same as God makes moons and people and ickle dogs." (373)

A WRESTLE WITH OMNIPRESENCE

A girl who had been taught that God is everywhere said, one day:

"Mama, me don't see God. I dess He's don to take a walk." (374)

GOD POSSESSES A BODY.

A child who heard the expression, "this footstool," used in a conversation, asked the man on whose knees she sat at the time the meaning of the expression. On being told that the earth is often spoken of as "God's footstool," she exclaimed:

"O-h-h! what long legs!"

Another child drew a picture of Jesus and of God, making God have very long arms. (375)

HEAVENLY MAIL FACILITIES

A child whose grandmother had just died asked her mother if God had a street and a number. When asked why she wanted to know, she replied:

"Nothing, only I wanted to write a letter to Him to send grandma back again." (376)

A COWORKER WITH GOD

A three-year-old boy was with a woman whose home was a second home to him. They were in the flower-garden. Seeing a crocus in bloom, and remembering that the previous fall he had put the bulb into the ground (as one of his age so often does things, by the help of others), he asked, "Did I make that flower grow?" When told that God sent the rain and the sunshine which made it grow, he insisted that he had had a part in the process, and finally dropt the subject by saying:

"God and I make the flowers grow."—A. B. BUNN VAN ORMER, "Studies in Religious Nurture." (377)

Children's Thoughts About God—See ANTHROPOMORPHISM.

CHINA AND AMERICA COMPARED

They tell a story of President Sheffield, of North China College, and a great military official, who is his friend. I met the general once during the Chinese New-year holidays. He is a large, fine-looking man, very liberal and progressive, and much interested in Western customs. One day, when calling, he was discussing these. Suddenly he drew his chair very close to Dr. Sheffield and said in a confidential whisper: "Tell me, is it true that in your country the woman and not the man is the head of the household?" Dr. Sheffield drew a little nearer and answered in the same manner: "Well, I will tell you just how it is. Sometimes it is the one, and sometimes it is the other. It just depends on who is the stronger." "Ah!" and the general leaned back with a sigh of relief. "That is just the way it is with us."—FRANCES B. PATTERSON, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (378)

CHINESE PROGRESS

The Rev. Dr. J. Walter Lowrie, returning to the field after a furlough prolonged by ill-health, writes in amazement that the changes that had taken place during his absence of twenty months were greater than had taken place during the preceding twenty years of his residence in China. Of course, there is commotion. You could not expect one-third of the human race to rouse itself from the sleep of ages without having more or less disturbance in various places. But the disturbances in China to-day are signs of progress. They mean that at last China is awake. We remember that of old, the dying Francis Xavier lifted up his hands and said: "Oh, rock! rock! when wilt thou open?" For nearly a hundred years Protestantism has been hammering upon that rock. Now it has opened.—A. Judson Brown, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (379)

CHIVALRY

The days of the Crusades are gone, but the spirit of chivalry abides to-day as then.

When Captain Moreu, of the Spanish cruiser *Cristobal Colon,* was in New York, he was interviewed by a reporter who, in the excess of his patriotism, put this rather indelicate question to the vanquished naval officer: "What do you think, Captain Moreu, of the chivalry of a nation whose women greet the admiral of a hostile power with kisses and flowers?" a reference to the way Admiral Cervera was lionized by American women on his way to a military prison. The bluff old captain of the *Colon,* who spoke English fluently, lifted his eyebrows, and, smiling indulgently, politely replied: "And what do you think of an admiral who could draw your brave Hobson from the water and kiss him in admiration of his courage? Remember, young man, chivalry is the monopoly of no nation." (Text.) (380)

CHOICE

Not what we have, but what we use,
Not what we see, but what we choose;
These are the things that mar, or bless,
The sum of human happiness.

The thing near by, not that afar;
Not what we seem, but what we are;
These are the things that make or break,
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;
Not what we dream, but good we do;
These are the things that shine like gems,
Like stars in fortune's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give,
Not as we pray, but as we live;
These are the things that make for peace
Both now and after time shall cease.

—*The Outlook.*

(381)

Choice by Chance—See Devil, The, Chosen.

Choice, Everything Depends on—See Experience, Value of.

CHOICE IN PRIMITIVE ORGANISMS

Headly, in his book on "Life and Evolution," instances our old friend, the ameba, which we have since childhood all agreed to be one of the most primitive forms of life. This microscopic creature, a unicellular morsel of protoplasm, undoubtedly has the power of choice. It exercises this power whenever it eats. Diatoms enveloped in flint are its favorite food. When an ameba comes in contact with one of these minute vegetables it swallows it through an aperture —a mouth—which it conveniently makes at whichever point an aperture is required. But when, on the other hand, the ameba comes in contact with a small grain of flint he leaves it severely alone; he does not treat it as he does the flinty envelop of the diatom. (382)

Choice, Right—See Way, The Right.

CHOICE UNFORESEEN

Men for high positions are not always chosen because of previous preeminence, but frequently through circumstances of situations or from expediency:

There are Presidential candidates and aspirants who have an erroneous idea of the candidacy, similar to that of many persons on the subject of wines and cigars, who consider the oldest as the best; while the real connoisseur knows perfectly well that such commodities are not permitted to exceed a certain age without losing rather than gaining in quality. Some keep their Presidential aspirations constantly before the people—as, for instance, Blaine and Sherman for several years. Others get up a drumming and fifing as soon as the year for the nomination comes on? If most of these people would poke their noses a little into the political history of this country, they would find that for a generation or more we have had no President whose reputation and "boom" was two years older than the hour of his election. When the Democrats nominated James K. Polk as their candidate, the politicians, surprized and disillusioned, inquired, "Who is James K. Polk?" The name of the Whig President, Zachary Taylor, was famous scarcely one year before the election. Pierce and Buchanan were absolutely less known than their rivals, Marcy and Cass, and before Lincoln's nomination there was nowhere any talk about him; every one was thinking of Seward. Who, in 1862, would have prophesied that U. S. Grant would one day become General-in-chief and President of the Republic? Such an individual would have been regarded as fit subject of a lunatic asylum. Hayes owed his nomination to his hard-won victory of the year previous over the Democrat, Allen, in the gubernatorial campaign in Ohio; and no one had thought of Garfield two days before his nomination.—*Der Deutsche Correspondent.* (383)

Choices—See Modesty.

CHOIR, THE

Church choirs are often a source of trouble to a pastor. A colored minister down South takes hold of the situation thus:

De choir will now sing dat beautiful piece, "We ain't got long to stay heah," after which dey will consider demselves discha'ged and will file out quietly, one by one. We'se gwine to hab con'gational singin' heahaftah in dis yere chu'ch. (384)

CHOKED

It is a dreadful thing to be choked. Those who have either by accident or design suffered partial strangulation tell us that it is one of the most dreadful experiences. It must, to the all-seeing eye of God, be a dreadful thing to behold so many of His children gasping for a breath of life, being choked by the evil weeds, thorns, and tares indigenous to the flesh or diligently planted there by the enemy of souls while they sleep. It is a sad thing to see the corners of a cornfield left unreaped during the harvest (because the grain growing there among the thorns is not worth reaping), afterward reaped down and bound in bundles and burned, the thorns and choked product of a good seed together. It is a sadder thing to behold the lives of not a few Christians all overgrown and choked with thorns and weeds just ripening for the fire of destruction, because they are shriveled and choked and not fit to be gathered into our Lord's garner. (Text.)—*The Independent.* (385)

CHRIST A GUIDE TO THE FATHER

Mr. Robert E. Speer met a poor blind Christian in Korea whose only knowledge of the word of God had come through the kindnesses of his friends, when they would read, translating out of a Chinese Bible and giving chapter and verse as they read. His knowledge of the life of Christ was wonderful, and when Mr. Speer asked him what incident he liked best of all in the gospel, he said, "I like best the ninth chapter of the Gospel of John, that tells the story of the blind man to whom the Lord restored his sight." Mr. Speer asked the man what he looked forward to most, and he replied, "I look forward most to Christ's meeting me at the gate of heaven. I wouldn't dare to go up to see the Father alone, a poor blind man from Korea, but I shall wait at the gate, and He will find me out just as he did that poor blind man in the ninth of John, and He will lead me up to his Father and mine." (386)

CHRIST APPROVED

In London City Temple, Dr. Joseph Parker was troubled by the absence of workingmen from church, and invited hundreds to lunch there. He said: "Bring your dinner buckets, and your pipes if you want to; I want to have a good talk with you." Stepping out in front of them, he said:

"Men, why don't you come to church?"

A leader among them said: "The Church is not for the likes of us, the Church is for the rich, and the Church is for the prosperous. You don't want us there; that is what is the matter with the Church."

Dr. Parker then said, "Men, what is the matter with Jesus of Nazareth?"

Instantly a working man swung his cap and said: "He is all right." And a thousand or more working men kept swinging their caps and saying, "He is all right, He is all right." (Text.) (387)

Christ a Protector—See PROTECTION.

CHRIST, A THERAPEUTIC

An experiment in treating neurotic patients was tried in the Massillon State Hospital, Ohio, when a picture entitled, "Christ Knocking at the Door," a copy of Hofmann's masterpiece, was unveiled during the religious services. The painting was life-size, on cathedral glass, and illuminated by electric lights. The hope was that by flashing the lights suddenly on the picture a beneficial therapeutic effect would be produced on the minds of the inmates of the hospital. (Text.) (388)

Christ as Pattern — See FOLLOWING CHRIST.

CHRIST, DESTROYER OF SIN

Recent science has enabled us to solve enigmas of the physical universe which once seemed forever impenetrable. Cholera has been, for example, through long ages "a pestilence walking in darkness." There was no denying the plague; it demonstrated itself in the most awful manner, but none could divine its active principle, the secret of its power. But at last the cholera-germ has been tracked out, and the fatal pest never before seen by human eyes can now be studied under a powerful microscope, large as the human hand. The immense significance of this discovery to our race who may say?

For ages sin has been preeminently the pestilence walking at noonday, and the world has stood aghast before the obscure and terrible destroyer; but the glass of revelation in the hand of Jesus Christ has shown large and vivid the fatal principle which has tainted and decimated the race.—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (Text.) (389)

CHRIST, FAITH IN

The last hours of the great Archbishop Whately are a brilliant testimony to the simplicity of his faith and complete devotion to Christ.

To one who observed his sufferings and asked him if he suffered much pain, he said:

"Some time ago I should have thought it great pain, but now I am enabled to bear it." His intellect was unclouded by illness. He could think and speak. Some one said to him, "You are dying as you have lived, great to the last." The reply was, "I am dying as I lived, in the faith of Jesus." Another said, "What a blessing your glorious intellect is unimpaired." He answered, "Do not call intellect glorious; there is nothing glorious out of Christ!" Another said, "The great fortitude of your character supports you." "No, it is not the fortitude of my character supports me, but my faith in Christ." (Text.) (390)

CHRIST FOR ALL

In an Austrian city there are twelve figures of Christ, each representing a different aspect. The country folk, crossing the bridge to the city in the morning, worship them as they pass. The stockmen pray to the image of Christ the Shepherd, the artizans to Christ the Carpenter, the market-gardeners to Christ the Sower, the ailing and infirm to Christ the Physician, the fishermen to Christ the Pilot, etc. "Enlightened minds will never forget that there is but one Christ, and yet to each follower the thought of Him that is born of a special need will always be the one that makes His image in the soul." (391)

Christ, Glory of—See GLORY OF CHRIST.

CHRIST, GOODNESS OF

A missionary was speaking with a Tibetan Lama about Christ. The Lama exprest himself charmed with the gospel story and then added, "Our saint Tsong K'aba was like Christ. He went about teaching and leading the people, and he was persecuted, too." Then he added, "Even to-day it isn't wise for a Lama to be too good!" (Text.) (392)

CHRIST IN THE CONGREGATION

Dr. A. Judson Gordon, the Boston preacher, tells of a dream that transformed his ministry:

I was in the pulpit before a great congregation, just ready to begin my sermon, when a stranger entered and passed slowly up the left aisle of the church, looking first to one side and then to the other, as tho silently asking with his eyes that some one would give him a seat. He had proceeded nearly half-way up the aisle when a gentleman stept out and offered him a place in his pew, which was quietly accepted. I remembered his face wore a peculiarly serious look, as of one who had known some great sorrow. His bearing, too, was exceedingly humble, his dress poor and plain, and from the beginning to the end of the service he gave the most respectful attention to the preacher. To myself I constantly asked, "Who can that stranger be?" And then I mentally resolved to find out by going up to him directly the service was over. But before I could reach him he had left the house. The gentleman with whom he sat, however, remained behind, and approaching him I asked, "Can you tell me who that stranger was who sat in your pew this morning?" He replied: "Why, do you not know that man? It was Jesus of Nazareth."

One had been present in the church for an hour who could tell me all that I so longed to know; who could point out to me the imperfections of my service; who could reveal to me my real self, to whom, perhaps, I am most a stranger; who could correct the errors in our worship, to which long usage and accepted traditions may have rendered us insensible. While I had been preaching for half an hour He had been there and listening, who could have told me all this, and infinitely more, and my eyes had been holden and I knew Him not, and now He was gone. And then I awoke, for behold, it was a dream. No, it was not a dream. It was a vision of the deepest reality, a miniature of an actual ministry. (Text.) (393)

CHRIST, INTIMACY WITH

"I know Jesus Christ," said Bushnell, "better than I know any man in the city of Hartford, and if He should be walking along the street and see me, He would say, 'There goes a friend of mine.'" (Text.) (394)

CHRIST INVITING MEN

In the Doré Gallery in London is the artist's last picture, left unfinished. It is entitled, "The Vale of Tears," and was intended to illustrate the words, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden." Jesus is in the distance pointing to Himself. Over Him is a deep mist spanned by a rainbow whose light in varying degrees falls upon the multitude of faces and forms before Him, some just touched, others beaming and aglow with radiance. (395)

Christ, Monument to—See PEACE.

CHRIST OUR PILOT

Passengers from Europe to New York know that when the steamer reaches a point fifteen miles from Sandy Hook the pilot comes on board to superintend the navigation into New York harbor. The great steamer slows down and the pilot climbs on board. If this happens in the darkness of night the passengers looking down from the deck can see a lantern on the surface of the ocean where the pilot's boat is lying. Presently he emerges from the blackness and is soon on deck. From that moment the anxieties of the captain and the officers are at an end. So when Christ is on board our life, the government is upon His shoulders. (Text.) (396)

CHRIST STILL PRESENT

A common and comforting Christian belief is put into verse by Edith Hickman Duvall:

He has not changed through all the years.
We know
That He remembers all the weight of wo
Which once opprest Him and the lonely way
Through which His tired feet journeyed
day by day,
The pain He bore, the weariness and strife,
The toil and care of His own human life.

He is as near to human hearts to-day
As when He journeyed on the earthly way;
So near that all our wants are known to
Him,
So near that, tho our faith, grown cold and
dim,
Fails oftentimes to grasp the truth, He
knows
The secret story of our hidden woes. (Text.)
(397)

CHRIST THE CONQUEROR

Priscilla Leonard writes this verse on Christ's method of establishing His reign:

Kings choose their soldiers from the strong
and sound
And hurl them forth to battle at command.
Across the centuries, o'er sea and land,
Age after age, the shouts of war resound;
Yet, at the end, the whole wide world around,
Each empty empire, once so proudly
planned,
Melts through Time's fingers like the
dropping sand.

But once a King — despised, forsaken, crowned
Only with thorns—chose in the face of loss
Earth's poor, her weak, her outcast, gave them love,
And sent them forth to conquer in His name
The world that crucified Him, and proclaim
His empire. Lo! Pride's vanished thrones above
Behold the enduring banner of the cross!

(Text.)—*The Outlook.*

(398)

CHRIST THE DOOR

This poem by Mary M. Redding, is based on an actual incident of one of Dr. George Adam Smith's Syrian journeys:

A traveler once, when skies were rose and gold
With Syrian sunset, paused beside the fold
Where an Arabian shepherd housed his flock;
Only a circling wall of rough gray rock—
No door, no gate, but just an opening wide
Enough for snowy, huddling sheep to come inside.
"So," questioned he, "then no wild beasts you dread?"
"Ah, yes, the wolf is near," the shepherd said.

"But"—strange and sweet the voice divine of yore
Fell on his startled ear—"I am the door!
When skies are sown with stars, and I may trace
The velvet shadows, in this narrow space
I lay me down. No silly sheep may go
Without the fold but I, the shepherd, know.
Nor need my cherished flock, close-sheltered, warm,
Fear ravening wolf, save o'er my prostrate form."

O word of Christ—illumined evermore
For us His timid sheep—"I am the door!"

(Text.)—*Sunday-school Times.*

(399)

Outside one of the beautiful gateways of the magnificent mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, there is a picture of an open Bible with this inscription: "The Lord said, I am the door; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved." The Mohammedans left this inscription when they took the beautiful temple from the Christians; because they could see no reference in it to Jesus Christ. Everything else that suggested Christianity or the cross was obliterated. There is a twentieth-century spirit that would obliterate Jesus Christ and the necessity of His saving work. But meanwhile He, the strong Son of God, calmly waits for the world's recognition. He has presented His proofs, and the responsibility is ours. There is no other gospel, no other road, no other Christ. For his own convenience man has invented a number of "short cuts." But it remains as true to-day as when Jesus Himself spoke the words, that he who climbs up some other way is "a thief and a robber."—Joel B. Slocum. (400)

CHRIST, THE FIGURE OF

Monsignor Bonomelli, in a letter read at the World Missionary Conference held in Edinburgh, June, 1910, said:

Jesus has, in reality, not vanished either from history, or from the life of Christianity. He lives at all times in millions of souls, He is enthroned as King in all hearts. The figure of Christ has not the cold splendor of a distant star, but the warmth of a heart which is near us, a flame burning in the soul of believers and keeping alive their consciences. Putting aside certain opinions, which, honored at the moment, may possibly be abandoned to-morrow, criticism had hoped to effect a complete demolition of the conception of Christ, but what criticism really demolished was merely irrelevant matter. The figure of Christ, after all the onslaughts of criticism, now stands forth more pure and divine than ever and compels our adoration. (401)

CHRIST, THE INDEFATIGABLE

From the *Catholic World* we clip Cornelius Clifford's sonnet on "The Indefatigable Christ":

Go where thou wilt, His heart shalt find thee out;
Be thou in quest of wealth, or power, or fame.
Above life's tumult shall He call thy name;
His care shall compass thee with grief about;
And thou shalt know Him in thine hours of doubt,
When faith shall pierce thy darkness like a flame,
O dull of sense to Time's imperious claim,
His love shall prove thy rainfall after drought!

For He shall come in many a blinding shower
To dye thy sick leaves to a healthier hue,
Till the scant years of youth's once ample dower
Requicken with late fruitage rare to view;
Yea, He must shape thee by thine own heart's power,
And fashion all this ruined life anew.
(402)

CHRIST THE LAMB

The figure of a lamb slain dominates the whole aspect of the religion of redemption. Nature and grace seem to blend in harmonious echoes of this ideal presentation.

High up on the old German church of Werden is carved the image of a lamb, concerning which the villagers tell this story. Many years ago, a mason was at work on the portion of wall where now this figure stands, when the cord by which his plank seat was suspended snapt, and he was hurled down to what seemed instant death, for masses of rough stone lay thick on the ground below, the building being under repair. He arose unhurt, for there among the stone-heaps a little lamb had been nibbling at scanty tufts of herbage, and on this animal he had fallen safe and softly, while the lamb lay crusht to death. The man so strangely saved had the monument erected in grateful, lasting memory of his deliverance from a cruel death, and of the innocent creature to whom he owed it. (Text.)
(403)

CHRIST THE LEADER

Mrs. A. E. Hawkins sings of "The March of Life" in these lines:

Sometimes the order comes to "Forward march!"
And falling into line my step I keep
Beside my comrades, o'er the toilsome road,
Nor think of rest or sleep.

Then suddenly the order comes to "Halt!"
And steadily I plant my feet and stand,
I know not why or wherefore—I can trust
The Captain in command.

. . . .

But suddenly the bugle sounds, "To arms!"
I gird my armor on, and join the fray,
Following my Leader through the battle-smoke
Until we win the day.

For well I know that, march and battle o'er,
Will come the great Commander's grand review,
And then the lights of home, and the reunion
Of loyal hearts and true. (404)

CHRIST THE LIGHT

In the life story of Helen Keller, a picture of the governess and her famous pupil is shown with the blind girl leaning her head on her teacher's shoulder. This is a fair representation of the way in which life with its deeper and hidden meaning unfolded itself to the child. She drew so near to her teacher that her hand could touch eye, ear and lip. Before her teacher came to her, existence seemed like a dense fog and a great darkness, while her very soul cried out, Light, light! But when her education began, the way grew clearer and the truth plain as the "light of the teacher's love shone upon her."

There are men who are spiritually blind. They are shipwrecked mariners at sea in a dense fog. They are without compass and have nothing stable from which they can take their bearings. But when Christ comes into their lives their heart-cry for light is answered. (Text.) (405)

CHRIST, THE REJECTED

At the exhibition of the Royal Academy, in London, the great canvas by Sigismund Goetze, entitled "Despised and Rejected of Men," has created an artistic sensation. It is declared to be a "powerful and terribly realistic presentment of Christ" in a modern setting, and is described by a writer in *The Christian Commonwealth* (London), as follows:

In the center of the canvas is the Christ, standing on a pedestal, bound with ropes, while on either side passes the heedless crowd. A prominent figure is a richly vested priest, proudly conscious of the perfection of the ritual with which he is starving his higher life. Over the shoulder of the priest looks a stern-faced divine of a very different type. Bible in hand, he turns to look at the divine figure, but the onlooker is conscious that this stern preacher of the letter of the gospel has missed its spirit, and is as far astray as the priest whose ceremonial is to him anathema. The startled look on the face of the hospital nurse in the foreground is very realistic; so is the absorption of the man of science, so intent on the contents of his test-tube that he had not a glance for the Christ at his side. One of the most striking figures is that of the thoughtless beauty hurrying from one scene of pleasure to another; and spurning the sweet-faced little ragged child who is offering a bunch of violets. In rejecting the plea of the child we know that the proud woman is rejecting the Christ who has identified himself forever with the least of these little ones. The only person in the whole picture who has found time to pause is the mother seated on the steps of the pedestal with her baby in her arms, and we can not but feel that when she has ministered to the wants of her child she will spare a moment for the lover of little children who is so close to her. In the background stands an angel with bowed head, holding the cup which the world He loved to the death is still compelling the Christ to drink, while a cloud of angel faces look down upon the scene with wonder. As the visitor turns away he is haunted with the music of Stainer's "Crucifixion," "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" (Text.) (406)

CHRIST, THE SEARCHING

A pastor tells of a talk he once had with an artist over the unsatisfactoriness of the pictured faces of Christ. In reply, the artist took up a crayon and rapidly sketched the picture of a woman with a broom in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, and a look of intense anxiety on her face.

"It is a fine representation of the woman seeking for the lost bit of silver," said the pastor.

"You do not understand my picture," was the quick response. "That is my conception of the Christ."

Ah, what a conception! A searching Christ! Seeking in dark, dusty corners for His own!—Sophie B. Titterington. (407)

Christ Transforming — See Changes Wrought by Christ.

CHRIST UNAVOIDABLE

A learned native of Saxony all his life long has attacked Jesus and His gospel. But in his old days he doubted if he had been right, and yet fought against his doubts and against Christ. Often he would stop before a picture of Jesus, and say, "After all, thou wast only a man!" Then, "What dost thou say? that thou camest from above? How terribly thou eyest me! oh, thou art dreadful! But thou art only a man, after all." He would go away, then with faltering step return and cry out, "What! art thou in reality the Son of God?" That scene was often renewed until the unhappy man, struck by paralysis, died. (Text.) (408)

CHRIST, UNION WITH

Christ is necessary to the Christian, but is not the obverse true also. If both are bound up in the same life, can one be injured without suffering to the other? This is the lesson which a recent writer finds taught by the ivy:

Some of the creeping plants, it is said, such as the ivy, entwine themselves so intimately with the masonry to which they cling that it would be unsafe to try to remove them—the building would be injured by their being torn away. And so our Lord Christ, with reverence, be it said, can not endure the loss of one of His members: He would be injured, mutilated, by only one of them being taken away, so close is the union between Him and them. (Text.) (409)

CHRIST'S EFFECT ON BARABBAS

A picture that may not be all imaginary is given by Margaret Ashmun in this poem from *The New England Magazine:*

And they released Barabbas, and he went
Forth from his dungeon, joying in the grace
Of life regained; yet, as he passed, a face
Shone out from the dim corridor, and bent
Its gaze upon him; questioning, intent.
He knew that brow where anguish had its place,
Those lips prophetic, sealed now for a space,
Those eyes, deep-welled with awful, still content.
The robber paused to marvel at the Man
Whose death should serve for his; nor spoke aloud
The foul jest in his throat. He stayed to scan
Once more that visage calm; then, trembling, bowed
With fear and harsh soul-harrowing grief, he ran
And hid himself, sick-hearted, in the crowd.
(410)

CHRIST'S FACE

The hymn beginning:

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head,

was written by Zinzendorf, whose culture and piety appear so conspicuously in the more than two thousand hymns which came from his pen. It was suggested by a picture in the Düseldorf Gallery, "Ecce Homo," representing Jesus crowned with thorns. From the pathetic face above he turned to the legend beneath: "All this I have done for thee; what hast thou for me?" The vision and the question led him to adopt for his life motto: "I have but one passion, and that is He, and only He." (Text.) (411)

Christ's Fulness—See Fulness, Christ's.

CHRIST'S LOVE

Cyrus, the Persian, loved Lysander, one of his great generals, so much that, it is said, he exprest his readiness to melt down his throne of massive gold and give it to him.

But Christ, our King, left His throne for the love of the humblest soul. (Text.) (412)

Christian Currents—See Currents of Life.

Christian Experience—See Paradox.

CHRISTIAN FULNESS

A Christian is an unfailing spiritual Niagara, not a cow-track pool to be drunk dry by a thirsty sunbeam.—F. F. Shannon. (413)

CHRISTIAN HONESTY

A Chinese Christian ferryman, poor in money but rich in faith, one night ferried a man over the river. After throwing the cash for his fare into the bottom of the boat, the passenger departed hurriedly. The Christian went to pick up the money and found a magnificent pair of gold bracelets which the man had dropt. He tied up his boat and tried to find his passenger, but he was lost in the crowd. According to the Chinese law, he could keep the bracelets, but he did not feel comfortable in doing this. He went to the preacher and together they took the bracelets to the mandarin, and later it was found that a wealthy Chinese had been robbed and the man who dropt the bracelets was a thief. The owner received them very thankfully and gave the mandarin a small reward for the finder. The incident imprest the official very much. "I have never seen or heard anything like this," he said. "Your religion must be a true religion and your God a loving God, thus to influence a poor man to give up wealth for conscience sake." He praised the boatman, who went to his poor, damp, mud hut on the bank of the river with a contented mind. (414)

CHRISTIAN SPIRIT, THE

The King of Italy displayed a truly royal spirit when he went to the earthquake region at Messina and Reggio, and personally assisted the sufferers. An account in the press says of this:

The King has made himself dear to all his subjects, especially to those in the earthquake zone, by his prompt and personal aid in times of disaster. This makes plausible a story told by his companions to-day, who say that as the royal pair and the crowd surrounding them made their way through the ruins a man pinned under a great block of stone and supposed to be dead raised his head, repeated the cries of acclaim and dropt back dead. (Text.) (415)

Christian, The, and Christ—See Christ, Union with.

Christian Travelers in Foreign Lands—See Sunday Desecration by Christians.

CHRISTIAN UNITY

The Rev. John Fawcett, D.D., wrote the hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds"—perhaps the noblest hymnic expression of Christian brotherhood; and the author is himself one of the best examples of its sentiment. Brought to God by the Methodists, under the ministry of Whitefield, he joined that body, and became later pastor of a Baptist church in Bradford, England, and finally was settled at Wainsgate. Receiving a call to succeed the celebrated Dr. Gill in London, he had his goods packed ready for removal, when his loving people gathered, weeping, to say farewell, which so touched him and his good wife that he said, "I will stay; you may unpack my goods, and we will live for the Lord lovingly together." This experience, it was, which led the author to compose the now popular hymn. (Text.) (416)

CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION

In Livingstonia, an industrial mission in Africa, an engineering feat was accomplished in bringing a supply of pure water a distance of three miles across a valley 300 feet deep. The natives did not believe the water could possibly travel. They thought the Europeans were deceiving them when they talked of water running down one hill and up another. The two or three preliminary tests did not succeed, and this increased the natives' incredulity. But one afternoon in January, 1904, a nozzle was screwed on to a hydrant, and the engineering staff awaited results with certainty. The screw was turned and, true enough, the water had climbed over the hill, for a jet of it rose in the air amid cheers. Think of the enormous benefit Christian civilization is in the dark places of the earth. (Text.) (417)

Christianity and Survival—See Social Strength.

CHRISTIANITY AS A CIVILIZER

James Chalmers, the martyred missionary of New Guinea, said:

I have had twenty-one years' experience among the South Sea Islanders, and for at least nine years of my life I have lived with the savages of New Guinea. I have seen the semi-civilized and the uncivilized; I have lived with the Christian native, and I have lived, dined and slept with the cannibal. But I have never yet met a single man or woman, or a single people, that your civilization without Christianity has civilized. Wherever there has been the slightest spark of civilized life in the Southern Seas, it has been because the gospel has been preached there; and wherever you find in the island of New Guinea a friendly people, or a people that will welcome you, there the missionaries of the cross have been preaching Christ. (Text.) —*Missionary Review of the World.* (418)

CHRISTIANITY, CRITICISM OF

There is a humorous poem by John Godfrey Saxe about the four blind Hindus who went to see an elephant. They could not see the elephant, but they told what they had seen. One happened to lean against the elephant and declared it was much like a wall. Another got hold of his tail and described him as being like a rope. Another got his trunk and said he was like a serpent, and the fourth ran against his tusk and said he was shaped very much like a spear. The fact is that they had not seen the elephant at all.

So there are objectors who have never seen Christianity at all. They have seen mere fragments. Their criticism is correspondingly worthless. (419)

CHRISTIANITY, EARLY INFLUENCE OF

Let the temperature of a lake fall to the freezing-point; apply a piece of ice to it and see the radiating lines of crystallization shoot singing from that center of force in all directions, while other rays start from their thousand nodes of maximum intensity, until the whole surface of the water becomes a solid sheet of ice. Just so the Roman empires, east and west, were subjected to a superficial crystallization of Christianity started in Judea by Jesus Christ.—J. P. Lesley, *The Forum.* (420)

CHRISTIANITY, EFFECT OF

The thoroughgoing effect of the Christian religion upon a black chief of Africa is seen in the following account:

When, after many provocations, the crisis came, and notwithstanding oft-repeated warnings, there was drunken violence and uproar, the good Khama wore a stern face which always meant fixt purpose. He went and saw with his own eyes how his laws were trampled on, and then he said: "You despise my laws because I am a black man. Well, if I am black, I am chief of my own country, and I rule here and shall maintain my laws. Go back to your own country. Take all that is yours, and go. If there is any other white man who does not like my laws, let him go, too. I am trying to lead my people to act according to the Word of God, which we have received from you white people, and you, white people, show them an example of wickedness such as we never knew. You know that some of my own brothers have learned to like the drink, and that I do not want them even to see it that they may forget the habit; and yet you not only bring it and offer it to them, but try to tempt me with it. I make an end of it to-day. Go, leave my town, and never come back!"—Pierson, "The Miracles of Missions." (421)

Christianity in the Home—See Family Religion.

CHRISTIANITY INVINCIBLE

In a sawmill in Canada, while the head sawyer was eating his dinner, a big bear came and sat on the log ready for sawing, and began to eat the sawyer's dinner. As the log moved up the saw gave him a slight rub; he growled and went on eating. Presently the saw gave him another dig and he turned round and hugged it, and there was a bear sawed in two.

This reminds us of the enemies of Christ trying to stop the work He came to do. He uttered truths which cut them, but they continued in their opposition. They have gone to their own place, but the gracious work of Christ continues. (Text.) (422)

Christianity, Moral—See MORAL SATISFACTION.

CHRISTIANITY, PRACTICAL PROOF OF

An unbeliever confronted a converted Fiji cannibal chief, saying, "You are a great chief, and it is really a pity that you have been so foolish as to listen to the missionaries. Nobody believes any longer in that old book called the Bible, or in that story of Jesus Christ. They have all learned better, and I am sorry for you that you have been so foolish as to take it in."

The chief's eyes flashed as he said: "Do you see that great stone over there? On that stone we smashed the heads of our victims to death. Do you see that native oven yonder? In that oven we roasted the human bodies for our great feasts. Now, if it hadn't been for the good missionaries, and that old book and the love of Jesus Christ, which has changed us from savages into God's children, you would never leave this spot. You have to thank God for the gospel, for without it we should have killed you, and roasted you in yonder oven, and have feasted upon you in no time." (423)

Christianity, Reasonable—See REASONABLE RELIGION.

CHRISTIANITY SHAMED

Vessels from Christian lands that touched at the Hawaiian group first introduced there the damnable liquid fires of alcohol, and their licentious crews first made the harbors of Hawaii the hells of the most abandoned and shameless vice. Sin was literally bringing forth death.—PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions." (424)

CHRISTIANITY, SOCIAL

Civilized man must often go a great distance for many of the things he needs. His wants are too diversified to be met within the small radius of his immediate dwelling-place. As heat and sunshine are unequally distributed over the earth, they produce differences of climate and consequently many varieties of vegetation. There is wheat in the temperate zones, cotton and rubber-plants of warmer regions. Some sections are also far poorer in useful rocks and minerals than others. Thus Holland has no building stone. Switzerland no coal and the United States much less sulfur than it needs. There must be a constant interchange of productions that each nation have its needs supplied.

Paul tells us that each man is the recipient of spiritual gifts differing in kind and degree from that of another. But it is all of the same spirit and all are members of one body. The Christianity of the future will be a brotherhood; it will be social. (Text.) (425)

CHRISTIANITY SUCCEEDING BARBARISM

Geologists say that the Bay of Naples is in reality the crater of an extinct volcano. In the cycles of ages past it was a great, deep, roaring pit of fire and burning lava. The fires subsided and the lava ceased to flow. The great sea overflowed it and now the calm waters smile back in sunshine by day and in starlight at evening. Christianity is a great calm sea that is gradually quenching and covering the old volcanoes and roaring pits of barbarism. (Text.) (426)

CHRISTIANITY, SUCCESS OF

Admiral Prevost gives this picture of the change wrought in the British Columbia tribes by the Metlakahtla Mission:

Peter Simpson had been chief of a cannibal tribe. Canoes were all drawn up on the beach on the Lord's day, and not a sound was heard, save the hurrying of the whole population to the house of prayer. The admiral watched the incoming of throngs—here a notorious gambler, there a reclaimed drunkard, a lecherous leper, a defiant thief, a widow snatched from the jaws of infamy, a murderer who had first slain and then burned his own wife—all converts to Christ and children of God.—PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions." (427)

Christianity, Successful—See CHURCH, SUCCESS OF.

CHRISTIANITY SUPERIOR

Every strong man wants to know what his opponent can say. He covets criticism, asks for investigation, welcomes analysis and contrast. Christianity has won its greatest victory through comparative religion. If you can only get the man with an ox-cart to put his vehicle beside the new locomotive; if you can only get the tallow candle and the gas flame into contrast with the electric light; if you can only get Buddha and Confucius side by side with Jesus—that is all that can be asked. The stickler for a little fire and a tallow candle will have nothing to say after you open the curtain and let the sunshine in. —N. D. HILLIS. (428)

Christianity Traversing Heathenism—See OPPORTUNITY IN THE ORIENT.

Christianity Vindicated—See TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY.

Christians, Dyspeptic—See FOOD AND EXERCISE.

CHRISTMAS

What angels sang on that first Christmas morn,
"Good will to men," "The Prince of Peace is born,"
Breaks once again in benediction clear,
Sure song of God, the climax of the year.

Round, round the earth the blessed measures run,
Strife sheathes the sword, a thousand think as one,
Babes leap for joy, December hearts aglow
Burn with the hopes they burned with long ago.

Strain urges strain, benevolence is sped,
Dives relents and Lazarus is fed.
Mirth makes a laugh where sorrow made a sigh,
Heart wakes to heart—the Seraphim are nigh.

"Good will and peace," the song is on the air,
"Good will and peace," I hear it everywhere—
"Peace on the earth," in purposes divine,
"Good will to men"—and a good will to mine.

Oh, friend unseen, no gift is in my power;
Gold would be dross in this triumphant hour.
Take, then, the strain the angels sing to me,
"Good will and peace," I send it all to thee.
—L. O. WILLIAMS. (429)

Scattered snow along the hillside, white as springtime fleeces are,
With the whiter wings above them and the glory-streaming star—
Guiding-star across the housetops; never fear the shepherd's felt
Till they found the Babe in manger, where the kindly cattle knelt.

Oh, the shepherds in Judea!—
Do you think the shepherds know
How the whole round earth is brightened
In the ruddy Christmas glow?

How the sighs are lost in laughter, and the laughter brings the tears,
As the thoughts of men go seeking back across the darkling years,
Till they find the wayside stable that the star-led wise men found,
With the shepherds, mute, adoring, and the glory shining round!
—MARY AUSTIN. (430)

CHRISTMAS ABSURDLY OBSERVED

There is danger, unless a discriminating intelligence preside, of carrying otherwise proper observances to absurd lengths as shown in a recent occurrence in Rochester:

A unique Christmas party was given Christmas eve by Mrs. Louis E. Fuller, organist at Brick Church, at her home, No. 105 South Fitzhugh Street. The novel part of the affair was that it was given for Mrs. Fuller's two pet cats, Limit and Sir Gobelin, and the five dinner guests were all cat-lovers, and each guest who came brought a gift for the two cats of their hostess. The presents were adapted to the amusement and decorative side of the cats' lives. There were dainty ribbon collars with great satin bows, cunning little packages of catnip wrapt in tissue-paper and tied with ribbon, balls galore, tiny mechanical mice and teddy bears. The invitations were sent out in the name of the cats, and the place-cards were tiny cats, which served as souvenirs, being made of phosphorus and suitable for scratching matches. There was a Christmas tree, on which the gifts were hung. (431)

CHRISTMAS STAR, THE

There once lived a family in the South whose rigid rule sent the children to bed at sundown and made them rise after daylight. One of the boys grew to the age of seven years before he ever saw the stars, and when he was carried out one dark night and caught his first glimpse of the glorious constellations, he exclaimed rapturously to his mother: "Look! Look! Did you ever see anything so beautiful?"

The return of Christmas brings into view the Star of Bethlehem. How many human eyes have never yet seen this Star! (432)

Church and Business Men—See BUSINESS MEN IN CHURCH.

Church and Working Men—See CHRIST APPROVED.

Church Cheer—See SUNSHINE IN THE CHURCH.

CHURCH, DEADNESS OF THE

Perhaps nothing is more common than a profession of spiritual life with very feeble evidence of its existence.

A preacher visiting an infirmary, guided through the institution by a member of the medical staff, described various cases as the two passed along: "Anemic condition," "creeping paralysis," "nervous dyspepsia," "locomotor ataxia," etc. Having passed through all the wards, the minister said, "I have known a church with just such people in it. It took six hundred members a whole year to bring eleven souls to confess Christ. The prayer-meeting was affected by creeping paralysis and four-fifths of the men seemed to be suffering from locomotor ataxia of the soul." The doctor replied, "And I one day remember seeing a very beautiful engine at an exhibition, but it was on a table, not on rails. It was only four feet long and about two feet high, and when I asked the man in charge what it was for he said it was not for use in any way, but was simply on exhibition. And," added the doctor, "I have seen ministers and churches just like that." (Text.) (433)

Church-going Enforced—See WORSHIP, ENFORCED.

CHURCH, GUIDANCE FOR THE

There are no wrecks among the golden ships of the heavens, for a master hand keeps the movements of the fixt spheres in unison. An effort is being made to have unison among the movements of all ships at sea. The proposal is that the Eiffel tower be equipped with a wireless apparatus, powerful enough to send Hertzian waves completely round the world, that ships may not be wrecked by being confused as to the longitude. It is said that all ships in communication with Eiffel tower will harmonize in their movements. Noon and midnight will be indicated by a prearranged signal.

The Church is a ship of state with its members as the crew. Each church is commanded to keep in constant and direct communication with the great Head of the Church, the high tower of righteousness. (Text.) (434)

Church Hospitality—See HOSPITALITY IN CHURCH.

CHURCH INDISPENSABLE

A man in his Gethsemane utters words that burn themselves into your memory in letters of fire. The personal experiences of one's friends are sacred; sacred forever the events of the household, when grief and repentance lay healing hands like angels upon a broken life. But recently I saw with mine own eyes, and heard with mine own ears, and received a charge. The house was a mansion on an avenue, and the man was approaching threescore years and ten. Beside us was the coffin of his dead daughter. On the other side sat his chum, his closest friend. Suddenly the sorrowing man broke into speech, and this was the substance of his soliloquy: "There is nothing in these things. You and I have been living for a good time and success. We have gotten everything we could during the week. We have been good poker-players on Saturday night, we have spent our Sundays in the automobile and driving, and in social pleasures. We have put the club and the bank first, and my son has disgraced me with his shameless marriage, and my daughter is dead. I tell you," he said, using his friend's name, "there is only one place in which to bring up a family, and that is the Christian Church. There is only one way to use Sunday for children, and that is to take them to church. What with money, and wine, and poker, and pleasure, all day Sunday, and parties all Sunday night, my family has been ruined. People don't know what the result of this kind of living will be until the end comes, but I know."—N. D. Hillis. (435)

CHURCH, JOINING THE

A physician meeting an evangelist said to him:

"I believe in religion as much as you do, and I accept Christ as my Savior, but I will never join any church."

"Doctor, you are pension examiner." "Yes." "How many applicants for pensions have you examined?" "I do not know, but hundreds." "Doctor, how many of these received a pension who had never joined the army?" "Not one, not one. My wife and I will unite with the Presbyterian Church."

They did. This man, seventy odd years old, who had never been at church once, became a devout Christian and died in the faith. (Text.) (436)

CHURCH, LIGHT AND STRENGTH

Persia has well been called the land of "the Lion and the Sun." The symbol of "the Lion and the Sun" originated in the days when the Zoroastrians were the inhabitants of the land. The sun, being the emblem of the fire-worshipers, was taken as their national badge. The lion was added later because Ali, the grandson of Mohammed, was called the "Lion of God." The woman's face in the sun was inserted some years later by one of the Persian kings as a tribute to his favorite wife.

What is the Church but the land of the Lion and the Sun, the Lion of Judah; the Sun of righteousness? What is its content but the bride of Christ? (437)

Church, Loyalty to—See Loyalty to the Church.

CHURCH-MEMBERS, WORKING

Henry Ward Beecher was once about to take a ride behind a horse which he had hired from a livery stable. He regarded the horse admiringly, and remarked: "That is a fine-looking animal. Is he as good as he looks?" The owner replied: "Mr. Beecher, that horse will work in any place you put him, and do all that any horse can do." The preacher eyed the horse still more admiringly, and then remarked: "I wish to goodness he was a member of my church!" (Text.) —Louis Albert Banks. (438)

CHURCH-MEMBERSHIP

It is not enough to say that you can be a Christian outside of the Church; an occasional boy can be a scholar without going to school; an occasional vine can grow in a lane instead of a vineyard, and an occasional newsboy can sleep in a barrel, and survive, instead of a home. But don't stand outside of the Church and then crawl out of your barrel, and later on ask for all the privileges of the household. Some men watched the great parade in 1865, and regretted that they had not been in the ranks for the grand review. And if you come to the end of your career, never having shown your colors nor had a part in the fight, you will never cease to feel the regret that you did not die on the battle-field, and were not carried home like the heroes upon their shield.—N. D. Hillis. (439)

CHURCH, MISSION OF

In a sermon by Dr. James I. Vance in *The Christian Observer*, on "The Harbor-light on the Church Spire," he points out the mission of the Church. He gives this as an illustration:

Recently, while on a visit to the old historic, picturesque city of Charleston, on a Saturday afternoon, I was taken for a sail around the harbor and a short distance out to sea. A friend took me to the forward deck and pointing to a light that glowed above the city in the distance, said: "That light is in the spire of St. Philip's church. It is the harbor-light of Charleston. The channel here is an eddy channel, deep but narrow, and every vessel that enters this harbor must steer by the light in St. Philip's spire."

As I stood there in the deepening shadows, I began to think of the many vessels, great and small, which through the long years, had entered the port. Merchantmen and men-of-war, freighters and pleasure-boats, yachts and schooners and excursion steamers, ships of adventure and of exploration, rakish blockaders, boats stript to their decks, grim and threatening, with all the paraphernalia and munitions of war; and ships gay, with bunting flying, with music and laughter resounding, and with decks crowded with merry throngs of pleasure-seekers. For all, the light in the church spire shone to show them a safe port and to guide the ship to its desired haven.

It seemed to me to tell the story of what the Church is for, to answer, in part at least, the question why Christ wanted a church. The light shining over Charleston harbor from St Philip's spire, and far out to sea, is a picture of the mission of every church in the world.

The mission of the Church is to shine the harbor-light. It is to illuminate the darkness and, through the gathering gloom, to point the true way. It is to show voyagers on the sea of life how to reach the true haven. It is to tell wanderers how to find their Father's house. It is to guide the soul to God. It is to shine out the harbor-light, so that souls in the offing may reach, in safety, life's true destination. (Text.) (440)

CHURCH, NEED OF THE

A message in the form of a letter from Monsignor Bonomelli was read to the delegates attending the World Missionary Conference, held in Edinburgh, June, 1910, part of which reads:

All of you feel the need of a church, which may be the outward manifestation of your faith and religious feeling, the vigilant custodian now and here of Christian doctrine and tradition. It sustains and keeps alive religion and individual activity, in virtue of that strong power of suggestion, which collectively always exercises on the individual.

"Sir," exclaims Johnson, "it is a very dangerous thing for a man not to belong to any church!"

And this is true. How many of us would fall a thousand times were it not for this support!

From the various churches and religious denominations, into which you Christians are divided, there arises a new unifying element, a noble aspiration, restraining too great impulsiveness, leveling dividing barriers, and working for the realization of the one holy church through all the children of redemption. (441)

Church, Obligations to the—See OBLIGATIONS TO THE CHURCH.

CHURCH ONLY A MEANS

A church is like the steps leading in to a beautiful mansion, but you do not sit down on the steps, you do not set up a tent on the steps, you do not live on the steps—the steps lift you to the level of the warm room, the blazing winter's fire, the bower of home that receives you out of the driving rain or pelting snow. All the ordinances of the Church are steps that lead to the house of character, adorned with all those rich treasures, named truth, gentleness, meekness and justice and sympathy. The Church is a hostelry in which man stops for a night on his journey home. The end of the Church is character. —N. D. HILLIS. (442)

CHURCH SERVICES

Dr. Donald Sage Mackay remarks on the effects on communities of neglect of church attendance:

One of the papers in New York has been making a personal examination into the political morals of a certain New England State. It has been alleged that politically that State is rotten, that its voters are regularly bought and sold at every election. A detailed description of each of the most corrupt towns in that State was given, and this was the appalling fact brought out: The worst towns (some of them with a few hundred inhabitants), where bribery was most persistent, where illegal liquor-selling was most rampant, where immorality was most flagrant, were those towns in which there was no resident minister and where no Christian service was regularly held. For instance, in one town known as "darkest Exeter," there were twenty years ago six churches; four of them are in ruins to-day, two are occasionally used, but there is no resident minister. The result is "darkest Exeter"—a New England farming town, once peopled by the sturdy sons of the Pilgrim, heir to all the noble qualities of a sturdy race.—"The Religion of the Threshold." (443)

CHURCH STATISTICS

The statistics and charts belonging with this illustration are taken from Bulletin 103 of the United States "Bureau of the Census" "representing conditions as near as may be, at the close of the year 1906."

The general order or rank of the principal religious bodies in 1906 with respect to organization is presented in Table No. 1. (See page 104.)

The distribution of religious organizations by principal families and separate denominations in 1906, in comparison with similar figures for 1890, is given in Table No. 2. (See page 105.)

The seating capacity of the churches is given in Tables No. 3 and No. 4. (See page 106.)

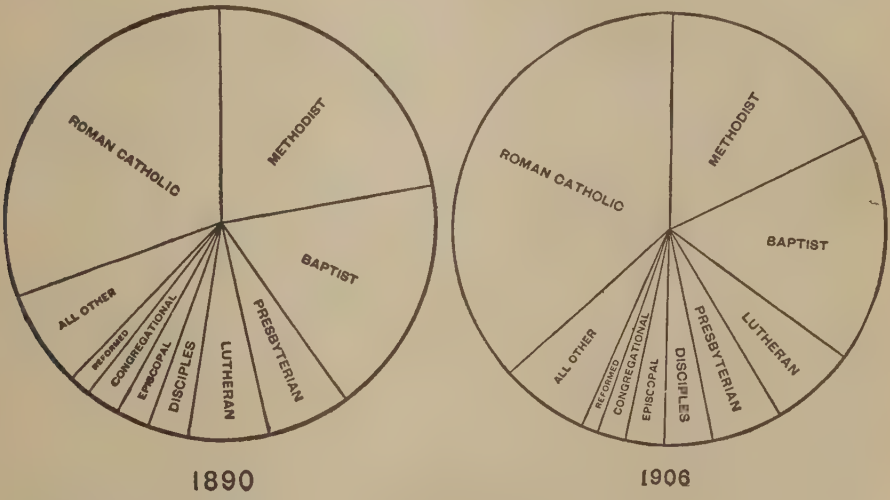


Diagram 1—Distribution of communicants or members, by principal families or denominations, for continental United States: 1890 and 1906.

The value of church property, with gains by decades is shown in Tables No. 5 and No. 6. (See pages 107-108.)

The charts here shown exhibit at a glance (1) the comparative strength of denominations or families for 1890 and 1906 and (2) the relative size of the church and the unchurched population.

[Note.—The designation "not church-members" in diagram 2, p. 104, represents the difference between the number reported as communicants or members and the total population; it embraces, therefore, children too young to become church-members, as well as that portion of the population which is eligible to church-membership, altho not affiliated with any religious denomination.]

Of the total estimated population of continental United States in 1906, 39.1 per cent., or not quite two-fifths, were reported as church-members. The corresponding percentage for 1890 was 32.7, or somewhat less than one-third, showing that the church has gained faster than the population 6.4 per cent. (444)

CHURCH, SUCCESS OF THE

Mr. Beecher arose in his pulpit Sunday after Sunday for forty years with the invariable fortune of looking at a crowded congregation, tho the most eloquent political orator in the country can not draw the same people to hear him five times in succession. A country town of 3,000 people will support from five to ten churches when it will hardly pay the rent of an amusement hall. For centuries, against intellectual doubt and the weakness of the flesh, the Christian religion has more than held its own in Europe and America, and while the theater could attract only by a continually changing appeal to curiosity, the church has retained its power with slight change and with only enough flexibility to adjust its forms of government to the character of different people. —Kansas City *Times*. (445)

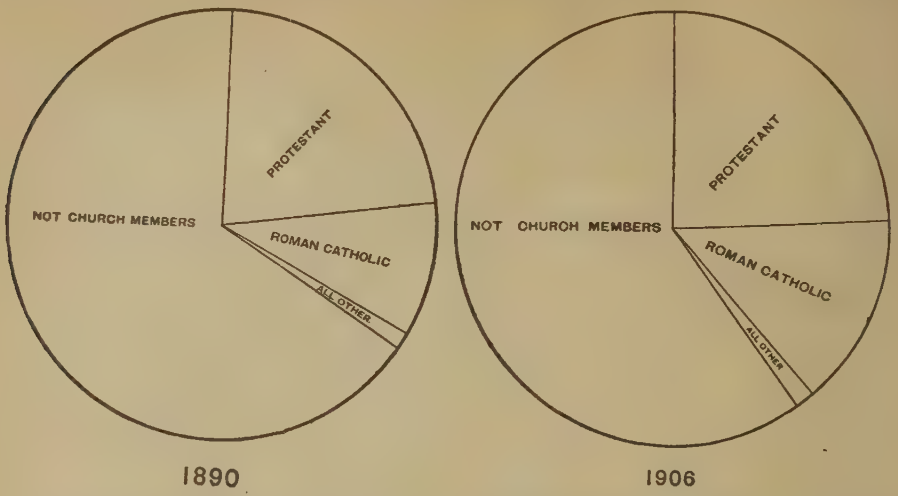


DIAGRAM 2—Proportion of the population reported as Protestant, Roman Catholic, and "all other" church-members, and proportion not reported as church-members, for continental United States: 1890 and 1906.

TABLE NO. 1—DENOMINATIONAL RANK. (See CHURCH STATISTICS.)

DENOMINATION	Number of organizations	Rank in number of organizations
Methodist bodies	64,701	1
Baptist bodies	54,880	2
Presbyterian bodies	15,506	3
Lutheran bodies	12,703	4
Roman Catholic Church . . .	12,482	5
Disciples or Christians	10,942	6
Protestant Episcopal Church .	6,845	7
Congregationalists	5,713	8
United Brethren bodies. . . .	4,304	9
Evangelical bodies	2,738	10
Reformed bodies.	2,585	11
Adventist bodies.	2,551	12
Jewish congregations	1,769	13
Christians (Christian Connection).	1,379	14
German Evangelical Synod of North America	1,205	15
Latter-day Saints.	1,184	16
Friends	1,147	17
Dunkers or German Baptist Brethren	1,097	18

CHURCH, THE

Harriet McEwen Kimball puts into verse a hopeful view of the triumph of the Church:

Be patient! bide His time who will not tarry;
A thousand years He measures as a day.
All human plans, since human, may miscarry;
His, never; keep His counsel, watch and pray.
Put up thy sword, He saith;
Be faithful unto death.

Since the first saints embraced His cross, and dying
No earthly triumph saw, yet were content,
On His dear Presence, tho unseen, relying,
His holy Church has walked the way He went;
Afflicted, destitute,
And sore from head to foot.

Thou yet shalt see her, all her trials ended,
Robed as in garments woven white of flame,
When He "by thousand thousand saints attended,"
Their lifted foreheads burning with His name,
Shall come to claim the rest
Who wait His advent blest.

She will be glorious; neither spot nor wrinkle
To mar the beauty of her holiness,
And all the nations which His blood shall sprinkle
The bride and bridegroom shall alike confess;
Forever one the twain;
Forevermore their reign! (Text.)
(446)

CHURCH, THE COUNTRY

J. S. Cheavens remembers the church in the country in a poem, of which a part is here given:

In pillar'd aisles of vast cathedrals old,
Ablaze with splendor, garish gilt and gold,
Where clouds of incense ever seemed to dwell,
And rhythmic waves of music rose and fell—
I've heard the priest, in pomp of vain attire,
Prate ancient prayers that did no soul inspire,
Nor reach God's ear. Religion's whited tomb,
Appalling in its cold sepulchral gloom!
How far removed by all vain rules of art,
Yet deep enshrined within my loyal heart,
Is that plain building, simple, unadorned,
Loved by a few, altho by many scorned—
Unknown by those who seek wealth, power or place,
But very dear to those who seek His face—
The Country Church! O holy, holy ground,
For there the Lord Himself is sought and found! (447)

CHURCH UNION

If this world is ever taken for God and its sins overthrown it will be by the marching of all the hosts of God in solid column to attack. The sixteen kinds of Methodists will come under one wing, the ten kinds of Bap-

TABLE No. 2—DISTRIBUTION BY FAMILIES AND DENOMINATIONS.
(See CHURCH STATISTICS.)

DENOMINATION	Number of bodies: 1906	RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS					
		Number		Per cent distribution		Increase from 1890 to 1906	
		1906	1890	1906	1890	Number	Per cent
All denominations	186	212,230	[1] 165,151	100.0	100.0	47,079	28.5
Protestant bodies	164	195,618	153,054	92,2	92.7	42,564	27.8
Adventist bodies	7	2,551	1,757	1.2	1.1	794	45.2
Baptist bodies	14	54,880	42,909	25.9	26.0	11,971	27.9
Christians (Christian Connection)	1	1,379	1,424	0.6	0.9	[2] 45	[2] 3.2
Church of Christ, Scientist	1	638	221	0.3	0.1	417	188.7
Congregationalist	1	5,713	4,868	2.7	2.9	845	17.4
Disciples or Christians	2	10,942	7,746	5.2	4.4	3,696	51.0
Dunkers or German Baptist Brethren	4	1,097	989	0.5	0.6	108	10.9
Evangelical bodies	2	2,738	2,310	1.3	1.4	428	18.5
Friends	4	1,147	1,056	0.5	0.6	91	8.6
German Evangelical Synod of N. A.	1	1,205	870	0.6	0.5	335	38.5
Independent churches	1	1,079	155	0.5	0.1	924	596.1
Lutheran bodies	24	12,703	8,595	6.0	5.2	4,108	47.8
Mennonite bodies	14	604	550	0.3	0.3	54	9.8
Methodist bodies	15	64,701	51,489	30.5	31.2	13,212	25.7
Presbyterian bodies	12	15,506	13,471	7.3	8.2	2,035	15.1
Protestant Episcopal Church	1	6,845	5,018	3.2	3.0	1,827	36.4
Reformed bodies	4	2,585	2,181	1.2	1.3	404	18.5
Unitarians	1	461	421	0.2	0.3	40	9.5
United Brethren bodies	2	4,304	4,526	2,0	2.7	[2] 222	[2] 4.9
Universalists	1	846	956	0.4	0.6	[2] 110	[2] 11.5
Other Protestant bodies	52	3,694	2,042	1.7	1.2	1,652	80.9
Roman Catholic Church	1	12,482	10,239	5.9	6.2	2,243	21.9
Jewish congregations	1	1,769	533	0.8	0.3	1,236	231.9
Latter-day Saints	2	1,184	856	0.6	0.5	328	38.3
Eastern Orthodox Churches	4	411	2	0.2	(3)	409	(4)
All other bodies	14	766	467	0.4	0.3	299	64.0

[1] Exclusive of 26 organizations in Alaska.
[2] Decrease.

Less than one-tenth of 1 per cent.
Per cent not shown where base is less than 100.

TABLE NO. 3—SEATING CAPACITY OF THE CHURCHES (less a percentage not reporting.)
(See CHURCH STATISTICS.)

DENOMINATION	ORGANIZATIONS REPORTING SEATING CAPACITY OF CHURCH EDIFICES: 1906		SEATING CAPACITY OF CHURCH EDIFICES REPORTED					
			Amount		Per cent distribution		Increase from 1890 to 1906	
	Number	Per ct. of total reporting church edifices	1906	1890	1906	1890	Amount	Per cent
All denominations	179,954	97.3	58,536,830	43,560,063	100.0	100.0	14,976,767	34.4
Protestant bodies	167,884	97.4	53,282,445	39,896,330	91.0	91.6	13,386,115	33.6
Adventist bodies	1,431	98.4	287,964	190,748	0.5	0.4	97,216	51.0
Baptist bodies	48,042	97.9	15,702,712	11,568,019	26.8	26.6	4,134,693	35.7
Christian (Christian Connection)	1,221	98.6	383,893	347,697	0.7	0.8	36,196	10.4
Church of Christ, Scientist	245	97.6	81,823	1,500	0.1	(1)	80,323	5,354.9
Congregationalists	5,244	98.1	1,794,997	1,553,080	3.1	3.6	241,917	15.6
Disciples or Christians	8,702	97.8	2,776,044	1,609,452	4.7	3.7	1,166,592	72.5
Dunkers or German Bapt. Brethren	969	98.8	508,374	414,036	0.9	1.0	94,338	22.8
Evangelical bodies	2,461	98.1	659,391	479,335	1.1	1.1	180,056	37.6
Friends	1,088	99.4	304,204	302,218	0.5	0.7	1,986	0.7
German Evangelical Synod of N. A.	1,131	99.6	380,465	245,781	0.6	0.6	134,684	54.8
Independent churches	741	94.3	213,096	39,345	0.4	0.1	173,751	441.6
Lutheran bodies	10,493	98.1	3,344,654	2,205,635	5.7	5.1	1,139,019	51.6
Mennonite bodies	497	99.8	171,381	129,340	0.3	0.3	42,041	32.5
Methodist bodies	56,577	96.1	17,053,392	12,863,178	29.1	29.5	4,190,214	32.6
Presbyterian bodies	13,942	99.0	4,892,819	4,037,550	8.4	9.3	855,269	21.2
Protestant Episcopal Church	5,960	99.4	1,675,750	1,336,752	2.9	3.1	338,998	25.4
Reformed bodies	2,472	99.7	990,654	825,931	1.7	1.9	164,723	19.9
Unitarians	401	98.5	159,917	165,090	0.3	0.4	[2]5,173	[2]3.1
United Brethren bodies	3,637	94.4	1,060,560	991,138	1.8	2.3	69,422	7.0
Universalists	718	93.5	220,222	244,615	0.4	0.6	[2]24,393	[2]10.0
Other Protestant bodies	1,912	97.6	620,133	345,890	1.1	0.8	274,243	79.3
Roman Catholic Church	10,303	95.8	4,494,377	3,370,482	7.7	7.7	1,123,895	33.3
Jewish congregations	717	95.2	364,701	139,234	0.6	0.3	225,467	161.9
Latter-day Saints	837	99.1	280,747	122,892	0.5	0.3	157,855	128.5
Eastern Orthodox Churches	75	89.3	38,995	325	0.1	(1)	38,670	11,898.5
All other bodies	138	69.0	75,565	30,800	0.1	0.1	44,765	145.3

[1] Less than one-tenth of 1 per cent. [2] Decrease.

tists must come under another wing, and the seven kinds of Presbyterians under still another wing. After all the branches of each denomination have united then the great denominations nearest of kin will unite, and this absorption shall go on until there shall be one great millennial church, divided only for convenience into geographical sections and as of old it was the "Church of Laodicea" and the "Church of Philadelphia," and the "Church of Thyatira," so it shall be the "Church of America" and the "Church of Europe," and the "Church of Asia," and the "Church of Africa," and the "Church of Australia." Of that world-wide Church there will be only one article of creed—Christ first, Christ last, and Christ forever. (Text.)—T. DEWITT TALMAGE, *Christian Union.* (448)

TABLE NO. 4—SEATING CAPACITY—GAIN BY DECADES. (See CHURCH STATISTICS.)

YEAR	Population	SEATING CAPACITY OF CHURCH EDIFICES	
		Amount	Per cent of population
1906	[1]84,246,252	58,536,830	69.5
1890	[2]62,947,714	43,560,063	69.2
1880	50,155,783	(3)	(3)
1870	38,558,371	[4]21,665,062	56.2
1860	31,443,321	[5]19,128,751	60.8
1850	23,191,876	[6]14,234,825	61.4

[1] Estimated.
[2] Includes the population of Indian Territory and Indian reservations.
[3] Not reported.
[4] Reported as "sittings."
[5] Reported as "accommodations."

CHURCHES AND THE CROWD

Jane Addams says that on a Sunday night in Chicago one-sixth of the entire population is packed into 466 places of entertainment. Churches? No — moving-picture shows! The churches on Sunday night in Chicago, and, we fear, in many other places, are not conspicuously crowded. The problem is this: If the Chicago churches had presented an up-to-date moving-picture show, instead of a sermon, would the crowd have followed the films? Inasmuch as the church admission is free and the theater admission is from five to twenty-five cents, it is a fair assumption that the churches would have been filled. Now, if the object of the Sunday-night service is primarily to reach the crowd on the street, and if, as has been shown, the moving-picture is a much more vivid and attractive way of reaching that crowd than is a sermon, why, in all seriousness, don't churches give us the thrilling stories of the Old Testament, its beautiful tales of the New Testament, and its modern illustrations of Christian heroism in this and other lands, in the up-to-date form—in moving pictures? They may answer that they can not get hold of the films and the machine, but this answer is not a good answer. Excellent sacred pictures are shown in the present professional entertainments, and many illustrations of modern heroism, self-sacrifice, and virtue are in every program. Moreover, a demand for films for church use would enlarge the supply. Moving-picture machines are not expensive and can be easily operated. You can do it in your church. Why don't you?—*Woman's Home Companion.* (449)

TABLE NO. 5—CHURCH PROPERTY. (See CHURCH STATISTICS.)

DENOMINATION	ORGANIZATIONS REPORTING VALUE OF CHURCH PROPERTY IN 1906		VALUE OF CHURCH PROPERTY REPORTED					
	Number	Per cent of total	Amount		Per cent distribution		Increase from 1890 to 1906	
			1906	1890	1906	1890	Amount	Per cent
All denominations	186,132	87.7	$1,257,575,867	$679,426,489	100.0	100.0	$578,149,378	85.1
Protestant bodies	173,902	89.9	935,942,578	549,695,707	74.4	80.9	386,246,871	70.3
Adventist bodies	1,492	58.5	2,425,209	1,236,345	0.2	0.2	1,188,864	96.2
Baptist bodies	49,339	89.9	139,842,656	82,328,123	11.1	12.1	57,514,533	69.9
Christians (Ch'tian Con'tion)	1,239	89.8	2,740,322	1,775,202	0.2	0.3	965,120	54.4
Church of Christ, Scientist	401	62.9	8,806,441	40,666	0.7	([1])	8,765,775	21,555.5
Congregationalists	5,366	93.9	63,240,305	43,335,437	5.0	6.4	19,904,868	45.9
Disciples or Christians	8,906	81.4	29,995,316	12,206,038	2.4	1.8	17,789,278	145.7
Dunkers or German Baptist Brethren	974	88.8	2,802,532	1,362,631	0.2	0.2	1,439,901	105.7
Evangelical bodies	2,515	91.9	8,999,979	4,785,680	0.7	0.7	4,214,299	48.1
Friends	1,097	95.6	3,857,451	4,541,334	0.3	0.7	[2]683,883	[2]15.1
German Evangelical Synod of North America	1,137	94.4	9,376,402	4,614,490	0.7	0.7	4,761,912	103.2
Independent churches	806	74.7	3,934,267	1,486,000	0.3	0.2	2,448,267	164.8
Lutheran bodies	10,779	84.9	74,826,389	35,060,354	6.0	5.2	39,766,035	113.4
Mennonite bodies	497	82.3	1,237,134	643,800	0.1	0.1	593,334	92.2
Methodist bodies	59,083	91.3	229,450,996	132,140,179	18.2	19.4	97,310,817	73.6
Presbyterian bodies	14,161	91.3	150,189,446	94,861,347	11.9	14.0	55,328,099	58.3
Protestant Episcopal Church	6,057	88.5	125,040,498	81,219,117	9.9	12.0	43,821,381	54.0
Reformed bodies	2,477	95.8	30,648,247	18,744,242	2.4	2.8	11,904,005	63.5
Unitarians	406	88.1	14,263,277	10,335,100	1.1	1.5	3,928,177	38.0
United Brethren bodies	3,839	89.2	9,073,791	4,937,583	0.7	0.7	4,136,208	83.8
Universalists	779	92.1	10,575,656	8,054,333	0.8	1.2	2,521,323	31.3
Other Protestant bodies	2,552	69.1	14,616,264	5,987,706	1.2	0.9	8,628,558	144.1
Roman Catholic Church	10,293	82.5	292,638,787	118,123,346	23.3	17.4	174,515,441	147.7
Jewish congregations	747	42.2	23,198,925	9,754,275	1.8	1.4	13,444,650	137.8
Latter-day Saints	909	76.8	3,168,548	1,051,791	0.3	0.2	2,116,757	201.3
Eastern Orthodox Churches	89	21.7	964,791	45,000	0.1	([1])	919,791	2,044.0
All other bodies	192	25.1	1,662,238	756,370	0.1	0.1	905,868	119.8

[1] Less than one-tenth of 1 per cent.

[2] Decrease.

CHURCHES, DEAD

There is a Scandinavian tradition which tells of seven parishes of the Northland that lie buried under snow and ice, but whose church-bells are heard ringing clearly.

May not churches ring their bells and maintain all the forms of life, and yet lie buried under the snow and ice of death? (Text.) (450)

TABLE NO. 6—CHURCH PROPERTY—GAIN BY DECADES. (See CHURCH STATISTICS.)

YEAR	VALUE OF CHURCH PROPERTY REPORTED	
	Amount	Per cent of increase over value at preceding census
1906	$1,257,575,867	85.1
1890	679,426,489	91.7
1870	354,483,581	106.5
1860	171,397,932	90.3
1850	87,328,801	. . . . .

CHURCHES, SELFISH

Most churches are religious cisterns instead of spiritual reservoirs. A cistern has all the trenches dug, the pipes laid, the roofs shaped to catch the showers of the favoring sky, and the water runs into it to be dipped out by the owner or occupant of the building, for the purpose of consumption. A reservoir has streams running into it, but all its trenches are dug and pipes laid in order that the water shall flow away from it, for the purpose of distribution.—THEODORE S. HENDERSON. (451)

CIGARET SMOKING

Cigaret smoking is the most dangerous form in which tobacco can be used, because combustion goes on so near the mouth that all the products of burning are drawn into the mouth without change and are absorbed by the blood-vessels and carried to the brain. In the pipe and cigar many of the products from burning are condensed in the stem of the pipe and body of the cigar, and never reach the mouth. In the cigaret these poison products, small in amount, are constantly taken by the blood-vessels of the mouth and affect the senses. The sight, the smell and the hearing are all diminished and enfeebled, later the power of reason and muscular control. No form of tobacco is so cumulative in its action as the products from cigaret smoking; the quantity is small, the absorption is more rapid, and the resistance by nature is less active. The cigaret-smoker is slowly and surely poisoning himself, and is largely unconscious of it. In the young the poisoning is very acute and active; in elderly persons it is less prominent, but that it is equally dangerous, in the effects on the nerves, on the brain and on the senses, enfeebling them and destroying their activity, is beyond all question. The pipe- or cigar-smoker may not seem much worse for his addiction, but the cigaret-smoker is always markedly damaged by it.—T. D. CROTHERS. (452)

CIRCULATION IMPEDED

The moral and spiritual circulation, the free action of life-forces in character, may be checked and impeded as well as the physical forces, as described below:

From the experiments of Scharling, Gerlach, and others, it has been shown that appreciable quantities of carbonic acid gas are hourly exhaled by the skin. If this process of cutaneous respiration is absolutely interrupted, as by covering the skin with varnish, death follows very soon, the heart and lungs becoming gorged with blood, as in ordinary cases of asphyxiation. In ignorance of this physiological fact, certain monks in the middle ages gilded the skin of a young lad who was to represent an angel (angels being understood, it would seem, to have golden skin); but he did not live through the performance of the "mystery" or "morality" in which he had to play his angelic part. Even if the body be inclosed, all but the head, in a water-proof covering, asphyxiation follows. Some, indeed, present themselves in public gatherings, not within the walls of lunatic asylums, either, with the respiratory, circulatory, and perspiratory organs manifestly obstructed, and, in fact, with the whole economy of the body from head to foot hampered obviously to the eye by powder, paint, enamel, corset, tight gloves, tight shoes, and goodness knows what other contrivances for checking all the processes and movements for whose perfect freedom of action nature has carefully provided. These may, perhaps, be best explained as cases of reversion to the ways of savage progenitors. —R. A. PROCTOR, *Syndicate Letter.* (453)

CIRCUMSTANCES

Circumstances mold character, but character masters circumstances. No true life anywhere needs despair because its surroundings are uncongenial or depressing. A writer finds this lesson in the first flowers of spring, of which he says:

> But among what uncongenial surroundings these new flowers have come! Gray, sunless skies, chilling winds, the frosts, the lingering traces of the snow—these are the things which the new flowers see with their opening eyes; courageous flowers indeed to creep forth into a wintry world like this!

If these flowers can brave the trials of the winds and cold and sullen sky, and still smile upon the sun, so can human lives, however bare and difficult their lot. (454)

CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND CONTROL

One of the strangest stories of false imprisonment comes from France. A woman was sentenced to imprisonment for life for having caused the death of her husband and brother. The three had lived together at Malaunay, near Rouen, in a cottage. The lower part of it was used as a shop. When the woman was sent to prison, other people occupied the shop, but the new tenants suffered, the man from fainting fits, his wife from nausea, from which she died. Another couple tried their fortune, but they, too, were overcome by the "spell of the accurst place," as they supposed. They were subject to fainting and loss of memory. At last a scientific examination of the premises was made. Then it was found that adjoining the shop was a lime-kiln. In a wall dividing it from the cottage were many fissures, so that whenever lime was burned monoxide of carbon escaped into the inn. This was the secret of the deaths for which the woman was suffering. She was brought out of prison after six years of servitude.

While we should not put the blame for our sins on circumstances, we should remember that much which we condemn as sin would, if we understood it, be excused as due to circumstances that involve no blame. (455)

Circumstances, Making the Best of—See Conservation of Remainders.

CIRCUMSTANCES, MASTERY BY

Genius levels mountains, spans rivers, causes wildernesses to blossom, links together with electric chains the ends of the earth. The gifted man cares not for difficulties; like a mountain torrent, he gains momentum from every obstacle; a master athlete, he throws the world. Masters of circumstance in many directions, but how soon we succumb to circumstance when it relates to character! He who is triumphantly strong in other directions is helpless here; he who heroically and magnificently succeeds in fortune ignobly fails in morals. He who successfully battles with circumstances to become a scholar is vanquished by fleshly desires; he who becomes rich in the teeth of circumstances is then mastered and degraded by his riches; he who surmounts circumstances to become great, immediately falls a victim to luxury and pride. Men make a grand fight with a circumstance in the kingdoms of nature and society, but a sorry fight with circumstances as these menace the kingdom of the spirit; they fail most where it is exactly most desirable that they should succeed.—W. L. Watkinson, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (456)

CIRCUMSTANCES NOT DECISIVE

The danger of circumstantial evidence is illustrated by the French trial of a maidservant for robbery of some forks from a citizen of Paris. At the trial the circumstances were so strong against her that she was found guilty, and was executed. Six months afterward the forks were found under an old roof, behind a heap of tiles, where a magpie used to go. When it was discovered that the innocent girl had been unjustly condemned, an annual mass was founded at St. John-en-Grese for the repose of her soul.—Croake James, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (457)

CIRCUMSTANCES, SUPERIORITY TO

R. H. Haweis tells the following of a celebrated violinist:

> Leghorn received him with open arms, altho his appearance was marked by an amusing contretemps. He came on to the stage limping, having run a nail into his heel. At all times odd-looking, he, no doubt,

looked all the more peculiar under these circumstances, and there was some tittering among the audience. Just as he began, the candles fell out of his desk—more laughter. He went on playing; the first string broke—more laughter. He played the rest of the concerto through on three strings, but the laughter now changed to vociferous applause at this feat. The beggarly elements seemed of little consequence to this magician. One or more strings, it was all the same to him; indeed, it is recorded that he seldom paused to mend his strings when they broke, which they not infrequently did. (458)

CIRCUMSTANCES, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF

A well-known lawyer related a good story about himself and his efforts to correct the manners of his office boy:

One morning not long ago, the young autocrat blew into the office, and, tossing his cap at a hook, exclaimed:

"Say, Mr. Blank, there's a ball-game down at the park to-day and I am going down."

Now, the attorney is not a hard-hearted man, and was willing the boy should go, but thought he would teach him a little lesson in good manners.

"Jimmie," he said, "that isn't the way to ask a favor. Now, you come over here and sit down, and I'll show you how to do it."

The boy took the office chair, and his employer picked up his cap and stept outside. He then opened the door softly, and holding the cap in his hand, said, quietly, to the small boy in the big chair:

"Please, sir, there is a ball-game at the park to-day; if you can spare me I would like to get away for the afternoon."

In a flash the boy responded:

"Why, certainly, Jimmie; and here is fifty cents to pay your way in." (Text.) (459)

CITIZENSHIP IN THE KINGDOM

In writing of the Polish women, one author tells how they perform a man's labor of sowing, tilling and reaping in the field. Their work is preferred to that of men because it is better and cheaper. They work for German land-owners and receive free transportation by the government. Altho they are said to frequently marry Germans, they do not lose their identity, nationality or character.

Every church-member should be a citizen of the kingdom of Heaven. He should make its interests his interests and identify himself so closely with Christ, and show forth His life so that all would know that his nationality was of heaven; and his character Christ-like. (Text.) (460)

CITY, A HOLY

It would not be expected anywhere that New York would be called a holy city, and yet that is what it was recently called by a convert in one of its mission halls. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* gives an account of a meeting he attended on a recent Sunday evening in a gospel mission hall at No. 330 Eighth Avenue. A man with a pronounced foreign accent told the story of his life at this meeting. At the age of eighteen, he said, shortly after his arrival at a German university, because of some fancied slight he was challenged to fight a duel with one of his fellow students. In self-defense he killed the man, and from that day had borne the sorrows of a homicide. Drink had the mastery over him and he was far gone in dissipation when he was shipped to Canada, where he still continued a life of dissipation. To improve his business chances he came to New York and took up residence in the Young Men's Christian Association Building in Twenty-third Street. Said the speaker: "A good many talk about the wickedness of New York. I call it a holy city, because in that little room, No. 653, in the Young Men's Christian Association Building, I lost the weight of sin which had been pressing my life out for years and entered a new life in which the past was blotted out." Several months have passed and the speaker has been led into new evidences of divine favor and usefulness. This case illustrates the familiar fact that one can find what he is looking for almost anywhere, especially in a large city. If he is looking for a saloon or any form of evil he will have little trouble in finding it, but if he wants to find a church or some form of good, it will be found near at hand. A holy man is holy anywhere, and to him even New York is a holy city.—*Presbyterian Banner.* (461)

City Children—See CHILDREN AND GARDENS.

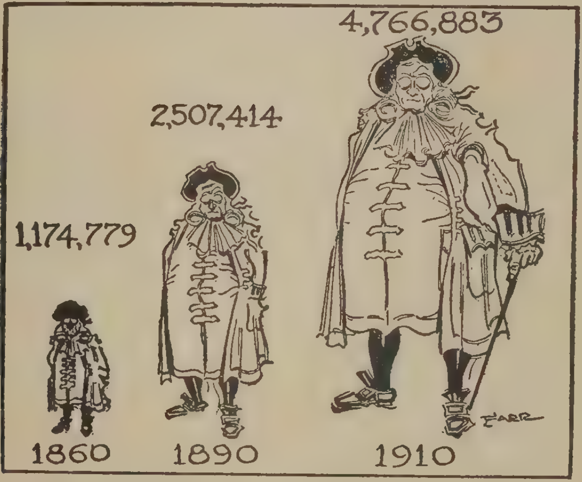
CITY, GROWTH OF A GREAT

The growth of population in the area now covered by Greater New York is shown thus in *The Tribune*:

1910	4,766,883
1900	3,437,202

1890	2,507,414
1880	1,911,698
1870	1,478,103
1860	1,174,779
1850	696,115
1840	391,114
1830	242,278
1820	152,056
1810	119,734
1800	79,216
1790	49,401

The following interesting figures are given by the Washington correspondent of *The Times*:



New York now has a population greater than many of the countries of the world. for instance, Australia in 1908 had within its borders 4,275,306 persons, exclusive of the aborigines, while Ireland (1909) had a population of 4,374,158. Bulgaria in 1908 showed a census return of 4,158,409, and Denmark and Greece, respectively, had 2,659,000 and 2,632,000 subjects of their kings. Norway in the same year was populated by 2,350,786 persons, and Switzerland by 3,559,000.

The figures in the cut above exhibit fifty years of New York's expansion.

The fifteen largest cities of the world, each having more than one million population are as follows:

London	7,537,196
New York	4,766,883
Paris	2,714,068
Tokyo	2,085,160
Berlin	2,040,148
Chicago	1,698,575
St. Petersburg	1,678,000
Vienna	1,674,957
Canton	1,600,000
Peking (estimated)	1,600,000
Moscow	1,359,254
Philadelphia	1,293,697
Constantinople (estimated)	1,125,000
Osaka	1,117,151
Calcutta and suburbs	1,026,987

(462)

Cities and Atmospheric Impurities—See Soot.

Cities Due to Discoveries—See Discovery, Benefits from.

City versus Country—See Society is Man's Place.

Civic Pride—See Children and Civic Service.

Civic Strength—See Greatness, True, of a City.

CIVICS

It is said that one day recently a committee from a certain college investigated the Jacob Riis Settlement on the East Side of New York and made the criticism that civics were not taught. "I'll show you how I teach them," said Riis. "I noticed that the Jews and Irish did not get on together, so

I had a straight talk with the leaders and told them they must do something. In a short time this notice appeared on the bulletin board: 'Come to the Meeting of the Young American Social and Political Club, Dennis O'Sullivan, President; Abraham Browsky, Vice-President.' That," answered Riis, "is my way of teaching civics." And it is a way we should not neglect to follow. (Text.)—*The American College.* (463)

Civilization—See Knowledge Values.

Civilization Advancing—See Advancement, Rapid.

CIVILIZED MAN AND SAVAGE

A savage who had been shipwrecked in a river may note certain things which serve him as signs of danger in the future. But civilized man deliberately makes such signs; he sets up in advance of wreckage warning buoys, and builds lighthouses where he sees signs that such events may occur. A savage reads weather signs with great expertness; civilized man institutes a weather service by which signs are artificially secured and information is distributed in advance of the appearance of any signs that could be detected without special methods. A savage finds his way skilfully through a wilderness by reading certain obscure indications; civilized man builds a highway which shows the road to all. The savage learns to detect the signs of fire and thereby to invent methods of producing flame; civilized man invents permanent conditions for producing light and heat just whenever they are needed.—John Dewey, "How We Think." (464)

CLAIM, GOD'S

When the late Earl Cairns was a little boy he heard three words which made a memorable impression upon him, "God claims you." Then came the question, "What am I going to do with the claim?" He answered, "I will own it, and give myself to God." He went home and told his mother, "God claims me." At school and college his motto was, "God claims me." As a member of Parliament, and ultimately as lord chancellor, it was still, "God claims me." When he was appointed lord chancellor he was teacher of a large Bible class, and his minister, thinking that now he would not have time to devote to that purpose, said to him, "I suppose you will now require to give up your class?" "No," was the reply, "I will not; God claims me." (Text.) (465)

Clamor versus Balance—See Confidence.

CLASSICS, STUDY OF

If I could have my way, every young man who is going to be a newspaper man, and who is not absolutely rebellious against it, should learn Greek and Latin after the good old fashion. I had rather take a young fellow who knows the Ajax of Sophocles, and who has read Tacitus, and can scan every ode of Horace; I would rather take him to report a prize-fight or a spelling-match, for instance, than to take one who has never had those advantages.—Charles A. Dana. (466)

CLEANLINESS

At Minot's Ledge lighthouse all "bright work" must be cleaned every morning—lens, lamps, etc. So also all inside copper pots and tin-pans. The inspector comes every three months unannounced, and is handed by the keeper a white linen towel or napkin, and he goes over these bright things. Then he enters the item in his diary: "Service napkin not soiled."

A man should live such a cleanly moral life that nothing around him can suffer pollution as he uses it. (Text.) (467)

Cleansing—See Purity of Associations.

Cleansing a Necessity—See Discipline from Change.

Cleansing by Agitation—See Discipline from Change.

CLEANSING, DIFFICULTY OF

It is impossible for the guilty soul to emancipate itself from the consciousness of sin. Dr. Seedham-Green, in his work on "The Sterilization of the Hands," proves the absolute impossibility of cleansing the hands from bacteria:

Simple washing with soap and hot water, with use of sand or marble dust, however energetically done, does not materially diminish the number of microbes; the mechanical purification is practically useless. Turpentine, benzoline, xylol, alcoholic disinfection, and various antiseptics equally fail to render the hands surgically clean. (Text.) (468)

CLEANSING THE FOUNTAIN

Sam P. Jones used to tell of a man down in the spring branch trying to clear the water, so that he could get a clear drink. This man was doing all he could to filter the water, when some friend called out to him: "Stranger, come up a little higher and run that hog out of that spring, and it will clear itself."

Unless life's sources are clean, it is of little use to labor with external conduct. (469)

Climates, Different—See Environment, Creating Our Own.

Climbing—See Aspiration; Steps Upward.

CLINGING BY FAITH

There is a little limpet that is found clinging to the rocks along the coast; if you crawl up stealthily and hit one a heavy blow, you may detach it; but after you have struck the rock it is almost impossible to loosen the grasp of another limpet. These little limpets are good for nothing but to cling; but they do that with an awful tenacity. That's what limpets are for—simply to cling. Oh, that we just knew how to cling to God by faith—nothing more, nothing less.—Bradford V. Bauder. (470)

CLUB WISDOM

Recently a traveler in Scotland, standing upon a mountain cliff overlooking the sea, found himself in great danger. It seems that the gardener desired to beautify even the steep cliffs and precipices. Loading his double-barreled shot-gun with seeds of flowers and vines, he fired the seeds up into the crevices of the rocks.

Not otherwise, for men and women who have a few moments for rest between hour, has life become dangerous. To-day, one can scarcely turn round the street corner without running into the president of some new culture club, who straightway empties into the victim two volleys of talk about some wisdom, old or new. The old shot-gun is less dangerous than the new club.—Newell Dwight Hillis. (471)

CLUES

Life would be simplified and made safe if men, like spiders, would always allow their life plans to be dominated by the clue that comes from above.

A great principle never forgotten by the spider is that she must always spin behind her a thread that will enable her to find again the points that she has left; this serves at once as her guiding thread for return, and as the road on which she travels. A consequence of this rule is that the starting-point, the center of the first operations, must be at the top of the web, and often higher still, so as to dominate the whole. From this point the explorer lets herself down, suspended from her inseparable thread, balances herself, and if she does not find the sought-for point, climbs back along the thread which she absorbs in ascending. (Text.)—Maurice Koechlin, *La Nature.* (472)

COCAINE RESTRICTIONS

One of the best laws ever enacted in New York State is the bill just signed by Governor Hughes which declares any person having cocaine upon his person, unless secured upon the prescription of a physician, and having a certificate from the druggist from whom he purchased the drug, guilty of a felony. This new law, which is directed against men who financially profit by the diseased appetites of victims of cocaine, will, according to health and police officials, sound the death-knell of the promiscuous sale of the most deadly of drugs. Chief Inspector Fuller, of the New York Health Department, says: "With this law on the statute-books I can promise that with the staff of inspectors I have at my disposal I will wipe out this most vicious evil. The jails are yawning for these criminals who are making fiends out of the New York boys and girls. This law will make possible the placing of those criminals behind the prison bars. Many a mother and sister will to-day rejoice, upon reading of this new law. It will perhaps mean the saving of their boy or girl from death itself. No one is more pleased with this law than myself and my inspectors, who have been fighting night and day to suppress the evil."—*Christian Work.* (473)

Cocksureness—See Self-centered.

COINCIDENCE

From Czenstochowa, the Mecca of Polish pilgrims, comes a story of coincidences. A pilgrim went to one of the priests and complained that some thief had stolen his purse while he was in church, and asked for money. The priest replied that he had no money and that the best thing for the pilgrim to do was to try to find the thief. "I shall go into the church and steal money from somebody else," said the pilgrim, "for I have nothing to go home with." He went into the church and seeing a man in the crowd with a wallet on his back slipt his hand into it and pulled out his own stolen purse, with the exact sum he had left in it. He was so glad to find his money that he hurried off to tell the priest and the thief got away. (474)

See CRIMINALS, TRACING.

COINCIDENCE AND SUPERSTITION

The German Emperor recently made an interesting presentation to the Hohenzollern Museum. It consists of the "death-dice," by the help of which one of the Emperor's ancestors decided a difficult case in the seventeenth century. How they came to be known as the "death-dice" is thus related by the London *Tatler:*

A beautiful young girl had been murdered, and suspicion fell on two soldiers, Ralph and Alfred, who were rival suitors for her hand. As both prisoners denied their guilt, and even torture failed to exact a confession from either, Prince Frederick William, the Kaiser's ancestor, decided to cut the Gordian knot with the dice-box. The two soldiers should throw for their lives, the loser to be executed as the murderer. The event was celebrated with great pomp and solemnity, and the Prince himself assisted at this appeal to divine intervention, as it was considered by everybody, including the accused themselves.

Ralph was given the first throw, and he threw sixes, the highest number, and no doubt felt jubilant. The dice-box was then given to Alfred, who fell on his knees and prayed aloud: "Almighty God, thou knowest I am innocent. Protect me, I beseech thee! Rising to his feet, he threw the dice with such force that one of them broke in two. The unbroken one showed six, the broken one also showed six on the larger portion, and the bit that had been split off showed one, giving a total of thirteen, or one more than the throw of Ralph. The whole audience thrilled with astonishment, while the Prince exclaimed, "God has spoken!" Ralph, regarding the miracle as a sign from heaven, confest his guilt, and was sentenced to death. (Text.) (475)

COINCIDENCE, REMARKABLE

Shortly after Robert Louis Stevenson published his curious psychological story of transformation, a friend of mine, called Mr. Hyde, was in the north of London, and being anxious to get to a railway station, he took what he thought was a short cut, lost his way and found himself in a network of mean, evil-looking streets. Feeling rather nervous he was walking extremely fast, when suddenly out of an archway ran a child right between his legs. The child fell on the pavement, he tript over it, and trampled upon it. Being, of course, very much frightened and not a little hurt, it began to scream, and in a few seconds the whole street was full of rough people who kept pouring out of the houses like ants. They surrounded him and asked him his name. He was just about to give it, when he suddenly remembered the opening incident of Mr. Stevenson's story. He was so filled with horror at having realized in his own person that terrible scene, and at having done accidentally what the Mr. Hyde of fiction had done with deliberate intent, that he ran away as fast as he could go. He was, however, very closely followed, and he finally took refuge in a surgery, the door of which happened to be open, where he explained to a young man, apparently an assistant, who happened to be there, exactly what had occurred. The crowd was induced to go away on his giving them a small sum of money, and as soon as the coast was clear he left. As he passed out, the name on the brass door-plate of the surgery caught his eye. It was "Mr. Jekyll."—*Nineteenth Century.* (476)

Colds—See VITALITY, LOW.

Collection, Missionary—See CROWNING CHRIST.

Collection, The—See GENEROSITY, THOROUGHGOING.

COLLECTIVE LABOR

A certain King of Scythia, wishing to make an enumeration of the inhabitants of his realm, required every man in his dominions to send him an arrow-head. The vast collection was officially counted, and then laid together in a sort of monumental pile. This primitive mode of census-taking suggested to Darius the idea of his cairn in his march through Thrace. Fixing upon a suitable spot near his camp, he commanded every soldier to bring a stone and place it on the pile. Of course, a vast mound arose commemorating the march and denoting, also, the countless number of soldiers that formed the expedition. (477)

College Men in Positions of Trust—See TRAINING.

COLLEGE OR EXPERIENCE

The following dispatch from Washington recently appeared in the New York *Sun:*

Uncle Joe Cannon was in fine form to-day when he received twenty-five young men, representing the Intercollegiate League, now in session here. Uncle Joe complimented his callers on their advantages, but he told them that knowledge gained in college was of little value unless it was crossed by experience and courage.

Years ago, the Speaker said that he received a degree in a law college in Indiana. He started to Chicago to make his fortune, accompanied by his diploma and $6. He was put off the train in central Illinois when his money gave out and that was why he wound up at Danville, instead of Chicago.

Uncle Joe said that he hung up his diploma in his little law office and waited for clients. For six months he had little to do aside from looking at the diploma and twirling his thumbs. Finally, one day, in a fit of rage, he pulled down the diploma and destroyed it.

"The diploma in itself was of no use to me," said Uncle Joe. "I kept my courage, however, and by and by began to make my way in the world." (478)

COLLEGE TRAINING, VALUE OF

Rev. W. F. Crafts says:

I have examined the educational record of the seventy foremost men in American politics—cabinet officers, senators, congressmen, and governors of national reputation—and I find that thirty-seven of them are college graduates, that five more had a part of the college course but did not graduate, while only twenty-eight did not go to college at all. As not more than one young man in five hundred goes to college, and as this one five-hundredth of the young men furnish four-sevenths of our distinguished public officers, it appears that a collegian has seven hundred and fifty times as many chances of being an eminent governor or congressman as other young men. (479)

See TRAINING.

Collegiate Ambition—See MARGINS OF LIFE.

COLLISION DUE TO LIFE

Men who never move, never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried nothing ever runs against him. To be run against is a proof of existence and position; to run against something is a proof of motion.—*Christian Standard.* (480)

Collision, Ways of Avoiding — See PATHS, KEEPING ONE'S OWN.

COLOR-BLINDNESS

The great cause of error is imperfect vision. One says, "It looks so to me," and therefore he concludes that it is so. He acts as if it were so. And, if he is mistaken, it may be a fatal mistake. The color-blind engineer saw the red light, but it looked green to him. He thought it was a safety signal when it was a danger signal. He went on and wrecked the train. Was he to blame? Yes, for if he could not distinguish between red and green he had no business to run a locomotive. Like him is the man who, with his prismatic eye, sees certain dogmas in the Book which God has written. He has persuaded himself that this danger signal is not red, but green. He insists that it looks so to him. Is it so, therefore, and is he safe? When we hear men talk, as we often do, about how it looks to them, and what seems reasonable to them, we can not help thinking of that color-blind engineer who wrecked his train.

But what can we do with these "evil" prismatic eyes of ours? We can not change them into clear and perfect lenses by a wish, or by one earnest effort. It takes an optician a long time to shape and polish a lens. And we must be willing to work patiently and hard to undo the wrong we have done. If there is any suspicion in our hearts that our eyes are "evil," we must not rest a moment. We must test the matter at once by a close and prayerful study of the truth.—*The Interior.* (481)

Color, Protective, in Animals—See CONFORMITY.

COLORS AS EMBLEMS

Colors are emblematic; and in the middle ages were always used by the illuminators and church artists with regard to their significance. Red, blue and yellow, or gold, the primary colors; red, signifying divine love; blue, truth and constancy; gold, divine glory; when united, are supposed to be good emblems of the Holy Trinity. White, signifying light, purity, perfect righteousness, is to be used by the Church from Christmas eve to the octave of the Epiphany, symbolizing the purity of the Infant Savior; but it is not to be used on St. Stephen's day, Holy Innocents, or Conversion of St. Paul. White, in an illuminated text, may be represented by silver. It is also the color for Maundy Thursday, Trinity Sunday, baptism, confirmation and marriage. Violet is the ecclesiastical color for mourning; it signifies passion, suffering and humility; therefore, martyrs are sometimes clothed in it. It belongs to advent, Holy Innocents (unless that feast falls on Sunday), Septuagesima to Easter eve, Rogation days, and Ember weeks. Red, the symbol of divine love and illumination (as flame) belongs to Pentecost; and as the emblem of blood shed for the Feast of the Martyrs on Whitsuntide. Blue signifies truth and constancy; when sprinkled with gold stars it signifies heaven. It is not an ecclesiastical color, but (as symbolical of heaven or truth) forms a beautiful and significant ground for a text. Green, the emblem of eternal spring, hope, immortality and conquest, is used on all Sundays. Gold or yellow signifies glory, the goodness of God, faith; it should be used on texts only for the divine name. Dingy yellow signifies deceit. Black is used only on Good Friday. It is symbolical of death and extreme grief. It is used also at funerals, frequently combined with white. Purple signifies royalty, love, passion and suffering. It is the color often worn by martyrs as well as by kings. After His resurrection Christ is sometimes represented in a purple mantle, as the symbol of His kingly power. Violet and blue are the colors of penitence, signifying sorrow and constancy. Gray signifies mourning, humility, and innocence unjustly accused.—*The Decorator and Furnisher.* (482)

See EMBLEMS.

COLORS, SYMBOLIC

Havelock Ellis, writing in *Popular Science Monthly,* says:

The classic world had clearly begun, as savages have begun everywhere, with an almost exclusive delight in red, even an almost exclusive attention to it, and for Homer, as for the Arabs, the rainbow was predominantly red; yellow had next been added to the attractive colors; very slowly the other colors of the spectrum began to win attention. Thus Democritus substituted green for yellow in the list of primary colors previously given by Empedocles. It was at a comparatively late period that blue and violet became interesting or even acquired definite names. The invasion of Christianity happened in time to join in this movement along the spectrum.

Yellow became the color of jealousy, of envy, of treachery. Judas was painted in yellow garments, and in some countries Jews were compelled to be so drest. In France, in the sixteenth century, the doors of traitors and felons were daubed with yellow. In Spain, heretics who recanted were enjoined to wear a yellow cross as a penance, and the Inquisition required them to appear at public *autos da fé* in penitential garments and carrying a yellow candle. (483)

Combination—See UNION.

Comfort from Faith—See KOREA, WORK AMONG WOMEN IN.

Commander, The, and His Men—See DIFFICULTIES, OVERCOMING.

Commandment, The Greatest—See LOVE AND LAW.

Commandments, The Ten—See GUARDS OF THE SOUL.

Commerce and Missions—See MISSIONS AND COMMERCE.

COMMON PROBLEM, THE

The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be—but, finding first
What may be; then find how to make it fair
Up to our means; a very different thing!
—BROWNING.
(484)

COMMON SENSE

When drowning men for aid implore,
Some people run along the shore,
And weep and pray and hope.
Till others with some common sense,
Come like a blest providence,
And throw a saving rope.
—*Public Opinion.*
(485)

Mr. John Clerk, an eminent Scotch counsel, was arguing at the bar of the House of Lords in a Scotch appeal, and turning his periods in the broadest Scotch, and after clinching a point, added, "That's the whole thing in plain English, ma lorrdds." Upon which Lord Eldon replied: "You mean in plain Scotch, Mr. Clerk." The advocate readily retorted, "Nae maitter! in plain common sense, ma lords, and that's the same in a' languages, we ken weel eneuch." (Text.) —Croake James, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (486)

COMMON THINGS

Common things have their use which often surpasses the intrinsic value of precious, costly things.

A rich nobleman was once showing a friend a great collection of precious stones whose value was almost beyond counting. There were diamonds and pearls and rubies, and gems from almost every country, and had been gathered by their possessor at the greatest labor and expense. "And yet," he remarked, "they yield me no income." His friend replied that he had two stones which had only cost him five pounds each, but which yielded him a very considerable annual income, and he led him down to the mill and pointed to two toiling gray millstones. (487)

Communication, Easy—See Social Progress.

COMMUNICATION IN FORMER DAYS

The progress of the world can be inferred from facts like the following:

In 1798 the entire business of the Post-office Department was conducted by the Postmaster-General, one assistant, and one clerk. In 1833 it required forty-eight hours to convey news from Washington to Philadelphia. In 1834 New York Saturday papers were not received in Washington until the following Tuesday afternoon. In 1835 the mails were carried between Philadelphia and Pittsburg daily in four-horse coaches, two lines daily, one to go through in a little more than two days, the other in three and a half days. In 1833 a contractor named Reeside carried the mail between Philadelphia and New York, ninety miles, in six hours, making fifteen miles an hour. The railroad, as a factor in the mail service, did not have a beginning before 1835. August 25 of this year the formal opening of the road between Washington and Baltimore took place. Amos Kendall, then Postmaster-General, at first objected to having the mails carried by rail over this road, since it would, as he feared, disarrange connections with existing lines of stages. In October, 1834, a writer in the Boston *Atlas* says: "We left Philadelphia on the morning of the sixth in a railroad car, and reached Columbia, on the Susquehanna, at dusk—a distance of eighty-two miles."—John M. Bishop, *Magazine of American History.* (488)

Communication of Disease—See Contamination.

COMMUNICATION, PRIMITIVE

Many explorers have commented on the speed with which news travels among savage tribes, says *Amateur Work.* A curious observation as to a possible solution of the problem of their methods has been made by the Rev. A. Rideout, who, as a missionary among the Basutos, has noticed their method of sending messages from village to village by means of a signal-drum or gourd. This gourd, covered with the dried and stretched skin of a kid, gives out a sound which travels and can be heard at distances from five to eight miles. The transmission and reception of messages on these drums is entrusted to special corps of signalers, some one of whom is always on duty, and who beat on the message in what is practically a Morse alphabet. On hearing the message, says Mr. Rideout, the signaler can always tell whether it is for his chief or for some distant village, and delivers it verbally or sends it on accordingly, and it is thus carried on with surprizing rapidity from one village to another, till it reaches its destination. All that took place in the Boer War, victories and reverses in the Transvaal and Orange Free State, were known to us by gourd-line message hours before the news ever reached us by field telegraph. The natives guarded the secret of their code carefully. To my knowledge, messages have been sent a thousand miles by means of it. This is probably one of the earliest forms of wireless telegraphy. (489)

COMMUNICATION, PSYCHICAL

Having discovered that we are immersed in the ether, and that it responds instantly, and to untold distances to electric vibrations, the daring inventor said, if I can set the ether ajar with a certain kind of vibration by shooting up into it strong electric impulses, then I can plant yonder in the distance another instrument keyed to that particular kind of vibration, and it will pick out its own from the ether, quivering, as it is, with an infinite number of vibrations. Just as when you run the scale of the piano in a room, each object responds to its own note. When you touch D a certain lamp-shade will shiver in answer. That is its note. It knows its own vibration, and is silent to all others.

This, then, is what is transpiring now among men. A code of signals being arranged, one here sends up his request or prayer into the heavens, speaks into space. The whole hemisphere of ether is set quivering. Another yonder, a thousand miles distant, picks out of space the syllables of that prayer, one by one, and then throws back through space the answer. Nothing so marvelous as this, so near spiritual conditions, has ever before entered the heart of man. It is not surprizing that the air is full of prophecies, dreams and visions. One says we will yet be able to carry in a pocket, like watches, little vibrators, so that we can communicate with our distant friends without wires or towers, or skilled operators, as readily as we take out our watch and tell the hour of the day. Others, in this prophetic madness, say we may yet learn the vibration of the planets, and fling off into space our "All hail" to Mars and Venus.—James H. Ecob. (490)

Communion Between Man and Beast—See Kindness to Animals.

COMMUNION NOT BARRED

A board knocked from a dividing fence sometimes leads to pleasant associations, but they are possible with the boards all on. We can look over or through. And souls can thus, even without effort, live together while the bodies are kept apart. Fences, high and barbed, can not separate kindred spirits.—*United Presbyterian.* (491)

Communion with God—See God Surrounding the Soul.

Community's Interests Before Personal Interests—See Convictions, Strong.

COMPANIONS, EVIL

A farmer's corn was destroyed by the cranes that fed in his field. Greatly annoyed, he declared that he would find a way out of the trouble. A net was set in which the cranes were snared. There was also a beautiful stork among them who had been visiting with the cranes, and had come to them from a neighboring roof.

"Spare me," plead the stork. "I am innocent; indeed I am. I never touched any of your belongings."

"That may be true," answered the farmer; "but I find you among them and I judge you accordingly."

The only safe way is to keep out of bad company. (492)

Comparative Religion—See Christianity Superior.

COMPARATIVE, THE

Vernon L. Kellogg writes about an ant dragon that he once observed, thus:

He was an ugly little brute, squat and humpbacked, with sand sticking to his thinly haired body. But he was fierce-looking for all his diminutiveness. Remember again that whether a thing is big or little to you depends on whether you are big or little. This dragon of the sand-pit was little to us. He is terribly big to the ants.—"Insect Stories." (493)

COMPARISONS, APT

The Chinese call overdoing a thing, a hunchback making a bow. When a man values himself overmuch, they compare him to a rat falling into a scale and weighing itself.—*Chambers's Journal.* (494)

Compass—See Bible.

COMPENSATION

Judge Noah Davis, when asked by a company of American brother lawyers as to the comparative advantages of different periods of life, replied, with his usual calm simplicity of manner, as follows:

"In the warm season of the year it is my delight to be in the country; and every pleasant evening while I am there I love to sit at the window and look upon some beautiful trees which grow near my house. The murmuring of the wind through the branches, the gentle play of the leaves, and the flickering of light upon them when the moon is up, fill me with an indescribable pleasure. As the autumn comes on, I feel very sad to see these leaves falling one by one; but when they are all gone, I find that they were only a screen before my eyes;

for I experience a new and higher satisfaction as I gaze through the naked branches at the glorious stars beyond." (Text.)—Croake James, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (495)

Mongolian wolves are not so dangerous as Siberian ones. The reason is that, unlike the Russians, the Mongols keep such poor sheepfolds that a wolf can help itself to a sheep whenever it likes, and so is seldom driven by hunger to attack a man.—John C. Lambert, "Missionary Heroes in Asia." (496)

A pioneer farmer found after a storm that the lightning had cracked the wall of his cistern and his water-supply had leaked away, but a gurgling sound showed that the same stroke had split a rock and opened a hidden spring of living water.—Franklin Noble, "Sermons in Illustration." (497)

The one man who escaped the terrible eruption of Mt. Pelée was a prisoner who was in the jail at the time of the volcanic disturbance. He never imagined anything had happened until he missed receiving his meals and the visit of his guard. Then, escaping from the prison, he found himself in a city where thousands lay dead. God shelters his children behind many a strange rock. A prisoner—and yet saved! (Text.) (498)

COMPENSATION IN TRIALS

The difficulties which beset personal and family life are rich in compensation. We often speak of "keeping the wolf from the door," and the majority find this a hard fight. What trouble the threatening animal gives us! If in the morning we are disposed for a little extra slumber, the ominous howl tartles us from the pillow; if we are tempted to linger at the table, its fierce breathings at the threshold summon us straightway to duty; if we doze in the armchair, the gleaming eyes, the white teeth, the red throat at the window-pane, bring us to our feet. And yet how much the best of men, the most truly aristocratic families, owe to the wolf! Solicitude, fatigue, difficulty, danger, hunger, these are the true king-makers; and the misfortune with many rich families to-day is, that they are being gradually let down because they are losing sight of the wolf. The wolf not merely suckled Romulus; it suckles all kings of men. The wolf is not a wolf at all; it is an angel in wolves' clothing, saving us from rust, sloth, effeminacy, cowardice, baseness, from a miserable superficiality of thought, life, and character.—W. L. Watkinson, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (499)

COMPENSATIONS OF PROVIDENCE

I met old, lean St. Francis in a dream
Wading knee-deep through the ashes of his
town,
The souls that he was helping up to heaven
Were burnt or wrung out of the writhing
flesh.
Said I, "When near a thousand are engulfed
In sudden indiscriminate destruction,
And half a million homeless are, I know,
This rotten world most blackly is accurst."

"When heroes are as countless as the flames;
When sympathy," said he, "has opened wide
A hundred million generous human hearts,
I know this world is infinitely blest."
—Rodman Gilder, *The Outlook.* (500)

COMPETITION

Much of the joy of life would vanish if we had no races to run, no contests to engage in. The true spirit of competition is exprest in the following rime:

On Saturday, next Saturday, may I be there
to greet
Those sixteen jolly Englishmen a-tugging
for the lead.
And eight shall have the victory and eight
must bear defeat;
But what's the odds since all have pluck—
and that's the thing we need.
Oh, it's rowing in a stern chase that makes
you feel you're dying.
But it's spurting, gaining, spurting that
makes you think you're flying;
And it's smiting the beginning, and it's
sweeping of it through
Just for honor, not for pelf,
And without a thought of self,
For the glory of your color and the
credit of your crew.
And it's "Easy all, you've passed the post,"
and lo, you loose your grip,
But not until the falling flag proclaims you're
at the "ship." (Text.)
—*London Punch.* (501)

Competition, Self—See Anxiety, Cost of.

COMPLEXITY IN ORGANS

The tufts of feathers which distinguish the short-eared and long-eared owls, and are developed still more imposingly in the great eagle owl of northern Europe, are, of course, no more ears than they are horns; but the true ears of the owls are most remarkable organs. The facial disk of feathers, which gives them their most characteristic appearance, serves as a kind of sounding-board or ear-trumpet to concentrate the slightest sounds and transmit them to the orifice of the true ear, which is concealed in the small feathers behind the eye. Even in the barn-owl, which possesses the least complicated arrangement of this kind, the orifice of the ear is covered by a remarkable flap of skin; while in the other species there are striking differences in the size and shape of this orifice and its covering flap on the two sides of the head. The exact way in which owls utilize this elaborately specialized apparatus has still to be discovered; but it is a natural inference that two ears of widely different structure must give the owls which possess them a power of localizing sound which is of the greatest use to them when hunting small creatures in the dark. It is, therefore, all the more surprizing that the barn-owl's ears have not this difference of structure, altho the power of instantly locating the rustle of the running mouse must be almost indispensable. For catching small birds, which are the especial prey of the wood-owl, keenness of sight rather than of hearing must be necessary, since they are chiefly caught when at roost; and the large nocturnal eye is developed in most of the owls almost as remarkably as the ear. In the short-eared owl, which is a day-flying species, the eye is correspondingly reduced. It has also a far less conspicuous facial disk; and this might also seem to be naturally explained as a result of its diurnal habits, with the consequent reduction of the need for acute hearing, if it were not for the marked difference in the structure of its two ears, which is even greater than in the case of the wood-owl. In the study of such complex problems, we are soon forced to realize how inadequate is even the most helpful and fascinating of single clues. The equilibrium of nature is no simple thing, like the balance of a pair of scales; it more resembles the complicated equipoise of an aeroplane among air-currents playing in three dimensions.—London *Times*. (502)

COMPLIMENT

Few have equalled Sir Joshua Reynolds in skill and graciousness of compliment. When he painted the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the "Tragic Muse," he wrought his name on the border of her robe, with the remark, "I can not lose this opportunity of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment." (503)

During a visit once with Queen Victoria, who had sent for him to her palace, the poet Longfellow was seating himself in a waiting coach at the close of the royal interview, when a working man, hat in hand, approached, and asked:

"Please, sir, yer honor, an' are you Mr. Longfellow?" Said the poet, "I am Mr. Longfellow." "An' did you write 'The Psalm of Life?'" continued the questioner. "I wrote the 'Psalm of Life,' was the answer. "An' yer honor, would you be willing to take a working man by the hand?"

Instantly Mr. Longfellow responded with a warm hand grip. In telling the story later the poet said, "I never in my life received a compliment that gave me greater satisfaction." (504)

I recollect once standing in front of a bit of marble carved by Powers, a Vermonter, who had a matchless, instinctive love of art and perception of beauty. I said to an Italian standing with me, "Well, now, that seems to me to be perfection." The answer was, "To be perfection"—shrugging his shoulders—"why, sir, that reminds you of Phidias!" as if to remind you of that Greek was a greater compliment than to be perfection.—Wendell Phillips. (505)

COMPLIMENTS, SPARING OF

The first time I ever stood in the pulpit to preach was in the meeting-house of the ancient Connecticut town where I was brought up. That was a great day for our folks and all my old neighbors, you may depend. After benediction, when I passed out into the vestibule, I was the recipient there of many congratulatory expressions. Among my friends in the crowd was an aged deacon, a man in whom survived, to a rather remarkable degree, the original New England Puritan type, who had known me from the cradle, and to whom the elevation I had reached was as gratifying as it could possibly be to anybody. But when he saw the smile of favor focused on me there, and me, I dare say, appearing to bask somewhat in it, the dear old man took alarm. He was apprehensive of the consequences to that youngster. And so, taking me by the hand and wrestling down his natural feelings—he was ready to cry for joy—he said: "Well, Joseph, I hope you'll live to preach a great deal better than that!" — JOSEPH H. TWITCHELL. (506)

Compositions Compared—See EDUCATION NOT VICARIOUS.

COMPREHENSIVENESS IN EDUCATION

"What are these boys studying Latin for?" said an English visitor at a manual-training school as he looked in upon a class reading Cæsar.

"What did you study Latin for?" was my illogical but American response. "Why, I am a bachelor of arts?" was his prompt reply, with the air of one who had given a conclusive answer. "Perhaps these boys will be bachelors of arts by and by," I added cheerfully. "Then, what in the world are they in a manual-training school for?" he exclaimed, with almost a sneer at my evident lack of acquaintance with the etiquette of educational values. I tried to explain my theory of an all-round education—and my practise of "putting the whole boy to school" —but he would not be convinced. He could not see the propriety of mixing utility and tool dexterity with culture—CALVIN M. WOODWARD, *Science.* (507)

COMPROMISES IN GRAVITIES

All orbits, including the orbits of comets, are the result of compromises in gravities. Now you have got to get over the idea that because one body attracts another strongly it is likely to draw it smack into it. It doesn't. I made an apparatus in my laboratory the other day to show my students about that.

I fixt up a little gun capable of shooting a steel ball quite a distance up an inclined plate of glass. The ball shot upward and then rolled directly back into the muzzle of the gun time after time. That was to show what a comet would do if just merely shot out into space to be uninfluenced by any other heavenly bodies after it got a start.

Then I put a powerful electric magnet under the plate of glass, quite a little distance away from the track of my steel ball. This time when it was shot upward instead of keeping on its straight path or swerving directly into the magnet, as some of my students expected it to do, it shot on past, curving its course toward the magnet, and then finally it swung around the magnet in very much the way the comet is swinging around the sun. On its return course it swung off in a new direction altogether. My students were quite delighted with the oval course taken by the steel ball. It was just such a course as they had seen mapped out for Halley's visitor.—H. JACOBY, New York *Times.* (508)

Compulsion in Religion—See MILITANT EVANGELISM.

CONCEIT

There are too many men who make the sentiment of this verse their creed:

This is the burden of my song,
  I sing it day and night:
Why are so many always wrong
  When I am always right? (509)

See COMPARISONS, APT; SELF-FLATTERY.

CONCEIT OF OPINION

When Lord Hardwicke's marriage bill was in the House of Commons, Fox, afterward Lord Holland, saying that one clause gave unheard-of power to parents on the marriage of minors, proceeded to lay open the chicanery and jargon of the lawyers, and the pride of their mufti, and drew a most severe picture of the Chancellor under the application of the story of a gentlewoman at Salisbury, who, having a sore leg, sent for a country surgeon, who pronounced that it must be cut off. The gentlewoman, unwilling to submit to the operation, sent for another more merciful, who said he could save her leg without the least operation. The surgeons conferred. The ignorant one said: "I know it might be saved, but I have given my opinion; my character depends upon it, and we must carry it through." The leg was cut off. (Text.)—CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (510)

CONCENTRATION

It has been told of a modern astronomer that one summer night, when he was withdrawing to his chamber, the brightness showed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it, and when they came to him early in the morning and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who has been collecting his thoughts for a few moments:

"It must be thus; but I will go to bed before it is too late." He had gazed the entire night and was not aware of it. (511)

See Absorption, Mental.

CONCERT, LACK OF

Crazy people never act together, says the superintendent of a large asylum for the insane, quoted in *The Medical Times*. "If one inmate attacks an attendant, as sometimes happens, the others would look upon it as no affair of theirs and simply watch it out. The moment we discovered two or more inmates working together we would know they were on the road to recovery." It is on this account that there are so few concerted mutinies in insane asylums; so that the number of attendants does not have to be large. (512)

Conclusion, A Reasonable—See Ethical Principle.

CONDEMNED, THE

"Vessels fitted unto destruction"—how many may be unconsciously so marked by their Maker! A vessel is condemned as unseaworthy; her sails are sold, her spars and rigging, and when all that can be moved is gone, the dismantled hulk is moored in some coaling station. There, black from stem to stern, with a great white number painted on her side, she floats until her timbers rot to pieces—

Anchored forever—sea-lord once, and free—
Fouled by the creeping weeds that work unseen,
Lashed by the mocking winds that erst we braved,
Dread we the coming of the Southern night.
Stars that we tamed to guide our prows of old
Laugh in their sky of purple tapestry—
Ay, laugh: we are condemned of man to die! (Text.)

—Margaret Gardiner, *Century*. (513)

CONDESCENSION

A learned counsel (Mr. Brougham, as some say), when the judges had retired for a few minutes in the midst of his argument, in which, from their interruptions and objections, he did not seem likely to be successful, went out of court, too, and on his return stated he had been drinking a pot of porter. Being asked whether he was not afraid that this beverage might dull his intellect, he replied: "That is just what I want it to do, to bring me down, if possible, to the level of their lordships' understanding. (Text.)—James Croake, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (514)

See Greatness; Personality, Influence of.

Conditions Before the Advent of Missionaries—See Missionary Work, Value of.

Conditions Modify Rules—See Devotion to the Helpless.

CONDITIONS SUGGEST COURSES

During the last years of his life a brain disease, of which he had shown frequent symptoms, fastened its terrible hold upon Swift, and he became by turns an idiot and a madman. He died in 1745, and when his will was opened it was found that he had left all his property to found St. Patrick's asylum for lunatics and incurables. It stands to-day as the most suggestive monument of his peculiar genius.—William J. Long, "English Literature." (515)

CONDUCT, CANONS OF

Coleridge lays down three canons of criticism in literature, which hold equally in conduct and endeavor:

First, What has the author attempted to do? Second, Is it worth doing? And, third, Has he done it well? (516)

CONDUCT, PAST, UNCONSIDERED

Paul's doctrine, that he who offends in one point is guilty of the whole law, is illustrated in this anecdote:

A notary public was convicted of forgery and sentenced to be hanged; and being asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed, remarked that it was very hard that he should be hanged just for one line, considering the thousands of harmless sheets he had written in the course of his life. (Text.)—Croake James, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (517)

CONFESSION

One of the duties of the writer during the first days of his clerkship was to "lock up." One morning in the very first week of his employment he found the door unlocked and a policeman standing guard. Had he for gotten to lock that door? A hasty survey revealed that nothing had been taken away, and the policeman was dismissed. Should he confess the delinquency? It was almost sure dismissal. But he resolved to make a clean breast of it, and when his employer came in later he told all the circumstances, and bravely admitted that he must have failed to lock the door. While making this confession, the policeman walked in, to report finding the door unlocked. But his report had been forestalled, and, with an injunction to be more careful in future, the matter was dismissed. The confession forestalling that report was all that saved dismissal. But that confession won the confidence of his employer, and won a higher trust and esteem than existed before. This is one of the first lessons to learn. Confess instantly a fault, a loss, a mistake, and it is half retrieved.—James T. White, "Character Lessons." (518)

See Falsehood.

Among the hard-working Labrador fishermen was a rich man who had opprest them, but whom they believed to be strong enough to defy them. Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, the medical missionary, who is also a magistrate, went to the offender and told him that he must confess his sin and pay back to the fishermen a thousand dollars. He curst the missionary. At the next church service, the doctor announced that a sinful man would confess his sin that night. They couldn't believe that the rich sinner would yield. At the evening service, Dr. Grenfell asked them to keep their seats while he went after the sinner. He found the man at a brother's house on his knees in prayer, with all the family.

"Prayer," said the doctor, "is a good thing in its place, but it doesn't 'go' here. Come with me."

He meekly went, and was led up the aisle, where all could see him, and, after the doctor had described the great sin of which he was guilty, he asked, "Did you do this thing?" "I did." "You are an evil man of whom the people should beware?" "I am." "You deserve the punishment of man and God?" "I do."

At the end of it all the doctor told the man that the good God would forgive him if he should ask in true faith and repentance, but that the people, being human, could not. For a whole year, he charged the people, they must not speak to that man; but if, at the end of that time, he had shown an honest disposition to mend his ways, they might take him to their hearts.

The man finally paid the money and fled the place. (519)

CONFESSION NOT CONCLUSIVE

Two men named Boven were convicted in a Vermont court, mainly upon their own confession, of the murder of a half-witted dependent brother-in-law. They even said that certain bones found were those of the supposed victim. But the brother-in-law was found alive and well in New Jersey, and returned in time to prevent the execution. He had fled for fear they would kill him. The bones were those of some animal. They (the Bovens) had been advised by some misjudging friends that, as they would certainly be convicted upon the circumstances proved, their only chance for life was by commutation of punishment, and this depended upon their making a penitential confession. These and many similar cases have satisfied English and American lawyers that confessions alone are unreliable as evidences of guilt. When it is known that one accused, especially one charged with a capital offense, intends to make a confession, it is the practise in our courts to delay the trial in order to give him ample time to decide whether or no he will pursue that course.—Boston *Globe.* (520)

CONFESSION, UNREPENTANT

A sergeant was accused, once upon a time, by his brethren of the court, of having degraded their order by taking from a client a fee in copper, and on being solemnly arraigned for this offense in their common hall, it appears from the unwritten reports of the Court of Common Pleas, that he defended himself by the following plea of confession and avoidance: "I fully admit that I took a fee from the man in copper, and not one, but several, and not only in copper, but fees in silver; but I pledge my honor as a sergeant, that I never took a single fee from him in silver until I had got all his gold, and that I never took a fee from him in copper until I had got all his silver, and you don't call that a degradation of our order!" (Text.)—Croake James, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (521)

CONFESSIONS

The Rev. Jonathan Goforth gives some striking instances of the confessions of Korean converts during a revival:

A prominent Christian who had bought some property for the mission confest that he had only paid eighty yen for the property, but had charged the mission five hundred yen. He sold his land so as to make restitution.

Another confest that he was proud and censorious, but this did not relieve him. A few days later he confest that he had stolen three dollars and a lamp. Still he failed to get peace. After a few more days of agony, he confest that during the war while he acted as manager of transport he had cheated the Japanese and Koreans out of two hundred yen. He made restitution and received blessing.

The leader of a robber band with some of his followers was converted in the great spiritual movement. He confest his sin, then went to the magistrate and delivered himself up. The official was so astounded that he said: "We have no such law that we can condemn a man without an accuser. You may have your liberty." Here the Spirit of God was more effective than police and detective force. They needed not either to spend a term in the reformatory, for they were made new men in Christ Jesus. (522)

CONFIDENCE

Confidence is well placed when it rests upon a proved experience.

A traveler, following his guide amid the Alpine heights, reached a place where the path was narrowed by a jutting rock on one side and a terrible precipice on the other. The guide passed over, and holding on to the rock with one hand, extended the other over the precipice for the traveler to step upon it and so pass around the jutting rock. He hesitated, but the guide said, "That hand has never lost a man." He stept on the hand and passed over safely. (523)

The medical missionary among the Afghans, Dr. T. L. Pennell, on one of his journeys came to a village across the border late at night. Many outlaws infested the village, but the chief to whose care he had entrusted himself took the precaution of putting his bed in the center of six of his men, fully armed, each of whom was to keep guard in turn. Dr. Pennell being very tired after a hard day's work, soon fell sound asleep. This proved to be his safety. Some of the fanatical spirits wanted to kill him in sheer wantonness, but the others said, pointing to his prostrate form peacefully sleeping, "See, he has trusted himself entirely to our protection, and because he trusts us he is sleeping so soundly; therefore no harm must be done to him in our village." His confidence disarmed their deadly impulse. (Text.) (524)

Two men were once standing by a building on which a little boy had climbed who was afraid to get down. Looking up at him, one man opened his arms and, with a kind voice, said: "Jump, my little fellow, and I will catch you." But the boy shrank back and would not jump. Then the other man opened his arms and said: "Come, my boy, jump, and I will catch you." Instantly the little face cleared, a smile chased away the tears, and with a rush he jumped and was safely caught in the outstretched arms. Why was the boy afraid of one man and willing to trust the other? Because the first man was a stranger and the second man was his father. He knew his father would not let him fall. (525)

A story is told by Colonel William Conant Church, of the *Army and Navy Journal,* which illustrates how unshaken was the President's confidence in Grant's ability to march the army of the Potomac against the army of northern Virginia and capture the stronghold of the rebellion. The incident took place just before Grant established his headquarters in the field.

When he called upon the Secretary of War, the latter said:

"Well, General, I suppose you have left us enough men to garrison the forts strongly?"

"No, I can't do that," was the General's quiet reply.

"Why not? Why not?" repeated the nervous Secretary.

"Because I have already sent the men to the front, where they are needed more than in Washington."

"That won't do," said Stanton. "It's contrary to my plans. I will order the men back."

Grant maintained a quiet determination, and replied:

"I shall need the men there, and you can not order them back."

"Why not? Why not?" cried the Secretary.

"I believe I rank the Secretary of War in this matter," remarked Grant.

"Very well, we will see the President," sharply responded the Secretary.

"That's right; he ranks us both."

Going to the President, Secretary Stanton, turning to Grant, said:

"General, state your case."

But the General calmly replied:

"I have no case to state. I am satisfied as it is."

When Stanton had given his view of the matter, Lincoln crossed his legs, leaned back in his chair, and like the wise philosopher that he was, said:

"Now, Mr. Secretary, you know we have been trying to manage this army for nearly three years, and you know we haven't done much with it. We sent over the mountains and brought Mr. Grant, as Mrs. Grant calls him, to manage it for us, and now I guess we'd better let Mr. Grant have his own way."

The winter of 1863 was a trying time for General Grant. It was a winter of floods in the South, and a winter of discontent among the people of the North. He could not move his army, and many began the old cry after Donelson, "idle, incompetent, and unfit to command in an emergency," and again arose a clamor for his removal. It was a season of false alarm and sensational rumors.

But there were two men in the land from whence came words of cheer. One was listening quietly in a store in Cincinnati to a great deal of rambling and grumbling talk about the way General Grant was trying to take Vicksburg. When all others present had given vent to their feelings, this man said in a moderate tone: "I think he'll take it. Yes, I know he'll take it. 'Lis' always did what he set out to do. 'Lis' is my boy, and he won't fail."

The other man who believed in General Grant was in the White House. He was too good to be unkind, and too wise and prudent to err. While men of large political influence were urging General Grant's removal for the good of the country, the philosopher at the White House said: "I rather like the man; I think we'll try him a little longer." By these thirteen words the fate of Vicksburg was sealed.—Col. Nicholas Smith, "Grant, the Man of Mystery." (526)

When Alexander once was about to engage in battle with Darius, having completed his arrangements, he lay down to sleep. Next morning Parmenio exprest surprize that he could sleep so soundly when such vast issues were impending. "You seem as calm," said he, "as if you had had the battle and gained the victory." "I have done so," replied Alexander, "for I consider the whole work done when we have gained access to Darius and his forces, and find him ready to give us battle." (Text.) (527)

See Essentials; Versatility.

Confidence in His Own Ability—See Versatility.

CONFIDENCE IN MEN

If a man can invest his hundreds of thousands of dollars on the ocean or in distant countries, where men can not understand the documents we write, it shows that there is trust between man and man, buyers and sellers; and if there is trust between them it is because experience has created the probabilities of truthfulness in the actions of men and all the concordant circumstances. If men did not believe in the truth of men, they never would send to China, Japan or Mexico their great properties and interests, with no other guarantee than that the men are trustworthy. The shipmaster must be trustworthy, the officers of the government must be trustworthy, and that business goes on and increases the world over is a silent testimony that, bad as men do lie, they do not lie bad enough to separate man from man.—Henry Ward Beecher. (528)

CONFIDENCE, INSPIRING

In his reminiscences concerning his career, Mr. John D. Rockefeller says this in regard to a critical epoch in his fortunes:

I went to a bank president whom I knew, and who knew me. I remember perfectly how anxious I was to get that loan and to establish myself favorably with the banker. This gentleman was T. P. Handy, a sweet and gentle old man, well known as a high-grade, beautiful character. For fifty years he was interested in young men. He knew me as a boy in the Cleveland schools. I gave him all the particulars of our business, telling him frankly about our affairs—what we wanted to use the money for, etc., etc. I waited for the verdict with almost trembling eagerness.

"How much do you want?" he said.

"Two thousand dollars."

"All right, Mr. Rockefeller, you can have it," he replied. "Just give me your own warehouse receipts; they're good enough for me."

As I left that bank, my elation can hardly be imagined. I held up my head—think of it, a bank had trusted me for $2,000! I felt that I was now a man of importance in the community.

The confidence of the bank president in him and his business ventures had strengthened his own appreciation and confidence. So each man reacts on the other. (Text.) (529)

CONFIDENCE, LACK OF

Admiral Dupont was once explaining to Farragut the reason why he failed to enter Charlestown harbor with his fleet of iron-clads. He gave this reason and that reason and the other reason; and Farragut remained silent until he had got through, and then said, "Ah, Dupont, there was one more reason." "What is that?" "You didn't believe you could do it." (530)

CONFLICT, SPIRITUAL

Upon the side of the great entrance-hall of the Royal Museum in Berlin is painted a colossal picture of Kaulbach's. It represents the last battle between the Romans and the Huns, which decided the fate of European civilization. The spirits of the slain, fierce and restless as before, rise from their bodies and continue the battle in the air. In the shadowy combat the forces are led by Attila, "the scourge of God," borne aloft upon a shield, and by Theodoric, the Roman chief, with sword in hand and the cross behind.

The vivid portraiture is a symbol of the battle waging, not so much between brute forces as between the spirit of two opposing civilizations for the mastery of the world. (531)

Conflict to Fellowship—See ETERNAL, THE, AT HAND.

Conflicts of Nature—See STRONG AND WEAK.

CONFORMITY

Paul's method of being all things to all men suggests that a wise and proper conformity to one's surroundings, where it involves no sacrifice of principle, may be as useful as the white hue of animals in arctic regions described in this extract:

Wherever all the world around is remarkably uniform in color and appearance, all the animals, birds, and insects alike necessarily disguise themselves in its prevailing tint to escape observation. It does not matter in the least whether they are predatory or defenseless, the hunters or the hunted; if they are to escape destruction or starvation, as the case may be, they must assume the hue of all the rest of nature about them. In the arctic snows, for example, all animals, without exception, must needs be snow-white. The polar bear, if he were brown or black, would immediately be observed among the unvaried ice-fields by his expected prey, and could never get a chance of approaching his quarry unperceived at close quarters. On the other hand, the arctic hare must equally be drest in a snow-white coat, or the arctic fox would too readily discover him and pounce down upon him off-hand; while conversely, the fox himself, if red or brown, could never creep upon the unwary hare without previous detection, which would defeat his purpose. For this reason, the ptarmigan and the willow-grouse become as white in winter as the vast snow-fields under which they burrow; the ermine changes his dusky summer coat for the expensive wintry suit beloved of British Themis; the snow-bunting acquires his milk-white plumage; and even the weasel assimilates himself more or less in hue to the unvarying garb of arctic nature. To be out of the fashion is there quite literally to be out of the world; no half measures will suit the stern decree of polar biology; strict compliance with the law of winter change is absolutely necessary to success in the struggle for existence. (Text.)
—*Cornhill Magazine* (532)

Congenital Neurasthenics—See INEBRIETY, INCURABLE.

Conjugal Rights—See ROBBING JUSTIFIED.

CONNECTION

You can get no water from your old pump. When you try you get only a painful wheezing. Pumps are not living things, but they, too, suffer exhaustion. Must you give it up, and dig a new well? Oh, no. The well is all right, and has given abundant and sweet water for a generation. You look it over, and find that the old leather valve is dry and worn out. Pour in a pitcher of water to wet it, and the wheezing is cured. Put in a new valve and the old pump is good for years to come. God's supply of living water is abundant as ever. It is only your connection with it that failed.—FRANKLIN NOBLE, "Sermons in Illustration." (533)

CONQUEST BY MAN

These vehement elements, of air and water, demand to be wrestled with and patiently mastered, by the vigorous soul, in order that they may administer to our happiness. There is the wax. In the soul is the seal, designed to impress it. There are the materials, upon which and with which the spirit is to operate. But no implements, even, are given it for its use. It must forge them, as it wants them. They are not found ready fashioned to the hand, as ornamental stones are, in the caverns and rock-rifts. They must be conceived by our skill, and completed by our labor. But the moment we begin, all is ready for our progress.—RICHARD S. STORRS. (534)

CONQUEST, COMMONPLACE

Even the conquest of the North Pole takes on an aspect of the commonplace, especially after many years of hard work. The New York *Times* quotes this entry from Peary's journal:

> The pole at last! The prize of three centuries, my dream and goal for twenty years, mine at last! I can not bring myself to realize it.
>
> It all seems so simple and commonplace. As Bartlett said when turning back, when speaking of his being in these exclusive regions which no mortal had ever penetrated before:
>
> "It is just like every day!" (535)

Conquest, Peaceful — See. EMIGRATION, CONQUEST BY.

CONQUEST, SEVERE

Death Valley is the most barren part of the Great American Desert. More men have died in its arid wastes than on any other equal area of the world's surface, barring the great battle-fields. It lies, a great sink in the sandy plain, about 250 miles north and east of Los Angeles, Cal., and within the boundaries of that State. The valley received its sinister name owing to the fact that in the early fifties a party of emigrants, some hundred and twenty in number, traveling overland by wagon from Salt Lake City, Utah, to Los Angeles, perished in its awful solitudes, barely a man escaping.

In the *Wide World Magazine* is given the story of a man who, alone and unaided, conquered Death Valley in the hottest month of the desert year. The tale of awful suffering endured by this man, H. W. Manton, of Rhyolite, Cal., is told for the first time in his own words.

For almost a week Manton was lost in the heart of Death Valley. In three days he tramped eighty miles over sands so hot that he could scarcely walk on them, tho shod with heavy shoes. During those never-ending days he had no food, and but one drink of water.

When he staggered up to Cub Lee's Furnace Creek ranch, more dead than alive, his tongue was swollen to such a size that his mouth could no longer contain it. His lips and eyelids were cracked open; his clothing was in tatters, and his shoes were coated with a heavy incrustation of borax and other alkalines, which had eaten great holes in the leather.

At first he could not drink, and the touch of water was as fire to his parched lips and tongue. Kind-hearted ranchmen and miners forced the precious fluid into his mouth with a straw, with a spoon—any way to get him revived. And eventually he spoke, telling the strange story of his crossing the dread pit; of how he had wandered therein for many days, with no companions save the lizards and the snakes of the barren sands.—Boston *Transcript.* (536)

CONSCIENCE

There is an ingenious instrument used in testing the condition of railroads whereby every slight deviation in the width or levelness of the track, every defect of the rails, and even the quality of the steel and manufacture are registered.

Is not a well-instructed and carefully cultivated conscience just such a dynograph? (537)

"Conscience makes cowards of us all." The following rather amusing incident well illustrates this hackneyed observation of Shakespeare:

On one of Landseer's early visits to Scotland the great painter stopt at a village and took a great deal of notice of the dogs, jotting down rapidly sketches of them on a piece of paper. Next day, on resuming his journey, he was horrified to find dogs suspended from trees in all directions or drowning in the rivers, with stones around their necks. He stopt a weeping urchin, who was hurrying off with a pet pup in his arms, and learned to his dismay that he was supposed to be an excise officer who was taking notes of all the dogs he saw in order to prosecute the owners for unpaid taxes. (Text.) (538)

The religious ferment of the age made a tremendous impression on Bunyan's sensitive imagination. He went to church occasionally, only to find himself wrapt in terrors and in torments by some fiery itinerant preacher; and he would rush violently away from church to forget his fears by joining in Sunday sports on the village green. As night came on the sports were forgotten, but the terrors returned, multiplied like the evil spirits of the parable. Visions of hell and the demons swarmed in his brain. He would groan aloud in his remorse, and even years afterward he bemoans the sins of his early life. When we look for them fearfully, expecting some shocking crimes and misdemeanors, we find that they consisted of playing ball on Sunday and swearing. The latter sin, sad to say, was begun by listening to his father cursing some obstinate kettle which refused to be tinkered, and it was perfected in the Parliamentary army. One day his terrible swearing scared a woman, "a very loose and ungodly wretch," as he tells us, who reprimanded him for his profanity. The reproach of the poor woman went straight home, like the voice of a prophet. All his profanity left him; he hung down his head with shame. "I wished with all my heart," he says, "that I might be a little child again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing." With characteristic vehemence Bunyan hurls himself upon a promise of Scripture, and instantly the reformation begins to work in his soul. He casts out the habit, root and branch, and finds to his astonishment that he can speak more freely and vigorously than before. Nothing is more characteristic of the man than this sudden seizing upon the text, which he had doubtless heard many times before, and being suddenly raised up or cast down by its influence.—WILLIAM J. LONG, "English Literature." (539)

See EYE, THE SEARCHING; MISSIONARY ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

CONSCIENCE A LIGHT

The woodsman carries a box of safety matches protected against the rain and snow. In the arctic zone he knows that if he loses the match and the light he has lost life itself. Man can lose his health but not his conscience. But, if stumbling, the torch has fallen, and the light flamed low, snatch it up, and relight it, at the altars of God. So shall the light in thee wax into greater light, until conscience is a true pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, guiding thee into the summer land where man needs no light of the lamp, neither light of the sun.—N. D. HILLIS. (540)

CONSCIENCE A MONITOR

I remember when a boy my mother had a beautiful vase. I was charged not to touch it. My fingers, however, boy-like, itched to touch it. I frequently went around it, and peered behind it. I wondered if there might not be some painting on the bottom of it, as there was on the sides. In lifting it up, one day, when I had grown bolder, it fell to the hearthstone and broke into a thousand pieces. I knew I had wounded the mother heart in that moment. She heard the crash and came in. I knew that I deserved punishment. But she only said, "My dear boy; do you see what you have done." It was burned into my memory then what it cost to disobey law, and in all the sixty years that have elapsed since then, when I have looked upon the treasures of others, I have heard her voice saying to me, "Do you see what you have done?"—Bishop D. A. GOODSELL. (541)

CONSCIENCE A MORAL MENTOR

A writer speaks of a special form of the barometer, used generally by travelers, in which air supplies the place of mercury as a measuring medium. Speaking of its use, he says:

As the pressure of the outside air varies does it rise and fall, and by a beautifully delicate apparatus this rising and falling is magnified and represented upon the dial. Such barometers are made small enough to be carried in the pocket, and are very useful for measuring the heights of mountains; but they are not quite so accurate as the mercurial barometer, and are therefore not used for rigidly scientific measurements; but for all ordinary purposes they are accurate enough, provided they are occasionally compared with a standard mercurial barometer, and adjusted by means of the watch-key axis provided for that purpose, and seen on the back of the instrument. They are sufficiently delicate to tell the traveler in a railway whether he is ascending or descending an incline, and will indicate the difference of height between the apper and lower rooms of a three-story house. The unseen air in the aneroid is a mark of the rise or fall in altitude of the possessor of the instrument.

Conscience plays a like part in morals. It is always with us and always admonishes us of the varying moral altitudes to which we rise or fall. (542)

CONSCIENCE BENUMBED

One of the most astonishing things in prison life is said to be the deficiency of conscience in criminals. Scenes of heart-rending despair are rarely witnessed among them. Their sleep is broken by no uneasy dreams; on the contrary, it is easy and sound: they have also excellent appetites. They have a sense of self-righteousness, and feel, on the whole, that they have been wronged. Recently the newspapers told us of the execution of a grave-digger upon the Continent, who had been convicted of four murders, five robberies, eight cases of incendiarism, and other crimes. When he was informed that he would be hanged early next morning, he said that he deserved his fate, but he assured his judge that worse fellows than he were running about the world.

To have no consciousness of sin, no proper consciousness of it, is no proof of our integrity; much more likely is it a proof that our conscience has become benumbed and indurated by years of worldliness and disobedience. (Text.) —W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (543)

CONSCIENCE, CHRISTIAN

The following is told of Mr. Frank Crossley, a great promoter and founder of London missionary work:

Mr. Crossley was conscience incarnate. While yet a poor apprentice he had got free admission to a theater through the connivance of a fellow workman who kept the door; but when, as a renewed man, conscience demanded reparation for this sort of robbery, he reckoned up the entrance fee he had evaded, and sent the theater company sixty pounds.—PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions." (544)

CONSCIENCE, TROUBLED

A quiet, bashful sort of a young fellow was making a call on a Capitol Hill girl one evening not so very long ago, when her father came into the parlor with his watch in his hand. It was about 9:30 o'clock. At the moment the young man was standing on a chair straightening a picture over the piano. The girl had asked him to fix it. As he turned, the old gentleman, a gruff, stout fellow, said:

"Young man, do you know what time it is?"

The bashful youth got off the chair nervously. "Yes, sir," he replied. "I was just going."

He went into the hall without any delay and took his hat and coat. The girl's father followed him. As the caller reached for the doorknob, the old gentleman again asked him if he knew what time it was.

"Yes, sir," was the youth's reply. "Good-night!" And he left without waiting to put his coat on.

After the door had closed the old gentleman turned to the girl.

"What's the matter with that fellow?" he asked. "My watch ran down this afternoon and I wanted him to tell me the time, so that I could set it."—Denver *Post*. (545)

CONSCIOUSNESS

Is there any difference between the vibrations of sound on the tympanum of the ear and those on the surface of the water? Science does not seem to see a great difference, but Ruskin finds, in the differing effects, an illustration of the mystery of consciousness:

It is quite true that the tympanum of the ear vibrates under sound, and that the surface of the water in a ditch vibrates, too; but the ditch hears nothing for all that; and my hearing is still to me as blest a mystery as ever, and the interval between the ditch and me, quite as great. If the trembling sound in my ears was once of the marriage-bell which begun my happiness, and is now of the passing bell which ends it, the difference between those two sounds to me can not be counted by the number of concussions. There have been some curious speculations lately as to the conveyance of mental consciousness by "brain-waves." What does it matter how it is conveyed? The consciousness itself is not a wave. It may be accompanied here or there by any quantity of quivers and shakes, up or down, of anything you can find in the universe that is shakeable—what is that to me? My friend is dead, and my—according to modern views—vibratory sorrow is not one whit less, or less mysterious, to me, than my old quiet one. (546)

CONSECRATION

A Chinese preacher, whose wages were twenty-two dollars a month, refused the offer of the post of consul at fifty dollars, that he might be free to preach the gospel to his countrymen. His countrymen said of him: "There is no difference between him and the Book." (Text.) (547)

CONSEQUENCES

Mr. Justice Burroughs, of the Common Pleas, used to resort to the use of proverbs and parables in dealing with the juries. One day at *nisi prius*, much talk was made about a consequential issue in the case. He began to explain it to the jury thus: "Gentlemen of the jury, you have been told that the first is a consequential issue. Now, perhaps, you do not know what a consequential issue means; but I dare say you understand nine-pins. Well, then, if you deliver your bowl so as to strike the front pin in a particular direction, down go the rest. Just so it is with these counts. Knock down the first, and all the rest will go to the ground; that's what we call a consequential issue. (Text.) —Croake James, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (548)

CONSEQUENCES, IRREPARABLE

The doctrine of the following verse (unidentified) is quite doubtful. Is it not the hope of Christianity that men now broken by sin will yet, by God's healing grace, soar even higher than ever?

I walked through the woodland meadows,
  Where sweet the thrushes sing;
And I found on a bed of mosses
  A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
  It sang its old sweet strain,
But the bird with a broken pinion
  Never soared as high again.

I found a young life broken
  By sin's seductive art;
And touched with a Christlike pity
  I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose,
  And struggled not in vain;
But the life that sin had stricken
  Never soared as high again.

But the bird with a broken pinion
  Kept another from the snare;
And the life that sin had stricken
  Raised another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation,
  There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
  Never soars as high again. (Text.)
(549)

CONSEQUENCES, UNNOTICED

A little girl in Kansas has recently given the telegraph companies a vast amount of trouble in a peculiar way. Her daily duty was to herd a large drove of cattle on a range through which passed the telegraph lines. For weeks, some hours nearly every day, these lines absolutely failed to work, and the trouble seemed to be in the vicinity of where this girl herded her father's cattle; but it was a long time before they discovered the cause. Finally, they found out that in order to get a better view of the herd the girl had driven railroad-spikes into a telegraph-pole, and whenever she got weary watching the cattle from the ground she would climb the pole and seat herself on a board across the wires and watch her herd from that lofty station. Whenever the board happened to be damp it destroyed the electric current and cut off all telegraphic communication between Denver and Kansas City. (Text.)—Louis Albert Banks. (550)

CONSERVATION

Under the iron law of conflict in the "survival of the fittest," the world finds a shipwrecked brother in its path and removes him without ceremony and covers him with scorn and contempt. Christ reverses this iron law.

Formerly when a war vessel discovered a derelict, the latter was immediately destroyed by dynamite. The government has now entered upon a new policy. Whenever it is possible, the abandoned vessel is towed into the nearest port. Recently two abandoned schooners were brought in, the value of the vessels and their cargo being estimated at more than sixty thousand dollars.

When Jesus finds a human derelict He does not destroy him. He cleanses him and rehabilitates him, and makes him valuable in the kingdom. (Text.) (551)

Christian treatment of the Indian not only has improved his character, but has saved him from threatened extinction.

The idea is prevalent that the red man is doomed to disappear from the earth at no distant day. But the census tables give no such indication. The first official count was taken about seventy years ago, and gave the number as 253,461. In 1880 the figures had risen to 256,127, in 1900 to 272,073, and now (1909), by actual count, the reservations are found to contain 284,000. (552)

A bundle of wood is placed in our kitchen stove to kindle the fire. It is consumed. Its ashes represent what the tree took from the soil. Its carbon goes up the chimney, restoring to the air what some tree took from the air. Nothing was lost. The earth received again what it originally gave. To the air was restored its original contribution of carbonic acid gas, which the leaf manufactured into wood. And so God has made a universe of perennial youth, where nothing is lost nor can be lost.—E. M. McGuffey. (553)

CONSERVATION OF INFLUENCE

Dr. F. F. Shannon, commenting on the early death of a talented man, says:

"Such a man dead at 40?" you ask. "Why, to what purpose is this waste?" Well, a man can make a match, but it takes God to make a sun. We know the match must go out, the sun never does, tho his shining face is often hidden from our eye. And so the sun of this man's genius—of any man's genius—can never go out. The flame is burning yet—in a few hearts still in the flesh, and in countless glorified spirits before the throne. There is not enough wind, loosed or unloosed, in the vast caverns of the universe to blow out that flame, nor enough blackness in the untenanted halls of space to swallow up its light! Do you tell me that the God who is so strict in the economy of His universe as to refuse a throb of energy to be lost, or an atom to be wiped out of existence, or a few pieces of bread to perish in the desert, will allow that genius, which is the breath of His own being, to be wasted without contributing wealth to the world, to the universe, to God Himself! (554)

CONSERVATION OF REMAINDERS

A man was in possession of a great farm. The abundant crops finally failed, and other calamities came, and at last the wife of the great land-owner lost her reason. Nearly all had been lost, and the farmer was left with only a few feet of ground as his possession. I had not the courage to visit this man in his destitution. After a lapse of time, however, I went to his humble abode, and was amazed to see the little garden in the highest state of cultivation. And I exclaimed: "Why, how is this? How did you have the heart to do this, after you had lost all?"

"Why, what would you have had me do?" was the reply. "This is all I had, and I tried to make the best of it."

So it is for us to strengthen that which is left in the Church and in ourselves as individuals.—Olin A. Curtis. (555)

CONSERVATISM, FALSE

There stands the false conservative, anchored to the past. Whatever is, for him, is right and good. He is constitutionally opposed to change. Wagon-wheels make a rut an inch deep across the prairie, but when this man is thirty he is in a rut up to his eyebrows. When he dies, at seventy, you can truly say, that his image is truth lying at the bottom of a well. He loves his father's house because it is old; he loves old tools; old laws; old creeds. He stands at his gate, like an angry soldier, waving his hands and shouting warnings to all who approach. He has one injunction for every boy starting out to make his fortune: "Watch your anchor, my son; don't cast off your moorings"; as if any Columbus, who spent all his time throwing out anchors, could ever have crossed the sea! As if any world voyage could be made by a captain who never dared cast off his moorings! In the Arabian tale, when the sheik was lost in the desert, he took off the bridle, and committed the camel to God and his own instincts, trusting the beast to find its way to the water springs. But if the old sheik had been a false conservative, he would first of all have staked the camel down by a lariat, and then committed himself to God, like these church dignitaries and councils that stake the religious or political thinker down by a lariat, which they then label in a humorous moment, "liberty of thought," and having made progress impossible, they commit themselves to the care of the God of progress.—N. D. Hillis. (556)

Conservatism Natural—See Progress.

CONSIDERATENESS

This incident is from a source not identified:

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street, where some boys were playing at baseball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly-looking child, supported on two crutches, who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game, for he did not seem to see how his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as baseball.

His companions, very good naturedly, tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place; and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one of them at last, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" said another—the tallest in the party; "never mind, I'll run for him," and he took his place by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said, aside to the other boy, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on I thought to myself, "That boy is a true gentleman." (557)

See Kindness; Service, Interested.

Consideration for Others—See Others, Consideration for.

Consideration for Weakness—See Weakness, Consideration for.

CONSISTENCY

Those who walk with God are sure to exercise a powerful effect, conscious or unconscious, upon their worldly friends and neighbors. It is said of certain of the apostles that those who watched them "took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus."

A certain mill-owner was an infidel. He ran his mill seven days in the week, yet on Sundays he stopt it for a short time in the morning and again at noon. At length some one ventured to ask him why he acted thus. His reply was, "It is because I know that Deacon B. will pass at a certain time on his way to church, and again on his way back I do not mind the rest of you, for you do not properly live what you profess, but I tell you I do mind him, and to run my mill while he is passing would make me feel bad here"—putting his hand upon his heart.

Theosóphy in its mystic theories includes the concept that the spirit within each individual forms a visible aura or halo around him, which can be seen by many who possess the faculty of discernment. The spirit of a true Christian is apprehended by those about him far more accurately than might be imagined. For the spirit inevitably impels the actions of the life. (558)

CONSTITUTION IN OBSCURITY

A schoolboy in Brooklyn was asked: "What is the Constitution of the United States?" He replied: "It is that part in small print in the back of the book that nobody reads." (559)

Constraint—See Acquiescence to Providence.

Consumption—See Tuberculosis.

Consumption and Vocal Exercises—See Singing Conducive to Health.

CONTACT

If one's heart be charged with sympathy, he will convey it by his handshaking, as if he carried with him this ingenious toy:

An "electric handshaker" to shock unsuspecting friends, has been devised by a man in Paterson, N. J. The specification of the patent that he has secured reads, according to *The Western Electrician:* "It is intended that the cell or battery and coil be concealed in the inside breast pocket or other convenient hiding-place on the person intending to operate the toy. The two wires are to be run down the sleeve of the operator and the ring slipt on one of his fingers, the two contact buttons being turned toward the palm of the hand. If now, the circuit through the induction-coil and battery being closed, the operator shakes hands or otherwise brings the two buttons on the ring into contact with another person, this person receives a most surprizing and effective electric shock. Owing to the small size and the ingenious method of concealing the apparatus, the recipient of the shock does not at once discover the source of the discharge, and the toy is productive of much amusement." (Text.) (560)

See SYMPATHY.

Contact with the Blind—See BLINDNESS AND CONTACT.

Contagion — See POST-MORTEM CONSEQUENCES.

Contagion of Evil—See EVIL, VIRULENCY OF.

CONTAMINATION

A party of young people were about to explore a coal-mine. One of the young ladies appeared drest in white. A friend remonstrated with her. Not liking the interference, she turned to the old miner, who was to conduct them, and said:

"Can't I wear a white dress down in the mine?"

"Yes, mum," was his reply. "There is nothing to hinder you from wearing a white frock down there, but there'll be considerable to keep you from wearing one back."

There is nothing to hinder a Christian from conforming to the world's standard of living, but there is a good deal to keep him from being unspotted if he does. Christians were put into the atmosphere of this world to purify it, and not to be poisoned by it. (561)

Mr. Hilditch, of the Sheffield Laboratory of Bacteriology and Hygiene, Yale University, has demonstrated that the average number of bacteria in each of twenty-one bills was 142,000, while by far the most common forms present were the varieties of the pyogenic staphylococcus. These organisms were not in possession of their full virulence, but merely produced a more or less local reaction, on guinea-pig injection, with swelling of the lymph glands of the groin. Their constant presence on money is certainly of greater significance than merely indicating the exposure to the bacterial contamination of the air; they clearly indicate that the money has been contaminated by handling and without regard to the virulence or the danger of infection to which these particular organisms themselves expose those who receive the money, they establish beyond question the most fundamental and significant fact for scientific demonstration, viz., that money is a medium of bacterial communication from one individual to another.—*The Popular Science Monthly.* (562)

CONTAMINATION, DEATH FROM

For the soldier in the far-away Philippines, death lurks in many places. Perhaps it is the enemy in the open, or the shot from the thicket, or the assassin's knife in the dark. These are not the deadliest foes, however. The cholera is everywhere. Man can guard against the one, but he falls a victim to the other. Not long since a certain constabulary officer had met the enemy and defeated them. Before he reached camp on the return march, however, disease laid hold upon him for its own. Ere he reached the camp he was dead. In trying to explain that sudden demise, a companion of the march said:

> When we stopt at shacks on the roadside and asked for water it was furnished us in a coconut shell with the native's thumb dipt in and the water so muddy one could not see the bottom, but down it went with some jest about a cool death.

The thumb of the native, dipt in the shell of water, brought death to the drinker. There is another sort of cup in which lurks the serpent of death—the wine cup. (563)

Contempt of Patriotism—See MEMORIALS OF PATRIOTISM.

CONTENT

Robert Trowbridge wrote for *Scribner's Magazine* the following verse:

My neighbor hath a little field,
Small store of wine its presses yield,
And truly but a slender hoard
Its harvest brings for barn or board.
Yet tho a hundred fields are mine,
Fertile with olive, corn, and vine;
Tho autumn piles my garners high,
Still for that little field I sigh,
For, ah! methinks no other where
Is any field so good and fair.
Small tho it be, 'tis better far
Than all my fruitful vineyards are,
Amid whose plenty sad I pine—
"Ah, would that little field were mine!"

Large knowledge void of peace and rest,
And wealth with pining care possest—
These by my fertile lands are meant.
That little field is called Content. (564)

CONTENTMENT

There is a story of an old woman who was very uncomfortable in her temper. She was always fretting and worrying and complaining. Nothing ever went right with her, and everybody was tired of her continual crossness and grumbling.

At last, late in her life, there came a change over her, and this cross, crabbed old woman grew gentle, patient and amiable. She was so altered from her former self that one of her neighbors took courage to ask her how it was that she, who had always found life so full of prickles, now seemed to touch the smooth and pleasant side of everything.

"Well," said she, "I'll tell you how it is. I've been all my life a-struggling and a-striving for a contented mind, and now I've made up my mind to sit down contented without it." (565)

See OPTIMISM.

Contentment More than Raiment—See CHARACTER MORE THAN CLOTHING.

Contest, Made for—See BODY, MASTERING THE.

Contingency — See COMMON PROBLEM, THE.

Continuity of Life—See LIFE, CONTINUED.

Contraband Traffic—See EVIDENCE, PROVIDENTIAL.

Contraction of Stomach—See ADAPTATION.

Contrariness—See DOURNESS.

CONTRAST NECESSARY TO INTEREST

In nature as well as in poetry the sense of beauty is stimulated by contrast. If all women were pretty, how soon we should cease to admire lovely eyes and fair complexions and the thousand charms which make women in their weakness stronger than men are in their strength; if all men were handsome fine features would be disregarded. In climates which have months of perpetual drought and heat, the blue sky becomes hateful, and the sun, instead of being the best of friends, as in temperate lands, is regarded as an enemy. An Englishman finds cloudy days depressing because they are so frequent in his own land; his brothers in tropical lands welcome them because they are so few. In animal life, too, the same rule holds good, and I question if we should admire the exquisite shape of a gazelle or of a well-bred horse, and the superb plumage of the peacock and the secretary-bird, were it not for the contrast afforded by the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, and the vulture.—*Illustrated London News.* (566)

Contrasted Careers—See CAREERS CONTRASTED.

Contrasts, Shameful—See EXTRAVAGANCE, CENSURABLE.

CONTROL, DIVINE

The late Prof. Henry Drummond was staying at the house of a friend whose coachman had imperiled his career more than once by drunkenness. "Do try and speak to him about it," said the lady to Professor Drummond. Driving to the station, Professor Drummond sat beside the coachman. The carriage narrowly escaped collision through the carlessness of another driver. "Didn't I manage that well?" said the coachman to Professor Drummond. "You did, indeed. How was it?" "Because," said the coachman, "I understand the horses' mouths exactly and they obey my slightest guidance." Drummond seized the opportunity immediately. "I have only a minute," he said, "but let me ask, Why don't you throw the reins of your life to God, who understands your mouth and is ready and willing to guide you?" The word went home to the coachman's heart. (Text.) (567)

CONTROL OF CIRCUMSTANCES

The time has not yet come when man may plow the atmosphere for rain as he plows the soil for crops. If mines must be worked and towns built in arid regions, let promoters of these schemes be required to build aqueducts and bore wells sufficient in advance to supply the needed water, not waiting until droughts come and the people die. Every place on this globe has its rainy years and its dry years. Areas of cold and heat, wind and calm, rain and drought, appear and move and disappear in irregular succession. We must prepare for them and provide against disaster. We can not control the weather, but we may control ourselves. (568)

CONVERSION

Rev. J. Hawksley, a missionary among the Indians of the Klondyke, was one evening holding a service and using a magic lantern. He threw upon the screen a picture of Christ cleansing the temple. An inveterate gambler in the audience was so imprest with the attitude of Christ that the words in explanation went straight to his heart. "If Christ was so angry at those who did such things in His earthly temple, I am sure He would never let such a sinner as I am come into His holy temple above. I will give up my gambling and ask His pardon." And the man kept his word. (569)

That man steeped in iniquity can be won back by the grace of Christ to a life of decency and service is one of the marvels of the world.

Luther Burbank, the well-known botanist, finds in nature this renewing and generating quality. He can take a tree that shows distinct evidence of decay, that looks as if it were beyond recovery, and treat it, and treat it again, until he rescues it from its bad habits of many years' standing. He directs its energies so that they flow in new channels and, as "if by the shock of re-creation," what was once blighted and blasted becomes beautiful, fragrant and fruitful. (Text.) (570)

In 1855 some Hebrew Christians met in New York to observe the Passover. The meal being over, one after the other rose to testify to faith and love in Christ. One man sat with head dropt between his hands, then sobs shook his body, and those around saw that a mighty conflict was in progress in his soul. Suddenly he leapt to his feet and cried, "I will no longer deny my Lord! I will follow Him outside the camp." God took that Polish Jew—for it was Bishop Schereschewsky—and through him gave the Mandarin Bible to the vast empire of China. The Passover had become the Supper of the Lord. (571)

Like a ship becalmed in tropic seas, whose sails hang useless in the breathless air, whose sailors wearily, idly wander about the decks or lean listlessly over the bulwarks looking into the waveless, torpid sea, and over which the heavy gloom of despair and hopeless waiting hangs like a stifling air, so is many a soul arrested in the voyage of life. Its energies are like the useless sails, its thoughts like the listless sailors, the whole spirit of its life like the dull, weary scene of the idly drifting ship. And when at length the welcome wind comes rippling the sea's dead calm, filling the drooping sails, lifting the ship onward in its course, what music in the rustle of its coming! what joy in the new force it brings to the forceless ship! what animation of life, revival of hope, fleeing of all the dull, dreary spirits which haunted the scene a moment before! So is a soul who has lived with no great, good purpose which gave progress, importance, and interest to life, when at length it seizes on the great Christian purpose of living unto God. (Text.)—W. R. Brooks, *Baptist Examiner.* (572)

See Creature, A New.

CONVERSION AND A BUTTON

In the life of Charles G. Finney there is an account of the conversion of a prominent merchant. He went to hear Mr. Finney preach and was powerfully affected. Mr. Arthur Tappan, the eminent merchant, sat near him and noticed his agitation. In telling his experience afterward he said that as he arose to go, Mr. Tappan stept up and took him gently by the button of his coat and asked him to stay for prayer and conversation. He tried to excuse himself, but Mr. Tappan held on till he finally yielded. He said afterward, "He held fast to my button, so that an ounce weight at my button was the means of saving my soul." (573)

Conversion, Evidence of—See FAMILY RELIGION.

CONVERSION, GENUINE

The convert is known by his fruits. Conduct, conversation, and character, are the infallible tests of a personality transformed within.

In a large iron factory one of the worst men in the place was converted. He had been a man of terrible temper, and could scarcely speak without swearing and blaspheming against God. After his conversion his comrades waited for his temper to break out as before, and to hear him give utterance to a string of oaths. But nothing of the sort occurred. So they prepared a trap for him, which they felt sure would cause his downfall. They heated a long bar of iron and tempered it so that it would look as tho it were cold. Then they laid it on the floor when he was absent, and waited for him to come in and pick it up. Presently he returned, and, stooping over, grasped the hot iron with both hands. His comrades now expected an explosion, for there was a badly blistered strip of flesh on each hand. But the man simply turned round and said quietly, "Men, I didn't think you would do that."

At these words, so different from what they expected, tears ran down the cheeks of those strong men; a revival broke out then and there, and many of those ironworkers found salvation, because that man had not lost his temper, but had shown the reality of his transformation. (574)

CONVERSION, NOT UNNATURAL

Why should people balk at conversion as if it was something foreign to the universe? The fact is that there is not a moment of time when the process ceases. Dr. W. L. Watkinson calls attention to it in this way:

You come away from your house leaving your inkpot with the sun shining upon it. You go back. Where is your ink? Why, if you look up into the sky to-morrow you will see it in the rainbow! Nature is absolutely full of cleansings, of refinements, of marvelous chemistries, upliftings, transformations, transmutations, transfigurations! And do you mean to tell me that in a world where you see every day the miracle of renewal, the miracle of transfiguration—do you mean to tell me that the only thing in it that can not be changed is the human soul, that which it is most desirable to change? (Text.) (575)

CONVERSION, SINCERE

Mr. C. T. Studd, a missionary to China, tells the following:

A white-haired old Chinaman, over fifty years of age, an old opium-smoker, came to us, and having learned of Jesus Christ, was converted, went home and took down his idols. The elders of the village came to him for a subscription to their heathen temples. "I now worship the true God and can not henceforth pay any money for idol worship," said the old man. When his reply was known, his village and a neighboring village took counsel and decided that they would kill him. One day, as the old man sat in his chair, a mob surrounded his home yelling and cursing. He sat quietly praying. One of the six men who stood at the door ready to kill him shouted, "Now, old man, you come out."

"No," he replied quietly, "if you want me out, you must come and pull me out."

A dispute arose among the representatives of the villages as to which should have precedence in this act of religious zeal, and the contention waged so high that neither one dared to kill the gray-haired old man. They dispersed to their homes, and after living peacefully a while longer, the old Christian passed quietly to his heavenly home in 1895. (576)

CONVERTED BY THE COMET

The first conversion to Christianity by Halley's comet was recorded to-day. As far as the available records show, this is the comet's first convert.

At 4:30 o'clock yesterday morning a number of people who had shortened their matutinal slumbers to watch the great sidereal visitor from the roof of a Fourth Avenue apartment house were startled by a loud cry from one of their party. The man, a professional skeptic, was standing with arms outstretched to the heavens, weeping profusely.

"This convinces me that there is a God," he said to his friends. "Hereafter I shall always live as a Christian. These stars could not be unless there is a God."

The profound impression created on the man by the spectacle had not worn off today, and he assured his friends he meant to attend church regularly hereafter and to conduct himself as a Godfearing man should.

"I had never seen the heavens as I did then," he declared this morning. "I did not realize what a wonderful world it is."

The man's name is withheld in order to save him from what his friends say would be embarrassing publicity. His agnostic beliefs have long been the despair of his well-wishers, who are elated over his curious conversion.—Brooklyn *Eagle*. (May, 1910.) (577)

Converts in Heathendom—See NATIVE CONVERTS.

Convict, A—See DEAD THO ALIVE.

CONVICT LABOR

Last summer about forty per cent of the Colorado convicts were put to work outside their prison walls. A thousand were employed exclusively in road-building. The cost for each prisoner employed was thirty-six cents a day and the counties where the roads were built paid this amount, less the amount the State would have to pay to maintain them in the prison. The day's work was eight hours, and for each month's service there was a substantial subtraction from the term of imprisonment. No chains were attached, no stripes were worn and there was no armed guard to patrol the work camps; yet less than one-half of one per cent of those thus employed were lost by escapes.

The success of the method may be due largely to the tact and judgment of the warden. The road work is said to be the desire of every prisoner, but he must earn the privilege by good conduct. The warden personally has a talk with each prisoner before assigning him to this service and receives his pledge that he will be true and faithful to his trust. "The best effect of this," he says, "is that every man who goes from prison to road work and keeps his word with me, has taken a long step toward reformation."

This seems to be one of the best solutions of the two problems, how to get good roads and employ the inmates of our penal institutions in healthful labor, under conditions that appeal to their manliness and better nature. Of course, this method must be discriminatingly applied, but the proof that it is workable is a valuable contribution to penology.—Boston *Transcript*. (578)

CONVICTION

Alexander McLaren says:

I once heard that if you take a bit of phosphorus and put it upon a slip of wood and ignite the phosphorus, bright as the blaze is, there drops from it a white ash that coats the wood, and makes it almost impossible to kindle the wood. And so, when the flaming conviction laid upon your heart has burnt itself out, it has coated the heart, and it will be very difficult to kindle the light there again. (579)

Conviction as a Foundation—See HUMAN NATURE, INSECURITY OF.

CONVICTION THROUGH A MONKEY

The Boston *Herald* is the authority for this story from Baton Rouge, La.:

Because their conviction for murder was based almost entirely on the animosity displayed against them by a trained monkey, Christopher Starr and his wife, Mamie, circus performers, are serving life sentences in State prison.

A movement has been started to obtain a new trial for them. During the circus season, James Ackerman, proprietor of a one-ring circus, was murdered while his show was playing at Devall's Landing, La.

Mr. and Mrs. Starr, who had had a troupe of trained animals with the show, were arrested soon afterward, but there was little evidence against them, and they would have been released but for the actions of Scamp, a pet Himalayan ape, belonging to Mr. Ackerman.

Ackerman had been feeding the ape when he was slain, and when the animal, which was the only living witness of the crime, saw Starr, he flew into a terrible rage.

This action was repeated whenever Starr appeared, despite the fact that he formerly had been a friend of Scamp, and it was repeated when Mrs. Starr was seen.

The monkey's actions caused husband and wife to be indicted, and when placed on trial the monkey was brought into court, and so impress the jury that, altho the evidence was not over-strong, they were found guilty. (580)

CONVICTION, UNYIELDING

Lord Lyndhurst told a curious anecdote about a trial of a civil cause in which the jury would not agree on their verdict. They retired on the evening of one day, and remained till one o'clock the next afternoon, when, being still disagreed, a juror was drawn. There was only one juror who held out against the rest—Mr. Berkeley (M.P.

for Bristol). The case was tried over again, and the jury were unanimously of Mr. Berkeley's opinion, which was, in fact, right—a piece of conscientious obstinacy which prevented the legal commission of a wrong. (Text.)—GREVILLE'S "Memoirs." (581)

Convictions, Lack of—See INCERTITUDE.

CONVICTIONS, STRONG

Many years ago in the city of New York there was an organized set of dishonest men known as the Tweed Ring. They stole $51,000,000 from the State and city, and everybody knew it. When they told Tweed that he was under arrest, he dared to say, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" There was a merchant in New York named William Sloane. They put him on the Grand Jury. Because of his large business interests and the tremendous demands upon his time, he said, "I can not serve." But earnest men said, "Here is the bulwark of sin and here is the need of righteousness." Immediately he said, "I will serve." Now, certain men on the jury had been bought up by Tweed. One man in particular stood out. For twenty-three hours that jury sat in council. They could not come to an agreement; this one man would not yield. Finally, Mr. Sloane put his hand on this man's shoulder and said: "Do you know, sir, that the people whom we represent know the character of this man on trial? They know that we have explicit, convincing evidence against him. And do you know that I will stay here until I die before I will go out and say that this jury does not agree?" The man yielded, Tweed was convicted, sentenced and committed to jail.

There has never been a time in the history of our own land or in the history of Christendom when men standing for righteousness and truth have not accomplished something. It may sometimes mean their death. (Text.) (582)

Convictions versus Cash—See RESPONSIBILITY AFFECTS JUDGMENT.

Cooking, The Art of—See WASTE, THE PROBLEM OF.

COOLNESS

During the battle of Waterloo the Duke of Wellington appeared frequently among his men. Sergeant Cotton, in his book "A Voice from Waterloo," says:

> Whenever the Duke came, which at this momentous period was often, there was a low whisper in the ranks "Here's the Duke!" and all was steady as on parade. No matter what the havoc and destruction might be, the Duke was always the coolest man there; in the words of an eye-witness of this bloody scene, the Duke was coolness personified. (583)

COOLNESS IN DANGER

Michael Henry Ryan, able seaman on the liner *Philadelphia*, would rather drown than be rescued by means of a rope which had a poorly tied sailor's knot in it. Ryan proved this by risking his life in mid-Atlantic waves until he could retie the knot.

The rescue in itself was one of the most remarkable in the history of the American line. The captain from the bridge saw Ryan go over the side. It was too rough to launch a boat and the liner was stopt almost in its own length and sent astern so that it drifted down upon the struggling seaman. A line was lowered.

When Ryan caught the rope he examined the knot. The sea was smashing him against the side of the ship.

"Who tied this knot?" he called out to the men on deck. And then he calmly untied the knot and retied it in his own way. All the while he gave his opinion of the lubbers on deck and their inability to tie a knot. Then he put the loop under his arms and called out to those above to haul him up.—Chicago *Tribune.* (584)

Cooperation—See HELP ONE ANOTHER; WORKING TOGETHER; WORLD IMPROVING.

Cooperation, Divine—See FAITH IN GOD; GROWTH, CAUSE OF.

COOPERATION, LACK OF

An old Norse legend tells of a departed spirit meeting his guardian angel in the other world, and commiserating him upon his forlorn and haggard looks, only to receive the reproving reply: "No wonder I am worn out. All your life I have been fighting in your behalf, and I never got a bit of assistance from you." (Text.) (585)

COOPERATION WITH GOD

The farmer drops a seed into the ground and goes away and leaves it. It sprouts and grows, and by and by he reaps the harvest of the sowing, and he says, "I have harvested, I have raised so many bushels of corn to the acre." Oh, no, he has not. He has sown so many seeds, he has cultivated so many acres, he has put in his sickle or his harvesting machine, and he has gathered so many stalks. But he could not have done it if some forces of nature had not been at work perfecting that which he began. He and nature, as we say—he and God, as I say—have worked together to raise the harvest. (Text.)—LYMAN ABBOTT. (586)

See GRATITUDE.

COPYING VAIN

It would never make an arithmetician of a boy at school if he merely copied the solution of arithmetic problems from his neighbor's slate or paper, even tho the solutions thus copied should be the correct ones. To become an arithmetician the boy must himself learn to solve problems; and this means that he must understand thoroughly every step in the process of solution. The process must go through him, or through his intelligence, as well as that he must go through the process. He must know what he is aiming at, and why it is that he adds, subtracts, multiplies, and divides, every time that he does any of these. Merely to put down figures on his paper, even should they be the right figures by chance, unless he understands the why and the when, would do him no good whatsoever. And it would not make the matter one whit better if he imagined the schoolmaster would be pleased with seeing him put down right figures without understanding what he was doing, or why he was doing it. The whole would only show that he was far back in intelligence, and would hardly ever become an arithmetician. We can not become truly religious either by being mere copiers of the religion of others, or by fetish worship.—ALEXANDER MILLER, "Heaven and Hell Here." (587)

Cordiality—See HOSPITALITY IN CHURCH.

CORN VERSUS GOLD

Drop a grain of California gold into the ground, and there it will lie unchanged to the end of time, the clods on which it falls not more cold and lifeless. Drop a grain of our gold, of our blest gold, into the ground, and lo! a mystery. In a few days it softens, it swells, it shoots upward, it is a living thing. It is yellow itself, but it sends up a delicate spire, which comes peeping, emerald green, through the soil; it expands to a vigorous stalk; revels in the air and sunshine; arrays itself, more glorious than Solomon, in its broad, fluttering, leafy robes, whose sound, as the west wind whispers through them, falls as pleasantly on the husbandman's ear as the rustle of his sweetheart's garment; still towers aloft, spins its verdant skeins of vegetable floss, displays its dancing tassels, surcharged with fertilizing dust, and at last ripens into two or three magnificent batons like this [an ear of Indian corn], each of which is studded with hundreds of grains of gold, every one possessing the same wonderful properties as the parent grain, every one instinct with the same marvelous reproductive powers. There are seven hundred and twenty grains on the ear which I hold in my hand. I presume there were two or three such ears on the stalk. This would give us one thousand four hundred and forty, perhaps two thousand one hundred and sixty grains as the product of one. They would yield next season, if they were all successfully planted, four thousand two hundred, perhaps six thousand three hundred ears. Who does not see that, with this stupendous progression, the produce of one grain in a few years might feed all mankind? And yet with this visible creation annually springing and ripening around us, there are men who doubt, who deny the existence of God. Gold from the Sacramento River, sir! There is a sacrament in this ear of corn enough to bring an atheist to his knees.—EDWARD EVERETT. (588)

CORRUPTION, INNER

Athenian society decayed at last, not at all because its artists had reached the limit of human invention, or its philosophers the necessary term of human thought, but because the moral faculties and tastes which should have presided in that society were not developed in proportion to the esthetic and intellectual powers which added to its ornament. It was outwardly like the statue of Minerva in the Parthenon, of costly ivory, overlaid with gold; but it was wood within; and the wood rotted; that is all that can be said of it. Then the cunning of the ivory, and the splendor of the gold, fell and were broken, and the nations gathered the shining fragments.—RICHARD S. STORRS. (589)

COSMOLOGY, PRIMITIVE

Knowing nothing of the planetary system, early man had to account in his own way for the apparent fixity of the earth, and as the

Greeks invented the giant Atlas, the Hindus contrived a huge turtle to bear the world upon its patient back. What sustained the giant or the monster, the ancient mind inquired not. To make everything out of anything and believe with implicit faith in his own creations was the happy faculty of early man, not entirely fallen from possession in these days of all-questioning. The first Egyptians knew that the heavens and the earth were formed by the breaking of the cosmic egg, an idea suggested by the resemblance of the skies to the half of an eggshell. That is as poetic and more agreeable than the Norse idea of a giant dashed to pieces to make earth, water, and starry firmament. The Mexican legend as to the creation of man resembles the Hebraic, clay and the breath of life admitted. But the North American Indians explain the mixt nature of man by declaring that the daughter of the Great Spirit, living in the wigwam, Mount Shasta, stole forth one day, was seized by a patriarchal grizzly, who took her home and wedded her to his son. Man was the result of this union. As a punishment for the sacrilege in contaminating the race of the Great Spirit grizzlies were deprived the power of speech and made to wander ever after on all fours.—Chicago *Inter-Ocean.* (590)

Cosmopolitanism — See AMERICANISM, TRUE.

Cosmopolitanism in Education — See EDUCATION BY TRAVEL.

Cost of Disease—See HEALTH AND SCIENCE.

COST RECKONED

When your child throws away a piece of bread, make him pick it up again and tell him the history of that piece of bread. Tell him what has been requisite that that bread might exist. Tell him of the toils of the plowman and of the sower, under the sky, inclement and changeful; the obscure bursting of the seed in the ground, the long sleep under the snow, the awakening in the spring, when the green life along the furrows makes its orisons to the sun, source of life. Describe the hope of the farmer when the corn puts forth its ears, and his anguish when the storm rises on the horizon. Do not forget the harvester who wields his scythe in the dog-day heat, and that poor prisoner of the cities, pledged to nocturnal toil in overheated cellars, the baker. (Text.)—CHARLES WAGNER, "The Gospel of Life." (591)

COST, THE

In the Newark, N. J., public library is a statue of Benjamin Franklin carved in Carrara marble. It embodies an incident in his life. When a lad he bought a whistle from a playmate, giving all the coppers he possest for it. He whistled all over the house, until his brothers and sisters told him he had paid too much for the whistle, laughing at him until he cried from mortification and chagrin.

Franklin was not the first nor the last to pay too much for the whistle. Music is not the only thing that may come at too high a price. (592)

COUNTENANCE, GRACE IN THE

The face of the veteran missionary, John G. Paton, was itself an inspiration to the beholder and a revelation to the triumphs of the grace of God in the man. Once when Principal Story was introducing him to an audience, he casually remarked that much of Doctor Paton's life had been spent among savages and cannibals, and many a time he had been in danger of being killed and eaten, but had escaped unscathed. "But," added Principal Story, "I do not wonder, for had I been one of those cannibals, one look at that benignant face would have been enough to make me a vegetarian for the rest of my days." (Text.) (593)

Counterfeiters—See CRIMINALS, TRACING.

COUNTRY ADVANTAGES

Only forty-seven per cent of our population of working age reside in the country districts; they furnish fifty-seven per cent of our successful men, while the cities, with twenty per cent of the population, furnish seventeen per cent. (594)

COUNTRY, A NEW

A Chinese lived in Yokohama some twelve years ago. He was a house-painter by occupation, and went about wearing a very much bedaubed suit of clothes, caked here and there with white and green and yellow. He was a Christian and attended church regularly. When the leader said, "Let any one pray who will," John never failed to take part. The gladness of his soul spoke itself forth in a kind of Cantonned Japanese, the full meaning of which was known to himself and God only. When the *Shinasan* (Mr. Chinaman) prayed, many a face in the room became wreathed in smiles, and sometimes a hand was necessary over the mouth to help hold the hearer steady. John paid no attention; he cared not who laughed at his prayers, he was happy, God had forgiven him; and tho a Chinese, he said good-by to the world, and cut his cue off. One day a Korean friend met him and said, "Honorable sir from the great country, where is your cue?" "Cue? Cue belong no good, makee cut off." "But you will not dare to go home, you have lost your country." "*Maskee* country," said John; "my country belong *Htien-kuoa, Htien-kuoa*" ("heaven, heaven"), pointing upward.—JAMES S. GALE, "Korea in Transition." (595)

Country Church — See CHURCH, THE COUNTRY.

COUNTRY, LONGING FOR THE

If out beyond the city's farthest edge
There were no roads that led through sleepy towns,
No winds to blow through any thorny hedge,
No pathways over hazel-tufted downs,
I might not, when the day begins, be sad
Because I toil among the money-mad.

If out beyond the distant hill there lay
No valley graced by any winding stream,
And if no slim, white steeples far away
Might mark the spots where drowsy hamlets dream,
I could, perhaps, at midday be content
Where striving millions at their tasks are bent.

If far away from noise and strife and care
There were no buds to swell on waiting trees,
No mating birds to spill upon the air
The liquid sweetness of their melodies
I might, at sunset be serene and proud
Because a few had seen me in the crowd.

—The Chicago *Record-Herald.* (596)

Country, Love of—See FIDELITY; HOME WHERE THE HEART IS.

Country, Serving One's—See SEEKING SERVICE.

COURAGE

When a soldier ran crying to Pelopidas, "We are fallen among the enemies, and are lost!" "How are we fallen among them any more than they among us?" replied the undaunted spirit. And when the soldiers of Marius complained of thirst, being encamped where there was no water, he pointed to a river running close to the enemy's trenches, and bade them take the drink which valor could give them in that direction.—JAMES T. FIELDS. (597)

"Evils faced are half-conquered." Such seems to be the purport of this poem by John Finley:

I'd have the driving rain upon my face—
Not pelting its blunt arrows on my back,
Goading with blame along its ruthless track,
But flinging me defiance in the race.

And I would go at such an eager gait
That whatsoe'er may fall from heaven of wo
Shall not pursue me as some coward foe,
But challenge me—that I may face my fate.

(Text.)—*Harper's Magazine.* (598)

I have walked on the Mount of Gladness,
I have wept in the Vale of Tears,
And my feet have stumbled ofttimes as I trod through the path of the years;
Yet my heart has ever lifted its song of thankful praise
To the God of all eternity, who has kept me in my ways,
Tho alone I tread the wine-press, or kneel in Gethsemane,
I know He has never forsaken, and that He leadeth me.
Tho I "walk through the Valley of Shadow," my soul shall not be dismayed,
For my God is the God of the fathers, the God of the unafraid!

—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.* (599)

It is easy to be courageous when backed by the crowd. It is different when one stands alone against the crowd.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century Professor Simson, of Glasgow, was on trial in the General Assembly for dangerous heresy. He was convicted, and suspended from preaching and teaching. There were some who thought the sentence inadequate. Boston, of Ettrick, was one of them. He was a shy man. But no one else offering to rise, he rose, overcoming his timidity, to enter his dissent against the inadequate condemnation of Simson—to enter his dissent in his own name and in the names of all who would adhere to him, adding, amid solemn silence on the part of the assembly, "And for myself if nobody shall adhere." (600)

See ACHIEVEMENT; FITNESS.

Courage, Calm—See FAITHFULNESS.

COURAGE, CHRISTIAN

During the Boxer rebellion the railroad tracks laid by the Russians in Manchuria were torn up, and the Russian troops were sent on an expedition to punish the Chinese insurgents. The Russians marched from city to city destroying and looting, meeting with practically no resistance. But at one place something unexpected happened, as told by Mr. H. J. Whigham in *V.C.* (London):

The Russians marched up to the gates and were just about to enter when the Boxers opened fire upon them. The army was withdrawn, the batteries were got out, and the general was just going to smash up the city when the Scotch missionary, Doctor Westwater (acting as interpreter) approached him and asked for a moment's truce.

"I undertake," he said, "to enter the city and to induce it to surrender without a shot being fired on one condition."

"Which is?"

"That there shall be no destruction and no looting; none whatever."

The general yielded, and mounting his pony, Doctor Westwater rode forward to the city alone.

Now, when you consider that the city was full of Boxers, you will realize that it was a pretty considerable act of courage for a minister, of all men, to ride unarmed through those seething streets. This was what Westwater did. The city was a roaring hive of armed Boxers, muskets peeping from roof and window, and the streets ringing with the noise of arms. At the missionary quarters Doctor Westwater was fortunate enough to find a Christian convert, who conducted him to a place where the merchant gild were holding a sort of cabinet council.

Westwater explained matters, appealed to the citizens to avoid bloodshed, and pledged his word that neither destruction nor looting should mark the Russian occupation of their city. The appeal was successful, and he rode quietly back to the Russian general.

The general was an awful brute, as bad as he could be, but Westwater's action seemed to impress him, and his orders were very exact. During his occupation of the city there was no single instance of crime. Westwater's gallant action, too, imprest even the Boxers. They named him the savior of the town, and when, some months later, he took his departure for home, he was made the honored guest of extraordinary banquets, and was accompanied to the railway station by all the grateful citizens, half of them waving flags and half of them banging musical instruments. (601)

See TROUBLE BRAVELY MET.

COURAGE CONTAGIOUS

Charles Wagner, in "The Gospel of Life," says:

You are struggling with difficulties, your look is troubled and your good will as well. One of those painful moments of strife and discouragement, when man is no longer anything but the shadow of himself, is passing over. In these circumstances a newspaper falls into your hands. In it you read that, on such and such a day, in the heart of Africa, surprized by an ambuscade, surrounded by enemies in superior numbers, an officer, who does not speak your language and who is not fighting for your cause, has kept calm; that, the better to show his tranquil resolution, he has, at a moment like that, before his troops, hemmed in, lost, lighted his cigar, recalled in few words the memory of the fatherland and the duty of a soldier; and then marched toward the enemy and to certain death. It is all told in three lines. And when you have read it, you arise, you come out of your depression, you organize your resistance; you look your trouble in the face, you feel high spirits, virility, a certain generous ardor for the strife. And all this life, this precious elasticity of courage that animates you, you owe to those who are unknown to you, to the vanquished, and to the dead lying out yonder without burial and without name. What a proof of what we can do for each other? (602)

COURAGE IN LIFE

This poem has been printed as anonymous and it has also been attributed to Edmund Vance Cook:

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven heart, and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it;
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it.

You're beaten to earth. Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye.
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,
It's how did you fight, and why.

And tho you be done to death, what then?
If you battled the best you could;
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die. (603)

COURAGE, MORAL

Mrs. George E. Pickett, wife of General Pickett, who led the fatal charge the last day at Gettysburg against the Union forces, writes of the tender memories she had of Grant. She called upon him with her husband while he was President. Grant knew that his old comrade of West Point had been made a poor man by the war, and he offered him the marshalship of Virginia. While sorely needing help, he appreciated the heavy draft made upon the President by office-seekers, and said: "You can't afford to do this for me now, and I can't afford to take it"; but Grant instantly replied with firmness, "I can afford to do anything I please that is right."—Col. Nicholas Smith, "Grant, the Man of Mystery." (604)

COURAGE OF HOPE

These lines from an unidentified source point a New Year's lesson:

As a dead year is clasped in a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours and a new hope. Remember
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.

Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgetting
Whatever the past held of sorrow or wrong.
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting;
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still shining.
Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next.
Did the clouds drive you back? But see yonder their lining.
Were you tempted and fell? Let it serve as a text.

It is never too late to begin rebuilding
Tho all into ruins your life has been hurled,
For see how the light of the New Year is gilding
The wan, worn face of the bruised old world. (605)
(Text.)

COURAGE OF UTTERANCE

James Oppenheim, in a poem, "The Cry of Men," writes this verse inciting to boldness in uttering our truth:

Then put off the coward—live with the Vision!
Let me go to my work in the morning
With fire of God, let me strike in the open, let me cry, cry aloud the age dawning—
Let my life be real—faith in my heart! My eternity hangs on this day—
God in me dies or leaps godward as I thunder my yea or my nay! (606)

COURAGE VERSUS ETIQUETTE

Here is a story of Gen. Leonard Wood, told by a Boston physician in the New York *Times:*

One day an infant was brought in suffering from membranous croup. The case was so far advanced that any delay would almost certainly result in death for the little one. Dr. Wood did not hesitate a moment. He began to work at once, carefully, fearlessly, promptly, and successfully. Five minutes later, and while both mother and patient were still in the room, the surgeon who should have had the case according to rule, walked in. The young doctor (Wood) explained, but would not apologize, as he was asked to do. He had done right, and he was not going to tell any man he was sorry for it, he said. The result was that he was first suspended, and then dismissed. And I call that courage. (Text.) (607)

COURTESY

Charles W. Eliot introduced [at Harvard] a system of discipline based upon personal loyalty to college interests. It is related that at a faculty meeting shortly after he had been inducted into office, one of the faculty asked him with considerable severity the reason for this doing away with time-honored rules of discipline, when the young president replied, with great sweetness and courtesy, "The reason is, we have a new president."—James T. White, "Character Lessons." (608)

See Kindness.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* has an office boy whose name, let us say, is Joe. The other day Joe was present when the wife of a member of the staff called to see her husband. The latter, having just returned from lunch, deferentially greeted the lady by raising his hat. Joe contemplated this act of courtesy with that fine scorn which office boys feel for all obligations that are not compulsory. "Huh!" he remarked to a companion. "You'd think them two was strangers!" (609)

Courtesy Imitated—See Symbols, The Value of.

COURTESY IN TRAVELING

Probably few people know it, but the institution of the bell-cord, by which the engineman is signaled to stop his train, was due to the courtesy of a conductor. A general passenger agent told the story the other day. Back in the fifties, when wood was still used for fuel in locomotives, the conductor on a local train rigged up a bell-cord so that he could let passengers off at will. The stop signal was given too often for the engineman, who finally became so annoyed that he cut the rope. At the next stop the conductor went forward to the engine cab.

"Jim," he said, "I'm going to treat my passengers right. You tie up that bell-cord, and if you cut it again I'll punch your head."

The engineman cut the cord again, and the conductor, who valued his reputation for courtesy to passengers, went forward and delivered the promised thrashing. Conductors nowadays, tho, are not quite so primitive in their methods, and are not obliged to administer personal discipline to fellow employés.—Buffalo *Evening News.* (610)

COURTS OF JUSTICE AMONG BIRDS

Dr. Edmondson describes regular assemblies of crows of the hooded species—"crow courts," they are called—which are held at certain intervals in the Shetland Isles. A particular hill or field suitable for the business is selected, but nothing is done till all are ready, and consequently the earlier comers have sometimes to wait for a day or two till the others arrive. When all have come, the court opens in a formal manner and the presumed criminals are arraigned at the bar. A general croaking and clamor are raised by the assembly and judgment is delivered, apparently, by the whole court. As soon as the execution is over, the court breaks up and all its members disperse quietly. An Alpine tourist relates that, during an excursion in the Swiss mountains, he accidently came upon a small secluded glen, which was surrounded by trees, and became the unexpected witness of a singular spectacle. About sixty or seventy ravens were ranged in a ring around one of their fellows, evidently reputed a culprit, and with much clatter of tongues and wings, were engaged in discussing his alleged delinquencies. At intervals they paused in their debate in order to permit the accused to reply, which he did most vociferously and with intense energy, but all his expostulations were speedily drowned in a deafening chorus of dissent. Eventually the court appears to have arrived at the unanimous conclusion that the felon had utterly failed to exculpate himself, and they suddenly flew at him from all sides and tore him to pieces, with their powerful beaks. Having executed their sentence, they speedily disappeared.—*The Popular Science Monthly.* (611)

Covenant—See Blood, The Tie of.

COWARDICE

We see by the following account of English sparrows that any coward may seem brave when he is with the majority:

The English sparrow has been called pugnacious. He is nothing of the kind. He does not love a fight. Bird to bird, there is nothing too small to whip him. I have seen a chipping sparrow, which is the least among the pasture sparrows, send the poltroon scurrying to shelter with all his feathers standing on end. A cock bluebird, fighting like a gentleman, and like a gentleman fighting only when he must, will drive a half-dozen of them. The English sparrow has the true instincts of the browbeating coward, and loves to fight only when in overwhelming numbers he may attack a lone pasture bird without danger to himself.—Winthrop Packard, "Wild Pastures." (612)

Craziness Indicated—See Concert, Lack of.

Crazy Spells—See Absent-mindedness.

CREATION, A WITNESS OF

Ruskin finds God's witness in creation in contemplating a leaf:

If you ask an ordinary botanist the reason of the form of a leaf, he will tell you it is a "developed tubercle," and that its ultimate form "is owing to the directions of its vascular threads." But what directs its vascular threads? "They are seeking for something they want," he will probably answer. What made them want that? What made them seek for it thus? Seek for it, in five fibers or in three? Seek for it, in serration, or in sweeping curves? Seek for it in servile tendrils, or impetuous spray? Seek for it in woolen wrinkles rough with stings, or in glossy surfaces, green with pure strength and winterless delight? It is Mr. Ruskin who asks these questions: and it is Mr. Ruskin who adds, "There is no answer." (613)

Creation, Intelligence in—See Design in Nature.

CREATION, JOY IN

God's heart must laugh a mighty laugh of joy every spring and summer time. Oh, man! don't you think you would laugh if you could make a leaf—not a great big green oak or maple-leaf, but just a wee, modest, unpretentious leaf, and yet a real leaf? Now, wouldn't you thrill with joy to the ends of your finger-tips if you could make just one leaf? And well you might, for never yet was born the man who could make a leaf without God doing the major part of the work.

And yet every spring God grows a million leaves and flowers out in the cornfields, back in the forests, down in the meadows of earth. Why, truly God is right down here among us watching things grow, going through the corn-fields and laughing to the rustling music of the green blades of silken corn.—F. F. Shannon. (614)

Creatorship—See Life, Source of Man's.

CREATURE, A NEW

The author of that noble hymn, "The God of Abraham praise," was Thomas Olivers, the Welsh Methodist evangelist, popularly known as "the cobbler of Tregonan," but who became a signal instance of the power of grace to change the heart and to quicken genius. Left an orphan early in life, he grew up neglected in learning and morals, and became known as the worst character in all the country round. But a sermon by George Whitefield, at Bristol, entirely changed the character of the young man, and the current of his life. Of that change he himself said: "When that sermon began, I was one of the most abandoned and profligate young men living; before it ended I was a new creature. The world was all changed for Tom Olivers." (615)

Credentials, Negative—See Realism, Refraining from.

Credentials of Merit—See Appreciation of Character.

Credit Refused—See Need, Refused in the Hour of.

CREEDS, INSECURITY OF

It is natural to desire a few firm and unshakable beliefs. If we can only formulate the eternal verities and tuck them away in pigeon-holes ready to our hand when wanted, we feel a certain sense of security. To run the fundamental principles into molds and have them forever after in cast-iron rigidity and indestructibility is surely, we imagine, a consummation devoutly to be wished.

But soon we encounter unexpected and vexatious and puzzling difficulties. Truth has a way of losing its trueness by the very act of being exprest. Exprest, or squeezed out, it does, indeed, too often become; and nothing but an empty husk, a hollow form, remains. How often one has the vaguely haunting and curiously baffling sense that, if one were to say a certain thing, that thing would immediately cease to be so; and, that if one had only refrained from a certain other utterance, the thought intended would not have lost, so unaccountably, its quality of truth! In other words, how many times does truth show itself to be of a nature quite too shy to be caught and tamed, too slippery to be grasped, too elusive to be held fast! To take a homely illustration, Mrs. Smith says to Mrs. Brown, "I am more polite than you," and straightway an assertion that might have been true, if unuttered, becomes glaringly false. An able lawyer was once arguing a case in court when the judge interrupted him by declaring, "That is not the law." "It was the law, your Honor, until your Honor spoke," was the two-edged rejoinder. Some such ironical retort is constantly being flung back at us by the inscrutabilities that we attempt to fathom. We know not well (tho we are learning) the subtle ways they "keep, and pass, and turn again."

"Outworn creeds" is a phrase familiar to all. But why have we so abundant a heritage of these cast-off garments? Is not their undurability owing to the fact that truth is dynamic rather than static? We must believe that at every instant of time something is true; but that the same thing, stated just so and no otherwise, is true for all time, is not so certain, and he who depends on a fixt creed, of elaborate pattern, to bear him up through all the stormy seas, is likely to find himself clinging to a very poor life-preserver.—*The Christian Register.* (616)

Crime and Playgrounds—See PLAY AND MORALS.

CRIME, EPIDEMICS OF

In the days of bank burglaries—now much less frequent, owing to the protections that science has provided for money vaults—it was not often that a single robbery was reported; they "came in battalions." This was not because the same gangs engaged in many different enterprises, but because a universal similar impulse permeated the minds of the criminal class devoted to these forms of guilt. A curious study might be made of the causes of epidemics of crime. In superstitious times all evils were attributed to the influence of adverse stars. This may have been an approach to scientific truth, or its advanced shadow. The causes of meteorological change must be the causes lying back of the pervading disposition at times witnessed to commit peculiar classes of crime. A suicidal atmosphere must have its origin in some of the secret springs of nature. Advanced speculation has recently attributed cyclones, earthquakes, and other terrestrial disturbances to great changes in the surface of the sun or in the superheated ether surrounding it. A theory quite as plausible as this might attribute epidemics of crime to similar influences, by which weak reasons are overthrown and murderous intents are kindled in excitable minds with destructive tendencies. There are causes for all things in life and nature, and no study of such causes is in vain.—Chicago *Journal.*

(617)

CRIME EXPOSED

Marshall P. Wilder describes a punishment common in China:

The cangue is a large square board that fits about the neck, and besides being very heavy and uncomfortable, is considered a great disgrace, for it has the prisoner's name and crime pasted on it. In order to make the punishment more severe, the prisoner is often condemned to be taken to the place where the crime was committed and made to stand near the store or house where the nature of his crime, as well as his name, is plainly to be read by every passer-by. This is a terrible punishment, for the Chinese are very sensitive about being publicly shamed.—"Smiling 'Round the World."

(618)

See EVIDENCE, PROVIDENTIAL.

CRIME IN FORMER DAYS

Every week a host of young lads were hanged for theft, and the spectacle of a criminal riding through the streets to Tyburn, and getting as drunk as he conveniently could upon the way, was too common to attract attention. London was called the City of the Gallows, for from whatever joint you entered it, by land or water, you passed between a lane of gibbets, where the corpses of felons hung, rotting and bleaching in the light. Nor was crime supprest by this stringency of the law. Highwaymen rode into town at nightfall, coolly tying their horses to the palings of Hyde Park, and executed their plans of robbery in the very presence of the impotent protectors of the public peace. London was infested by gangs of youths, whose nightly pastime was to bludgeon inoffensive watchmen, and to gouge out the eyes of chance travelers. Dean Swift dared not go out after dark, and Johnson wrote:

Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.

Ludgate Hill swarmed with mock parsons, and thousands of spurious marriages were celebrated every year.—W. J. DAWSON, "The Makers of English Prose." (619)

Crime Prevented—See SCIENCE PREVENTING CRIME.

Crime Traced—See MISERY AN EDUCATOR.

CRIME UNPROFITABLE

"I have talked with murderers, train and stage robbers, burglars, pickpockets, hobos, yeggmen and others guilty of nearly every crime known," says Griffith J. Griffith, "yet I never found a prisoner but could easily be convinced that a criminal career does not pay. A sane young man so convinced can be reformed." (620)

Criminal Energy—See DISHONESTY.

Criminals Deficient in Conscience—See CONSCIENCE BENUMBED.

CRIMINALS, GAIT OF

All evil traits probably carry with them some bodily signs. Soul and body are intimately related.

Dr. Parrachia has made a curious study of the differences between criminals and law-abiding citizens, as exhibited by their walk. He not only has shown how we may distinguish criminals in general, but has laid the beginning of the differential diagnosis between various evil-doers. He found that in criminals in general (obtained from the study of forty criminals) the left pace was longer than the right, the lateral deviation of the right foot was greater than that of the left, and the angle formed by the axis of the foot with the straight line was greater on the left side than on the right. It would thus seem that, in general, the gait of a criminal betrays a marked preponderance of power of the left foot over the right—a true sinistrality. This also agrees with the discovery of Marro that criminals are often left-handed.—*Public Opinion.* (621)

CRIMINALS, TRACING

The tracing of counterfeit bills back to the persons responsible for their issue is a curious and exciting employment. The experts assigned by the Government to this work are among the most skilful members of the Secret Service.

A bank clerk in Cleveland had detected a counterfeit twenty-dollar bill in the deposit of a small retail grocer. An expert was sent for and undertook the case.

He found that the grocer had received the bill from a shoe-dealer, who had it from a dentist, who had it from somebody else, and so on, until the Secret Service man finally traced the bad note to an invalid woman who had used it to pay her physician. When questioned, this woman said that the money had been sent her by her brother, who lived in New Orleans.

The sleuth looked up the brother's antecedents, and soon became convinced that he was the man wanted. The brother, however, soon proved to the satisfaction of the Secret Service man that his suspicions were unfounded. Indeed, it appeared that the money had been received by the New Orleans man in part payment of rent of a house he owned in Pittsburg. While the sleuth was a bit discouraged, he couldn't give over the case when he had gone so far, so he took the next train for Pittsburg.

The tenant of the house in Pittsburg proved to be a traveling oculist, who spent most of his time in the Middle West. The Secret Service man had the good luck, however, to catch him just as he had returned from a trip; and the man at once recognized the bad bill as one that had been given him by a patient in Cleveland, the very point whence the sleuth had started.

The patient was a boss carpenter. The Secret Service man got his address from the oculist and went right after the new clue. At this point he had a premonition that something was going to happen, and he wasn't disappointed.

The carpenter, an honest old fellow, said that he had received the bill from a certain

Parker. The said Parker was the small grocer in whose bank deposit the counterfeit had turned up. The expert flew to the grocer's as quickly as a cab would take him, and found it closed. He had left town.

Afterward it was shown beyond question that the grocer was the agent of an organized band of counterfeiters. His shop was a mere blind. That the bill which he gave the carpenter should get back into his own funds after traveling all over the continent was one of those miracles of chance for which there is no explanation.—*Harper's Weekly.* (622)

CRISES, PREPARATION FOR

Let it not be imagined that the great souls who have made history by their heroic action and their momentous decisions in moments of critical exigency were unprepared, or that they played their grand parts at random. The hour of destiny comes, and the man comes with it, but he has always been in training for it. He has had his forty days in the wilderness.

On the ridge of Leuthen, far up above the plain, Frederick the Great through his glass watched the gathering of the enemy's hosts in overwhelming numbers. He only gazed on the terrible spectacle five minutes, and then he had thought out the magnificent combinations which arranged his plan of battle. Ruin fell on the foe and a new era in history was inaugurated; but this was only because Frederick had trained himself for years for the crisis. (623)

CRITIC RIDICULED

A teacher of elocution from New Jersey went to hear Mr. Beecher, and when the sermon was closed he crowded himself up to the front and said, "Mr. Beecher, I am an elocution teacher from the State of New Jersey. I came over to hear the greatest American preacher, but I am disappointed, disappointed." "What is the matter now?" said Beecher. "Well, sir, I counted eighty grammatical mistakes in your sermon." Beecher replied, "Is that all? I would have wagered this old hat there were over eight hundred if you had not told me." That is a philosophical way of looking at it, and treating deservedly a self-inflated and imposing upstart of a critic. Beecher could at times read human nature intuitively. (624)

Critical Faculty, The—See ORIGINALITY.

CRITICISM

It is not necessary for a child to know all about the lenses of the eye in order to see its mother's face, or to understand gravity in order to enjoy the summer's day. We use, enjoy and are saved by food and drink and sun long years before we know anything about their laws. It is one thing to pick to pieces your faith, and another thing to reconstruct it. A thousand boys can take a watch to pieces, and not one can put the wheels together again.—N. D. HILLIS. (625)

See CYNIC REBUKED; JUDGING, CARE IN.

CRITICISM, CARPING

If he is poor, he is a bad manager. If he is rich, he is dishonest.

If he needs credit, he can't get it. If he is prosperous, every one wants to do him a favor.

If he's in politics, it's for pie. If he is out of politics, you can't place him, and he's no good for his country.

If he doesn't give to charity, he's stingy. If he does, it's for show.

If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite. If he takes no interest in religion, he's a hardened sinner.

If he shows affection, he's a soft specimen. If he seems to care for no one, he is cold-blooded.

If he dies young, there was a great future ahead of him. If he lives to an old age, he has missed his calling.—*Christian Guardian.* (626)

Criticism, Ignorant—See MEANING, LOGICAL.

CRITICISM, INCOMPETENT

It is an interesting study of human nature to watch a mixt crowd as they pass through a gallery of pictures. Some simply express admiration at everything; sure that they must be good, or they would not be there, they feel safe in giving indiscriminate praise. Others spice their approbation with occasional criticism. Some utter impulsively their first impressions; others, more timid, look silently upon all. The few who, being true artists themselves, are best qualified to judge, are usually the most reticent. Indeed, they seem more occupied in studying than in judging, and more anxious to understand what they see than either to criticize or to flatter. Doubtless, however, the majority of these spectators are secretly conscious of their real incapacity to pronounce judgment, and the wisest of them will refrain from doing so, however willingly they may express whatever pleasure or preference they feel. They know they are there for their own gratification or improvement, not to pass sentence upon works which they can only dimly fathom. Yet as they pass out of the gallery into the world of living men and women how quickly is this respectful diffidence removed! He who would not presume to criticize a picture, of which he knows but little, will not hesitate to criticize a man or woman of whom he knows far less. Willing to admit his inability to estimate the work of the painter, he yet feels competent, without study or experience, to estimate the noblest and most complex work of infinite wisdom.—Philadelphia *Ledger*. (627)

See CHRISTIANITY, CRITICISM OF.

Criticism, Indifference to—See MODESTY.

Criticism of Christianity—See CHRISTIANITY, CRITICISM OF.

CRITICISM, UNHELPFUL

One of the most brilliant of our younger poets was descanting on the Chinook vocabulary, in which a Chinook calls an Englishman a Chinhog to this day, in memory of King George. And this writer says that when they have a young chief whose war-paint is very perfect, whose blanket is thoroughly embroidered, whose leggings are tied up with exactly the right colors, and who has the right kind of star upon his forehead and cheeks, but who never took a scalp, never fired an arrow, and never smelled powder, but was always found at home in the lodges whenever there was anything that scented of war—he says the Chinooks called that man by the name of "Boston Cultus." You have seen these people, as I have seen them, as everybody has seen them—people who sat in Parker's and discust every movement of the campaign in the late war, and told us that it was all wrong, that we were going to the bad, but who never shouldered a musket. They are people who tell us that the immigration, that the pope of Rome, or the German element, or the Irish element, is going to play the dogs with our social system, and yet they never met an immigrant on the wharf or had a word of comfort to say to a foreigner.—EDWARD EVERETT HALE. (628)

Cross Anticipated—See CALVARY, ANTICIPATING.

CROSS CENTRAL

It is said that two famous enemies of Christianity were once talking together of a plan for the reconstruction of religion. They believed only in the enjoyment of the life that now is. They talked of the building of a temple which would express the religious impulse and yet lay stress on the glory of the life that now is. And after they had talked of marvelous music, forever in the major key, they admitted that something was lacking in their scheme. "I know what it is," finally declared one. "It is that hymn, 'O Sacred Head Now Wounded.' Without that there is a fatal lack of beauty and of power." And this goes down pretty far toward the center. The compelling beauty of Christianity is in its doctrine of self-sacrifice. The cross sets the Christian teaching on high.—FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL. (629)

CROSS, CHARM OF THE

Rev. Edward Payson Scott, Baptist missionary in Assam, was strongly moved to visit a wild hill tribe—the Nagas—three days' journey from his station, whereas yet he had made only a start in the Naga language and had to take a Naga teacher along. He was strongly urged by the British resident officer not to run such risk, but he could not be deterred; and, when an escort of soldiers was offered him, he firmly declined, as it would defeat the very end in view, which was to go as a messenger of peace. A military escort would give a false impression of his whole spirit and motive.

So with a native companion he set out, and when they reached the base of the mountain ridge where the native village crowned the summit, and began the ascent, the alarmed villagers forming in battle-line, waved their spears in menace, the chief crying out, "Halt! we know you! You are the man of the British Queen, come to make us prisoners and carry off our children. Come no nearer!"

The missionary drew out his violin, and began to sing in the native tongue, "Alas, and did my Savior bleed!" When he had sung one verse, the chief and his warriors had already thrust their spears into the ground and broken ranks. As Mr. Scott sang on, about the amazing pity, grace, love shown when the Maker died for the sin of the creature, the wild men began to creep down the hillside, nearer and nearer; and the chief cried out, "Where did you learn that? Sing us more; we never heard the like before." The savages were subdued. The stranger was safe from their spears, and welcomed to their huts and best hospitality. The cross has never lost its charm. (Text.)—*Missionary Review of the World.* (630)

CROSS GLORIOUS

My God, I have never thanked thee for my thorn. I have thanked thee a thousand times for my roses, but not once for my thorn. I have been looking forward to a world where I shall get compensation for my cross, but I have never thought of my cross as itself a present glory. Thou divine Love whose human path has been perfected through sufferings, teach me the glory of my cross, teach me the value of my thorn.—George Matheson. (631)

CROSS IMPERISHABLE

Matthew Arnold had a brother-in-law, Mr. Cropper, who lived in Liverpool, and attended Sefton Park Church, where Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") ministered. Visiting Mr. Cropper, Mr. Arnold accompanied him to church one Sunday morning, which proved to be Arnold's last Sunday on earth. Dr. Watson preached on "The Shadow of the Cross"; and the congregation afterward sang the familiar hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross." At lunch that day Mr. Arnold referred to an illustration which the preacher had drawn from the Riviera earthquake. "In one village," said Dr. Watson, "the huge crucifix above the altar, with a part of the chancel, remained unshaken amid the ruins, and round the cross the people sheltered." "Yes," remarked Arnold in speaking of this, "the cross remains, and in the straits of the soul makes its ancient appeal." (Text.) (632)

CROSS, THE

Many preachers, while they do not ignore the cross, dim or obscure it by eliminating from it the element of redemption. But however obscured, it will emerge in human life, for the cross is the center of faith.

One of the most magnificent ecclesiastical structures in the world is the mosque of Hagia Sophia, or "Holy Wisdom," commonly known in our language as St. Sophia. This was originally the famous temple erected by Constantine in 325, as a Christian church. But it was destroyed by fire in 404 in a riot connected with the exile of Chrysostom. Rebuilt at once, in 530 it was again burnt to the ground, and the present edifice was reared by Justinian, and on Christmas day of 537 was dedicated as a Christian cathedral. In 1453 it was converted into a mosque. Jesus was put aside for Mohammed, the cross was supplanted by the crescent, and the Bible was dethroned by the Koran. Yet tho in many places the cross is wholly hidden under plaster with fine filigree work, here and there it can be perceived. (Text.) (633)

CROSS, THE VEILED

The cross of Jesus Christ was to the Greeks foolishness and a stumbling-block of the Jews. They could not see its meaning; just as I have walked out on the porch of a north Georgia home two hours before day, and in the dim starlight I could see only the faint outline of mountain and hill. I could not tell what they were. It was an indistinct picture that had in it no meaning to me. I have gone back to my room and after a while have walked out on the porch again. The sun had risen on the scene and bathed hill and mountain and valley in a flood of light, and then I looked and saw hills and mountains and valleys and streams that mine eyes had never seen before.—"Famous Stories of Sam P. Jones." (634)

CROWD AND THE EXCEPTION

Sam Walter Foss sings of the man who comes up from the crowd in these verses:

There's a dead hum of voices all saying the
 same thing,
And our forefathers' songs are the songs
 that we sing,
And the deeds by our fathers and grand-
 fathers done
Are done by the son of the son of the son,
 And our heads in contrition are bowed.
And lo, a call for a man who shall make
 all things new
Goes down through the throng. See! he
 rises in view!
Make room for the man who shall make
 all things new!
 For the man comes up from the crowd.

And where is the man who comes up from
the throng,
Who does the new deed and sings the new
song,
Who makes the old world as a world that
is new?
And who is the man? It is you! It is you!
And our praise is exultant and proud.
We are waiting for you there—for you are
the man!
Come up from the jostle as soon as you can;
Come up from the crowd there, for you are
the man—
The man who comes up from the crowd.
(Text.) (635)

CROWN, THE CHRISTIAN'S

A true Christian gladly works for the souls of the people without hope of any earthly fee or reward, but such an elevated policy naturally appears aimless to the selfish or unenlightened worldling.

Gipsy Smith says: "My father was once preaching in the open air at Leytonstone. A coster in his donkey-cart shouted out, 'Go it, old party, you will get 'arf a crown for that job.' My father stopt his address for a moment, and said quietly, 'No, young man, you are wrong; my Master never gives half-crowns. He gives whole crowns.'" (Text.) (636)

CROWNING CHRIST

"Why did you put your five-dollar gold-piece in the missionary collection, instead of some silver?" Davie was asked. "Because," he replied, "as the congregation sang, Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him Lord of all,' I imagined that I could hear his steps coming down the aisle to receive his crown, and I did not want Him to wear a copper crown, or a silver crown, but a gold crown." A part of the missionary work is giving gold for Christ's coronation. (637)

Crucified—See Martyr Spirit.

CRUEL GREED

A missionary from a north China city wrote to the *Missionary Review of the World:*

Recently some professional procurers going the rounds of the cities of northern China buying girls for the brothels of Shanghai stopt here in their diabolical quest. They negotiated a sale with a mother living near us for her seventeen-year-old daughter. As this daughter's feet were not small enough to command the sum desired, the mother arose at midnight while the children were sleeping and proceeded to beat the feet of the daughter in question to a pulp. The agonizing pain, the heartrending screams were of no avail. The feet were bound into a smaller compass by this process and a more advantageous sale expedited.

—— (638)

Dr. William H. Leslie, for many years a missionary in the Kongo, recently confirmed many of the stories of the atrocities that have marked the rule of the Belgians in that country. This is what he says:

With my own eyes I have witnessed many of the most horrible examples of cruelty practised upon the poor natives in that country. I have seen natives with one hand cut off and I have seen them with both cut off, and in many cases the poor victims were children.

Dr. Leslie also said that much of the cruelty had been practised in order to impress upon the blacks the necessity of their bringing to market the rubber wanted by their persecutors, and to emphasize the dire results that would follow their failure to do so. (639)

CRUELTY, CHINESE

There is a cruel custom which prevails in some districts in South China in time of drought. A large collection of brass locks is made, and each is marked with a Chinese character. One iron lock is added to the pile, and duplicate slips are distributed among all the male population of the villages. The unfortunate man whose slip holds the same writing on it as the iron lock must have a slit made in the front of his throat and through this, the bar of the iron lock passed. He is considered to be in some way the cause of the drought and must wear this lock until rain comes. Blood-poisoning often carries the victim off before the drought is broken.

As fast as Christian mission work prevails in China, these cruelties disappear. (640)

Cruelty from the Past—See Mutual Suffering.

CRUELTY IN WORSHIP

Rev. W. B. Simpson, missionary among the Tamil people, writes of a most inhuman sacrifice, which was being offered in a village near Kumbakonam. A goat is brought, and its mouth tied up to prevent its crying out. Nails are driven into its nostrils, its mouth, ears, eyes, and the other two openings of the body. Then a hand-beating on its poor body takes place, which must be kept up till death comes to free the animal. This, the people claim, is worshiping God according to the Vedas, altho there is no foundation for it in any of its pages. (641)

CRUELTY TO BIRDS

The following is reported by the *Daily Sentinel*, of Fairmount, Minnesota:

A mother dove had been the target of some small boy. The bullet had passed through her breast, and had left her only strength enough to flutter homeward and reach the nest, where a half-grown fledgling awaited her coming.

Dying, she had snuggled up against her little one, her life-blood pulsing out over her own white breast and against that of her young. And there, with eyes staring wide, she breathed her last, and the fledgling starved, and then froze. The two were found with their heads prest together as in a last embrace.

The owner of the dove-house brought them down-town just as they rested in the nest, and the sight and the suffering of which it spoke were enough to melt the hardest heart.

The boy with the rifle may cause a like tragedy again, and many times. (642)

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

Edward Gilleat tells of some of the horrors of the African slave-trade:

Children are thrown with the baggage on the camels if unable to walk; but if they are five or six years of age the poor little creatures are obliged to trot on all day with bleeding feet. The daily allowance of food was sometimes a quart of dates in the morning and half a pint of flour, made into a bazeen, in the evening. None of the owners ever moved without their whips, which were in constant use. Drinking too much water, bringing too little wood, or falling asleep before the cooking was finished were considered almost capital crimes. No excuses were taken; the whip exacted a fearful penalty. Sometimes the little children would cry bitterly for water when the hot east wind was blowing; if they fell down, the Moors would haul them up roughly and drag them along violently, beating them incessantly till they had overtaken the camels.—"Heroes of Modern Crusades." (643)

CRYING BENEFICIAL

A French physician contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy in a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from 126 to 60 in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotion. If people are unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel one hundred per cent better afterward. In accordance with this, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. What is natural is nearly always useful. (Text.)—*American Homeopathist.* (644)

Cultivation—See SELECTION BY PURPOSE; SUCCESS BY EXPERIMENTATION.

Culture Counts—See TRAINING.

Culture Not Everything—See GENIUS.

CUNNING

Almost always when you meet a fox in the woods he pretends not to see you, but changes his course casually, as if, perhaps, he had just heard a mouse over there among the stumps. He does not increase his speed in the slightest degree until he is behind some tree or rock; then away he goes at a tremendous rate, always keeping the tree between you and himself until well out of gunshot.—WITMER STONE and WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM, "American Animals." (645)

Cunning Among Animals—See SUBTLETY AMONG ANIMALS.

Cure by Reversal—See REVERSED ATTITUDE.

Cure from Bible Reading—See MIND-HEALING.

CURIOSITY

The catbird has the courage of his convictions, and one of these convictions is that he has the right to the satisfaction of an ungovernable and enormous curiosity. Bait your bird-trap in the woods with something which strikes a bird as a curiosity that courts immediate investigation and you will catch a catbird. Other birds might start for it, but the catbird would distance them.—WINTHROP PACKARD, "Wild Pastures." (646)

Curiosity in a Boy—See CONSCIENCE A MONITOR.

CURIOSITY, RATIONALE OF

When the child learns that he can appeal to others to eke out his store of experiences, so that, if objects fail to respond interestingly to his experiments, he may call upon persons to provide interesting material, a new epoch sets in. "What is that?" "Why?" become the unfailing signs of a child's presence. At first this questioning is hardly more than a projection into social relations of the physical overflow which earlier kept the child pushing and pulling, opening and shutting. He asks in succession what holds up the house, what holds up the soil that holds the house, what holds up the earth that holds the soil; but his questions are not evidence of any genuine consciousness of rational connections. His why is not a demand for scientific explanation; the motive behind it is simply eagerness for a larger acquaintance with the mysterious world in which he is placed. The search is not for a law or principle, but only for a bigger fact. Yet there is more than a desire to accumulate just information or heap up disconnected items, altho sometimes the interrogating habit threatens to degenerate into a mere disease of language. In the feeling, however dim, that the facts which directly meet the senses are not the whole story, that there is more behind them and more to come from them, lies the germ of intellectual curiosity.—JOHN DEWEY, "How We Think." (647)

Current, Double—See JOY AND SORROW.

CURRENTS OF LIFE

The waters of the Pacific are tempered for a certain width with a warm current flowing north from the tropics. The temperature of Alaska is affected by it, and the result of its genial influence is increased vegetation and civilization. But for this life-giving stream Alaska would be as destitute and uninhabitable as Labrador.

But for the enriching stream of Christian life the whole world would now be a moral Labrador. (Text.) (648)

CURRENTS, UTILIZING

Sir Wyville Thompson and, later, Sir John Murray, unraveled some of the mysteries of the hidden depths of the sea, such as the Gulf stream and the waters that wash the Cape of Good Hope. They have found that there are currents flowing over one another in different directions, as in the case of air-currents above us. The aim is to be able to utilize these cross-currents, both of air and water, for the benefit of man.

Still more were it wise to use the many and even the contrary currents of life so as to make all serve man's best interests. (649)

Curse of Drink—See DRINK AND NATIVE RACES.

CURSING FORBIDDEN

Bishop Benzler used to be a great favorite of the German Emperor, but recently the bishop fell into one of those quarrels about burial-grounds that in Germany, as well as in England and Wales, seem to have a great power of making people forget Christian charity. The bishop, because a Protestant had been buried in this ground, went to the extreme step of declaring that the ground had been desecrated, and decided to curse it.

The Emperor was furious when he heard of this, and when the bishop was imprudent enough to demand an audience, he let loose upon the head of the unfortunate ecclesiastic a flood of eloquent wrath which submerged him. Here is the principal passage:

"Your Reverence," said the Emperor, "has asked for an audience, and I have granted it because I, also, have a few words to say to you. Before leaving Alsace-Lorraine I must tell your Reverence that your attitude has greatly displeased me. You were represented to me as a mild and peaceable man; your actions prove the contrary. You have done worse things than the worst fanatic. You have curst a cemetery situated on German soil, the German soil over which I rule. Do not forget, your Reverence, that I, as German Emperor, will never tolerate that even one inch of German soil should be curst—no, not one inch! It is a bishop's duty to bless, and the moment you begin to curse you cease to be fit for your high position." (Text.) (650)

CURVES OF TEMPTATION

An efficient baseball player tries to get at the secret of the pitcher's curves; and the player in the game of life will look well to the curves of the world. This is a good world, and the men and women in it are of royal lineage—we are of God; but the glorious gift of liberty makes possible temptation and sin.

Because you ought to do right it is possible that you may yield to temptation, and failing to overcome a world curve be compelled to give up your place at the home-plate.—T. E. Potterton. (651)

CUSTOM

Whether in architecture, or in education, or in dress, or in other affairs of life, custom rules in Korea. Custom explains everything.

"What about this absurdity?" "Oh, it's custom." "Yes, but see here, why are the dead propt up on sticks and not buried?" "Oh, it's custom." "Do you sometimes marry off children as early as nine years of age?" "Yes, that's custom."

The reader must learn this word if he would understand old Korea, and if he would read into much of the life of the East still The forefather may have been an imbecile, or may have walked in his sleep, but what he did has come down, down to the present, and custom maintains that it is the sane and right thing to do.

"Why do you feed all these idle tramps, who come calling at your door, and you a poor man?" I once asked of my host.

He replied, "It's custom, and for my life I can't get out of it." "What about these dolmens set up all through these valleys here like tables of the gods; what do they mean?" "They were set up by the Chinese invader, thousands of years ago, to crush out the ground influence that brought forth Korean warriors."

"You mean that they have stifled out the life of the nation for all these centuries?" "Yes." "Then why don't you roll them off and get back your lost vigor?" "Oh, that's no use now, never do." "As it was, is now, and ever shall be," is the only reply.—James S. Gale, "Korea in Transition." (652)

Custom, Disregarded—See Pilot, Need of.

CUSTOM, FORCE OF

Dr. Harlan P. Beach says:

In China there are customs which are more important than etiquette. I met a man who had been shaking from head to feet "You have had chills and fever, haven't you?" I said sympathizingly. He came very near taking my head off, because there is a special god who runs chills and fever, and if he hears a man has chills and fever and is getting over it, he will give him another shake. I had gone against their deadly custom. Another incident of the same sort happened one day when a doctor of divinity saw a cheap sedan chair and bought it. A millionaire globe-trotter used it that day for sight-seeing, and when he reached the missionary compound, he exclaimed, "I have been outrageously treated by the heathen. The whole city was out laughing at me. As soon as I appeared, every man rushed out of his shop, and the streets were in an uproar." The doctor of divinity asked his native teacher for an explanation. Now, a teacher is never supposed to smile from one day's end to another, but that dignified teacher, glass, goggles, and all, doubled up with laughter when he saw the chair. "You really must excuse me," he said, "but that kind of a chair is used only in funeral processions for the spirit of the dead to ride in." It was as tho a man should ride through our city sitting up in a hearse. (653)

Custom Upheld—See Experience a Hard Teacher.

Customs, Oriental—See Gestures and Use of the Hands in the East.

Customs, Value of—See Experience a Hard Teacher.

Cycles in Nature—See Invisible, The, Made Visible.

CYNIC REBUKED

The late A. T. Gordon, D.D., told this incident:

A certain infidel, a blacksmith, was in the habit when any one came into his shop of telling what some Christian brother or deacon or minister had done, and say, "That is one of their fine Christians we hear so much about!"

An old gentleman, an eminent Christian, one day went into the shop; the infidel soon began about what some Christians had done. The old deacon stood a few moments, and listened, and then quietly asked the infidel if he had read the story in the Bible about the rich man and Lazarus.

"Yes, many a time; and what of it?"

"Well, you remember about the dogs; how they came and licked the sores of Lazarus? Now," said the deacon, "do you know, you just remind me of those dogs—content to merely lick the Christian's sores."

The blacksmith grew suddenly pensive, and hasn't had much to say about failing Christians since. (Text.) (654)

D

DAILY CHARACTER WORK

In character-building, just as in house-building, every day's work ought to count for good. If the house builders do one day's work carelessly, dishonestly, or in violation of the architect's plan, the result is liable to be serious, no matter how well the work is done thereafter. An unsound spot in the wall, a beam not properly placed, or any other feature of a misspent working day, will render questionable the soundness and safety of the entire structure when the strain of use and occupation comes. So the wasted day of one's life may fix a flaw in the character, which will expose that character to grave perils, when certain temptations and trials assail it.—*The Interior.* (655)

Dancing — See Degradation; Risk Shifted.

Danger—See Love as a Siding; Quietness in Danger.

DANGER, AVOIDING

Birds who sleep on the water—and they are numerous—are always in danger of drifting to the shore, where lies their greatest danger. In the Zoological Gardens of London it has been discovered that ducks and other water-lovers have evolved a way of avoiding this danger. Tucking one foot up among their feathers, they keep the other in the water and gently paddle, with the result that they revolve in circles and keep at a safe distance from land, a kind of sleep-walking turned to good account.—Olive Thorne Miller, "The Bird Our Brother." (656)

DANGER, COURTING

A few years ago a tenderfoot went out West looking for grizzly. He was all togged out in the newest style of hunting-suit, and dawned like an incredible vision on the astonished inhabitants west of the Missouri. He asked them where he could find a grizzly, and they told him reverently that at a certain place not far from there grizzlies were numerous and would come if you whistled. Light-heartedly he took his way to the place indicated and two days later they buried his mangled remains in the local cemetery. Over his innocent young head they erected a tombstone whereon they rudely carved this epitaph:

"He whistled for the grizzly, and the grizzly came." (657)

DANGER FROM BELOW

Moral disaster to character is often wrought by the inrush of animal tendencies stored in the lower nature of man.

At various times during the construction of the Simplon Tunnel work has been retarded by the influx of water from underground springs. In the autumn of 1901 a stream of water burst into the Italian workings, and, attaining a discharge of nearly 8,000 gallons per minute, speedily converted the two headings into canals. Several months elapsed before the flow could be overcome. (Text.)—*The Scientific American.* (658)

DANGER LESSENED

The danger of fire on the great transatlantic steamship is no longer to be dreaded. Fire in a compartment can be isolated by the closing of the bulkhead doors, and the flames may then be fought by forcing into the burning section of the hull carbonic-acid gas, steam and water. Fires occur from time to time on liners but they are extinguished so readily, and are so easily confined, that the passengers seldom know anything about them. Should an explosion take place in the engine-room of a modern steamship, the doors would close automatically, preventing the escape of steam and fire.

No such devices avail with the human soul. A man can not allow the fire of lust or sin in one compartment of his being and then keep it out of the remainder. The old doctrine of total depravity was based on this unity and totality of character, such that a taint at one point was believed to be a taint of the whole nature. (659)

Danger, Rushing Into—See WILFULNESS.

DANGER STIMULATING EXERTION

In the homeward voyage of the Atlantic fleet, on its cruise around the world, a historian of its experiences tells of a rescue of one of the sailors in a great storm that arose. The storm was at its height and there ran through the fleet a report that the *Minnesota* had lost a man overboard. The signal, indicating that fact, went up to the foremast and the fleet stopt.

Could they save the man? It was noticed that the *Minnesota* swung around a little, as if to afford a lee, and the *Vermont* following held true. A life-buoy had been thrown to the struggling man, and he, being a good swimmer, caught it, and drifted down toward the *Vermont*. Those on the *Vermont* saw him and ran their bow up close to him, turned it a little so as to afford shelter, and were preparing to lower a boat for him. A life-line was thrown overboard, and, to the astonishment of those on the *Vermont*, the man left the life-buoy and swam for the line. Those on board shouted to him not to do it; but he took the chance, swam to the life-line and wrapt it around his wrist and was drawn on board the *Vermont*. The next day we heard that there was a similar rescue by the *Kentucky* of a man lost from the *Kearsarge*.

The imminent danger caused strenuous exertion. Similarly the man in moral peril can only keep out of danger by exerting all his powers. (Text.) (660)

DARKNESS

It is one of the many marvels of wireless telegraphy that the ether waves which carry its messages, unlike light waves, suffer no absorption in mist or fog. Quite the opposite, in fact, is the case, for the effect on them of clear sunshine is so marked that they can be sent with equal initial power only less than half the distance by day as by night. For this reason press dispatches and long-distance messages sent by wireless telegraphy are, whenever possible, committed to the ether waves after sunset.

"He knoweth what is in the darkness." This is what the prophet says in connection with the affirmation, "He revealeth the deep and secret things." We must not imagine that darkness is symbolical only of evil. The shadow is as beneficent as the sunbeam. (Text.) (661)

The love of evil prowlers for the darkness is not confined to the insects named in the extract. It is also a characteristic of those who hunt men's souls; the saloon-keeper thrives best by his night trade.

Tarantulas are night prowlers; they do all their hunting after dark, dig their holes, and, indeed, carry on all the various business of their life in the night-time. The occasional one found walking about in daytime has made a mistake, someway, and he blunders around quite like an owl in the sunshine. (Text.)—VERNON L. KELLOGG, "Insect Stories." (662)

A whimsical treatise entitled, "William Ramsay's Vindication of Astrology," propounds the absurd theory that the absence of the sun is not the cause of night, but that there are tenebrificous stars by whose influence night is brought on, and which ray out darkness and obscurity upon the earth as the sun does light.

Are there not some men and some institutions that shed darkness rather than light on the world? (Text.) (663)

Those who love darkness rather than light are morally blind. Here is a case of physical blindness:

Richmond, Va., has a nineteen-year-old boy, Audrey Wilson, who is totally blind in the day, but can see like a cat at night. He can speed a bicycle where ordinary persons have to walk with caution; but in the day he gropes about, able only vaguely to distinguish any object and with no discrimination as to colors. He is quite a possum hunter. He can easily distinguish the animals in the trees without the aid of a lantern. Needless to say, young Wilson is in great demand by possum hunters.—*Leslie's Weekly.* (664)

See SHADOW; SOLITUDE; LESSON OF.

DARKNESS DEVELOPING CHARACTER

Darkness seems to be as necessary to life and growth in this world as is light. An earnest, tireless worker for Christ who has recently suffered through months of illness, writes a cheery word of sympathy to a fellow sufferer, and adds about herself: "It is a long time since I have done a day's work; it is only a half-hour's work, or maybe fifteen minutes at a time. And many days have been in a dark room. I wonder, sometimes, if a 'dark room' is as necessary for the developing of character as it is for the developing of negatives. If so, perhaps a time will come when I can look back upon the dark-room days with thankfulness. Just now, I want to work." To wait and to trust, if God directs that, even while one longs to be out in the light and at work, is to gain and grow in the development which only the dark room can give. (Text.) (665)

Darkness Frightens—See FEAR OF MAN.

DARKNESS, GROWTH IN

There is a darkness which helps and sweetens. Disappointments, difficulties, discouragements, and all things dark, come to us apparently to depress us, but these are part of the experience which helps us. Black charcoal will keep water sweet. Bulbs must be buried in the darkness if they are to grow. In the winter a florist endeavored with success to grow some bulbs without placing them in the ground. He gathered some small stones and put them into basins, placing the bulbs on the top of the stones. Then he poured in sufficient water to touch the bulbs, and to conserve the sweetness of the water he introduced little pieces of charcoal among the stones. He then placed the basin in a dark cupboard and kept them there for ten weeks, and when he took them out the green leaves of the bulbs were showing. (Text.) (666)

DARKNESS, INFLUENCE OF

The nature of most birds seems so full of vitality and gladness that the nocturnal habits of certain species make a more melancholy impression than is their due. The nightingale's song is essentially strong and spirited; but the bird has acquired a lasting reputation for dolorousness, partly owing to the influence of darkness and solitude on the mind of the midnight listener, but largely because of its apparent preference for night over day. Half the impression of melancholy vanishes from the nightingale's nocturnal song, once the hearer has learned to recognize the same music in the confusing midday chorus. The owl's reputation, which is sinister rather than merely mournful, is equally little deserved. We do not set down the jackdaw as a maleficent fowl for haunting church-yards and ruins, or the jay for its harshness of voice; but both these qualities have been enough to excite an historic prejudice against owls. Yet, if once the associations of old superstitions are dispelled, owls are recognized as among the most companionable of birds, and their cries in the winter nights as some of the most heartening sounds in nature.—London *Times.* (667)

DAUGHTERS ESTIMATED

The woman's place in Korea is, first as daughter, one of contempt. A missionary's little six-year-old once came to him with tears in her eyes and said: "Papa, I have a question." "Yes, what is it?" "Are you sorry that I wasn't a boy?" "Well, I should say not; I wouldn't trade you for a dozen boys. But why do you ask?"

She said, "The Koreans were talking just now, and they pointed at me and said, 'What a pity that she wasn't a boy!'"—JAMES S. GALE, "Korea in Transition." (668)

Dawn Eternal—See SOUL FLIGHT.

DAWN OF CHRISTIAN LIGHT

It is related that near the North Pole, the night lasting for months, when the people expect the day is about to dawn, some messengers go up to the highest point to watch; and when they see the first streak of day, they put on their brightest possible apparel, and embrace each other and say, "Behold the sun." The cry goes all around the land, "Behold the sun." We see signs and wonders being done through Jesus. And as we see the dawning of the light in almost every nation under heaven, let us cry out to every human soul, "Behold the sun." (Text.) (669)

DAYBREAK

The poem found below, by P. Haberton Fulham, in London *Outlook*, gives a striking figure that would well symbolize a human experience in passing from a season of darkness and trouble into one of joy and light:

As some great captain, ere the morn be red,
  Might watch his tired ranks sleeping in the dew,
  Linger a moment, with some sense of rue,
Then bid réveillé sound o'er quick and dead—
So the loth sun-god leaves his cloudy bed,
  Then, swift the heavy hangings striding through,
  Bids the dawn's silver bugles sound anew,
His golden banners streaming overhead—
Like camp-fire smoke the mist of morning stirs,
  Like strewed arms seem the dewy glistenings,
  And, as that shining clarion peals on high,
Up spring the trees like bright-faced warriors,
  Behind him each his cloak of shadow flings,
  And one great shout of color shakes the sky! (Text.) (670)

DAY BY DAY LIVING

These words found in the *Church Advocate* are by Adelaide A. Proctor:

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
  See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
  So each day begin again.
Every hour that fleets so slowly
  Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
  When each gem is set with care.
Do not linger with regretting,
  Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, thy daily toil forgetting,
  Look too eagerly beyond.
Hours are golden links, God's token,
  Reaching heaven; but, one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken
  Ere the pilgrimage be done. (671)

DAY-BY-DAY VIRTUES

The prayer contained in these verses, by Ethelwyn Wetherald, is a good one for everybody to offer:

For strength we ask
For the ten thousand times repeated task,
  The endless smallnesses of every day.

No, not to lay
  My life down in the cause I cherish most,
  That were too easy. But whate'er it cost,

To fail no more
In gentleness toward the ungentle, nor
  In love toward the unlovely, and to give

Each day I live,
  To every hour with outstretched hand its meed
  Of not-to-be-regretted thought or deed. (672)

DAY, THE BASKET OF THE

Priscilla Leonard is the author of these lines found in the Pittsburg *Christian Advocate:*

Into the basket of thy day
Put each thing good and each thing gay
That thou canst find along thy way.

Neglect no joy, however small,
And it shall verily befall
Thy day can scarcely hold them all.

Within the basket of thy day
Let nothing evil find its way,
And let no frets and worries stay.

So shall each day be brave and fair,
Holding of joy its happy share,
And finding blessings everywhere. (673)

Deaconesses—See PERSONAL WORK.

DEAD, INFLUENCE OF

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism? Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and, till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of national remembrance.—Henry Ward Beecher, *Evangelical Messenger.* (674)

Dead, Number of the—See Cemetery, The Earth as a.

DEAD, RESPECT FOR THE

The Chinese have such respect for the dead that they will live in poverty during life to pay for elaborate ceremonies at the time of death. An old carpenter whose shop adjoined the church in Tsicheo, in a time of business prosperity acquired for himself a beautiful coffin valued at four hundred thousand cash. (About $800.) Flood, disease and two worthless sons brought him to poverty, so that he was unable to pay the yearly rental of twenty-two dollars for his shop. Nevertheless, he was unwilling to part with his coffin, tho it would have given him a roof over his head for ten years.

In this same town a very poor Christian woman was forced to become a beneficiary of the church, because relatives who owed her a year's wages would not pay. When she passed away, however, they paid their long-standing debt in a coffin and funeral accessories ungrudgingly. (675)

DEAD, THE, LIVE BEYOND

He is not dead, but only lieth sleeping
In the sweet refuge of his Master's breast,
And far away from sorrow, toil, and weeping
He is not dead, but only taking rest.
What tho the highest hopes he dearly cherished
All faded gently as the setting sun;
What tho our own fond expectations perished
Ere yet life's noblest labors seemed begun.

What tho he standeth at no earthly altar,
Yet in white raiment, on the golden floor,
Where love is perfect, and no step can falter,
He serveth as a priest for evermore!

O glorious end of life's short day of sadness,
O blessed course so well and nobly run!
O home of true and everlasting gladness,
O crown unfading! and so early won!

Tho tears will fall we bless thee, O our Father,
For the dear one forever with the blest,
And wait the Easter dawn when thou shalt gather
Thine own, long parted, to their endless rest. (Text.) (676)

DEAD THO ALIVE

There are many "dead" men walking about who do not know they are dead.

An illustration of the logic of Judge O'Connor is best shown in the case of a man who had looked long and lovingly on the flowing bowl. He fell into a deep pit dug by workmen while fixing the bridge over the Mohawk River. Several policemen with ropes got the man out and he was arrested. Drunk and disorderly was the charge against him when he stood before Judge O'Connor somewhat sobered and chastened. "You were drunk last night," said the court. "No, sir, your honor, I wasn't drunk." "Why, you must have been drunk," said the court. "If you had not been, you would have been killed by that fall." "Shure, I wazzent drunk," persisted the culprit. "Then you are a dead man, so what are you doing here," declared the judge; and the man, taking the hint, walked out somewhat amazed. (677)

A marvelous thing for these times is reported from Weathersfield, Conn. A convict who has served a sentence of fifty years in the State prison receives his liberty at this Christmas season (1909). In 1859, when he was twenty-one, he murdered his wife, who was only a young girl of eighteen. He is seventy-one now. Every one of the great occurrences in American life which make our modern civilization what it is belongs to that half-century for which this man has been behind prison bars. Into what a changed world he will come. What can he do? His friends are dead. His generation has passed. His own State does not know him. One would suppose he would almost want to commit some crime that would take him back to his home of fifty years. What can he do? Society punished him, now what will society do for him? There is no asylum for him. He knows nothing of the business methods of the day. He is a living dead man. Would it not have been more merciful for society by capital punishment to have made him a dead man fifty years ago?

—— (678)

There is a very real "death" other than the merely natural, as the following paragraph from the *Scrap Book* will show:

Emperor Francis Joseph's only surviving brother, Archduke Louis Victor, was confined a lunatic, in a mountain castle hidden away in one of the remotest corners of the Austrian Tyrol. He himself, to all intents, is dead as far as the imperial family and the great world at Vienna are concerned. (Text.)
(679)

Dead Valued More than Living—See Ancestor Worship.

Deafness—See Articulation.

DEATH

We are too stupid about death. We will not learn
How it is wages paid to those who earn,
How it is the gift for which on earth we yearn,
  To be set free from the bondage to the flesh;
How it is turning seed-corn into grain,
How it is winning heaven's eternal gain,
How it means freedom evermore from pain,
  How it untangles every mortal mesh.

We are so selfish about death. We count our grief
Far more than we consider their relief
Whom the great Reaper gathers in the sheaf,
  No more to know the seasons' constant change;
And we forget that it means only life,
Life with all joy, peace, rest, and glory rife,
The victory won, and ended all the strife,
  And heaven no longer far away or strange.

Their Lent is over, and their Easter won,
Waiting till over paradise the sun
Shall rise in majesty, and life begun
Shall grow in glory, as the perfect day
Moves on, to hold its endless, deathless sway.

—William Croswell Doane, *The Outlook.* (680)

DEATH AS A SHADOW

Did not Jesus show us glimpses of what is behind the shadow into which our friends have gone?

My neighbor's lamp, across the way,
  Throws dancing lights upon my wall;
They come and go in passing play,
  And then the sudden shadows fall.

My friend's white soul through eyes and lips
  Shone out on me but yesterday
In radiant warmth; now swift eclipse
  Has left those windows cold and gray.

Ah, if I could but look behind
  The still, dark barrier of that night,
And there—undimmed, unwavering—find
  That life and love were all alight! (Text.)

—Charles Buxton Going, *Munsey's Magazine.* (681)

DEATH-BED FAITH

John G. Paton tells in his autobiography of the death-bed of Nerwa, the converted chief of Aniwa.

On my last visit to Nerwa his strength had gone very low, but he drew me near his face and whispered, "Missi, my Missi, I am glad to see you. You see that group of young men? They came to sympathize with me, but they never once have spoken the name of Jesus, tho they have spoken about everything else. They could not have weakened me so if they had spoken about Jesus! Read me the story of Jesus. Pray for me to Jesus. No, stop, let us call them and let me speak with them before I go!" I called them all around him and he said, "After I am gone let there be no bad talk, no heathen ways. Sing Jehovah's songs and pray to Jesus, and bury me as a Christian. Take good care of my Missi, and help him all you can. I am dying happy and going to be with Jesus, and it was Missi that showed me this way. And who among you will take my place in the village school and in the church? Who among you will stand up for Jesus?" Many were shedding tears, but there was no reply, after which the dying chief proceeded, "Now let my last work on earth be this: We will read a chapter of the Book, verse about, and then I will pray for you all, and the Missi will pray for me, and God will let me go while the song is still sounding in my heart." (682)

DEATH, CHEERFULNESS BEFORE

The following is a glimpse of Maximilian on the day of his execution:

Miramon slept three hours; he then arose, drank a cup of chocolate, and drest himself with care; at six o'clock he was ready to start, accompanied by a priest, M. Ladron de Guevara. In the corridor he found Maximilian bidding his lawyer, Eulalio Ortega, farewell. The sun was already high in the heavens, and his warm beams shot down brilliantly on the Quaretaro Valley; flashes of sunlight penetrated into the narrow courtyard of the convent. "What a splendid day, Don Eulalio!" said Maximilian; "it is on such a day as this I should have chosen to die." A few bugle-notes were heard, and Maximilian, not knowing how to interpret them, questioned Miramon: "Miguel, will that be for the execution?" "I have not the slightest idea, sire; it will be the first time I shall ever have been shot." This reply brought a smile to the Emperor's lips.—Paris *Figaro*. (683)

The officer in command of the file of execution approached Maximilian and asked his pardon for having to fulfil his duty. The Emperor distributed several pieces of goid bearing his effigy to the soldiers, recommending them not to aim at his face. He then embraced the Generals Mejia and Miramon, and, as the latter had placed himself on his right, he said to him aloud: "Brave men should be respected by their sovereigns to the brink of the grave. General, pass to the place of honor." Miramon stept to the center. Then, with a firm voice, the Emperor addrest the crowd: "Mexicans! Men of my race and origin are born either to make a people's happiness or to be martyrs. God grant that my blood may be the last shed for the redemption of this unhappy country. Long live Mexico!" Immediately General Miramon, at the top of his voice, as when he commanded his troops on the battle-field, cried: "Mexicans! Before the court-martial my defenders only sought to save my life. At the moment I am about to appear before my God I protest against the name of traitor, which they have thrown in my face to justify my condemnation. Let this spot of infamy be removed from my children's name, and God grant that my country may be happy. Long live Mexico!" General Mejia raised his eyes toward the heavens: "Very Holy Mother, I beseech thy Son to pardon me, as I pardon those who are about to sacrifice me." A volley rung out from the file of soldiers, and amidst the cloud of smoke, which slowly drifted away, Maximilian appeared writhing convulsively in a pool of blood, and groaning, "Hay Hombre!"—Paris *Figaro*. (684)

DEATH, CHRISTIAN ATTITUDE TOWARD

Prof. G. Currie Martin points out the difference between the Christian and the unchristian views of death.

In the old days, when the plague swept over Italy, the ladies and gentlemen of fashion used sometimes to withdraw into some beautiful country residence, with its surrounding park, and behind its high walls shut themselves off from all thought of the misery and sorrow that surrounded them. Death, they imagined, could no longer reach them, until suddenly the spectral figure stalked into their midst, no one knew whence, and the false safety was shattered at a blow. The power of Christianity is found in the fact that it can say such brave and hopeful words about life, while all the time it is perfectly conscious of death. (Text.) (685)

DEATH, CHRISTIAN VIEW OF

Death, ever present all the world over—how softened his grim visage is when associated with the name of Jesus, how awful when he appears alone. The writer still recalls one summer long ago, May, 1889, when funeral preparations were being made before a neighboring house. He made inquiry of An, his host: "I didn't know that there was a death." "Yes, the master of the house is dead; they will bury him." "But when did he die? To-day when we were out?" "No, no, not to-day. He died before you came." I had been there two months. They had a bier ornamented with dragons' heads, painted in wild colors, that suggested skull and cross-bones. The funeral service was a fearful row; everybody was noisy, many were weeping, many were drunk. A more gruesome performance than that which I saw, over that horrible, unburied body, no one could imagine. To-day that same village sits as it did then, with background of mountain and foreground of sea, but how changed! All is Christian; Sunday is a day of rest, and every house is represented at the service in the chapel. They have lived down old-fashioned death in that village and exchanged it for quiet sleep.—James S. Gale, "Korea in Transition." (686)

DEATH COMPELLING SINCERITY

When the great man comes to the hour of his death, we expect him to be natural, avoiding all sentiments that are forced or incongruous. That is the striking thing about the last words of Sir Walter Raleigh; they were the inevitable and necessary words. Looking down upon his enemies and his friends, Raleigh exclaimed about the executioner's axe, "It is a sharp medicine, but it is a sure cure of all diseases." When the sheriff asked if the niche in the block would fit his neck, Raleigh answered, "It matters not how the head lies, if only the heart be right."—N. D. Hillis. (687)

DEATH DOES NOT CHANGE CHARACTER

When corn is cut down and is lying on the ground, and is afterward put into the granary, it is the very same corn as had grown up to full maturity in the earth. So also the souls in the granary above are the very same souls as had grown up to maturity in heaven on earth. When they are transferred to heaven above, they are not tares which had been cut down on earth, and which somehow in the process of cutting had been transformed into corn or wheat. Unless wheat will grow up as wheat in the earth, and be harvested as wheat, it will not turn into wheat in the act of cutting, or while it is being removed to the granary.—Alexander Miller, "Heaven and Hell Here." (688)

DEATH MADE PLAIN

To Paul Laurence Dunbar the secret of death has already been made plain, of which before he died he wrote as follows:

The smell of the sea in my nostrils,
 The sound of the sea in mine ears;
The touch of the spray on my burning face,
 Like the mist of reluctant tears;
The blue of the sky above me,
 The green of the waves beneath;
The sun flashing down on a gray-white sail
 Like a simitar from its sheath.

So I said to my heart, "Be silent;
 The mystery of time is here;
Death's way will be plain when we fathom the main,
 And the secret of life be clear." (689)

DEATH MASKED IN BEAUTY

A news item from Chicago says:

Robert Wahl, one of the foremost chemists in the United States, with a knowledge of drugs and subtle poisons far beyond the ken of the average alchemist, is charged with threatening to kill his wife by giving her a flower to smell.

It would have been a murder that no latter-day coroner or detective could have proved—something unheard of since the days of the Borgias.

The deadliest influence may be conveyed to the mind and soul as well as to the senses by the most delicate and apparently beautiful means. (690)

DEATH NOT TO BE FEARED

The following lines by Maltbie D. Babcock were read by him just before sailing abroad on the voyage from which he never returned:

Why be afraid of death as tho your life were breath?
Death but anoints your eyes with clay. O, glad surprize!

Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks the corn.
Why should you fear to meet the Thresher of the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping you are dead
Till you awake and rise, here, or beyond the skies.

Why should it be a wrench to leave your wooden bench?
Why not with happy shout run home when school is out?

The dear ones left behind—O foolish one
and blind.
A day, and you will meet—a night, and you
will greet.

This is the death of death, to breathe away
a breath
And know the end of strife, and taste the
deathless life,

And joy without a fear, and smile without
a tear,
And work, nor care to rest, and find the last
the best. (691)

Death-rate Reduced—See Improved Conditions.

Death, Religion in—See Religion to Die By.

DEATH, SPIRITUAL

Says a writer in the *North China Herald:*

One of the facts that ineffaceably cut into my memory during my first winter in Newchwang was the finding on one morning about New Year's time thirty-five masses of ice, each mass having been a living man at 10 o'clock the preceding night. The thermometer was a good bit below zero. The men had just left the opium dens, where they had been enjoying themselves. The keen air sent them to sleep, and they never wakened.

The freezing was only the external manifestation of a spiritual benumbing that long before existed within. (Text.) (692)

Death Swifter than Justice—See Justice Delayed.

DEATH, THE CHRISTIAN'S

For centuries the world has admired the calmness and fortitude of Socrates in the presence of death, but if Socrates died like a philosopher, Patrick Henry died like a Christian. In his last illness, all other remedies having failed, his physician, Doctor Cobell, proceeded to administer to him a dose of liquid mercury. Taking the vial in his hand, and looking at it for a moment, the dying man said:

"I suppose, doctor, this is your last resort?"

"I am sorry to say, governor, that it is."

"What will be the effect of this medicine?"

"It will give you immediate relief, or—" The doctor could not finish the sentence.

His patient took up the word: "You mean, doctor, that it will give relief or will prove fatal immediately?"

"You can live only a very short time without it," the doctor answered, "and it may possibly relieve you."

Then the old statesman said:

"Excuse me, doctor, for a few minutes," and drawing over his eyes a silken cap which he usually wore, and still holding the vial in his hand, he prayed in clear words a simple, childlike prayer for his family, for his country, and for his own soul, then in the presence of death. Afterward, in perfect calmness, he swallowed the medicine.

Meanwhile Doctor Cobell, who greatly loved him, went out upon the lawn, and in his grief threw himself down upon the earth under one of the trees, and wept bitterly. Soon, when he had sufficiently mastered himself, the doctor returned to his patient, whom he found calmly watching the congealing of the blood under his finger-nails, and speaking words of love and peace to his family, who were weeping round his chair.

Among other things, he told them that he was thankful for that goodness of God which, having blest him through all his life, was then permitting him to die without any pain. Finally fixing his eyes with much tenderness upon his dear friend, Doctor Cobell, with whom he had formerly held many arguments respecting the Christian religion, he asked the doctor to observe how great a reality and benefit that religion was to a man about to die.

And after Patrick Henry had spoken these few words in praise of something which, having never failed him in his life before, did not then fail him in his very last need of it, he continued to breathe very softly for some moments, after which they who were looking upon him saw that his life had departed.—*The Youth's Companion.* (693)

DEATH, THE RING OF

The whole world hates death. In Madrid, the Spanish capital, in one of its beautiful parks, stands a statue of its patron saint, about whose neck hangs a rare and valuabl ring set with pearls and diamonds. It never stolen, for nobody wants it. The reason is that a tragic story hangs about it. Every one who ever wore it died—Mercedes, Queen Christina, Infanta del Pillar, and others. It is known as "The Ring of Death." (Text.) (694)

DEATH, UNTIMELY

Louis Albert Banks tells this story of a young girl cut off just after her graduation from school:

And there is her diploma, lying just as she threw it there, when she came home from college, but a few days before she was taken ill. I came up with her to the room, and she flung the diploma in there with a sort of girlish glee, and it stuck at an angle across the compartment of the bookcase. She closed the door on it and said, "Well, I'm glad I've got you anyhow!" and it has never been touched since. Two weeks later, we went with her over to the cemetery and laid her beside her father; and there lies her unused diploma that cost her so much hard work and that she was so proud to obtain. (Text.) (695)

DEATH USUALLY PAINLESS

Sudden and violent death, shocking to the senses, may not be, probably is not, painful to the victim. Drowning, hanging, freezing, shooting, falling from a height, poisoning of many kinds, beget stupor or numbness of the nerves which is incompatible with sensation. Persons who have met with such accidents, and survived them, testify to this. Records to this effect are numberless. Death from fire dismays us; we can scarcely conceive aught more distressing. In all likelihood, however, it appears far worse than it is. Fire probably causes suffocation from smoke, or insensibility from inhaling flame, so that the agony we imagine is not felt. They who have been near their end have experienced more pain on returning, so to speak, from their grave, than if they had gone to it. They have endured all the pangs, corporeal and mental, of death, without actually dying. It is an error, therefore, to suppose that men may not have tasted the bitterness of death, and yet be alive and in good health.—JUNIUS HENRY BROWNE, *The Forum.* (696)

Death Valley Conquered—See CONQUEST, SEVERE.

DEATH WITH SAVAGES

H. M. Stanley relates that an African king, as a delicate compliment, presented him with the heads of a dozen of his own subjects whom he had just killed in his guest's honor; and these twelve unfortunates accepted death as stolidly as a matter of course, and the incident made no sensation whatever.—HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, *Chautauquan.* (697)

DEBAUCH, FATAL

A twisted auto on a dead man's chest—
  Ye ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done their best—
  Ye ho! and a bottle of rum!
The roadhouse bar and the "lady friend"—
  Ye ho! and a bottle of rum!
And at eighty miles they took the bend—
  Ye ho! and a bottle of rum!
A swerve that mocked their drunken wills,
A crash and a shriek through the darkness
    thrills;
"Joy riding" is the pace that kills—
  Ye ho! and a bottle of rum!
—New York *World.*
(698)

Debt Paid—See KINDNESS.

Debt-paying Converts—See TESTIMONY, INDISPUTABLE.

Debts, Payment of—See PAYMENT OF DEBTS.

Debtors to All—See MUTUALISM.

Decadence, National—See RETRIBUTION INEVITABLE.

DECAY

Old ships lying at anchor may have the appearance of soundness and the outward evidence of strength, usefulness, and seagoing qualities, but, when carefully examined for a sea voyage, are often found to be covered with barnacles and to be affected with dry rot. When such a vessel, no matter what good it has done or what use it has been in the traffic and carrying trade, is condemned, it is at once replaced by a new or more modern one that is in perfect order and fully seaworthy. What is true of vessels is often true of men also.—*American Artisan.* (699)

See JUDGMENT, GRADUAL.

Deceit—See ENTICEMENT; UNTRUTHFULNESS.

Deceit Discovered—See FALSEHOOD.

DECEIT WITH GOD

Rev. F. W. Hinton, of Allahabad, relates this story in the C. M. S. *Gazette:*

A young Bengali student came to me to ask for an explanation of difficult passages in a book he was reading. He said his name was "Sat Kori," which means "seven cowry-shells," and explained the reason for his curious name. His mother had borne several children before him, but all had died; so, like many other Hindu mothers, she thought God or the Evil One had a grudge against her, and if he could, he would take this last little one also. So she called the nurse who attended her in her illness, and made pretense to sell the baby to her for seven cowry-shells, and gave the boy the name of Seven Cowries to deceive the God into thinking he was of little worth. I asked the student if he thought the ruse had made any difference, and he replied, "Perhaps—at any rate, I did not die as the others had done." So, a university student more than half believes that one can cheat God by a trick like that! (700)

DECEPTION

John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, talking about unfair methods in use at the mines for weighing coal, said:

This method is most unfair. The fist-and-pound method, in fact, was scarcely worse. The fist-and-pound method originated, they say, in Scranton. A simple-minded old lady ran a grocery store there. A man came in one day and asked for a pound of bacon. The old lady cut off a generous chunk of bacon, and then, going to weigh it, found that she had mislaid her pound weight. "Dear me," she said, "I can't find my pound-weight anywhere." The man, seeing that there was about two pounds in the chunk cut off, said hastily: "Never mind. My fist weighs a pound." And he put the bacon on one side of the scales and his fist on the other. The two, of course, just balanced. "It looks kind o' large for a pound, don't it?" asked the old lady as she wrapt the bacon up. "It does look large," said the man, as he tucked the meat under his arm. "Still —" But just then the old lady found her pound-weight. "Ah," she said in a relieved voice, "now we can prove this business. Put it on here again." But the man wisely refrained from putting the bacon on the scales to be tested. He put on his fist again instead. And his fist, you may be sure, just balanced the pound-weight. The old lady was much pleased. "Well done," she said, "and here's a couple o' red herrin' for yer skill and honesty." (Text.) —New York *Sun*. (701)

One evening, as Vincent de Paul, the distinguished French priest, was returning from a mission, he found a beggar lying against the wall. The wretch was engaged in maiming an infant, in order to excite more compassion from the public when he went to beg. Vincent, horror-struck at the sight, cried, "Ah, you savage! you have deceived me. At a distance I mistook you for a man." Then he took the little victim in his arms and carried him to the crèche, where foundlings were kept.—EDWARD GILLIAT, "Heroes of Modern Crusades." (702)

See SAMPLING.

DECEPTION EXPOSED

"Don't try to make musicians out of all children indiscriminately and thus you will avoid such household conversations as one I overheard the other day," said Baron Kaneko of Japan, who has been spending the summer in the Maine woods.

"I was on a train and a father and his young son sat near me. The father said: 'John, do you practise regularly on the piano while I am away at business?'—'Yes, father,' replied the boy. 'Every day?' 'Yes, sir.' 'How long did you practise to-day?' 'Three hours.' 'And how long yesterday?' 'Two hours and a half.' 'Well, I'm glad to hear that you are so regular.' 'Yes, father.' 'And the next time you practise be sure to unlock the piano. Here is the key. I locked the instrument last week and I have been carrying the key in my pocket ever since.'" (Text.)—Buffalo *Enquirer*. (703)

DECEPTION JUSTIFIED

Truth in the abstract is perhaps made too much of as compared to certain other laws established by as high authority. If the Creator made the tree-toad so like the moss-covered bark to which it clings, and the larva of a sphinx so like the elm-leaf on which it lives, and that other larva so exquisitely like a broken twig, not only in color, but in the angle at which it stands from the branch to which it holds, with the obvious end of deceiving their natural enemies, are not these examples which man may follow? The Tibbu, when he sees his enemy in the distance, shrinks into a motionless heap, trusting that he may be taken for a lump of black basalt, such as is frequently met with in his native desert. The Australian, following the same instinct, crouches in such forms that he may be taken for one of the burnt stumps common in his forest region. Are they not right in deceiving, or lying, to save their lives? or would a Christian missionary forbid their saving them by such a trick? If an English lady were chased by a gang of murdering and worse than murdering Sepoys, would she not have a right to cheat their pursuit by covering herself with leaves, so as to be taken for a heap of them? If you were starving on a wreck, would you die of hunger rather than cheat a fish out of the water by an artificial bait? If a schoolhouse were on fire, would you get the children down-stairs under any convenient pretense, or tell them the precise truth, and so have a rush and a score or two of them crusht to death in five minutes?—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. (704)

Decision Dependent Upon Call—See TESTIMONY, A SHEEP'S.

Decisive Deeds—See OPPORTUNITY.

DECORATING SOLDIERS' GRAVES

Strew flowers, sweet flowers, on the soldiers' graves,
For the death they died the nation saves,
'Tis sweet and glorious thus to die—
Hallowed the spot where their ashes lie.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their martial tents are spread,
While glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.
—*Evangelical Messenger.*
(705)

Decoration Day—See HONOR'S ROLL-CALL.

DECREES

A minister esteemed it his religious duty to visit an extreme frontier settlement to preach. To reach that settlement he had to pass through a wilderness infested with hostile Indians. When about to start on one of these journeys, he took his rifle from its rack and was about to depart with it on his shoulder when his good wife said to him: "My dear husband, why do you carry that great, heavy rifle on these long journeys? Don't you know that the time and manner of your taking off has been decreed from the beginning of time, and that rifle can not vary the decree one hair's breadth?" "That is true, my dear wife, and I don't take my rifle to vary, but to execute the decree. What if I should meet an Indian whose time had come according to the decree and I didn't have my rifle?"—HENRY C. CALDWELL. (706)

DEED, THE GOOD

A man walked south on Main Street one afternoon recently. He had no overcoat and he shivered as the north wind struck him. Near the junction he stopped and picked something up. It was a bright silver dime.

"Wasn't I lucky," he said to a man who had seen the episode, who related the story to a reporter on the Kansas City *Times*. "I haven't a cent and have had nothing to eat since yesterday noon. Now for the nearest lunch-wagon."

A little girl came along at that moment. She, too, was poorly drest.

"I've lost a dime," she half sobbed, as she inspected the pavement.

"I guess I've got what you were looking for," said the man, as he handed the dime to the child, who danced away with only a "Thank you, mister."

"Just my luck," said the man with the stomach. (707)

DEEDS, BRAVE

This prayer in verse is by Harry P. Ford:

Our Father, God, while life is sweet
With earthly joys that round it cling,
Grant us brave deeds, for heaven meet,
To shape the dreams that death may
bring. (708)

DEEDS, HEAVENLY

A cripple girl on a train was presented with a bunch of roses by another girl on board. She held them to her lips, and prest them to her bosom, and fell asleep. Later her father came in from the smoker, and took his little daughter in his arms. Waking up, she said: "Oh, father—I've—been—in—heaven—and—I've—got—some—roses."

Deeds of love make a heaven. (709)

DEEDS, NOT APPEARANCES

The Orientals have a proverb which says: "Provided that beneficence have long fingers and rapid steps, what does it matter if its wry faces displease thee? Don't look at its face." (Text.)—*Revue des Deux Mondes.*
(710)

DEEDS THAT TALK

At a laymen's meeting of Southern Baptists held in Richmond, Mr. R. E. Breit, president of a Texas oil company, was called upon for an address. He said, "Brethren, I never made a speech in my life and I can't make one now; but if Brother Willingham (secretary of the missionary society) will send ten men to China, he can send the bill to me." (Text.) (711)

DEEDS VERSUS WORDS

A boy was pushing a heavily loaded barrow up a steep hill, using every ounce of energy. "Hi, boy," called out a benevolent-looking old gentleman, "if you push that zigzag, you'll find it go up more easily." "That's all right, sir," responded the boy, rather crisply, "but if you'd give me less advice and more shoving, I'd like it better." (712)

DEEP-DOWN THINGS

Sam Walter Foss, in "Songs of the Average Man," is the author of this assuring verse:

The deep-down things are strong and great,
Firm-fixt, unchangeable as fate,
Inevitable, inviolate,
The deep-down things.

The deep-down things! All winds that blow,
All seething tides that foam and flow
May smite but can not overflow
The deep-down things.

The surge of years engulfs the land
And crumbles mountains into sand,
But yet the deep-down things withstand
The surge of years.

Behind the years that waste and smite,
And topple empires into night,
God dwells unchanged in changeless light
Behind the years. (Text.)

(713)

DEEP THINGS

It is folly to think that only those things are of value to us which we can intellectually understand. Is the vast deep of the ocean nothing to me, since I can not move about freely and closely examine its depths? And if I must confess that 'way down are untold mysteries which human eye has never seen, what matters it? Can not I rejoice in the roar of the waves, in the ebb and flow of the tides, and in the flight of the clouds? Why will men insist, with their poor, finite reasoning, on fathoming the deep things of God, instead of drinking to the full from the inexhaustible source of assurance and consolation? (Text.)—E. F. Stroter, "The Glory of the Body of Christ." (714)

DEFACEMENT OF SOUL

If a drunkard knew that a certain number of drinks would make his face permanently black, how many men would drink? And shall we be less careful about the face of our soul? (715)

DEFEAT

This incident corroborates the truth of the poet's thought, "We rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things."

A young Englishman once failed to pass the medical examination on which he thought his future depended.

"Never mind," he said to himself. "What is the next thing to be done?" and he found that policy of "never minding," and going on to the next thing, the most important of all policies for practical life. When he had become one of the greatest scientists of the age, Huxley looked back upon his early defeat and wrote:

"It does not matter how many tumbles you have in life, so long as you do not get dirty when you tumble. It is only the people who have to stop and be washed who must lose the race." (716)

See Success in Failure.

Defective Memory—See Memory and Disease.

DEFECTS OF THE GREAT

Handel, whose seraphic music lifts us to the gate of heaven, and whose faith was so clear that when he was dying, on Good Friday, said that his wish was fulfilled, and that he looked forward to meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and Savior, on Easter day, was yet a man with a very earthly, irritable temper—so much so that he had a quarrel with a brother composer which ended in a duel. (717)

Defense—See Resistance.

DEFORMITY

There died recently in Stockerau, Bavaria, at the age of twenty-eight years, a dwarf, Maria Schuman, who was at one time a celebrity, says *La Nature.* She passed her whole life in the cradle where she slept her first sleep, twenty-eight years ago. Up to the day of her death, this strange creature preserved the height and general appearance of an infant of a few months; but, wonderful to say, her intellect was normally developed and nothing could have been odder than to hear this tiny baby in the cradle talk like an adult, with much vivacity and intelligence! Maria was born in 1875, at Brigittenan, near Vienna. Her parents were of normal development, and so were her brothers and sisters. (Text.) (718)

DEGENERACY

Before Lord Shaftesbury began his work among the poor of England, he tells us that he witnessed this occurrence:

I must have been fourteen years old, or a little more, and I was walking down from the churchyard, just as we are to-day, when I was startled by hearing a sudden yell, a drunken voice singing, and a noisy sound of laughter coming up from the main road below; then they turned the corner, and I saw four men staggering along under a coffin, and jesting with song and horrible laughter as they drew near me. I looked at the coffin. I could see the rough boards were hastily nailed together; great cracks half revealed what was inside. Just as they passed me one of the men slipt, and the coffin fell from their shoulders and rolled over into the road. It was horrifying to me; and then they began to swear at one another, using foul language. I thought they would have fought over the poor dead creature's corpse. I came away feeling that if God preserved my life I would do something to help the poor and him that had no friend. (719)

Perhaps too much attention is being paid to various theories concerning evolution and development. It might be well sometimes to devote at least a little consideration to the serious possibilities of devolution and degeneracy.

Dr. Carpenter, a London zoologist, speaks thus of certain organisms brought to light by the scientific Atlantic dredging expedition: "This little organism is clearly a dwarfed and deformed representative of the highly developed *Apiocrinus* of the Bradford clay, which, as my friend Wyville Thomson said, seems to have been going to the bad for millions of years." Thus we learn that a lowly creature living on the ocean floor is the degenerate result of that which has been going to the bad for millions of years.

But if such a vast course of degradation is possible in a sea-worm, what are the possibilities of degradation in a soul? (720)

See DEGRADATION; EARLY PROMISE; SELFISHNESS.

Degeneracy a Figment—See SCIENCE SHATTERING SUPERSTITIONS.

DEGENERACY THROUGH DISUSE

It is a recognized fact that the disuse of faculties inevitably leads to deterioration.

There is a curious little plant called the sundew which grows in marshes. A small fly alights on one of the leaves attracted by the crimson hairs, and by the sticky liquid called the "dew." When the fly struggles to get free the hairs slowly curve round him and trap him, at the same time pouring out more of the dew. Presently the poor insect dies in that trap. Why does the plant do this? Simply because it wants to eat the fly. The dew is acid and dissolves the insect's body, so that the plant can absorb the nitrogen which it contains. The sundew once lived in harmless plant fashion, for it belongs to the saxifrage family, of which the other members are quite respectable and hard-working plants, getting their living by honest root-work in extracting their nitrogen out of the ground. When we examine the sundew we find it has scarcely anything worthy the name of a root. Long ago it seemed to dislike the wear and tear of thrusting rootlets into the ground and seeking for food, so it settled into a bog, where it could get water at least without any trouble. There, as the roots had next to nothing to do, they slowly dwindled away, as all things will dwindle which are not used, whether they be plant-roots, or the limbs of animals, or the minds of men.—"A Mountain Path." (721)

DEGRADATION

A doctor was once riding from Yezd to Kerman, in Persia, to make a visit. Arriving at a post-house, and finding no horse, he demanded a mule. On this beast he made the next stage, to be told on arrival that there was only a donkey available. Accepting this mount from necessity, he reached in time another stage, where he met the announcement that nothing in the shape of an animal was obtainable but a cow! The story stops there, drawing the veil of silence over the rest of the journey.

An evil life is successively degraded, declining in guilt and misery to depths lower than the brute. (Text.) (722)

The early Christians did not despise the dance; but as monkish asceticism drew away from the simple, natural teaching of Christ, the dance fell into disfavor and was frowned upon as a manifestation of the evil one. And just so it was with artistic perception and artistic appreciation. Where they were highest, in Hellenic antiquity, dancing had its place among the arts and was revered as the oldest of them all, that art upon which all the others were based. Dragged down to pander to luxury and profligacy, as were all the arts during the period of Roman triumph and Roman decadence, the dance fell under a cloud with the rest, and seemed to disappear during the dark ages, as did the others. (Text.)—GRACE ISABEL COLBRON, *The Cosmopolitan.* (723)

Degradation Inciting Philanthropy—See DEGENERACY.

Degradation versus Transformation—See MISSIONARY RESULTS.

Degrees, Honorary—See LABELS, MISLEADING.

DEISM

Deism of any type is morally impotent; and deism of the eighteenth-century type is nothing but a little patch of uncertain quicksand set in a black sea of atheism. It does not deny God's existence, but it cancels Him out as a force in human life. It breaks the golden ladder of revelation between heaven and earth. It leaves the Bible discredited, duty a guess, heaven a freak of the uncharted imagination, and God a vague and far-off shadow. Men were left by it to climb into a shadowy heaven on some frail ladder of human logic.—Rev. W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (724)

DELAY

The limited express that spans the distance between New York and Chicago in twenty-four hours accomplishes the feat not so much by increasing the speed as by reducing the delays. In the main the train does not travel much faster than the other trains that take a third more time do at their maximum; but it makes fewer stops, it attends more strictly to its through business. Chicago is its objective point.

It is much so on the railroad of life. How young we would all be at sixty—ay, at eighty—if we would avoid the petty, useless, the unnecessary delays, the unprofitable business at the side-stations along the road. (Text.) —VYRNWY MORGAN, "The Cambro-American Pulpit." (725)

A newpaper item has the following:

At an annual dinner of the Architectural League of New York the venerable artist, John La Farge—who certainly belongs among the first half-score of painters that America has produced—was presented with a medal of honor.

Then a singular thing happened.

Mr. La Farge got upon his feet and, in a gentle tone of expostulation, protested that the honors now offered him were a little empty—and very much belated.

He said he had "only three or four more years left to work in," and that through all the years of his vigorous manhood the great city of New York, with all its vast enterprise of building, had offered little opportunity to his hand.

The kind word should be spoken to the friend and not engraved on his tombstone. The work that is thought of should be performed in the day of opportunity, for it may be so belated as to lose much of its meaning. (726)

Delay, Expensive—See NATURALIZATION.

Delay in Religious Instruction—See RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

DELAY, THE TRAGEDY OF

Charles Biedinger, an inventor, was found dead in his room in a cheap lodging-house. He had been in extreme want, and had learned that the Superior Court at Cincinnati had decided a patent-right claim in his favor, awarding him $93,000 and interest upon it for several years. His invention, a machine for making paper wrappers, was patented while he was in a sanatorium by his financial backer, who refused an accounting when the inventor was discharged from the sanatorium. The suit followed, with the verdict of a fortune which came too late. Biedinger was so reduced in circumstances that he was recently employed as a dish-washer in a restaurant. (Text.) (727)

Delaying Religious Instruction—See Religious Instruction.

Delaying the Gospel—See Father, Our.

Deliberation—See Painstaking.

Deliverance—See Transformation.

DEMAGOGY

"Yes," said the candidate, "I'm going out among the farmers to-day—to a pumpkin show, or jackass show, or something of that sort. Not that I care for pumpkins or jackasses, but I want to show the people that I am one of them." (728)

DEMONOLOGY

St. Thomas Aquinas used to hold that angels and devils made the atmosphere their battle-ground—the angels that live in the calm upper spheres, the devils that fill the immensity of space; and thus he accounted for the injurious changes of weather to be experienced in certain countries. For the mortification and the rout of these demons bells were consecrated and hung in the church-spires, usually inscribed, *"Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango"* (I summon the living, I mourn the dead, I scatter the thunder-storm); and their ringing was thenceforth considered to be one of the potent means of dispelling evil influences and of abating tempests. These evil powers, according to medieval legend and belief, were able to produce hail, thunder, and storms at their will, and those among them called witches took aerial voyages exactly as the witches of much later days were held to do, altho more particular detail is given of their operations, as it is known that they smeared their broomsticks with witch-salve, after which mounting them, they could sail where they would through so much of this atmosphere as was within their jurisdiction. "The air," says Rydberg, speaking of those days of the Dark Ages, "was saturated with demoniacal vapors," and specters, ghosts, and vampires multitudinous added their horrors to the fertile imaginations of the people.—*Harper's Bazar.* (729)

In the Kongo district insane people are treated by the native doctors in the following manner: The patient's hands are secured by stout cords, and he is led to the doctor with a fowl and a lighted firebrand balanced on his head. The doctor takes five twigs from five different trees and strikes the patient with each in turn, bidding the evil spirit depart from him. The lighted stick is then plunged into some water, and as the fire is quenched the evil spirit is supposed to leave the man's body. He may reenter it, however, so the fowl is killed and placed on a stick at a cross-roads for an offering to the deposited spirit. Then the man's bands are loosened and he is free to go as he chooses; but if he shows signs of the demon appearing in him again, any one may kill him if his relatives do not object. (730)

DEMONSTRATION

John W. Gates, the "Wire King," is described as "an extreme type of the American 'hustler.'" The Texas cattlemen had never seen barbed wire before, and they ridiculed it.

"That stuff wouldn't hold a Texas steer a holy minute," said they.

Gates was put on his mettle. "I'll show you whether it will or not," said he.

This was in the picturesque town of San Antonio, which is dotted liberally with small open spaces, or plazas. Gates hired the nearest plaza, and got together a drove of twenty-five of the wildest Texas steers that could be found. Then he fenced his plaza with barbed wire, put the steers inside, and gave the cattlemen a free show. The steers charged the wire, and were pricked by the barbs. They shook their heads and charged again, with the same result. After two or three of these defeats they huddled together on the inside and tried to think it over. Gates sold hundreds of miles of his wire that day at eighteen cents a pound.—*Munsey's.* (731)

Men are sometimes condemned on hearsay, who would be approved if their critics gave them an actual and fair hearing.

When Chief Justice Holt was on the

bench, a society had sprung up called "The Society for the Suppression of Vice or the Reformation of manners" (and probably it still exists), and they resolved to prosecute for indecency one of the famous singers of the day named Leveridge. This artist used to sing Dryden's ode, "The Praise of Love and Wine," so as to excite great enthusiasm among the depraved votaries of the theater by his peculiar manner of execution. The judge saw the craze under which the prosecutor acted, and resolved to defeat them by the following course: He said to the jury that he had read carefully the words of the song, and he could see nothing very culpable in the words, and therefore he could only come to the conclusion that it must be the manner in which the ode was sung that had occasioned this prosecution. The fairest manner, therefore, to all parties would be for the defendant to sing the song in presence of the court and jury, when they could readily determine the matter in a satisfactory way. The performer took this hint, and, of course, sang with his very greatest power and good taste, so that not only the jury, without leaving the box, acquitted him, but the mob insisted on carrying him home on their shoulders. (Text.) — CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (732)

Tolstoy, in his "Coffee-house Parable," tells of how some men of different faiths had met in a place of public resort and had, after a time, begun to argue about God, each claiming alone to possess a true knowledge of Him, to have alone received His revelation. One, wiser than the others, led them all forth at last till they stood in the sunlight. That sun is a great fact and manifests itself to every creature on earth. Man sees it, or does not see it, being blind, yet is ever cheered by it; the earth is kissed by its rays till it blossoms and brings forth its fruit; even the hard, inanimate things, like the rocks, are warmed by the sun's rays. And God is the great central fact of life. (733)

See APPEAL, A LIVING; PROOF.

DEPENDENCE

There are many, like John Wesley, who fear to trust their Christian faith to guide them, but must lean on the faith and strength of others. But faith thus treated is certain to fail the soul in any great crisis.

Wesley's first consideration, he declares, is "which way of life will conduce most to my own improvement?" He needs daily converse with his friends, and he knows "no other place under heaven, save Oxford, where I can have always at hand half-a-dozen persons of my own judgment and engaged in the same studies. To have such a number of such friends constantly watching over my soul" is a blessing which, in a word, Wesley can not bring himself to give up. "Half Christians," he declares, would kill him. "They undermine insensibly all my resolutions and quite steal from me the little fervor I have. I never come from among these 'saints of the world' but faint, dissipated, and shorn of all my strength." Except he can crouch beneath the shelter of a stronger faith than his own, John Wesley protests he must die; so he will not venture from Oxford.—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (734)

DEPENDENCE ON GOD

The will of God is like a rope thrown to us as we struggle among the untamed waves. To remain "independent" is to repulse all succor, all salvation; it is to wander without a compass and without a chart through the fury of the storm. To obey is to seize the rope, to face the blast, to brave the storm, to advance against the confederate waves, to let oneself be irresistibly drawn toward the invisible harbor where our heavenly Father awaits us.—MONROE. (735)

Depopulation—See BIRTH-RATE IN FRANCE.

DEPORTMENT

One effect of the high standard of deportment enforced by the railroads is seen in the extent to which women and children travel alone, without fear. An illustration of this is the experience of a Western woman who was coming to New York for the first time. With her husband, she left Buffalo for New York on the Lehigh Valley Railroad. When they reached Mauch Chunk, Pa., the husband got out to walk up and down the platform, and somehow the train pulled out without him. The woman, left alone, never having been east of Chicago before, was on the verge of panic. Her husband had all the money; the train was to reach New York in the night; she didn't know what hotel to go to, and, if she had known, couldn't have found her way there. So the conductor took her in charge, had her carried to a good hotel, and arranged to have the bill guaranteed. The husband, when he arrived, was so grateful that he hunted up the conductor and presented to him a handsome ring.—Buffalo *Evening News.* (736)

DEPRAVITY

That sin so easily besets and so dangerously deceives its subjects is accounted for by the declaration that "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked."

The anemone, or "windflower," as its Greek name means, is fascinating to botanists and to all lovers of flowers because of two highly contrasted characteristics. One of these is what gardeners call its "sporting" tendency in color. The other is a constant quantity, which never varies. As for the former, all who know the anemone are well aware that this flower is so variable that the cultivator never knows what will be the tint of the blossoms on any plant. But the constant quantity is the great black spot in the heart of the flower. No matter what may happen to be the color of the petals, the dense dark center is always there. So it is with this our human nature. Education, culture, refinement, high accomplishments, hereditary advantages, natural amiability, may and do contribute toward the charm of many a personality; but the black spot of the depravity which is innate is not expunged by any of these expedients. (Text.) (737)

See BIBLE AND HUMAN NATURE.

Depravity a Disease—See CHARACTER CONDITIONED BY THE PHYSICAL.

DEPRIVATION

We can best estimate the value of common blessings by imagining ourselves deprived of them.

What would it mean for you and me
  If dawn should come no more;
Think of its gold along the sea,
  Its rose above the shore!
That rose of awful mystery,
  Our souls bow down before.

Think what it means to see the dawn!
  The dawn, that comes each day!
What if the East should ne'er grow wan,
  Should never more grow gray!
That line of rose no more be drawn
  Above the ocean's spray! (Text.)
  —MADISON CAWEIN, *Ainslee's Magazine.* (738)

DEPTH OF RESOURCES

Some splendid pines were found, after a heavy gale, lying prostrate, tho they were strong trees in their full prime. To a questioner an old woodman said: "They got their water far too near the surface. If they had had to strike their roots deeper for moisture no winds could ever have uprooted them."

Many folks are easily upset because all life has been too easy with them. Their roots have never struck deep because there was no great compulsion to make them go deeper for the sources of life. Our very wants, if we do not succumb to them, but go deeper until we find the heart's need, may become the means of our strength. (Text.) (739)

DEPTH, THE SECOND

As we drift along in a boat on the smooth surface of a river, we note many familiar appearances. Delicate winged creatures dart about, swallows flash to and fro, here and there fishes leap up, and zephyrs waft petals of flowers and seeds of plants over the placid mirror. In the shallow pool we note aquatic creatures and weeds growing among the pebbles, and thus we see the material depth. But suddenly there is a change. The bottom of the river vanishes, and there comes into view a second depth. The arched heavens are mirrored there, and we look down into measureless azure. When darkness comes the moon and stars are reflected in the depths.

It is so when we come under higher spiritual influences. These soon supersede the view of the things that are merely of the earth earthy. There is a second and heavenly depth of meaning below the whole superficies of this mundane sphere of experience. (740)

Derelicts—See CONSERVATION.

Descent to Evil—See EVIL, BEGINNINGS OF.

Design—See VOICE, THE HUMAN.

Design, a, Removed—See REMINDERS, UNPLEASANT.

DESIGN IN MAN'S ACTIVITY

The fin of the fish does not more evidently convey the power and betoken the function of moving in the sea or the wing of the bird that of sailing on the air, than do these quickening and propellent forces, inherent in man's being, proclaim him ordained for wide-reaching operation.—RICHARD S. STORRS. (741)

DESIGN IN NATURE

A student of the phenomena of vision, Professor Pritchard, speaks thus of the argument from the structure of the human eye:

From what I know, through my own specialty, both geometry and experiment, of the structure of lenses and the human eye, I do not believe that any amount of evolution, extending through any amount of time consistent with the requirements of our astronomical knowledge, could have issued in the production of that most beautiful and complicated instrument, the human eye. There are too many curved surfaces, too many distances, too many densities of the media, each essential to the other; too great a facility of ruin by slight disarrangement, to admit of anything short of the intervention of an intelligent Will at some stage of the evolutionary process. (Text.) (742)

Design in the Soul—See WORK DIVINELY INTENDED.

DESIGN OF GOD

We are told that on one occasion Napoleon was shut up in an island of the Danube, hemmed in by the Archduke Charles. He was able to maintain himself there, but he sent word to Italy and Spain and France, and he ordered his marshal with such minuteness that every day's march was perfect. All over the north of France, and from the extreme south of Spain and Portugal, the corps were, all of them, advancing, and day by day, coming nearer and nearer. Not one of them, on the march, had any idea what was the final purpose, and why they were being ordered to the central point. But on the day the master appointed the heads of the columns appeared in every direction. Then it was that he was able to break forth from his bondage and roll back the tide of war.

How like our life, as it moves on, to the command of the Master. Its forces seem confused to us, without cohesion, ofttimes antagonistic. Joy and sorrow, health and sickness, prosperity and adversity—all march in their appointed paths and to their appointed ends. But at last we shall see behind them all the one will and the one power, and we shall be able to say on the day of final emancipation and victory, as said Joseph of old, God meant it unto good, to bring it to pass.—JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS. (743)

DESIRES INORDINATE

An adventurer waits upon you one of these days and offers you on terms absurdly easy some diamond-field in Africa, or silver-mine in Nevada, or ruby-mine in Burmah—a few shares at a trifling cost will make you a millionaire. You are smitten; your brain is filled with pleasant dreams; and without the least investigation, you invest your good money to find ere long that you have been cruelly deceived. Will the public greatly pity you? They will not. There was a personal moral fault at the bottom of your misfortune. You were willingly ignorant, you were easily blinded, because of your inordinate desires. So is it in all temptations of life to which we fall a prey. A certain morbid disposition of soul is the secret of our loss or ruin.—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (744)

Despair Relieved—See EXTREMITY NOT FINAL.

Desperate Remely—See LAST RESORT OF A WOMAN.

DESTINY

The tissue of the life to be
  We weave with colors all our own,
And in the fields of destiny
  We reap as we have sown;
Still shall the soul around it call
  The shadows which it gathered here,
And painted on the eternal wall
  The past shall reappear. (745)

Rev. Frederick Lynch tells in *Christian Work* the following story of Henry Ward Beecher:

In a public assembly a minister arose and said: "Mr. Beecher, my congregation has delegated me to ask this question of you: We have in our congregation one of the purest and most lovable men you ever saw. He is upright, honest, generous, the heartiest supporter of the church we have—the friend of the poor, the beloved of little children, a veritable saint—but he does not believe the doctrine of the Trinity. Now, where do you think he will go after death?" Mr. Beecher was equal to the occasion. Hesitating a moment, he said: "I never dare say where any man will go after death, but wherever this man goes, he certainly has my best wishes." (746)

A polliwig swims about in a muddy pool and appears happy and contented. It is in its element. After a while it develops into a frog and climbs up on the bank. Altho it has attained to a higher state of existence, it has a tendency for the old life. It does not go very far away from the muddy pool. It stays near it, that it may take an occasional dip. A boy comes along and stones it, and it leaps back into the muddy pool. The boy looks about for some other moving object. He sees a lark not far away and hurls a stone at it. The skylark spreads its wings for flight. As it soars upward, it sings clearer and sweeter until it is far above the reach of its tormentor.

The contrasted tendencies of men resemble those of the polliwig and the lark. There is a world of meaning in the brief statement about Judas, "that he might go to his own place." (Text.) (747)

DESTINY OF NATIONS

The destiny of nations! They arise,
Have their heyday of triumph, and in turn
Sink upon silence, and the lidless eyes
Of fate salute them from their final urn.

How splendid-sad the story! How the gust
And pain and bliss of living transient seem!
Cities and pomps and glories shrunk to dust,
And all that ancient opulence a dream.

Must a majestic rhythm of rise and fall
Conquer the peoples once so proud on earth?
Does man but march in circles, after all,
Playing his curious game of death and birth?
Or shall an ultimate nation, God's own child,
Arise and rule, nor ever conquered be;
Untouched of time because, all undefiled,
She makes His ways her ways eternally?

—Richard Burton, *The Century Magazine*. (748)

DESTRUCTION, GRADUAL

One morning visitors staying in Venice were told that an ominous report was in circulation concerning the Campanile, and that so certainly was a disaster expected that the old architect who had charge of the Palace of the Doges and of the tower of St. Mark's Cathedral had stolen out of the city, unable to bear the thought of the approaching catastrophe. A guide took visitors to the tower and pointed out little piles of sand that had trickled down from between the bricks. It was dangerous to stand there and the party retreated. The next night news went all over the world that the Campanile had fallen. But the accident had not happened suddenly. The Campanile had been through centuries preparing for its fall. Slowly the moist air of the lagoon had slaked the lime, and the acid of the smoke had disintegrated the mortar. A thousand minute injuries were slowly inflicted, and gradually the foundations settled and cracked.

So it is with character in individuals and communities. Falsehood, insincerity, vanity, dishonesty, selfishness and infidelity pull down institutions and bring even empires crashing in ruins. (749)

DESTRUCTION NECESSARY

It has been calculated that, as fish produce so many eggs, if vast numbers of the latter and of the fish themselves were not continually destroyed and taken they would soon fill up every available space in the seas. For instance, from 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 codfish are annually caught on the shores of Newfoundland. But even that quantity seems small when it is considered that each cod yields about 4,500,000 eggs every season, and that even 8,000,000 have been found in the roe of a single cod. Were the 60,000,000 cod taken on the coast of Newfoundland left to breed, the 30,000,000 females producing 5,000,000 eggs every year, it would give a yearly addition of 150,000,000,000,000 young codfish.—*Public Opinion.* (750)

Destructive Criticism—See Satire.

DESTRUCTIVENESS

The size of a thing is not always the measure of its destructiveness. We look at a big battleship and exclaim what a huge instrument of destruction. Yet the tiny germ called the tubercle bacillus is so small that it is said that 900 can find room on the point of a small sewing-needle, and these germs destroy more lives each year than the mightiest warship could possibly do in action. (751)

Sins and faults gradually ruin character, once they begin to ravage, as the bee-moths ruin the hive of bees:

Death and destruction of the community follow in the train of the bee-moth. From the eggs hatch little sixteen-footed grubs that keep well hidden in the cracks, only venturing out to feed on the wax of the comb nearest them. As they grow they need more and more wax, but they protect themselves while getting it by spinning a silken web which prevents the bees from getting at them. Wherever they go they spin silken lines and little webs until, if several bee-moths have managed to lay their eggs in the hive and several hundred of their voracious wax-eating grubs are spinning tough silken lines and webs through all the corridors and rooms of the bees' house, the household duties get so difficult to carry on that the bee community begins to dwindle; the unfed young die in their cells, the indoor workers starve, and the breakdown of the whole hive occurs. — VERNON L. KELLOGG, "Insect Stories." (752)

Character, like corn, may be destroyed, not by the assault of a single great evil, but by many minute sins and faults. Vernon L. Kellogg writes thus of corn-root aphids:

I forget how many millions of bushels of corn were raised in the State of Illinois last year, but there were very many. And that means thousands and thousands of acres of corn-fields. Now in all these corn-fields there live certain tiny soft-bodied insects called corn-root aphids. Their food is the sap of the growing corn-plants, which they suck from the roots. Altho each corn-root aphid is only about one-twentieth of an inch long and one-twenty-fifth of an inch wide, and has a sucking-beak simply microscopic in size, yet there are so many millions of these little insects, all with their microscopic little beaks stuck into the corn-roots, and all the time drinking, drinking the sap, which is the life-blood of the corn-plants, that they do a great deal of injury to the corn-fields of Illinois and cause a great loss in money to the farmers.—"Insect Stories." (753)

See VANDALISM.

Detachment—See ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

DETAILS, PERIL OF

It is said of General Grant, when he was approaching Vicksburg, that his officers, brave enough and willing enough, had so little military experience that his orders to them were not mere directions as to what they should do, but instruction in detail as to the manner in which it should be done. It is said that a collection of those orders would form a compendium or hand-book of the military art. The man of liberal training with us has always much of that experience. The sculptor in America can confide nothing to his workman. The editor often needs to know how to set type. Many a time will you have to instruct your bookbinder. Wo to you if you expect to hire a competent translator! The educated man in America is only a helpless Dominie Sampson if he can not harness his own horse, and on occasion shoe him. He must in a thousand exigencies paddle his own canoe. And the first danger which comes to him is that in all these side duties he will forget the great central object to which his life is consecrated.—EDWARD EVERETT HALE. (754)

Detected, Loss—See THEFT, A CHECK ON.

DETECTION

One M. Le Roux demonstrated the value of the X-ray in detecting smuggled goods recently at the New York custom-house:

With every country using the X-ray at the custom-house and post-office smuggling would soon cease, for there seems to be no way to fool this little agent. Every means of baffling it were tried at M. Le Roux's test. Articles were wrapt in many thicknesses of paper and woolen fabrics, and they were hidden in all sorts of queer places, but once the X-ray got busy they might just as well have shouted out their whereabouts, for not a single hidden article escaped detection.—*The Technical World Magazine.* (755)

The high prices of meat were indirectly responsible for the arrest of Elmer McClain, a workman in a local factory, in Kokomo, Ind. At the noon-hour McClain sat down with his lunch-pail among his fellow employees and brought forth a piece of fried chicken. The presence of such a high-priced article of food in the lunch-pail of a man of McClain's circumstances created much comment among the other workmen.

The report spread to the street, and in a little while had been circulated throughout the city, finally reaching the ears of Schuyler Stevens, who had lost some chickens by theft the night before.

Stevens informed the police, who, after an investigation, arrested McClain, who admitted that he had stolen four pullets from Stevens. (756)

See Evidence, Providential; Theft, A Check on.

DETERIORATION BY DISUSE

Among the many startling disclosures with which scientific investigation has made us familiar, one of the most extravagant is the discovery according to which the nose is said to be gradually losing its power to discharge its traditional function in the case of the civilized peoples. When the sense of smell vanishes altogether—as, it is affirmed, will infallibly be the case one day—the organ itself is bound to follow its example sooner or later. It is, no doubt, a fact that the olfactory sense is much keener in the savage than in the civilized man, and it is reasonable to conclude that the more we progress in civilization the duller the sense will grow, and as nature never preserves useless organs, when the nose loses its power of smelling the nose "must go."—London *Iron.* (757)

Determination—See Ability, Gage of.

Determining Factor Unknown—See Mystery of Nature.

DEVASTATION

What a pity it is to see a garden given over to a herd of swine that tear up the beds, trample on the seeds, wallow among the flowers, spoil the fruits! This is the spectacle that is offered our eyes every day by that beautiful and divine garden of Youth when it is occupied, devastated, pillaged, by the lower instincts, the coarser appetites.—Charles Wagner, "The Gospel of Life." (758)

Development, Arrested—See Deformity.

Development of the Ear—See Practise.

Development, Slow—See Retardation.

Device for Safeguarding Freight—See Theft, A Check on.

DEVICE THAT DECOYS

Several years ago *The National Geographic Magazine* published a description of the angler fish, well known along the New England coast because of a device by means of which it lures and catches other fish. This device consists of filaments or tendrils resembling seaweed, which are attached to the head.

When the angler is hungry, it hunts out a convenient place in shallow waters, where its color and markings make the fish indistinguishable from the sea-bottom. Here it lies quietly, often as if dead, while its floating filaments, kept in motion by the tide, decoy other fish, which never discover their mistake until too late to escape from the angler's merciless jaws.

A bulletin by Theodore Gill, "Angler Fishes, Their Kinds and Ways," recently published by the Smithsonian Institution, and from which these notes are obtained, says that the most extraordinary of all the anglers are those that carry lanterns to see with.

"Some stout-bodied anglers resorted to deep and deeper waters, where the light from the sun was faint or even ceased, and a wonderful provision was at last developed by kindly nature, which replaced the sun's rays by some reflected from the fish itself. In fact, the illicium (a prolongation of the spine) has developed into a rod with a bulb having a phosphorescent terminal portion, and the "bait" round it has been also modified and variously added to; the fish has also had superadded to its fishing apparatus a lantern and worm-like lures galore.

"How efficient such an apparatus must be in the dark depths where these angler fishes dwell may be judged from the fact that special laws have been enacted in some countries against the use of torches and other lights for night fishing because of their deadly attractiveness. Not only the curiosity of the little deep-sea fishes, but their appetite is appealed to by the worm-like objects close to or in relief against the phosphorescent bulb of the anglers." (759)

DEVICES, FATAL

It is easy to go into evil by the trap-door of temptation; it is not so easy to retrace the steps.

The bladderwort is a water-plant and catches much of its food. Underneath the surface of the water in which the plant floats are a number of lax, leafy branches spread out in all directions, and attached to these are large numbers of little flattened sacks or bladders, sometimes one-sixth of an inch long. The small end of each little bladder is surrounded by a cluster of bristles, forming a sort of hollow funnel leading into the mouth below, and this is covered inside by a perfect little trap-door, which fits closely, but opens with the least pressure from without. A little worm or insect, or even a very small fish, can pass within, but never back again. The sack acts like an eel-trap or a catch-'em-alive mouse-trap. These little sacks actually allure very small animals by displaying glandular hairs about the entrance. The small animals are imprisoned and soon perish and decay to nourish the wicked plant. (Text.)—Prof. W. J. BEAL, *The Popular Science Monthly.* (760)

Devil, A Prayer to the—See CHILDREN'S RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

Devil's Slide—See EVIL, BEGINNINGS OF.

DEVIL, THE, CHOSEN

The course of some men makes it seem as if they had chosen the devil with more purpose than did this lawyer:

St. Evona, or Ives, of Brittany, a famous lawyer in 1300, was lamenting that his profession had not a patron saint to look up to. The physicians had St. Luke; the champions had St. George; the artists each had one; but the lawyers had none. Thinking that the Pope ought to bestow a saint, he went to Rome, and requested his Holiness to give the lawyers of Brittany a patron. The Pope, rather puzzled, proposed to St. Evona that he should go round the church of St. John de Lateran blindfold, and after he had said so many *Ave Marias,* the first saint he laid hold of should be his patron; and this solution of the difficulty the good old lawyer willingly undertook. When he had finished his *Ave Marias,* he stopt short, and laid his hands on the first image he came to, and cried out with joy, "This is our saint—this be our patron." But when the bandage was taken from his eyes, what was his astonishment to find that, tho he had stopt at St. Michael's altar, he had all the while laid hold, not of St. Michael, but of the figure under St. Michael's feet—the devil! (Text.)—CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (761)

Devolution—See DOWN GRADE, THE.

Devotion to a Leader—See KINDNESS STIMULATING DEVOTION.

Devotion to Christ—See CHRIST'S FACE.

Devotion to Duty—See FAITHFULNESS; LIFE; A DEVOTED.

Devotion to Science—See SCIENCE, DEVOTION TO.

DEVOTION TO THE HELPLESS

In a newspaper account of a shipwreck, a touching incident is thus described by a survivor:

There was one incident which came particularly to my notice—the devotion of a woman to her blind husband. With her arm linked in his, she sought the rail of the *Florida* to be transferred to the *Baltic.*

An officer grabbed the man and hurled him to the rear. "Women and children only in these boats," he yelled, as the man tumbled backward. The wife ran to her husband's side and, again taking his arm, she appealed to the officer.

"He is blind! Can't you see he is helpless?" she said. "I have never left him. If he can not go in the boat with me, I will stay here until this ship sinks under me."

The unwritten law of the sea was waived before this plea, and that lone man, sightless and helpless, was permitted to accompany his wife, who would not leave the *Florida* until her husband was permitted to go with her. (762)

Dew, The Existence of the—See SEPARATION.

DIABOLICAL POSSESSION

An old man, nearly octogenarian, who has been in bed for twenty-seven years, being a harmless monomaniac, having the delusion that his Satanic majesty always stood at his door to prevent him from going out, suddenly one morning, early in June, took it into his head that the devil was gone, whereupon he got out of bed, and, with nothing on but his shirt walked down to the quay (nearly a quarter of a mile) and jumped over. Having been a good swimmer in his early days, he struck out, and altho a boat put off from a vessel, he swam ashore.—*Public Opinion.* (763)

Diet—See MEALS, SIMPLICITY IN.

DIET AND ENDURANCE

The Roman soldiers who built such wonderful roads and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm-hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in their diet, and regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onion, and watermelon. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and some olives, yet he walks off with his load of a hundred pounds. The coolie, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat. The heavy work of the world is not done by men who eat the greatest quantity. Moderation in diet seems to be the prerequisite of endurance.—*Public Opinion.* (764)

Differences of Opinion—See OPINIONS.

DIFFICULTIES, DISPERSING

An old man once said: "I have had a long life full of troubles; most of them never happened." So most of the giants in the way, if we do not fear them, turn out as in this dream related by the Rev. S. Benson Phillips:

When I first heard the call to the ministry I was about twelve years old. From that time until I was twenty-four years old, it was a question in my mind as to whether I was equal to the responsibilities and requirements of this holy calling. It was one night, after I had been thinking of these things, that I had the following dream: I thought that I was camping by the roadside, and had retired for the night. A great giant stood by my bedside. He offered to do me no harm, but simply stood by my bed. I begged him to go away. This he would not do until I arose and prepared to battle with him. Seeing my intention, he began to walk slowly away. I followed him. To my delight, he became smaller and smaller until he was nothing but a little boy, and unable to do me any harm. (765)

DIFFICULTIES, OVERCOMING

The difficulties encountered by the Prussians on their march from Havre, by St. Lambert, to the field of Waterloo would have put the endurance of any troops to the test. The roads were ankle-deep from the heavy rains, and the defiles of St. Lambert turned into a regular swamp, almost impassable for men and horses; still worse for the guns and tumbrels of ammunition. These were very numerous and far from being well horsed, sinking at intervals up to the axle-trees. The horses' floundering caused a stoppage, and the most robust soldiers in endeavoring to extricate the guns and ammunition wagons would drop down, overcome by the fatigue of their exertions, and declare "they could not get on." "But we must get on," replied their veteran commander, who seemed to multiply himself, and might be seen at different points along the line of march, exciting his men to exertion by words of encouragement. "I have promised Wellington to be up," said Blücher, "and up we must get. Surely you will not make me forfeit my word. Exert yourselves a little more, and victory is certain."—EDWARD COTTON, "A Voice from Waterloo." (766)

See ILLITERACY.

DIFFICULTIES, SOCIAL

The only way to get De Quincey to a dinner-party was to send an able-bodied man to find him and bring him by force. Occasionally he revenged himself by making a stay of several weeks, so that the difficulty of getting him into a friend's house was forgotten in the more appalling difficulty of how to get him out again.—W. J. DAWSON, "The Makers of English Prose." (767)

Difficulty Aiding Achievement—See ADVERSITY HELPING GENIUS.

Dilemma—See SIMPLE-MINDEDNESS.

Dimensions—See UPWARD LOOK.

Diminishing Numbers—See SEASICKNESS.

DIMINUTIVES

Some years ago, when the bedding was not supposed to be as fat as it ought to be, and the pillows were accused of being constructed upon the homeopathic principle, a New Englander got on a railroad car one night. Now, it is a remarkable fact that a New Englander never goes to sleep in one of these cars. He lies awake all night, thinking how he can improve upon every device and patent in sight. He poked his head out of the upper berth at midnight, hailed a porter and said, "Say, have you got such a thing as a corkscrew about you?" "We don't 'low no drinkin' sperits aboa'd these yer cars, sah," was the reply. "'Tain't that," said the Yankee, "but I want to get hold on to one of your pillows that has kind of worked its way into my ear."—HORACE PORTER. (768)

Diploma Valueless—See COLLEGE OR EXPERIENCE.

DIPLOMACY, COWARDLY

A distinguished divine was called upon to offer prayer in a mixed company, when in accordance with the custom of the times, he included in his petition to the Almighty a large measure of anathema, as "We beseech thee, O Lord! to overwhelm the tyrant! We beseech thee to overwhelm and to pull down the oppressor! We beseech thee to overwhelm and pull down the Papist!" And then opening his eyes, and seeing that a Roman Catholic archbishop and his secretary were present, he saw he must change the current of his petitions if he would be courteous to his audience, and said vehemently, "We beseech thee, O Lord! we beseech thee—we beseech thee—we beseech thee to pull down and overwhelm the Hottentot!" Said some one to him when the prayer was over, "My dear brother, why were you so hard upon the Hottentot?" "Well," said he, "the fact is, when I opened my eyes and looked around, between the paragraphs in the prayer, at the assembled guests, I found that the Hottentots were the only people who had not some friends among the company."—HENRY CODMAN POTTER. (769)

DIPLOMAT, A, AND MISSIONS

Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, at one time ambassador of Great Britain to the United States, gave the following advice to missionaries before the Fifth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, held at Nashville, in 1906:

I beg you to consider earnestly before you go whether you are really fitted for the task before you. Do not be misled by love of excitement or adventure, or by the glamour of the East. It has a wonderful glamour, and any man of thought and feeling who has been out there will "hear the East a-calling" for many a year. But a great part of a missionary's work, as indeed a great part of the work of every profession, is hard drudgery. To master an Oriental language, as you must master it if you are to be of any use, is itself a labor of years. Judson used often to sit and study his Burmese for twelve hours out of the twenty-four, and, as I have said, it took him twenty-seven years to complete his translation of the Bible. That is the kind of toil you must be ready to face. I once saw a missionary attempt to convert an Afghan. His manner of doing so was to walk up to the Afghan on the road and say in very bad Persian, which was not really the Afghan's language, "Christ is the Son of God." He repeated the remark twice, receiving each time a monosyllabic answer, and then he sheered off, having apparently no more Persian at his command. This is the sort of thing which causes the enemy to blaspheme. And remember Judson's warning. Do not be tempted to spiritual pride. Do not stand aloof and condemn the diplomatist, or the administrator, or the soldier, because their lives and their views are not what yours are. They, too, know some things—some things which you can not know—and they, too, are trying to do their duty. Above all, never look down on the soldier. He may be rough and reckless at times, but he is always ready to lay down his life for his country, and all good missionaries should honor the soldier's uniform. (770)

DIRECTION

All life is short in itself. But we do not complain that the night is short if we are looking for the dawn, nor that the winter is short if we are eager for the spring. A short life is long enough to take the right direction, and direction is the main fact about our life. For our children we ask: How are they coming out?—FRANKLIN NOBLE, "Sermon in Illustration." (771)

"I'd have you know, sir," said the Congressman from one of the tall-grass districts, "that I am walking in the footsteps of George Washington."

"I see you are," rejoined the wise guy, "but for some reason unknown to me, you are headed the wrong way." (Text.)—Chicago *News.* (772)

The following verses from an unidentified source carry their own lesson:

One ship drives east and another drives west,
While the selfsame breezes blow;
It's the set of the sails and not the gales
That bids them where to go.

Like the winds of the seas are the ways of the fates,
As we voyage along through life;
It's the set of the soul that decides the goal,
And not the storm or strife. (773)

See DESTINY; FACING RIGHT; TENDENCY.

DIRECTION, SENSE OF

No one would suppose that a calf possest any extraordinary amount of intelligence, but that one of these animals had a well-developed bump of location is proven by the facility with which this particular animal found its way home after it had been taken away. A college professor writes of this incident which came under his personal observation:

"I spent my vacation the past summer at my mother's, three miles from Siler City, N. C. My brother, who lived at Siler City, had a three-months-old calf which he wanted to pasture at my mother's farm. Accordingly the calf was brought along the road from the town. The next day the animal got out of the open gate and returned home. I followed its trail; it had recently rained. The calf first took almost a bee-line for its home; crossed a small ditch, then came to a large ditch, which it wandered down some distance, but returned and crossed near its direct line. This was at a distance of a quarter of a mile from the road by which it had been delivered, and all the space is covered by thick forest.

"When the calf struck the main road it proceeded along this to its home. This animal never had been out of its lot until it was brought to my mother's, and yet its sense of direction was so accurate that it took a straight line for home until it reached the road by which it had been brought. Then it depended upon its memory of the road, altho it might have followed a path in a much more direct line."—*Harper's Weekly.* (774)

DIRECTIONS

Cora S. Day, in *The Interior,* illustrates in the following paragraphs the value of the Bible as a book of directions:

They were looking through the medicine-chest in search of a needed remedy when there came to light a half-filled vial, whose torn label held but a part of the directions for use.

"Might as well throw this away. I have forgotten what it is, what it is for and how to take it," said the finder.

"Yes, take it out. It is no good without the directions," agreed the other. So the medicine was set aside.

There are a good many things that are no good to us with out the directions. Without the knowledge of how to use it, the most useful tool or machine is of no more value to a man than so much junk. With the directions, it becomes his assistant, his servant, and does good work for him.

If you buy a sewing-machine, or a typewriter, for instance, you are given a book of instructions which tells how to use it. In addition, the agent usually gives you personal instructions in its operation, making its ordinary workings plain to you. But some day, when you are trying to run it alone, there comes a hitch perhaps—something you do not understand, some new development or complication. Then you are glad to turn to the book of directions for help.

How about the book which gives directions for right living? Preachers and teachers and parents can tell you many good things when they are at hand; but the book can help you at all times. Full of directions for every difficulty and sure to point the way and lead you aright, it can be always near, ready to help in all perplexities. (Text.) (775)

DIRECTIONS, CONTRASTED

Russell Sage, it is said, directed by his will that his body should be placed in a steel casket, weighing three tons, made burglar-proof, locked and sealed. He made this bequest to himself through fear that his physical remains might be stolen for the sake of getting a ransom. During his long life he accumulated a vast fortune and kept it. He probably spent no more, fared no better, did no more service to his fellow men than many a business man or employee of modest income.

The late Governor Hogg, of Texas, left no fortune to relatives or to charity. He directed that a pecan-tree should be planted at the head of his grave and a walnut-tree at its foot. His purpose was to teach thrift to the people of his State. These fruit-bearing trees suggest comfort and prosperity. There is no fear that any one will steal his body, but a message of wisdom and affection will continue to go out from it after the remains have returned to dust. (Text.) (776)

Directness—See Singleness of Purpose.

Dirtiness, Removing — See Discipline from Change.

DISAPPOINTMENT

There are thousands upon thousands of models at the Patent-office of inventions that are of absolutely no use whatever. They represent the blasted hopes and often the ruined fortunes of innumerable inventors who invested their time and money in worthless ideas. The models forwarded by these inventors to the Patent-office form a sort of museum by themselves, and those who wish to look a bit beneath the surface can find a story abounding in genuine pathos lurking in pretty nearly every one of these foolish inventions. (Text.)—New York *Evening Sun.* (777)

See Appointment.

Discernment—See Interpretation by Experience.

DISCERNMENT, LACK OF SPIRITUAL

You might as well talk to a child of the African jungle about the glitter of New York's Vanity Fair and expect him to understand you as to talk to an unregenerate person about the Kingdom of God and hope to make him comprehend the mysteries of which you speak. He wouldn't say or do anything to wound your feelings for the world—he is too much of a gentleman for that; but at the same time he gives you to distinctly understand that the things of the Spirit of God are foolishness to him. And tho, after all, he may appear a much bigger fool to you than you do to him, you must at least admit that his attitude is thoroughly Scriptural.—F. F. Shannon. (778)

DISCIPLINE

A visitor to a pottery establishment was puzzled by an operation that seemed aimless. In one room there was a mass of clay beside a workman. Every now and then he took up a mallet and struck several smart blows on the surface of the lump. Curiosity led to the question, "Why do you do that?" "Wait a bit, sir, and watch it," was the answer. The stranger obeyed, and soon the top of the mass began to heave and swell. Bubbles formed upon its face. "Now, sir, you see," said the modeler, "I could never shape the clay into a vase if these air-bubbles were in it, therefore I gradually beat them out."

Is not the discipline of life just a beating out of the bubbles of pride and self-will, so that God may form a vessel of earth to hold heavenly treasures? (Text.) (779)

See Success in Failure.

DISCIPLINE AMONG CHILDREN

It required just one minute and fifteen seconds for three thousand pupils and teachers of Public School 22, at Sheriff and Stanton Streets (New York), to file into the streets after the "four taps signal," indicating that the building must be vacated with haste, a few minutes after a fire had been discovered. One incident indicated particularly the degree of discipline instilled into the children.

Harry Kagel, one of the smallest boys in the primary department, asked permission to go down-stairs just after the pupils had assembled for the afternoon session. As the boy was passing a room near the vestibule on the ground floor, he scented smoke. Opening the door, he found a fire blazing in waste paper and baskets. He did not cry out or run with fear from the building, but, remembering what his teachers had told him again and again, he ran quietly up-stairs to his classroom and whispered about the fire in the ear of the teacher, Miss Dixey.

She called an older boy and sent him to investigate. In a minute he was back with a verification. Then Miss Dixey hurried to Miss C. Knowl, principal of the primary department, and to John P. Townley, principal of the school, and the signal was sounded.

At once every child in the school went to his or her station, and all were in line or at the post assigned in a few seconds. Altho the thin smoke in the hallways, creeping into the sixty-six classrooms of the four-story building, indicated to pupils and teachers that this was not one of the regular drills, there was no confusion, and with the exception of the faces of pupils and teachers, which were a trifle more serious than at daily drill, the program was carried out perfectly.

One of the teachers, assigned to the piano, began the march, and the pupils began to file out of the rooms after the last bell. Monitors took their places on the stone steps to guard against confusion near the exits. Every door in the building was thrown open by those assigned to that duty.

As soon as they were in the streets, the classes hurried away from the exist, so that the march of those in the rear would not be hampered.

In the meantime the janitor, Duncan Robinson, had gathered a number of large boys of the grammar department and formed a bucket brigade. They made short work of the flames. There was no call sent in for the fire department. (780)

Discipline, Easy—See SLACKNESS.

DISCIPLINE EVADED

Kassim Pasha, when Minister of War for Egypt, was very particular in regard to the personal appearance of his officers and issued stringent orders that they should never appear unshaven in public. One day he met upon the street a lieutenant who had bearded the pasha and disregarded his orders. "To what regiment do you belong?" demanded the indignant minister. "To the —— regiment, at Abasseuh," replied the frightened lieutenant. "Get into my carriage at once so that I can carry you to the encampment and have you publicly punished," was the stern command which followed.

The young man obeyed, and the twain rode along gloomily enough for some time, when the pasha stopt his carriage and entered an office where he would be detained for some time on business. Seizing the opportunity, the culprit sprang from the vehicle, darted into a neighboring barber's stall and regained his post before the return of his jailer minus his beard. For the remainder of the route the officer buried his face in his hands and seemed the picture of apprehension.

Abasseuh was reached at last, and all the officers were assembled to witness the degradation of their comrade, who all the while kept well in the rear of his chief. "Come forward, you son of a dog!" cried the irate pasha, when there stept before him an officer with a face as clean as a baby's and a look of the most supreme innocence. His excellency gave one look of blank astonishment and then, with an appreciative smile breaking over his war-worn features, turned to the assembled officers and said, "Here, gentlemen, your old minister is a fool, and your young lieutenant is a captain."—Pitston *Gazette.* (781)

DISCIPLINE FROM CHANGE

God frequently improves men by shaking them up and running them through scouring-machines of misfortune, like the wheat mentioned in this extract:

The grain reaches Port Arthur in carloads, and is examined by a grain-inspector in the service of the Dominion Government. If found to be suffering from smut, it is separated into three grades, according to the amount of smut adhering to it. That which is least dirty is scoured and brushed until all vestige of smut is removed, while the dirtier grain is thoroughly washed and dried before being cleaned. The scouring-machine turns and tosses the wheat so vigorously that every grain becomes highly polished, and is said to be in a better condition for milling than ordinary wheat, since it has lost part of its outer integument, which would have to be removed. (Text.)—ARTHUR INKERSLEY, *The American Inventor.* (782)

Discipline, Military—See OBEDIENCE.

Disclosure—See UTTERANCE.

DISCONTENT, DIVINE

An unidentified author writes thus of discontent:

When the world was formed and the morning stars
Upon their paths were sent,
The loftiest-browed of the angels was named
The Angel of Discontent.

And he dwelt with man in the caves of the hills,
Where the crested serpent stings,
And the tiger tears and the she-wolf howls,
And he told of better things.

And he led man forth to the towered town,
And forth to the fields of corn;
And he told of the ampler work ahead
For which the race was born.

And he whispers to men of those hills he sees
In the blush of the golden west;
And they look to the light of his lifted eye
And they hate the name of rest.

In the light of that eye doth the slave behold
A hope that is high and brave,
And the madness of war comes into his blood
For he knows himself a slave.

The serfs of wrong in the light of that eye
March on with victorious songs;
For the strength of their right comes into their hearts
When they behold their wrongs.

'Tis by the light of that lifted eye
That error's mists are rent—
A guide to the table-land of Truth
Is the Angel of Discontent.

And still he looks with his lifted eye,
And his glance is far away
On a light that shines on the glimmering hills
Of a diviner day. (Text.) (783)

Discourtesy—See Bargain-making.

DISCOVERY, ACCIDENTAL

Blotting-paper was discovered purely by accident. Some ordinary paper was being made one day at a mill in Berkshire when a careless workman forgot to put in the sizing material. It may be imagined what angry scenes would take place in that mill, as the whole of the paper made was regarded as being quite useless. The proprietor of the mill desired to write a note shortly afterward, and he took a piece of waste paper, thinking it was good enough for the purpose. To his intense annoyance, the ink spread all over the paper. All of a sudden there flashed over his mind the thought that this paper would do instead of sand for drying ink, and he at once advertised his waste paper as "blotting."

There was such a big demand that the mill ceased to make ordinary paper and was soon occupied making blotting only, the use of which spread to all countries. The result now is that the descendant of the discoverer owns the largest mills in the world for the manufacture of the special kind of paper. The reason the paper is of use in drying ink is that really it is a mass of hair-like tubes, which suck up liquid by capillary attraction. If a very fine glass tube is put into water the liquid will rise in it owing to capillary attraction. The art of manufacturing blotting-paper has been carried to such a degree that the product has wonderful absorbent qualities.—Boston *Herald.* (784)

Whether this story be true or legendary, it is a fact that many great discoveries have been the result of happy accident; or, as the Christian will prefer to say, the result of Providence:

It is said that the two Jansen boys had placed the spectacle lenses, with which they were playing, at the proper distances apart and were looking through them at the weather-cock on the top of a distant church steeple. They were surprized at discovering two things; first, that the weather-cock appeared upside down; and, second, it could be seen much more distinctly through the glasses than with the naked eye. Of course, they called the attention of their father to this curious discovery. Jansen, who was an intelligent man, and well acquainted with the properties of lenses as they were known at that early time, constructed a telescope based on the discovery of his sons.—Edwin J. Houston, "The Wonder-book of Light."
(785)

DISCOVERY, BENEFITS FROM

In the development of mineral resources and in manufactures, higher education is paying even larger proportionate returns than in agriculture. Practically the entire $2,000,000,000 yearly mineral production of the United States is directly due to a few chemical and electrical processes which were worked out by highly educated scientists. For example, the cyanide process of extracting gold, worked out in the laboratory in 1880 by McArthur and Forrest, is responsible for fully one-third of the world's gold production, making possible the five million annual production of the Homestake mine in North Dakota and the one hundred and forty-five million of South Africa, and many other similar cases. The Elkinton electrolytic process of refining copper is in the same way used now in producing 700,000,000 pounds of copper annually in the United States. The Bessemer and the open-hearth processes of producing steel, by which nearly all of our 23,000,000 tons are produced annually, are due to the scientific researches of Sir Henry Bessemer, of Thomas and Gilchrist, and of

Siemens. Birmingham, Pittsburg, and a host of wealthy cities could never have come into being but for these discoveries. James Gayley's discovery taught the practical steel-workers how they could save one-third of their coke and at the same time increase the output of their furnaces by a new process of extracting the moisture from the blast. This alone means the saving from now on of 10,000,000 tons of coal annually in the United States.—New York *Evening Post.* (786)

DISCOVERY, FORTUNATE

"Here's the last quarter I've got in the world. Give me some oysters, and go as far as you like," was the combination of announcement and request with which John Olson, a sailor employed on the Scandinavian-American Line, greeted William Gau, proprietor of a market on Washington Street, Hoboken, as he entered that establishment.

Mr. Gau proceeded to open oysters. The sailor looked hungry, so he made haste.

As the third oyster was pried apart Mr. Gau uttered an exclamation. There was a big pearl. "Well, that's the best luck I've had in a long time," he observed. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"Wait a minute," piped up Olson. "Didn't I buy the oysters, and didn't you take the money? My oyster, my pearl. Hand 'er over."

The oysterman protested, but the sailor argued so convincingly that Mr. Gau finally acquiesced. They journeyed at once to a jeweler, who appraised the jewel at $200, and threw in an exclamation of admiration upon its white color for good measure. It weighs about three carats. (787)

DISCRETION

When I was a boy, a grim old doctor in a neighboring town was struck down and crusht by a loaded sledge. He got up, staggered a few paces, fell and died. He had been in attendance upon an ancient lady, a connection of my own, who at that moment was lying in a most critical condition. The news of the accident reached her, but not its fatal character. Presently the minister of the parish came in, and a brief conversation like this followed: "Is the doctor badly hurt?" "Yes, badly." "Does he suffer much?" "He does not; he is easy." And so the old gentlewoman blest God and went off to sleep, to learn the whole story at a fitter and safer moment. I know the minister was a man of truth, and I think he showed himself in this instance a man of wisdom.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. (788)

Discretion in Attack—See ATTACK, DISCRETION IN.

DISCRIMINATION IN PUNISHMENT

A farm servant named Auguste Bichet was condemned at Nancy to six days' imprisonment for stealing a franc, but was complimented by the court for his honesty. Bichet stole a franc from a shop counter and confest to the theft. But about the same time he found a purse containing $125 and at once restored it to its owner, refusing to accept any reward. The court exprest its astonishment and admiration at the man's honesty, but as he had been convicted before, the president said they were obliged to send him to prison. They did so with great regret and complimented him on his probity.—San Francisco *Bulletin.* (789)

DISCRIMINATION, UNFAIR

Taking $1,000,000 is called genius.
" 100,000 " " shortage.
" 50,000 " " litigation.
" 25,000 " " insolvency.
" 10,000 " " irregularity.
" 5,000 " " defalcation.
" 1,000 " " corruption.
" 500 " " embezzlement.
" 100 " " dishonesty.
" 50 " " stealing.
" 25 " " total depravity.
" one ham " " war on society.
—Washington *Post.*
(790)

See POISON DRINK.

DISEASE BENEFICIAL

People have considered every symptom of disease noxious, and that it ought to be stamped out with relentless determination; but, according to Sir Frederick Treves, the motive of disease is benevolent and protective. If it were not for disease, he said, the human race would soon be extinct.

Sir Frederick took examples, such as a wound and the supervening inflammation, which is a process of cure to be imitated rather than hindered. Peritonitis, he said, was an operating surgeon's best friend; without it every example of appendicitis would be fatal. The phenomena of a cough and cold were in the main manifestations of a cure. Without them a common cold might become fatal. The catarrh and persistent sneezing were practical means of dislodging bacteria from the nasal passage, and the cough of removing the bacteria from the windpipe. Again, the whole of the manifestations of tuberculosis were expressions of unflagging efforts on the part of the body to oppose the progress of invading bacterium. (Text.)—New York *Sun.* (791)

DISEASE, CAUSES OF

At the present moment there are two theories in the field to explain the origin of contagious diseases—the parasitic theory and the theory of the innate character of diseases. The parasitic theory assumes that diseases are originated by microbes first diffused in the atmosphere, and then taken into the system by the air we breathe, the water we drink, the things we touch. The advocates of the innate character of diseases hold, on the contrary, that the disease is spontaneously developed in the patient; the first cause is in morbid changes which are purely chemical, changes produced in the actual substance of the tissues and secretions without any external intervention of microbes; the microbes, where they really exist, being only a secondary phenomenon, a complication, and not the scientific cause which actually terminates the disease. Now, whatever may be the exact truth in this biological controversy, it is evident that the first cause of such disease must be sought in a defect of life, a feebleness, a certain untoward disposition and receptivity in the organism itself. The phylloxera devastates the French vineyards because the vines have been exhausted by excessive cultivation; tuberculosis fastens upon man because of obscure conditions of bodily weakness and susceptibility; vigorous plants and robust constitutions defying the foreign destructive bodies which may fill the air—extrinsic influence and excitement counting for little where the intrinsic tendency does not exist.

Revelation assumes that the man morally occupies much the same position. Environment brings the opportunity for evil, the solicitation or provocation to evil, so far do evil communications corrupt good manners; but the first cause of all must be found in the heart itself, in its lack of right direction, sympathy, and force; in a word, the scientific cause of sin is the spiritual cause—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (792)

DISEASE, EXEMPTION FROM

Breweries and tanneries and printing-ink factories confer exemption from tuberculosis, and employees in turpentine factories never have rheumatism. Copper-mining excludes the possibility of typhoid among the workers.

Shepherds enjoy remarkable health. The odd odor of sheep appears to exercise some influence tending to the prevention of disease. Sheep are especially good for whooping-cough, so that in a sheep country, when a child is taken down with that malady, it is the custom for the mother to put it among the sheep to play. The next day, it is said, the child will be well.

Men and women working in lavender, whether gathering or distilling it, are said never to suffer from neuralgia or nervous headache. Lavender, moreover, is as good as a sea voyage for giving tone to the system. Persons suffering from nervous breakdown frequently give their services gratis to lavender plants, in order that they may build up their vitality.

Salt-miners can wear summer clothes in blizzard weather without fear of catching cold, for colds are unknown among these workers.—*Harper's Weekly.* (793)

Disease Traveling—See EVIL, VIRULENCY OF.

Disguise of Temptation—See IMAGINATION, LURE OF.

DISGUISED DANGER

The dangers to moral integrity most to be guarded against are those which come disguised, and are often hard to detect.

D. W. Whittle tells of a soldier who was posted in a forest to watch the approach of Indians. It was a position of peculiar danger, three different men having been surprized and killed at this post without having had time to fire a shot. The soldier was left with strict orders to observe the utmost vigilance. In a short time an object moving among the trees at some distance caught his eye. He watched it, with gun ready; as it came a little nearer, he saw it to be a wild hog. Another came in sight. He satisfied himself it was a wild hog, rooting under the leaves. Presently, in another direction, the leaves were rustled and a third wild hog appeared. Being now used to these creatures, he paid but little attention. The movements of the last animal, however, soon engaged the man's thoughts. He observed a slight awkwardness in its movements, and thought possibly an Indian might be approaching, covered in a hog's skin. If it was an Indian the safest thing was to shoot. If it was not an Indian, and he should shoot, he would run no risk. He raised his rifle and fired. With a bound and a yell, an Indian leapt to his feet and fell back dead. The man had saved his life, and prevented the surprize of the garrison by his watchfulness. (Text.) (794)

DISHONESTY

Once D. L. Moody was talking to a man who sold soap which he claimed would do all kinds of remarkable things, including the removing of spots caused by grease. The man was, nevertheless, very perturbed, and at last he told Mr. Moody what his trouble was. "The soap accomplishes all that I assert; but the truth is that it also rots all the clothes which it washes. If I become a Christian, I shall have to give up my business, and I can not bring myself to do that." The evangelist used to say that it was only soap which stood between this man and a Christian life. (Text.) (795)

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Henry Ward Beecher tells a story of a man in the Canadian backwoods, who, during the summer months, had procured a stock of fuel sufficient for the winter. This man had a neighbor who was very indolent, and not very honest, and who, having neglected to provide against the winter storms, was mean enough to avail himself of his neighbor's supplies without the latter's permission or knowledge. Mr. Beecher states that it was found, on computation, that the thief had actually spent more time in watching for opportunities to steal, and labored more arduously to remove the wood (to say nothing of the risk and penalty of detection), than the man who in open daylight, and by honest means, had gathered it. (796)

Dishonesty Discovered—See Evidence, Providential.

Dishonesty in Business—See Business Cheating.

Disillusionment—See Labels, Misleading.

Disobedience—See Conscience a Monitor.

Disobedience Approved—See Higher Law, The.

Disparity—See Masses, Among the.

Disparity in Punishment—See Injustice; Decay.

DISPLACEMENT

A right once surrendered may be lost forever.

A story is told by the Kermanjis of Persia of how the jackals came to inhabit the desert. In olden days the jackals were the domesticated pets of Kerman, while the dogs dwelt among the ruins outside the city walls. The wily dogs asked the noble jackals if they would not exchange places for just three days, in order that the invalids among the dogs might recover their strength and health, at the same time enlarging upon the beauties of the desert life. The generous jackals consented. But when the stipulated period expired the dogs declined to yield their place, saying, "No, thank you, we prefer to stay where we are, and do not wish ever to return to the desert." So the outwitted jackals went howling away, and have been wailing nightly ever since. (797)

See Progress by Displacement.

Display, Vain—See Notoriety.

DISPROPORTION

The number of small men in high places is far greater than of large men in low places. The latter do not remain long in cramped conditions.

The Hon. William E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy under President Arthur, relates this incident of Assistant Surgeon Ver Mulen. The story, as printed in *Harper's Weekly*, runs as follows:

That officer was 6 feet 4 inches in height, a fact that occasioned him much discomfort when he was serving on the old *Penobscot,* the height of the vessel between decks being only 5 feet and 8 inches. As Surgeon Ver Mulen considered the matter, he remembered that long letters to the Navy Department were not always given that prompt attention he thought should be afforded in the present instance, so he determined to approach the authorities in a manner novel enough to impress them with the gravity of the situation. So he addrest his superior officer in this wise:

"The Honorable the Secretary of the Navy.

"Sir: Length of surgeon, 6 feet 4 inches; height of wardroom, 5 feet 8 inches.

"Respectfully,
"E. C. Ver Mulen,
"Assistant Surgeon, U.S.N."

Shortly after, the Navy Department detached Ver Mulen "until such time as a more suitable ship could be found for his assignment." (798)

Artists have a good many queer customers, and they have advantages for observing what vague ideas it is possible for a man to entertain respecting art and nature, too. An ex-soldier went to the studio of D. J. Gue, of Brooklyn, one day, to inspect a picture of Lookout Mountain that the artist had been painting. The picture pleased him, and he evidently had thoughts of purchase, but he was suddenly struck with a brilliant idea that he communicated thus: "I was in that fight, mister, and I'd like you to paint my picture on that. Let's see. You could paint me right here in this field, facing front, with my left hand resting on top of the mountain." The man was in thorough earnest. He did not see that if drawn to scale his finger would be about 5,000 feet high, and that he would have a reach of arm that would enable him to grasp at an object six or seven miles away. Mr. Gue precipitately declined the commission.—Brooklyn *Eagle.* (799)

DISPROPORTION OF PRAISE

The case of De Quincey in regard to opium-eating, is analogous to the case of a painter who has no hands, and had learned to paint with his toes. Many estimable artists might paint as well with their hands; but it is natural that the man who paints with his toes should be much more talked of, and attract a quite disproportionate share of fame. The wonder is, to quote Dr. Johnson's phrase, not that the thing is done well, but that it is done at all.—W. J. Dawson, "The Makers of English Prose." (800)

Dissipation of Force—See Friction Dissipating Force.

DISTANCE

As I came into your city to-night I saw your great structure [Brooklyn Bridge] across the river here, binding the two great cities together and making them one, and I remember that as I came the last time into your beautiful bay down yonder, I saw what seemed to be a mere web of gossamer, a bare hand's breadth along the horizon. It seemed as if I might have swept it away with my hand if I could have reached it, so airy and light it was in the distance, but when I came close to it to-night I found that it was one of the greatest structures that human intellect has ever devised. I saw it thrilling and vibrating with every energy of our pulsating, modern life. At a distance it looked as if the vessels nearest would strike it, full head, and carry it away. When I reached it I saw that it was so high, so vast, that the traffic of your great stream passed easily backward and forward under it. So it is with some problems. They may appear very small to you, ladies and gentlemen, or to us, when seen at a distance—as tho merely a handsweep would get rid of them; but nearer at hand they appear too vast to be moved easily.—Thomas Nelson Page. (801)

See Point of View; Retrospect.

Distance and Nearness—See Retrospect.

Distinctions, Vain—See Selfishness.

Distinctions, Unfair—See Discrimination, Unfair.

Disturbance—See Baptism.

DISUSE

Moored off the famous White Tower of Salonica lay, year after year, a small, dirty, uncared-for, antiquated gunboat, the solitary representative of the Turkish Navy. It never moved. But when Turkey awoke the gunboat was ordered to Constantinople to join in the rejoicings. Steam was got up and preparations were made to raise the anchor, but in vain. It had become wedded to the solid rock. So the chain was cut and the anchor left in its chosen resting-place. (802)

See ATROPHY; DEGENERACY THROUGH DISEASE.

DIVERSE INFLUENCES

Man, after all, is not ripened by virtue alone. Were it so, this world were a paradise of angels. No; like the growth of the earth, he is the fruit of all seasons, the accident of a thousand accidents, a living mystery moving through the seen to the unseen; he is sown in dishonor; he is matured under all the varieties of heat and cold, in mists and wrath, in snow and vapors, in the melancholy of autumn, in the torpor of winter as well as in the rapture and fragrance of summer, or the balmy affluence of spring, its breath, its sunshine; at the end he is reaped, the product not of one climate but of all; not of good alone but of sorrow, perhaps mellowed and ripened, perhaps stricken and withered and sour. How, then, shall we judge any one?—how, at any rate, shall we judge a giant, great in gifts and great in temptation, great in strength, and great in weakness? Let us glory in his strength and be comforted in his weakness, and when we thank heaven for the inestimable gift of Burns, we do not need to remember wherein he was imperfect, we can not bring ourselves to regret that he was made of the same clay as ourselves.—LORD ROSEBERY. (803)

DIVERSION BY SMALL THINGS

The story of the way in which John Wesley partly failed in an attempt to gain back certain seceders from his following is told by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett, as follows:

According to the Moravians themselves, the dramatic effect of Wesley's departure from the building was spoiled by a petty but ingenious trick. As the persons present came into the room they placed their hats all together on the ground in one corner; but Wesley's hat had been—by design—carried off. When he had finished his paper and called upon all who agreed with him to follow him, he walked across the room, but could not discover his hat! The pause, the search which followed, quite effaced the impressiveness of his departure, and, as Southey puts it, "The wily Molther and his followers had time to arrest many who would have been carried away in his wake."—"Wesley and His Century." (804)

Diversity Desirable—See TALENTS DIFFER.

Diversity in Work—See HEADWORK.

Diverting the Mind—See OFFENDED FEELINGS.

Divine Wisdom Best—See PLAYTHINGS, EARTH'S.

DIVINITY

All things are mine; to all things I belong;
I mingle in them—heeding bounds nor bars—
Float in the cloud, melt in the river's song;
In the clear wave from rock to rock I leap,
Widen away, and slowly onward creep;
I stretch forth glimmering hands beneath the stars
And lose my little murmur in the deep.

Yea, more than that: whatever I behold—
Dark forest, mountain, the o'erarching wheel
Of heaven's solemn turning, all the old
Immeasurable air and boundless sea—
Yields of its life, builds life and strength in me
For tasks to come, while I but see and feel,
And merely am, and it is joy to be.

Lo, that small spark within us is not blind
To its beginning; struck from one vast soul
Which, in the framework of the world, doth bind
All parts together; small, but still agreeing
With That which molded us without our seeing;
Since God is all, and all in all—the Whole
In whom we live and move and have our being. (Text.)

—SAMUEL V. COLE, *The Critic.* (805)

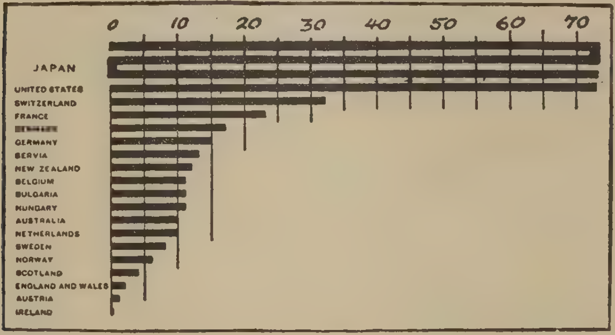
DIVINITY IN PHENOMENA

Not a planet that wheels its circle around its controlling flame, not a sun that pours its blaze upon the black ether, not one of all the constellated chandeliers that burn in the dome of heaven, not a firmament that spots the robe of space with a fringe of light, but is a visible statement of a conception, wish, or purpose in the mind of God, from which it was born, and to which alone it owes its continuance and form.—THOMAS STARR KING. (806)

DIVORCE

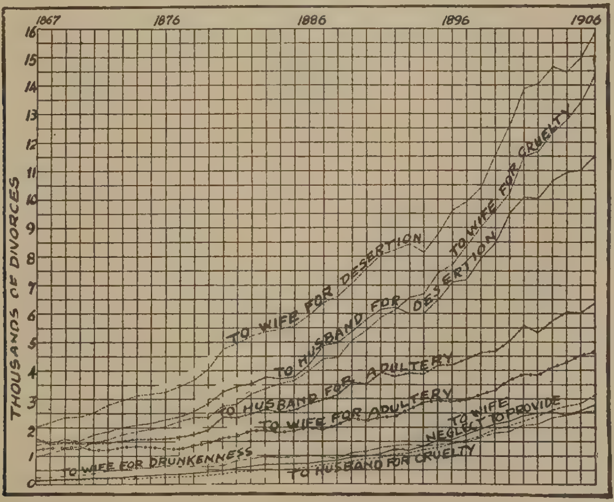
The growth of the divorce evil in recent years has been a subject of wide comment, and many remedies have been advocated. The diagrams and maps here shown indicate the increase and present status of divorces in the United States as compared with other lands.

DIVORCE-RATE PER 100,000 POPULATION IN 1900. (See DIVORCE.)

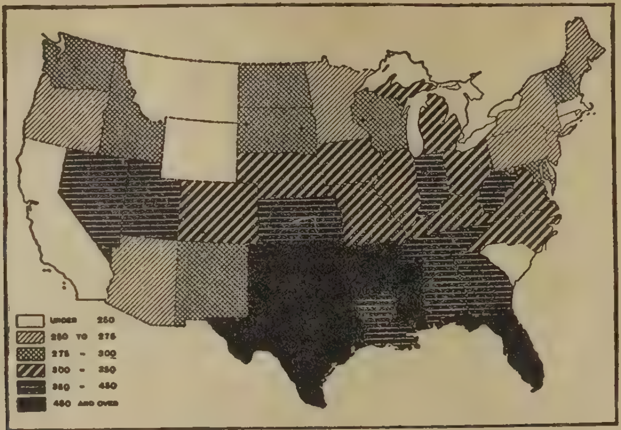


This diagram affords a comparison between the divorce-rate in the United States and in certain foreign countries.

SHOWING NUMBER OF DIVORCES GRANTED FOR CERTAIN SPECIFIED CAUSES, FROM 1867 TO 1906. (See DIVORCE.)

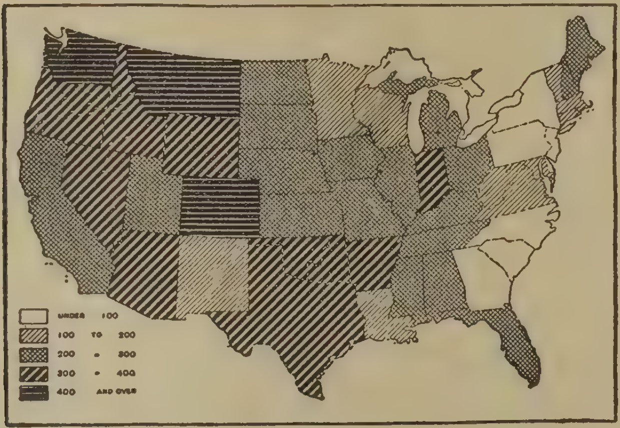


Marriage Map of the United States. (See Divorce.)



This chart is based on the average annual number of marriages per 10,000 adult unmarried population in the various States and Territories.

Divorce Map of the United States. (See Divorce.)



This diagram is based on the average annual number of divorces per 100,000 married population in the various States and Territories.

See Birth-rate in France. (807)

DOCILITY, SPIRITUAL

An argument for man's spiritual docility ought easily to be seen in his ignorance. He is blind but presumptuous. Nature herself ought to teach him better. As one says:

Just as when the yellow fog broods over London, all the illuminations devised by man can not penetrate it; just as in the dark country road on the misty night, the brightest lamp is of no more avail than a farthing rush-light; so no argument of men can remove the mists which becloud the soul. We only do what we have to do in the physical world—wait till the sun comes back.

If man be so encompassed by ignorance in the physical realm, how can he walk in the spiritual. Let him humble himself, if he would really understand. Let him obey, that he may know. (808)

Dog as a Detective—See ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

DOGMATISM, MISTAKEN

I had heard that nothing had been observed in ancient times which could be called by the name of glass—that there had been merely attempts to imitate it. I thought they had proved the proposition. They certainly had elaborated it. In Pompeii, a dozen miles south of Naples, which was covered with ashes by Vesuvius eighteen hundred years ago, they broke into a room full of glass; there was ground-glass, window-glass, cut-glass, and colored-glass of every variety. It was undoubtedly a glass-maker's factory. So the lie and refutation came face to face. It was like a pamphlet printed in London, in 1836, by Dr. Lardner, which proved that a steamboat could not cross the ocean; and the book came to this country in the first steamboat that came across the Atlantic.—WENDELL PHILLIPS. (809)

Doing—SEE FEEDING, TOO MUCH; SERVICE.

DOING AS AN INCENTIVE

A woman once came to me and asked if it were not possible to give her husband something to do in the church. "He evinces but little interest; just give him something to do, and I think he will attend." In support of her belief she recounted how her husband, lacking interest in a lodge to which he belonged, was made a very regular attendant. "He was elected," she said, "the high and mighty potentate of the eastern door. Now he attends the lodge regularly every Thursday night." Think of it—a sensible man walking up and down in a closet-like room, and challenging all who would enter. All this because he was given something to do. There is much philosophy in this. Young people need direction in the line of that in which they are interested, and in which they particularly are best capable of doing. There should be enough specific work to go around.—CHARLES LUTHER KLOSS, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association," 1904. (810)

Doing Things for Themselves — See ADAPTABILITY.

Doing Without Learning—See AUTOMATIC LEARNING.

DOLL, PLACE OF THE, IN THE CHILD'S LIFE

The delight which a little girl sometimes experiences in getting hold of a doll that belonged to her mother when she was a little girl—a quaint, china-headed and china-haired little creature, with low neck and short sleeves and very full ruffled skirt—is a tame thing when compared with the feelings that any girl must experience over a doll now in the British Museum. This doll is almost three thousand years old.

When some archeologists were exploring an ancient Egyptian royal tomb they came upon a sarcophagus containing the mummy of a little princess seven years old. She was drest and interred in a manner befitting her rank, and in her arms was found a little wooden doll.

The inscription gave the name, rank and age of the little girl and the date of her death, but it said nothing about the quaint little wooden Egyptian doll. This, however, told its own story. It was so tightly clasped in the arms of the mummy that it was evident that the child had died with her beloved doll in her arms.

The simple pathos of this story has touched many hearts after thousands of years. The doll occupies a place in a glass case in the British Museum, and there a great many children have gone to look at it.—*Youth's Companion.* (811)

Dollar, His First—See MONEY, EARNING.

DOMESTIC HEROISM

There are all sorts of heroes and the domestic life knows them as well as some other more conspicuous fields of action. The little things of life afford a field for the exercise of the heroic as well as the larger. A news item, with a touch of the humorous, tells the following:

Some women were discussing over their afternoon tea the statement that a man is no more a hero to his wife than to his valet. There seemed to be no opposition to the idea that a man's servant did not appreciate him, but all stoutly maintained that their husbands were heroic—in one way or another.

"My husband is very heroic," said Mrs. Black. "For instance, he will give up his visit to the club to play jackstraws with my old mother, and she is his mother-in-law, you know."

"I think I can beat that," remarked Mrs. Gray. "When my milliner's quarterly bill comes in my husband smiles as he writes a check, and never thinks of looking at the items."

"I can give you a better example than either of those!" exclaimed Mrs. White. "When the morning paper comes at breakfast-time my husband always offers me the first reading of it."

An informal vote awarded the last speaker's husband the medal of heroism. (812)

DOMINANT ELEMENTS

Every animate or inanimate structure responds to some chord or note of music, called, I believe, the dominant. We have all felt some building vibrate in unison with the pulsation of some note of a musical instrument; we have felt "creepy" shivers run through us as some musical chord is sounded. It is well known that animals are strangely affected by certain harmonies. Some day, when civilization has advanced, I believe that these evidences of psychological structure will be better understood. It will be recognized that vice and virtue are in accord with different harmonies, and yield to the power of different dominants; and, when once the classification is made, and the disclosures of the dominant understood, then the extent and influence of the dominant will be a psychological test to define the character and ruling passions of men's nature, and to decide the fitness of men for the various pursuits of life, and even for life itself. (Text.)—ARTHUR DUDLEY VINTON, *American Magazine.* (813)

Dominion of Man—See MASTERY OF NATURE.

Doors, Opening Human—See RECEPTIVENESS.

DOUBLE MEANINGS, DANGER OF

The last great martyr to the double meaning in our Constitution, mentioned below, was Lincoln. It was a clause that protected the most gigantic evil of history:

An American historian says of the Constitution of the United States: "Our Constitution in its spirit and legitimate utterance is doubtless the noblest document which ever emanated from the mind of man. It contains not one word hostile to liberty. . . . But yet ingloriously, guiltily, under sore temptation, we consented to use one phrase susceptible of a double meaning, 'held to service or labor.' (Article IV Section 2.) These honest words at the North mean a hired man, an apprentice. At the South they mean a slave, feudal bondage. So small, apparently so insignificant, were those seeds sown in our Constitution which have resulted in such a harvest of misery." (814)

DOUBLE-MINDEDNESS

Charles Wagner, in "The Gospel of Life," remarks thus on the double nature of men:

Duplicity, rending apart, partition of the will and of the heart, lamentable division—that is our life! It is not a continuous chain; it is only links broken and dispersed. We are peace-loving, just, truthful, sober, chaste, disinterested; but we are also malicious, unjust, cunning, intemperate, impure. We are like those ships that carry to the colonies, along with the Bibles and religious tracts, cannon, alcohol, and opium; or those poets full of contrary talents, who play turn by turn on the sacred lyre and on the strident conch-shell. (815)

DOUBT ISSUING IN PEACE

The peace of God descends more softly shed
  Than light upon the deep,
And sinks below the tumult of my years
  Deeper than dreams or sleep.

And somehow, as of dusk was born the star
  Whose fire is on the sea,
Another star from doubt's profounder dark
  Is risen and shines on me. (Text.)
—HENRY FLETCHER HARRIS, *Harper's Magazine.* (816)

DOUBTS, DISSOLVING

Crossing the Atlantic, a vessel is often encircled by small ice-floes, looking like a flock of white sheep on the blue ocean. When they started on their course southward, those ice-floes were great frozen masses. But the warm Gulf Stream played on them beneath, and the sun melted them from above, till they dwindled as they entered a warm atmosphere. A man's doubts at first seem large enough to freeze his faith, but let him go steadily onward into the warm atmosphere of Christian love, and gradually his doubts will no more impede his progress than the ice-floes impede an ocean-liner. (817)

DOURNESS

If I could present the picture of a Scotch Highland cow, with her calf by her side, watching the approach of a tourist whom she thinks is coming too near—could I depict the expression of her face; that, I would say, would fairly represent what is meant by "dour." Not that the cow would take the aggressive, but, if interfered with, I'll warrant she would not be the one permanently injured. Led by this trait a certain Scotchman always stood up during prayers when others were kneeling, and sat down when others stood to sing, because, as he exprest it, the ordinary method was the only one used by the English and he wasn't going to do as they did.—JOHN WATSON. (818)

DOWN GRADE, THE

The terrible crimes and miseries of the East End of London have recently been brought into great prominence, and one of the most distressing features of this subject is that considerable numbers of these appallingly miserable characters were once respectable and happy. They were the children of honorable parents, they were trained in schools and sanctuaries, they were members of rich and influential circles; then they chose the down grade; they were first guilty of unbecomingness, then of acts of graver misconduct; at length their friends lost sight of them, they lost sight of their friends; then ever lower lodging-houses, lower ginshops, lower pawnshops, until at last those who had been tenderly nursed, educated in universities, clothed in scarlet, were submerged in filth, crime, misery, simply unutterable. All this dire catastrophe once seemed impossible to them, as now it seems impossible to us; but forget not that the doubtful ever passes into the bad, the bad into the worse, the worse into the unspeakable.—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (819)

DREAM, VALUE OF THE

A pillow-dream is a night adventure of your subconscious self. You wander without volition in a weird world and come back with a tantalized and fleeting recollection of fantastic persons and impossible situations. The metaphysical mystery of this sort of dreams has never been cleared, but it is certain that the fruits gathered in these sunless excursions are of doubtful flavor and quickly perishable. Fortunately, we are capable of dreams which are not pillow-dreams—dreams which are best dreamed when the spine is vertical and every fiber of mind, soul, and heart vibrant and vital. On these occasions we are in the clasp of our best mood—the mood of concept and creation. The wine of this mood is red like blood and the resultant intoxication is the holiest experience of which we are capable. In its high hours the soul is never maudlin or fuddled; it grips life strongly and deals with it in divine fashion, whipping its fugitive elements into orderly submission, compelling them to assume a useful steadiness like that of the dependable planets which can be found nightly at a given point in the heavens.—*Metropolitan Magazine.* (820)

DREAMS

("Behold, this dreamer cometh")

They stript me bare and left me by the way
  To pine forsaken in a lonely land;
They gave me to night-frosts and burning day
  To griefs none understand.

They took my silver from me and my gold,
  The changing splendors of my rich array;
Night's silver rain of dew escaped their hold,
  And the fine gold of day.

On the world's highway in vain pomp they tread;
  By paths unknown I stray and hidden streams;
They took all else and left me there for dead;
  They could not take my dreams.

Still, morning comes with marvel as of old;
  Still in soft rose descends the eventide;
Still in the castle of my heart, grown bold,
  The sweet, swift thoughts abide.

Pass by, pass by, O clamorous folk and wild!
  To this last fortress of the soul I cling;
Men gave me winter weather from a child,
  But God has given me spring. (Text.)
  —ROBIN FLOWER, *The London Spectator.* (821)

See FULFILMENT DISAPPOINTING; IDEALS.

DRESS AFFECTING MOODS

Mrs. Bishop, in the *Chautauqua Herald*, says:

It may never have occurred to some of you that dress has any reactionary influence upon the inner states, but so potent is this influence that frequently we can change the mental states by a change of dress. When tired, gloomy or fretful, a change in apparel often means a change in mood. Many actors say that to be drest for the part is a great help toward feeling the part. An army general once declared that he could not fight without his uniform, that an ordinary hat and coat took all the courage out of him. (822)

Dress in the East—See PROPRIETY, OBSERVING THE RULES OF.

Drifting Avoided—See DANGER, AVOIDING.

DRINK

"Many a good story is told of the old bonanza days," said a San Franciscan. "I liked especially a whisky story.

"A tenderfoot, the story ran, entered a saloon and ordered whisky. Whisky in those days and in those parts was a very weird drink. Queer effects were sure to follow it. The tenderfoot knew he must expect something out of the common, but, for all that, he was taken aback when the bartender handed him a small whisk-broom along with the bottle and glass.

"Tenderfoot-like, he didn't care to expose his ignorance by asking what the whisk-broom was for, so he just stood there and fidgeted. He didn't drink. He waited in the hope that somebody would come in and show him what was what.

"Well, in a few minutes a big chap in a red shirt entered. He, too, ordered whisky, and he, too, got a broom.

"The tenderfoot watched him closely. He poured himself a generous drink, tossed it off, and, taking up his whisk-broom, went over into a corner and carefully cleaned, on the floor, a space about 7 feet by 3. There he laid down and had a fit."—Detroit *Free Press*. (823)

See ABSTAINERS LIVE LONG; BEER, EFFECT OF; ALCOHOLIC BAIT.

DRINK AND NATIVE RACES

Missionaries are constantly emphasizing the horrors consequent on the drink traffic among the natives of Africa. Bishop Johnson, one of its able native bishops, declared that "European commerce, weighted as this commerce has been for many years with the liquor traffic, has been as great a curse to Africa, a greater than the oceanic slave-trade." Even still more effective was a statement made by a Christian negro speaking to an audience in England, when he brought out of a bag an ugly idol and said, "This repulsive object is what we worshiped in times past," and then he added, "Now I will show you what England has sent to be our god to-day," and produced an empty gin-bottle.—JESSE PAGE, "The Black Bishop." (824)

DRINK, EFFECTS OF

I was standing on the sidewalk in a Southern city where at the time I was engaged in evangelistic work. A physician who was an active helper came along in his buggy, and, stopping his horse, requested me to take a seat at his side.

"I want to take you," he said as we drove off, "to see a most deplorable and helpless case—a widow and her son. She is totally blind; in fact, she has cried her eyes out. You have heard of people who cried their eyes out, but now you will see one of whom it is literally true. The son is only twenty-four years of age, and a splendid machinist; but he got to fooling with drink and wild young men, until now the habit is so fixt upon him he is almost an imbecile. I have a commitment for him in my pocket to send him to the asylum. It is the only hope for him now."

We arrived at the house, a poor little desolate-looking place, in painful accord with the pitiful lives within. The woman rose to greet us at the sound of the doctor's voice. She was of medium size, neatly drest, but plainly. Her white face, without the slightest suggestion of color, was partly framed with grayish-brown hair. Her eyes did not seem sightless to me, but only a dull dark blue.

There sat the young man, his face buried in his hands, the picture of misery, a life surrendered to the evil of drink, and in ruins. "I have brought the minister," said the doctor, "because I knew you'd like to have him pray with you and talk with your son." She assented readily, and even with an effort to smile; but the smile died upon her lips. The young man was perfectly sane, and talked willingly of his condition. "I just can't help it," he said. "I love mother, and I can easily take care of her; but, when I get where whisky is, I can't help getting drunk. Then it looks as if I'd never get sober any more. Yes, sir," he said in reply to the doctor, "I'll be glad to go. I hate to leave mother," nodding his head toward the frail creature who sat silent while the tears literally rolled down her face; "but I'm willing to do anything to get right."

Months passed. I was there again. Meeting the doctor one day in the street, I stopt him.

"Tell me about the poor woman, doctor, and her boy," I asked. "Get into my buggy, and we will take a drive, and you shall see for yourself." We drove along, talking as we went; but he did not explain. He continued his drive out of the city, and finally turned his horse's head into what I saw was the cemetery. Passing monuments and vaults and richly carved marble, we went on to the very outer edge. "Now we will get out and walk a few steps," he said. I followed him, knowing now, of course, what it meant; but I knew only in part. Stopping at two unmarked graves, not a stone or board or flower, desolate in death as in life, he pointed to one, and said: "That's the son. He came back from the asylum, and we thought he was cured; but he fell in with his old companions, and a few days later his body was found in a pond near the city, and a bottle half filled with whisky in his pocket. And that's the mother. She survived him only a few days. When they brought his body into her little home, she sank under her weight of grief, and never rallied. She had cried herself to sleep."—H. M. WHARTON, *Christian Endeavor World.* (825)

DRINK, HERITAGE OF

The jovial, genial drunkard of the Anglo-Saxon times is a rare personage nowadays, and tho there may be men as fond of sack as Falstaff himself, they seem to have lost the intense sociability which was the characteristic of the burly knight. Nearly all the great men of the Napoleonic era were drinkers—Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Wellington himself. Napoleon's marshals had the soldier's pet failing, and it is said of stern old Blücher that he slept in his boots and went to bed in a more or less pronounced condition of intoxication for thirty years. Byron boasted of having drank a dozen bottles of wine in a day, and his "Don Juan" was composed under the influence of gin. Thackeray loved the bottle, so did Dickens. The children suffer for the failings of their sires, and many of the nervous symptoms and morbid cravings which perplex physicians in the young men and women of to-day are in reality legacies bequeathed by overbibulous ancestors. (Text.)—Baltimore *Herald.* (826)

DRINK, PERIL OF

A number of years ago a certain firm of four men in Boston were rated as "A1." They were rich, prosperous, young and prompt.

One of them had the curiosity to see how they were rated, and found these facts in Dun's and was satisfied, but at the end these words were added: "But they all drink."

He thought it a good joke at the time, but a few years later two of them were dead, another was a drunkard, and the fourth was poor and living partly on charity.

That one little note at the end of their rating was the most important and significant of all the facts collected and embodied in their description. (Text.) (827)

DROUGHT, RESPONSIBILITY FOR

When the electric trolley-cars were first set running in Seoul, a peculiar result manifested itself in the nation. We quote from *The Outlook:*

Little by little the heavens grew dry and the earth rolled up clouds of dust; day followed day with no signs of rain, and the caking paddy-fields grinned and gasped. What could be the cause of it? The geomancers and ground-prophets were consulted, and their answer was, "The devil that runs the thunder and lightning wagon has caused the drought." Eyes no longer looked with curiosity but glared at the trolley-cars, and men swore under their breath and curst the "vile beast" as it went humming by, till, worked up beyond endurance, there was a crash and an explosion, one car had been rolled over, and another was set on fire, while a mob of thousands took possession of the streets foaming and stamping like wild beasts. (828)

DRUDGERY

It may be that even the work of "holystoning" the deck of a ship could become an act of devotion if done in the right spirit, notwithstanding this seaman's aversion to it:

"This is what you call the sailor's prayer-book," a seaman said bitterly as he kicked a holystone out of the way. "Why is it called that? Well, in the first place, it is called that because in using it, in holystoning the deck, the sailor has to kneel down; and in the second place, because all holystoning is done on Sunday. Don't you know the chantey?

"'Six days shalt thou work and do all that
thou art able,
And on the seventh holystone the decks
and scrape the cable.'

"The stone is called holystone because the first holystones were bits of tombs stolen from cemeteries. It's got a pious, religious sound—holy, and prayer-book, and Sunday and all that—but it is when he is using this stone that the seaman is most profane." (829)

See Best, Making the.

Drudgery as a Teacher—See Humdrum Development.

DRUDGERY RELIEVED

When Lucy Larcom was fourteen years old she worked in a cotton-mill in Lowell, Mass. After she had been there a few weeks, says *The Youth's Companion*, she asked and received permission to tend some frames which were near a window, through which she might look out on the Merrimac River and its picturesque banks.

After she had worked there a little while longer, she began to make the window-seat and frame into a library. She pasted the grimy paint all over with clippings of verse which she gathered from such newspapers and magazines as fell into her hands.

So the little factory drudge secured for herself three essentials for human happiness: work, the sight of nature, and the beauty of the poet's vision. No doubt the work was often wearisome. Perhaps some of the poetry was not very good. But the river and its meadows and hills must have been always refreshing, and the spirit which so intelligently desired the best in the world could not have faltered even on a toilsome path. (830)

Drunkard's Fate—See Drink, Effects of.

Drunkards Saving Drunkards—See Personal Influence.

Drunkard's Soul—See Defacement of Soul.

DRUNKARD'S WILL, A

It was written just before he committed suicide. "I leave to the world a wasted character and ruinous example; I leave to my parents as great a sorrow as in their weakness they could possibly bear; I leave to my brothers and sisters as much shame and dishonor as I could have brought them; I leave to my wife a broken heart and a life full of shame; I leave to my children poverty, ignorance, a bad character and the memory of their father lying in a drunkard's grave and having gone to a drunkard's hell." This is typical. Decent men are becoming sick at heart with this thing. We are now in the midst of a war that promises to become world-wide, relentless until our Christian obligation to the world is fully met. Since religion, business, science, education and the State have taken the field against drink there is certain promise of victory.—*Methodist Recorder.* (831)

Drunkenness, Disastrous—See Debauch, Fatal.

Drunkenness, Safeguard Against—See Safeguard for Drunkards.

DRUNKENNESS, THE TRAGEDY OF

A recent orator gives this incident:

I think the subject has been kept back very much by the merriment people make over those slain by strong drink. I used to be very merry over these things, having a keen sense of the ludicrous. There was something very grotesque in the gait of a drunkard. It is not so now; for I saw in one of the streets of Philadelphia a sight that changed the whole subject to me. There was a young man being led home. He was very much intoxicated—he was raving with intoxication. Two young men were leading him along. The boys hooted in the street, men laughed, women sneered; but I happened to be very near the door where he went in—it was the door of his father's house. I saw him go up-stairs. I heard him shouting, hooting and blaspheming. He had lost his hat, and the merriment increased with the mob until he came up to the door, and as the door was opened his mother came out. When I heard her cry, that took all the comedy away from the scene. Since that time, when I see a man walking through the street, reeling, the comedy is all gone, and it is a tragedy of tears and groans and heartbreaks. Never make any fun around me about the grotesqueness of a drunkard. Alas for his home! (832)

DUAL CHARACTER

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784) who was certainly not the greatest writer of his age, perhaps not even a great writer at all, but who was nevertheless the dictator of English letters, still looms across the centuries of a magnificent literature as its most striking and original figure. Here, moreover, is a huge, fat, awkward man, of vulgar manners and appearance, who monopolizes conversation, abuses everybody, clubs down opposition—"Madam" (speaking to his cultivated hostess at table), "talk no more nonsense"; "Sir" (turning to a distinguished guest), "I perceive you are a vile Whig." While talking he makes curious animal sounds, "sometimes giving a half whistle, sometimes clucking like a hen"; and when he has concluded a violent dispute and laid his opponents low by dogmatism or ridicule, he leans back to "blow out his breath like a whale" and gulp down numberless cups of hot tea. Yet this curious dictator of an elegant age was a veritable lion, much sought after by society; and around him in his own poor house gathered the foremost artists, scholars, actors, and literary men of London—all honoring the man, loving him, and listening to his dogmatism as the Greeks listened to the voice of their oracle.—William J. Long, "English Literature." (833)

DUALITY

The peculiarity of the chameleon here described recalls Paul's description of the conflict between the natural and spiritual man:

Notwithstanding the strictly symmetrical structure of the chameleon as to its two halves, the eyes move independently of one another and convey separate impressions to their respective centers of perception. The consequence is that when the animal is agitated its movements resemble those of two animals, or rather, perhaps, two halves of animals glued together. Each half wishes to go its own way and there is no concordance of action. The chameleon, therefore, is the only four-legged vertebrate that is unable to swim; it becomes so frightened when dropt into water that all faculty of concentration is lost, and the creature tumbles about as if in a state of intoxication. (Text.)—*The Scientific American.* (834)

Duality of Human Nature—See Nature Dual in Man.

Duel by Mail—See Make-believe.

Dutch Trait, A—See Hunger, Enduring.

DUST AND VIOLETS

O sister mine—hold on a space
In your dreadnaught campaign;
A few weeks more—the selfsame place
Will show more dust again;
Just take a sniff of springtime air
And let the cleaning wait;
For, "Dust will keep, but violets won't,"
As some find out too late.
—Ada M. Fitts, *Unity.*
(835)

Dust Particles—See Impurities.

DUTIES, CATCHING ONE'S

"Caleb Cobweb," of the *Christian Endeavor World,* gives the following quaint advice:

Some workmen were repairing the Boston Elevated Railway. One of them took a red-hot bolt in his pincers and threw it up to another workman, who was to place it in the hole drilled for it. The second workman failed to catch it, and it fell to the street below. There it struck a truck-load of twenty bales of cotton, a thousand dollars' worth, that was passing at the moment. The cotton instantly took fire, but the driver knew nothing of it. The flames had made considerable headway when the cries of the onlookers informed the driver of what was going on. He had only enough time to leap out of the way of the flames and save his horse. The Boston Fire Department was summoned and put out the fire.

This is a fair sample of what happens every time one of us workmen on the great edifice of human society misses a bolt that is thrown to him. They are many—these bolts—and they come thick and fast. They are red-hot, too, for they are duties that are in imperative need of getting done. If they are not at once stuck into the proper hole, and the top at once flattened out by sturdy blows, they grow cool and useless. They can not be put into the structure; or, if we go ahead and hammer them in, they are not tight and they may bring about disaster.

No, there is nothing for it but to catch the bolts on the fly. Let one fall, and some one gets hurt—or some thing, which in the end, means some one. No one knows what will be hit when a worker misses a red-hot duty that comes flying at him.

There is only one safety for the workman or for the rest of us: Catch them! (836)

DUTIES DISTRIBUTED

Here is a short sermon by a woman, tho not preached from a pulpit. It is a good one, and is pretty sure to hit your own case somewhere, whatever may be your age and circumstances:

The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to your father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.—*The Interior.* (837)

DUTY

There was a boy in Glasgow apprenticed to a gentleman who made telegraphs. The gentleman told me this himself. One day this boy was up on top of a four-story house with a number of men fixing up a telegraph-wire. The work was all but done. It was getting late, and the men said they were going away home, and the boy was to nip off the ends of the wire himself. Before going down they told him to be sure to go back to the workshop, when he was finished, with his master's tools. "Do not leave any of them lying about, whatever you do," said the foreman. The boy climbed up the pole and began to nip off the ends of the wire. It was a very cold winter night, and the dusk was gathering. He lost his hold and fell upon the slates, slid down, and then over and over to the ground below. A clothes-rope, stretched across the "green" on to which he was just about to fall, caught him on the chest and broke his fall; but the shock was terrible, and he lay unconscious among some clothes upon the green. An old woman came out; seeing her rope broken and the clothes all soiled, thought the boy was drunk, shook him, scolded him, and went for a policeman. And the boy with the shaking came back to consciousness, rubbed his eyes, and got upon his feet. What do you think he did? He staggered, half-blind, away up the stairs. He climbed the ladder. He got up onto the roof of the house. He gathered up his tools, put them into his basket, took them down, and when he got to the ground again, fainted dead away. Just then the policeman came, saw there was something seriously wrong, and carried him away to the hospital, where he lay for some time. I am glad to say he got better. What was his first thought at that terrible moment? His duty. He was not thinking of himself; he was thinking about his master.—Henry Drummond. (838)

See Greatness; Higher Law.

DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE

Dr. Johnson, himself a glutton in talk, complained to Patty Wesley of her brother: "I hate to meet John Wesley," he said. "The dog enchants you with his conversation, and then breaks away to go and visit some old woman."

But for Wesley, the "old woman" represented duty. She was an immortal spirit, as precious in the sight of God as Dr. Johnson himself.—W. H. Fitchett, "Wesley and His Century." (839)

DUTY, DEVOTION TO

The late Sir Andrew Clarke was once attending a comparatively poor man who was so seriously ill as to need his constant and assiduous attention. He was fighting death step by step, and seeing his efforts meet with success. As he bent over and watched his patient, a telegram was handed him asking him to come over and consult some wealthy idler in the south of France, offering a special train to Dover, a packet chartered to Calais, another special train to Nice, and a fabulous fee. He looked at the patient, folded the telegram, and said to his assistant, "Reply that I am needed here and can not leave," and turned to tend the poor man again.

Much has been said in praise of this heroic self-abnegation. But, after all, the doctor simply did his duty. (840)

See Faithfulness.

DUTY, FAITHFUL TO

Emperor William recommended the promotion of a private in his army for the strict observance of orders while acting as sentry at Swinemunde, Germany. The Emperor, accompanied by several officers, the entire party in civilian dress and wearing Panama hats, approached the entrance to the west battery, where the sentry prevented their further progress. His Majesty, much amused, again vainly tried to pass by. He said to the sentry: "You must let me pass. Don't you know me? I am the Emperor."

The sentry then looked more closely at the Emperor, not quite reassured, but evidently recognized his Majesty's features, as he presented arms and allowed him to pass.

The distinction of the sentry lay in the fact that, under every circumstance, he was faithful to his duty. (841)

DUTY IN DEATH

At Gettysburg a soldier in an ambulance heard the sound of battle. He arose to go. "Where are you going?" asked a comrade in a tone of remonstrance. "To the front," said the wounded man. "What, in your condition!" "If I am to die," he said, "I would rather die on the battle-field than in an ambulance." (Text.) (842)

DUTY MORE THAN GLORY

The citizen on great occasions knows and obeys the voice of his country as he knows and obeys an individual voice, whether it appeal to a base or ignoble, or to a generous or noble passion. "Sons of France, awake to glory," told the French youth what was the dominant passion in the bosom of France, and it awoke a corresponding sentiment in his own. Under its spell he marched through Europe and overthrew her kingdoms and empires, and felt in Egypt that forty centuries were looking down on him from the pyramids. But, at last, one June morning in Trafalgar Bay there was another utterance, more quiet in its tone, but speaking also with a personal and individual voice: "England expects every man to do his duty." At the sight of Nelson's immortal signal, duty-loving England and glory-loving France met as they have met on many an historic battle-field before and since, and the lover of duty proved the stronger. The England that expected every man to do his duty was as real a being to the humblest sailor in Nelson's fleet as the mother that bore him.—George Frisbie Hoar. (843)

Duty Plus a Little More—See Overplus of Duty.

DUTY, SENSE OF

Calif Omar, with his venerable teacher, Abou-Zeid, walked forth in the darkness of the night, far from his palace gate, where he saw a feeble fire burning. He sought it and found a poor woman trying to bring a caldron to the boiling-point while two wretched children clung to her, piteously moaning. "Peace unto thee, O woman! What dost thou here alone in the night and the cold?" said the calif. "I am trying to make this water boil that my children may drink, who perish of hunger and cold; but for the misery we have to bear, Allah will surely one day ask reckoning of Omar, the calif." "But," said the disguised calif, "dost thou think, O woman, that Omar can know of thy wretchedness?" She answered: "Wherefore, then, is Omar, the calif, if he be unaware of the misery of his people and of each one of his subjects?" The calif was silent. "Let us go hence," he said to Abou-Zeid. He hastened to the storehouses of his kitchen, and drew forth a sack of flour and a jar of sheep's fat. "O Abou-Zeid, help thou me to charge these on my back," said the calif. "Not so," replied the attendant; "suffer that I carry them on my back, O Commander of the Faithful." Omar said calmly: "Wilt thou also, O Abou-Zeid, bear the weight of my sins on the day of resurrection?" And Abou-Zeid was obliged to lay the jar of fat and the sack of flour on the back of the calif, who hastened to the woman by the fire, and with his own hands did put the flour and the fat into the caldron over the fire, which fire he quickened with his breath, and the smoke whereof filled his beard. When the food was prepared, with his own breath did he cool it that the children might eat. Then he left the sack and the jar and went his way saying: "O Abou-Zeid, the light from the fire that I have beheld to-day has enlightened me also."—James T. White, "Character Lessons." (844)

See Faithfulness.

Dying Like Ladies—See Pride.

DYNASTIC NAMES

Most royal families have a given name they employ as a sort of distinctive dynastic hallmark. George and Frederick are distinctively Hanoverian, as Edward is distinctively English. The late king selected Edward rather than Albert from motives at once filial and politic. He desired that his father should stand alone in his glory as Albert in English history, and Edward was associated with old and stately traditions of the Plantagenets and Tudors. Similarly the French Bourbons usually have a Louis or a Charles among their string of names, and the Bonapartes never forget Napoleon at the baptismal font. The most striking instance of reverence for a dynastic name is found in the princely family of Reuss, in Germany. There are two principalities of Reuss, respectively representing the elder and the younger lines. Every reigning prince must bear the name of Henry. Henry XXIV reigns over one principality, and Henry XIV over the other. All the heads of the houses for nine hundred years have been Henrys, and in a grand family council early in the eighteenth century it was decreed that the figures should not exceed one hundred, after which a new series should begin with Henry I. As both branches clung to Henry a working arrangement was patched up by which the younger line begins a new group-numbering with each century. The first Henry born in the twentieth century who shall mount the tiny throne must revert to Henry I, and similarly his descendant senior among the Henrys of the twenty-first century is foreordained to be I, too.—Boston *Transcript.* (845)

E

Early Conditions in America — See Poverty, Early, of United States.

EARLY HABITS TELL

The tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will also fall as it leans; that is, we shall go after what we are inclined to—is not that so?—which makes it all in all to us what the bent of our mind is.

Twenty years ago there were two boys in my Sabbath-school class, bright, lively fellows, who interested me very much; only one of them made me sometimes feel anxious. I often found him out evenings in company with young rowdies. When I asked him how it happened, he used to say he was only out on an errand; the boys spoke to him, and he could not help speaking, he was sure. Perhaps that was so, still it made me uneasy. I once said to his mother: "Is not Willie out of nights too much?" "Willie out nights! Oh, no; Willie does not go out nights." (846)

The other boy, whose name was Arthur, I never met among the rowdies. His evenings, I am sure, were spent at home. I always found him studying his lessons, or reading with his sisters, or amusing himself at home.

That was twenty years ago. Both boys had begun to show which way they were leaning, and how their tastes inclined them. Twenty years will show it plainer.

The other day I heard of Willie. Somebody met him in Chicago.

"What is he?" I asked.

"A good-for-nothing, certainly, if not worse," was the answer; "a shabby, idle, drinking fellow, whom nobody wants to employ."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear it—sorry, but not surprized. I wonder where Arthur is!"

"Arthur! Why, didn't you know, he has just been taken into partnership with that old firm with which he served his time? They could not spare him, so they had to take him in."

"Good!" I said. "It is just what I should have expected. He learned right."—*Young Folks.* (847)

EARLY PROMISE

Two of the most celebrated historic rivers are the Abana and Pharpar. These streams begin their course under the most promising auspices. Their source is in Lebanon. The Abana, now called the Barada, is the pride and joy of the plain below. It forces its way from the declivity where it has its cradle through a rocky barrier and spreads out fan-like in seven streams over the plain. "Everything lives whither the river cometh." A meadow, in which the whole Oriental world exults, holds in its lap Damascus, the most beautiful garden city in the world. Its many minarets and domes tower up above the countless bowers in the courts of the old houses. Abana still as ever sustains this fruitfulness and splendor. But only a few miles from its source its waters are exhausted, for the desert swallows it, and the Pharpar also. Both die, forming great swamps and evaporating.

So it is with many human beings whose lives are for a few years efficient and full of promise and even performance, only very soon to flag and fade and to fall into utter desuetude. (Text.) (848)

See Great Men's Beginnings.

EARLY RELIGION

The Bible was once compared to a great tree, with its books as branches, its chapters as twigs, and the verses as leaves. A minister, addressing a Sunday-school gathering, announced his text as "on the 39th branch, the 3d twig, and the 17th leaf." He said to his great audience, "Try to find my text." A little lad who was in the pulpit, owing to the crowded state of the church, answered "Malachi, third chapter, and seventeenth verse." The minister said, "Right, my boy; take my place and read it out." It so happened the boy's brother had died recently, and the sight of the little curly-headed lad, only eleven years old, with his little black gloves reading in silvery tones, "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels," brought tears to many eyes. The minister laid his hand on the boy and said, "Well done; I hope one day you will be a minister." The lad was Henry Drummond, afterward the loved teacher of thousands in America and Great Britain. (Text.) (849)

See Religion, Early.

EARNESTNESS

Professor Ticknor, speaking in one of his letters of the intense excitement with which he listened to Webster's Plymouth address, says:

> Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the gush of blood; for, after all, you must know that I am aware it is no connected and compacted whole, but a collection of wonderful fragments of burning eloquence, to which his manner gave tenfold force. When I came out, I was almost afraid to come near him. It seemed to me that he was like the mount that might not be touched, and that burned with fire.

The lips of the prophet of old were touched by the live coal. No great thing is ever done without earnestness. (Text.) (850)

When Patrick Henry concluded his well-known speech in March, 1775, in behalf of American independence, "no murmur of applause followed," says his biographer. "The effect was too deep." After the trance of a moment, several members of the assembly started from their seats. The cry, "To arms!" seemed to quiver on every lip, and glance from every eye. What was the secret of his power? The spirit of freedom so completely filled him that it overflowed into all other lives with which he came in contact.

Every Christian is given a message that makes for eternal freedom. With what earnestness ought we to advocate this much greater cause. (Text.) (851)

EARTH, CRY OF

M. Guyau, in his "Sketch of Morality," relates a dream that he had. He felt himself soaring in heaven, far above the earth, and heard a weary sound ascending as of torrents amid mountain silence and solitude. He could distinguish human voices—sobs mingled with thanksgiving, and groans interrupted by benedictions; all melting into one heartrending symphony. The sky seemed darkened. To one with him he asked, "Do you hear that?" The angel answered, "These are the prayers of men, ascending from the earth to God." Beginning to cry like a child, the dreamer exclaimed, "What tears I should shed were I that God!" Guyau adds: "I loosened the hand of the angel, and let myself fall down again to the earth, thinking there remained in me too much humanity to make it possible for me to live in heaven."

It is that earth-cry that brings God down to help the needy. (852)

EARTH INCREASING

Accumulations of surface-matter are astonishingly rapid. Professor Newton estimates that 400,000,000 meteors fall to the earth annually. These add enormous quantities of matter to the earth, but do not, of course, account for all surface growth and changes. Modern London is built on the site of Roman London, but the ancient city is seventeen feet lower than the modern. The Jerusalem streets that Jesus walked through are twenty feet lower down than the streets of Jerusalem of to-day. One of the most interesting resorts in that city, in the time of Christ, was the pool of Bethsaida. Recently work being done by the Algerian monks has laid bare a large tank cut in the solid rock thirty feet deep.—*Public Opinion.* (853)

EARTH SOIL FOR HEAVENLY FLOWERS

The poor women in the tenements of the Whitechapel road in London had a contest, and the flowers that took the prizes were grown in pots that hung out in the alleys of the worst section in London; all the roses and the jonquils being victorious over soot and grime. And heaven is an exhibition where souls will receive recognition and reward for their victories, the flowers of faith and prayer and hope that bloom resplendent midst unfriendly conditions. For time's sweetest flowers are rooted in earth, even while they borrow their bloom from heaven.—N. D. HILLIS. (854)

EARTHEN VESSEL, THE

The author of this poem is unidentified:

The Master stood in His garden
Among the lilies fair,
Which His own right hand had planted
And trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye
That His flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"
The heavenly Master said.
"Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?"

Close to His feet on the pathway,
Empty and frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw and raised it
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled as He gently whispered,
"This shall do my work to-day.

"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to Me.
It is small, but it is empty,
Which is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it,
And filled it to the brim,
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him!

He poured forth the living water
Over the lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty,
And again He filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again,
And the Master saw with pleasure
That His labor had not been vain.

His own hand had drawn the water
That refreshed the thirsty flowers,
But He used the earthen vessel
To carry the living showers.

And to itself it whispered
As He laid it aside once more,
"Still will I lie in His pathway
Just where I did before.

"Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain,
And perhaps some day He may use me
To water His flowers again." (855)

Earthly Treasures—See TREASURES LAID UP.

EARTHQUAKES, SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT

Some Chinese attribute the latest earthquake shocks to the water-dragon of Canton, whose anger has been raised by the reclamation works. Coolies are dumping daily boatloads of sand and stone on the poor dragon's back, and the beast naturally feels hurt.

It appears, however, that the real causes of the earthquakes were the Macao crabs! Here is the story:

Close by the hot springs in the neighborhood of Macao stands a small village wherein lives an old woman who has the misfortune to be the mother of an unworthy young man whose sole occupation is fishing. A few days previous to the first earthquake shock experienced in Macao the young man returned home with a couple of crabs and a few small fish.

Nothing extraordinary was noticed at first, but when the crabs had been boiled, one of them presented a peculiar appearance, as on the red background of its shell stood in bold relief a design in white which resembled a Chinese character.

Neighbors were called, and the wise man of the village soon explained that it was the king of the crabs that had found its way into the old woman's kettle.

Thereupon the village prophet predicted that some great calamity would visit the unfortunate village.

Meanwhile the crabs of Macao and the neighborhood, having learned the fate of their king, assembled in great numbers, filling up every available hole, and started to shake the earth. Thus was their displeasure at the death of the king crab clearly shown. (856)

East, The, Amazed at Western Achievements—See INCREDULITY.

EASTER

The Lord is risen indeed,
He is here for your love, for your need—
Not in the grave, nor the sky,
But here where men live and die;
And true the word that was said:
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

Wherever are tears and sighs,
Wherever are children's eyes,
Where man calls man his brother,
And loves as himself another,
Christ lives! The angels said:
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

—RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

(857)

That Jesus lived, that Jesus died,
The ancient stories tell;
With words of wisdom, love, and truth,
That he could speak so well;
And all so great his work for man,
I hail him, brave and free,
The highest of heroic souls
Who lived and died for me.

That Jesus rose, that Jesus reigns,
The hearts that love him know;
They feel Him guide and strengthen them,
As on through life they go.
Rejoicing in His leadership,
The heavenward way I see,
And shall not stray if I can say,
He rose and reigns in me.

—A. IRVINE INNES, *The Christian Register.*

(858)

Eastern Customs—See EXPECTORATING; GESTURES AND USES OF THE HANDS IN THE EAST; TABOOED TOPICS IN THE EAST.

Eating, a Guide in—See AFFLUENCE, THE PRINCIPLE OF.

EATING AND CHARACTER

Gluttony tends to cynicism. Coarseness and extravagance of speech and manners go hand in hand with dietetic excesses, as, for cognate reasons, the repulsiveness of voracious animals is generally aggravated by a want of cleanliness. Among the natives of the arctic regions, where climatic causes make gluttony a pandemic vice, personal cleanliness is an almost unknown virtue, and Kane's anecdotes of polar household habits depict a degree of squalor that would appal a gorilla.

Habitual abstemiousness, on the other hand, is the concomitant of modesty, thrift, self-control, and evenness of temper, and is compatible with heroic perseverance, tho hardly with great energy of vital vigor. The dietetic self-denials of Luigi Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman of the sixteenth century, enabled him to outlive the third generation of his epicurean relatives. During the latter decades of his long life he boasts of having enjoyed a peace of mind unattainable by other means. Within the bounds of reason, occasional fasts are by no means incompatible with intellectual vigor, tho they are chiefly apt to stimulate the activity of abstruse speculations. There are intellectual voluptuaries whose enjoyment of mental triumphs in controversy or cogitation seem, for the time being, actually to deaden their craving for material food. Isaac Newton, on the track of a cosmic secret, would send back plate after plate of untasted meals. Percy Shelley, in the words of his sprightly biographer, indignantly refused to alloy the nectar of poetic inspiration with a "boarding-house soup," and in his creative moods rarely answered a dinner call without a sigh of regret. Benedict Spinoza, amid the parchment piles of his bachelor den, would fast for days in the ecstacy of his *"Gott trunken"*—"God-intoxicated"—meditations. Intermittent denutrition undoubtedly tends to clear off the cobwebs of the brain. (Text.)—FELIX OSWALD, *Open Court.* (859)

ECCENTRICITY

The Youth's Companion tells this incident about the peculiar moods of Turner, the artist, in the matter of selling his pictures:

At times nothing could induce him to part with one of them, and at other times he would receive a customer with the greatest affability of voice and manner, and readily settle upon the sum to be paid for one of his treasures.

On one occasion, when he was offered one thousand pounds apiece for some old sketch-books, he turned them over leaf by leaf before the eyes of the would-be purchaser, saying, "Well, would you really like to have them?"

Then, just as the man proceeded to take possession of the books, Turner, with a tantalizing "I dare say you would!" suddenly thrust them into a drawer and turned the key in the lock, leaving the customer dumb with indignation.

On another occasion a rich manufacturer of Birmingham managed to secure an entrance into the artist's house, after considerable parley with the disagreeable janitress whom Turner employed. He hurried upstairs to the gallery. In a moment Turner dashed out upon him with anything but a hospitable air. The visitor bowed politely and introduced himself, saying he had come to buy some pictures.

"Don't want to sell," said the artist gruffly.

"Have you ever seen our Birmingham pictures, Mr. Turner?" inquired the visitor blandly.

"Never heard of 'em," returned the artist.

The manufacturer now took an attractive package of crisp Birmingham bank-notes from his wallet.

"Mere paper," said Turner contemptuously.

"To be bartered for mere canvas," retorted the visitor calmly, waving his hand in the direction of some paintings.

This ready wit and tone of cool depreciation had the effect of putting the erratic artist in a good humor at once. He changed his manner immediately, and not long after his visitor departed, having bought several fine paintings, and leaving the comfortable sum of five thousand pounds behind him. (860)

See Odd Behavior.

ECHOES

The explanations provided by the method of fairy tales are based upon the evidence of things that can not be perceived and upon assumptions that can not be tested. Take, for instance, the explanation of an echo; to the primitive mind, hearing the repetition of its shout, and conscious of only speaking once, is it not inevitable one should suppose that the shout came from another person? A futile search in the wood or under the cliff would lead to the thought that the person was hiding, and the more naturally, as on coming to the cliff whence the shout seemed to come one's call would receive no answer. As at other times such mocking answers would always come from the same place, what more natural than to think that some person or spirit dwelt there? Hence such a story as Lander tells of his voyage down the Niger: "As they came to a creek the captain shouted, and where an echo was returned half a glass of rum and a piece of yam and fish were thrown into the water. On asking the reason why he was throwing away the provisions thus, he was answered: 'Did you not hear the fetish?' And so, in South Pacific myth, echo is the first and parent fairy to whom divine honors are paid as the giver of food, and as she 'who speaks to the worshipers out of the rocks.'"—William Schooling, *Westminster Review.* (861)

Economio Injustice—See Injustice.

ECONOMIC MOTIVES

We know that an extremely severe medical examination is imposed upon immigrants to the United States, and that entrance into this country is pitilessly denied to those who seem even merely puny and sickly. The result of this examination is that the ocean transportation companies must return to their countries, at their own cost, rejected immigrants. To avoid this expense, the companies of the various countries have decided to take all the precautions necessary for protecting the health of their passengers. Thus, at Hamburg a company has had great halls built to shelter emigrants during their stay in the port before their embarkation; and, the results having been favorably recognized, they are going to build booths, capable of containing each 120 beds, arranged in accordance with the rules of up-to date hygiene, each group of four booths to be provided with a special booth fitted up as a laundry, with vapor-baths, etc. We know, on the other hand, that the establishment of sanatoriums for consumptives had its origin in Germany in similar anxieties on the part of the insurance companies. Thus it is that the care of the pocketbook is still the surest motive power of social progress. (Text.) (862)

ECONOMY

We are enjoined to "lay aside every weight" in our Christian career. One way to do this is to study the art of reducing our necessities to the lowest terms, like this umbrella:

A twenty-six-inch umbrella that will fold up and go in an inside pocket without crowding has been invented and constructed by a Minneapolis man, we are told in *The American Inventor.* Says this paper: "This seems almost incredible until the secret is told. The handle and all the ribs consist of fine and very strong steel tubes, in sections, which telescope one inside the other. The covering is of very fine silk, which takes up but little room. The wooden handle of the umbrella is hollow and receives all the rest of the telescoping umbrella-rod when shut up. A small and light case is provided to contain the whole, which, as stated, goes easily into the pocket. If such a device can be made and sold for a reasonable price there is little to prevent the owner from making a fortune; there are few men who would not welcome an umbrella which could be always carried without inconvenience, and which could be put out of the way of the borrower-who-never-returns, when entering a public place, such as a restaurant. (Text.) (863)

In the packing business nothing is lost but "the squeal of the pig." Every part of an animal is now valuable. Much of the profit of a packing-house now comes from by-products, like hair, entrails and the like, that once were thrown away. (864)

You do not see to-day as many of the old peach or pea or salmon or tomato cans emptied of their contents and thrown about in the vacant lot or in the rubbish heap of the private family or the general garbage-pile of the community. It was a real nuisance to have so many of these useless "cast-offs" accumulating under eye and foot. And with the increased use of canned goods this was becoming more and more so. Loads of these refuse cans are now gathered every year and are made into shining sheets which are used as a covering and decoration of traveling trunks. Enough tin refuse is taken from the ash-heaps to keep several mills employed in turning this waste into products for the markets. Even the solder which is saved from these cast-away cans brings twelve cents per pound, and yields an income that pays well for the pains of gathering this rubbish. Window-sash weighs are made out of the tops and bottoms of these old cans, while the body of the can is cleaned and rolled anew, and made serviceable for trunk covering.—G. P. Perry, "Wealth from Waste." (865)

Have you ever, in hours of illness or of great preoccupation, performed some piece of work; undertaken, for example, some long-drawn piece of needlework, and woven your thoughts into the leaves and flowers? Through force of association, your inner experience and your work were henceforth completely identified, and after many years you could still say to yourself: This flower recalls the day when I was expecting news of my sick and absent son. I wavered between fear and hope and my hand trembled. Something of his fever has remained in this frail stem. . . . Here is a swallow that I embroidered after I had received happy tidings that reassured me and announced his near return. Never shall I be able to look at it without thinking of all the joy of which a mother's heart is capable!

The labor involved in economy is like these patient toils. The little pennies also have their story. This story is made up of watchfulness, of cares, of tenderness, of sublime sacrifice. Never will the large sums of nameless money attain to the power of signification possest by these little pennies amassed one by one, put carefully away, to which one has said: Little penny, I keep you to-day in order that you may keep me to-morrow; I give you a post of honor; the day when misery approaches my sill and threatens to cross it, you will cry out: you may not pass!—Charles Wagner, "The Gospel of Life." (866)

See Waste, The Problem of.

Economy by Inventions—See Labor-saving Inventions.

ECONOMY, DIVINE

The autographs of musicians who in life could not write a check for a crust of bread have in death been sold for fabulous sums. Not long ago at a sale in Berlin two of Beethoven's letters sold for $187 and $200 each. A letter of Chopin brought $250, a visiting-card of Haydn $20 and a letter $427, two letters of Schubert $777, four letters of Wagner $322, a scrap of writing of Mozart sold for $276, while a Gluck manuscript changed hands at $1,000. Some of these men in life hardly received enough for their services to keep their musical souls connected with their emaciated bodies; but they wasted themselves in pouring out their immortal melodies, and this generation is putting down its gold for mere scraps of paper that had felt the touch of their dead hands! Of course, their service and music are not lost; but look! God does not even allow the screeds of paper, which were once crumpled by their perished fingers, to be lost, either! While their music is filling the world with its sweetness God is even picking up the tattered, torn, broken fragments blown by cruel winds up and down the desert of their lives, that nothing be lost!—F. F. Shannon. (867)

ECONOMY, ENGLISH VERSUS AMERICAN

When Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown at Oxford," who had experience in American concerns in his endeavor to plant an English colony in Tennessee, was in Boston a few years ago, he was asked, according to the Boston *Post*, why it was that cooperative distribution which had proved so successful in England, had never succeeded in America. "Simply," he said, "because you Americans do not know what economy is in the sense in which people practise it in England. Many a workingman at home will walk two miles to the cooperative store with his basket on his arm, and do it in his bare feet at that, to save a shilling on his weekly purchase. No American mechanic would do that." (868)

Economy in Metal—See MAGNETISM.

ECONOMY IN WORK

The editor of the Louisville *Christian Observer* is the author of the following:

Coming down to the office one frosty morning we saw a workman kneeling on the pavement trying to hammer straight a bent rusty nail. The pavement was slippery, the nail was obdurate, the man's gloved hands were clumsy, the only tool he had was a stone. Consequently, he had lost much time and quite all of his temper and was using language that is never heard in polite society. Economy is a good thing, but now and again is it not better to leave the bent nail to itself, at least until a moment of leisure comes, and take a straight, new nail from the box? In our church work are there not old, bent, rusty methods that should be abandoned? Always is it not wisdom to seek formation of character rather than reformation—to endeavor to keep the nail straight instead of pounding it so later? And in conducting the financial affairs of our churches is there not often an economy that really is wastefulness? A spiritual new nail is a good thing to be put into the hand of the master of assemblies that he may drive it into a sure place. (Text.) (869)

ECONOMY OF ENERGY

In a shoe factory I was once shown an attachment to the sewing and other machines which caused the machine to stop whenever its work was done. When one button-hole was made the mechanism paused until it was given another task to do, so that no power was wasted, and no useless wear permitted. And the superintendent said: "That little iron 'trick' cost us two hundred dollars, but it saves us thousands of dollars every year in wear and tear of machinery and in attendance. It enables one operator to take care of two, three, and sometimes more machines." Here, at least, is a hint that is intelligible and available to us all. How much longer would our youth stay by us if we had this life-saving attachment affixt; if we could only stop when a given task is done; if we did but apply ourselves but once to the one thing. (Text.)—VYRNWY MORGAN, "The Cambro-American Pulpit." (870)

We—at least persons who have passed middle age—have only a certain amount of reserve force, and all that we draw upon in hurries is abstracted from that which should be distributed through the remainder of life. The secret of longevity is probably skill in so economizing the reserve of vital energy as to make it last out an unusual period. Persons who begin unusual exercises in youth may adapt their constitutions to the habit, and may thereby hold on to their full term of life; but this can not be done safely if one waits till mature age before beginning.—*Public Opinion.* (871)

Economy of Healthful Foods—See HEALTH, ECONOMICS OF.

ECONOMY OF NATURAL RESOURCES

It is hardly conceivable that the economic waste represented by the neglect of the marine forests and gardens will be much longer continued. The only vegetation that exists upon two-thirds of the superficial area of the earth is seaweed. This vegetation ought to contribute to the support of the population of the land surface of the globe to such an extent that the question of food supply—the nightmare of scientific inquirers into the probable future of civilization and of the human race—need worry no one. (Text.)—*The Technical World Magazine.* (872)

EDUCATION

A scientific man recently said, "You can not manufacture diamonds." To a certain extent this has been disputed, for another famous scientist claims that he has produced genuine diamonds, tho too minute to be of commercial value. In the pastoral epistles of Paul minute descriptions are given by the apostles concerning the true furnishing of the minister of Christ.

The members of a congregation said of their new minister that they had got hold of "a gem of a pastor." No college had made him a gem, but it was equally true that the excellent curriculum through which he had passed in a theological institution had polished him. He was not mere ministerial paste, but being a rough diamond when he went in, those who trained him sent him out cut and polished. (873)

I discovered on a leafless sapling near my window two birds, an adult phœbe and a young one apparently lately out of the nest. The elder kept up a running talk, occasionally darting out after a passing insect, which—I was surprized and amused to see—she carried to the little tree, and, after the youngster had seen it and opened its mouth to receive it, she swallowed herself! upon which the youth uttered a wailing cry. Then would come another long talk, and at every pause a complaining note from the infant. Several times these performances were repeated. Then the elder flew away, when at once the little one began to look out for himself, actually flying out, and once or twice while I looked succeeding in securing his prey.—Olive Thorne Miller, "The Bird Our Brother." (874)

To what shall I liken education? I would liken education to a voyage: A great ship rides in dock near a flat shore covered with small, low houses, and troops of little people go on board. The ship swings away from the wharf and makes out for the open sea. Captain, mates, and most of the crew know the course and the haven; but the passengers never crossed before. It is a long, long, voyage through storm and calm, through cold and heat; a voyage of years; a voyage that tests faith. The years pass and the little people grow and grow. During the voyage most of the passengers go overboard into the open sea; but some make the voyage to arrive at a coast with mountains and valleys, cities and castles, a world of powers and of activities unseen by the dwellers upon the low coast on the other side of the sea of life.

Such is education. And the question is how to keep the passengers on board until the ship makes harbor.—William Estabrook Chancellor, "Proceedings of the National Education Association," 1909. (875)

John Stuart Mill, in his autobiography, says concerning his education:

The children of educated parents frequently grow up unenergetic because they lean on their parents, and the parents are energetic for them. The education which my father gave me was in itself much more fitted for training me to know than to do. (876)

See Prodigy, A; Things, Not Books.

EDUCATION ADAPTED TO CAPACITY

Everybody has been trying to cut his garments by a measure which was good for somebody else at some other place and time. The strenuous pressure of life's struggle for preservation has differentiated men into soldiers, merchants, advocates, poets, priests, laborers, and farmers, but it is not yet admitted generally that it would be well to study the child's qualities and train him for his best future. Owners of cattle and horses can not and do not afford to do anything else; man alone is wasted in efforts to make every boy an attorney-at-law and every girl a piano-player. One boy in a thousand can become a good lawyer, and not much more than one in a thousand is needed. One girl in five hundred may learn to play a piano fairly well, and one in a thousand may have the genius which will give her piano-playing the touch of life. Health and joy in labor are the best education. Work is best done when it is the natural exercise of faculty. The boy learns if he does nothing but play until he is mature. It is not a good education, but sometimes it is better than a wrong education.—Kansas City *Times*. (877)

Education, All-round—See Comprehensiveness in Education.

Education, Complexity in—See Master-hand, Lacking the.

Education Due to Missionaries—See Missionary Accomplishments.

EDUCATION BY TRAVEL

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* noted the educational results of the cruise of the American fleet around the world in 1908:

"The most gigantic correspondence school in the history of education, with free courses in foreign travel, geography and natural history, is," says the St. Louis *Post-Despatch,* "now in operation throughout the entire United States, and particularly in the West and Southwest. The instructors are the 15,000 sailors on Uncle Sam's peace cruise around the world and the students are their relatives and friends, totaling 200,000 to a quarter of a million souls. The text-books are the shoals of entertaining and instructive letters from the fleet which are flooding the whole country with every mail, with throngs of picture post-cards as graphic illustrations. From Honolulu, Auckland, New Zealand and Sydney, Australia, tons of letters are now on their way to the loved ones at home, bearing vivid lessons in the civilization of the Pacific islands and the antipodes. All over the country forgotten text-books on geography are being resurrected from dusty chests, so that mothers, sisters and sweethearts may chart each day the course pursued by the fleet. Book-stores report a largely increased sale of maps, globes and charts, due to an awakened interest in the remote sections of the earth. To the hundred or so families in St. Louis which have relatives with the fleet have come voluminous and thrilling letters, making them more familiar with Trinidad than they are with Porto Rico, and better acquainted with Magdalena Bay than they are with Charleston harbor. Such letters as these, spreading information broadcast in the land, are proving a vast engine against provincialism, ignorance and narrowness, and affording a cosmopolitan education to multitudes." (878)

EDUCATION, HIGHER

A good illustration of the monetary value of higher education in chemistry and mining is seen when one compares Germany and England. Both countries have the same kind of iron ore and the same coal supply. England has the advantage of having her coal nearer the iron fields. In 1880 England mined and produced 8,000,000 tons of pig-iron per year, while Germany's product was only 3,000,000. Since that time Germany has supported handsomely her great technical universities and sent out each year into her industries a stream of highly-trained experts, with the result that in 1907, while England's production had risen from 8,000,000 to only 9,000,000 tons per year, Germany's had risen from 3,000,000 to 13,000,000. It is more significant still that from 1900 to 1908 German iron brought on the average nearly $19 per ton, while English iron brought only $13 per ton, a difference of nearly 50 per cent in favor of the iron made by the better-educated German producer. This one result of these great German technical institutions would alone add $190,000,000 per year to German wealth if the iron were sold as raw pig-iron. As a matter of fact, a large part of this iron is made up into all sorts of manufactured products, made possible by their high technical education, and these products are exported and sold at many times the price of the raw pig-iron—New York *Evening Post.* (879)

EDUCATION NOT VICARIOUS

William has been to school for over a year, and his teacher says to him one day: "Now, William, I am afraid your father will think that I am not doing well by you; you must write a composition—you must send your father a good composition to show what you are doing." Well, William never did write a composition, and he does not know how. "Oh, write about something that you do know about—write about your father's farm," and so, being goaded to his task, William says: "A cow is a useful animal. A cow has four legs and two horns. A cow gives good milk. I love good milk.—William Bradshaw." The master looks over his shoulder and says: "Pooh! your father will think you are a cow. Here, give me that composition, I'll fix it." So he takes it home and fixes it. Here it reads: "When the sun casts off the dusky garments of the night, and appearing o'er the orient hills, sips the dew-drops pendant from every leaf, the milkmaid goes afield, chanting her matin song," and so on, and so on. Now, I say that, rhetorically, the master's composition was unspeakably better than William's; but as a part of William's education, his poor, scrawly lines are unspeakably better than the one that has been "fixt" for him.—HENRY WARD BEECHER. (880)

Education of Indians—See INDIANS, AMERICAN.

Education, Self—See READING BY SCHEDULE.

EDUCATION TO BE PRIZED

Wesley himself, however, had a scholar's hate of ignorance, and he toiled with almost amusing diligence to educate his helpers. He insisted that they should be readers, and scourged them with a very sharp whip if he found them neglecting their books. Thus he writes to one:

"Your talent in preaching does not increase. It is just the same as it was seven years ago. It is lively, but not deep. There is little variety; there is no compass of thought. Reading only can supply this, with daily meditation and daily prayer. You wrong yourself greatly by omitting this. You can never be a deep preacher without it, any more than a thorough Christian."—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (881)

Educational Growth—See NEED, MEETING CHILDREN'S.

EFFACEMENT OF SINS

We are reminded of the promise that God will "blot out" our transgressions by the following incident:

John Maynard was in an old-time country schoolhouse. Most of the year he had drifted carelessly along, but in midwinter some kind words from his teacher roused him to take a new start, and he became distinctly a different boy, and made up for the earlier faults. At the closing examination he passed well, to the great joy of his father and mother, who were present. But the copy-books used through the year were all laid on a table for the visitors to look at; and John remembered that his copy-book, fair enough in its latter pages, had been a dreary mass of blots and bad work before. He watched his mother looking over those books, and his heart was sick. But she seemed, to his surprize, quite pleased with what she saw, and called his father to look with her; and afterward John found that his kind teacher had thoughfully torn out all those bad, blotted leaves, and made his copy-book begin where he started to do better. (Text.)—FRANKLIN NOBLE, "Sermons in Illustration." (882)

Effects from Other's Deeds—See VICARIOUSNESS.

Effort, Progress by—See WANT BRINGS PROGRESS.

Effort Renewed—See EXTREMITY NOT FINAL.

EGOISM

It is Nietzsche's philosophy that each man should care only for himself. This philosophy is applied in the following incident. Many still apply it in their social conduct:

It was no very unusual sight in China, to see a thief running for all he was worth, pursued by two or three vociferating men or lads. But the crowd always made way for the thief, and never a foot nor a hand was put out to stop him, "He did not rob me; why should I stop him?" (Text.) (883)

EGOTISM

Miss Gordon Cumming tells how she heard in Japan a bird which seemed to have for its sole note, "Me! Me! Me!" She and her party called it "the me-bird."

There are numerous "me birds" that belong to the human family. They might also be called "ay, ay birds." (884)

In Delhi once stood a temple whose ceiling was set with diamonds, and beneath which stood the throne of the divine peacock. The jewels in this temple were worth $30,000,000. On the marble pedestal of the throne, in Arabic, were these words, "If ever there were paradise on earth, it is here, it is here, it is here." But the facts are that this temple was built by poor slaves, many of whom died of starvation and cruelty while in the act of building it. This temple represents intensity without breadth. Treasures and education have been concentrated to produce an awful kind of egotism. Men and women have been known to be sublimely beautiful within themselves, but in relation to others ugly, hollow, and deformed, their narrowness grating rudely on the finer sensibilities. (Text.)—VYRNWY MORGAN, "The Cambro-American Pulpit." (885)

See SELF-MEASUREMENT.

Egyptian Builders—See BUILDERS, ANCIENT.

ELECT, THE

Two modern statements of the doctrine of "election," neither of which would quite satisfy John Calvin or Jonathan Edwards, are given in *The Congregationalist.*

One was Henry Ward Beecher's epigrammatic and convincing phrase: "The elect are whosoever will; the non-elect are whosoever won't."

Good as this is, there is another explanation that is a star of equal magnitude. It was made by a colored divine, who said:

"Brethren, it is this way. The Lord, He is always voting for a man; and the devil, he is always voting against him. Then the man himself votes, and that breaks the tie." (Text.) (886)

Electricity and Tree-cutting—See IMPROVEMENT.

ELECTRICITY, WONDERS OF

In 1856 Dr. R. S. Storrs said:

Not a century has passed since Franklin first drew the lightning from the skies; and yet already man prints with it, paints with it, writes with it, engraves with it, talks with it, cures with it, and is ever finding out new uses for its strength. The cunning Hermes has himself come to earth, to run on errands for men, and no more for the gods. His traveling-rod, enwreathed with serpents, is now a wire, transmitting thoughts. His golden sandals are sparks of lightning; and he forwards our commerce, as he never could the ancient. (887)

ELECTRIFICATION, SPIRITUAL

From the following illustration of electrical contact, Rev. William Arthur draws the moral that if we would be spiritually electrified we must draw nigh to God.

When a lecturer on electricity wants to show an example of a human body surcharged with his fire, he places a person on a stool with glass legs. The glass serves to isolate him from the earth, because it will not conduct the fire—the electric fluid. Were it not for this, however much might be poured into his frame, it would be carried away by the earth; but, when thus isolated from it, he retains all that enters him. You see no fire, you hear no fire; but you are told that it is pouring into him. Presently, you are challenged to the proof, asked to come near, and hold your hand close to his person; when you do so, a spark of fire shoots out toward you. (888)

Elements and Structures—See DESTRUCTION, GRADUAL.

ELEVATION

Many of life's hidden mysteries would be clear to us, if we could see them as God does—from above.

Many times aeronauts, carried out to sea, have made this curious observation: the higher they are, the more pellucid the water seems, enabling them to see, more and more clearly, the bottom, with its rocks and seaweed. In crossing the English Channel, which is not very deep, especially near Calais, the bottom may be easily seen, and a submarine could be followed there in all its evolutions. (Text.) — ERNEST CONSTET, *Revue Scientifique.* (889)

I remember an old woodsman in the Adirondack forest who used to say that he wanted to go to the top of a certain mountain as often as his legs would carry him because it gave him such a feeling of "heaven-up-histedness." That is an uncouth, humble, eloquent phrase to describe the function of a great literature.

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man!

I want the books that help me out of the vacancy and despair of a frivolous mind, out of the tangle and confusion of a society that is busied in bric-a-brac, out of the meanness of unfeeling mockery and the heaviness of incessant mirth, into a higher and serener region, where through the clear air of serious thoughts I can learn to look soberly and bravely upon the mingled misery and splendor of human existence, and then go down with a cheerful courage to play a man's part in the life which Christ has forever ennobled by His divine presence. (Text.)—HENRY VAN DYKE, *The British Weekly.* (890)

ELEVATION AND VISION

A man once brought a young eagle home for his boys to play with. They were delighted and took it out to the barnyard to see it fly. But the eaglet would rather walk about among the hens and pick up wheat. The boys tossed it up in the air, but all their efforts were only in vain, for it flapped its great wings awkwardly, as if not knowing what to do with them and dropt back to the earth. The boys told their father of their inability to make the bird fly. Taking the eaglet under his arm, he called the boys with him to the mountain. As they were ascending the summit the bird began to open its eyes wider and wider. When they reached the peak, the eaglet began to expand its wings, and as it caught a vision of the unfettered blue bathed in the light of the rising sun, it soared away out of sight.

So it is in human life. It requires a vision of the heights to inspire a soul to its best flight. (Text.) (891)

Climbing the stairs into the helmet of the Statue of Liberty gives one a splendid view of the harbor and lower section of New York. It is a toilsome, knee-straining business. But the vision is worth the effort.

One must reach the high places if he would get a vision of the King in His beauty and an outlook over the kingdom that is to be.—C. J. GREENWOOD. (892)

ELOQUENCE

The storm that whirls among the mountains, the stoop of the whirlwind that wrenches the tree from its bed in the soil, the utmost rage of oceanic commotions—they have not that dominant power upon them to start our spirits, and carry our sympathies to an equal agitation, which eloquence has when it utters the force of one aroused soul.—RICHARD S. STORRS. (893)

See AGE AND ORATORY; EARNESTNESS; LORD'S PRAYER INTERPRETED.

Eloquence of Deeds—See DEEDS THAT TALK.

EMANCIPATION

Every artist who works upon his canvas r upon the stone, or rears up stately abrics, expressing something nobler to men, giving some form to their ideals and aspirations—every such man also is working for the largeness and so for the liberty of men. And every mother who sits by the cradle, singing to her babe the song which the angels sing all the way up to the very throne, she, too, is God's priestess, and is working for the largeness of men, and so for their liberty. Whoever teaches men to be truthful, to be virtuous, to be enterprising; in short, whoever teaches manhood, emancipates men.—HENRY WARD BEECHER. (894)

Embarrassment—See FEAR OF MAN.

EMBELLISHMENT OF PREACHING

The Telugus often embellish their sermons to an extent inconceivably funny. A smart young preacher, a graduate of Ramapatam Seminary, in telling of the resurrection of Lazarus, said that he arose from the dead when called, tied his clothing about him (the Hindu's idea of dressing), put on a beautiful head-cloth, raised an umbrella, and came walking out of the tomb. The force of the climax would appeal to any one who lived in India. An umbrella is such a sign of distinction that people who own one often carry it open in the night even tho there has been no rain for six months. (895)

EMBLEMS

An apple is the emblem of the fall; held in the hand of Jesus Christ it signifies redemption. A cluster of grapes is the emblem of "Christ's blood shed for us." It is also the emblem of abundance and prosperity. The vine is a symbol of Christ. It is also an emblem of abundance. Wheat is an emblem of Christ as the "Bread of Life"; also of abundance and rejoicing. The olive is the emblem of peace and concord. The palm is the symbol of martyrdom. The pomegranate is the emblem of the future life and of immortality.—*The Decorator and Furnisher.* (896)

See COLORS AS EMBLEMS.

EMERGENCY

Men who had been with Mr. Hearst in San Francisco were reminded of the night he came into *The Examiner* office and heard of a man that had been seen on a half-submerged rock in the bay, with the tide rising and certain to overwhelm him. In the office they were wondering how he got there.

"What difference does it make how he got there?" Mr. Hearst cut in. "Get him off first and find out afterward. Charter tugs, call for volunteers, and save his life—that's the main thing." They went out with the tugs (it was a wild night), and rescued the man just before the seas rose over the rock. (Text.)—CHARLES R. RUSSELL, *Harper's Weekly.* (897)

Emergency Devices—See DECEPTION JUSTIFIED.

EMIGRATION, CONQUEST BY

The martial resources of China are not yet developed, but that astute people have hit upon another plan to conquer and hold that which they regard as their own. A current news item from that country says:

China's chief method of recovering Manchuria is to overrun it with emigrants from the congested mother country, and this plan has worked so well that already Japanese newspapers complain that the Japanese are losing both trade and ground there. Soon after the peace of Portsmouth the Chinese government contributed two million taels for emigration; free transportation began, at the beginning of the year, and in the spring months following as many as three thousand to four thousand coolies got off the train at Harbin daily. The Russians, who, before the war, considered themselves masters of the northern regions, are realizing that they are being crowded out altogether.

This is a suggestion of the peaceful but powerful forces that are at work in changing the map of the world. (898)

EMOTION

What made Paganini so exceptionally great was the portentous development, the strength and independence, of the emotional fountain within. The whole of life was to him nothing but so many successions of psychological heat and cold. Incidents immediately became clothed with a psychic atmosphere—perhaps the life of emotion was never so completely realized in itself, and for itself, as in the soul-isolation of Paganini. What the tempest had told him his violin would proclaim; what the summer night had whispered was stereotyped in his soul, and the midnight song of birds came forth from the Cremona depths at his bidding.—H. R. Haweis, "My Musical Memories." (899)

See Feelings a Fountain.

Employe, Devoted—See Service, Interested.

EMPLOYER, A GOOD

By his employees Mr. Geo. W. Childs was fairly idolized; yet he demanded of every man the full measure of his duty, but he paid the best of wages. His rule was that every man should receive more than enough for a living—receive a compensation enabling him to lay something by for a rainy day. He encouraged thrift and providence among all in his employ. He surrounded them with every comfort, introduced for their benefit every appliance conducive to health, and annually, at Christmas-time, every person in his employ was substantially remembered.—Washington *Craftsman.* (900)

ENCOURAGEMENT

Thirty years ago, in a poor schoolhouse in a back district, a boy at the foot of the class unexpectedly spelled a word that had passed down the entire class.

"Go up ahead," said the master, "and see that you stay there. You can if you work hard."

The boy hung his head. But the next day he did not miss a word in spelling. The brighter scholars knew every word in the lesson, hoping there might be a chance to get ahead. But there was not a single one. Dave stayed at the head. He had been an indifferent speller before, but now he knew every word.

"Dave, how do you get your lessons so well now?" said the master.

"I learn every word in the lesson, and get my mother to hear me at night; then I go over them in the morning before I come to school. And I go over them at my seat before the class is called up."

"Good boy, Dave!" said the master. "That's the way to have success. Always work that way and you'll do."

Dave is to-day the manager of a big lumber company, and he attributes his start to the words:

"Go up head, and see that you stay there. You can, if you work hard." (Text.)—*Genesee Courier.* (901)

The old should not dampen the high aspirations of the young. This is Cale Young Rice's thought in the following verse:

You who are old,
And have fought the fight,
And have won or lost or left the field,
Weigh us not down
With fears of the world, as we run!
With the wisdom that is too right,
The warning to which we can not yield—
The shadow that follows the sun
Follows forever—
And with all that desire must leave undone,
Tho as a god it endeavor,
Weigh, weigh us not down!
But gird our hope to believe
That all that is done
Is done by dream and daring—
Bid us dream on!
That earth was not born
Or heaven built of bewaring—
Yield us the dawn,
You dreamt your hour—and dared, but we
Would dream till all you despaired of be.
Would dare, till the world,
Won to a new wayfaring,
Be thence forever easier upward drawn!

(Text.)—*The American Magazine.* (902)

When the Duke of Wellington was arranging his forces at the fateful battle of Waterloo his raw recruits outnumbered his veteran troops, and so to encourage them by the example of those skilled in war and tried in bravery, he put a veteran between every two of the recent recruits. Thus strengthened, they all withstood the fierce charges of the French cavalry and helped win the day for the allies. So when the Christian hosts go forth to battle it is well to have the tried and experienced Christians intermingled with those yet young in the spiritual life. It gives them courage and helps them to withstand temptations and trials by which they would otherwise be swept away.—S. PARKES CADMAN. (903)

An old minister, the Rev. Richard Knill, once placed his hands on the head of a little boy and lovingly predicted that he, too, would become a preacher. That boy was C. H. Spurgeon. A boy was standing on the steps leading to a platform on which a minister wished to ascend. He patted the lad's head and hoped he would become a preacher of the gospel. That youth afterward went to the university and there became the means of the conversion of a young student. That student was J. Wilbur Chapman, the evangelist. (904)

See IMPROVEMENT; MONEY, EARNING.

END OF THE WORLD

At some future time the sun will pass from the gaseous, or semigaseous, into the liquid stage, and from that moment it will begin to lose temperature rapidly. There is, therefore, a definite end in sight, a time beyond which the sun will cease to shine and the world, as it now exists, will come to an end. —CHARLES LANE POOR, "The Solar System." (905)

End, Unknown—See HAPPINESS AS A GOD.

ENDEAVOR

When the dust of the workshop is still,
  The dust of the workman at rest,
May some generous heart find a will
  To seek and to treasure his best!

From the splendor of hopes that deceived;
  From the wonders he meant to do;
From the glories nearly achieved;
  From the dreams that nearly came true.

From his struggle to rise above earth
  On the pinions that would not fly;
From his sorrows; oh, seek for some worth
  To remember the workman by.

If in vain; if time sweeps all away,
  And no laurel from that dust springs;
'Tis enough that a loyal heart say,
  "He tried to make beautiful things."

(Text.)—EDEN PHILLPOTTS, *The Pall Mall Magazine* (London). (906)

ENDEAVOR, CONSTANT

Parsifal emphasizes the fact that "heaven is not gained with a single bound." After Parsifal had won the great victory and gained the Sacred Spear, still he had not grown enough to be worthy to rule in the council-chambers of Monsalvat. He had to grow to new heights. Thus, many years yet of struggle, temptation, and trial awaited him. Self-mastery and spiritual supremacy are attained, not by one victory, but by many. They come only as the rich fruition of a life of strenuous endeavor, a life of loyalty to duty and to love. (Text.)—B. O. FLOWER, *The Arena.* (907)

ENDURANCE

Look at things as they are, and you will see that the clever unjust are in the place of runners, who run well from the starting-place to the goal, but not back again from the goal; they go off at a great pace, but in the end only look foolish, slinking away with their ears down on their shoulders, and without a crown; but the true runner comes to the finish and receives the prize and is crowned. And this is the way with the just; he who endures to the end of every action and occasion of his entire life has a good report and carries off the prize which men bestow. (Text.)—PLATO. (908)

ENDURANCE OF PAIN

The incident below, printed in the New York *Times,* illustrates how pride and resolution will fortify a man to endure pain:

"Whom do you s'pose I've got inside here? Old one-eyed Ben Tillman! And if I don't make him squeal nobody can. I won't do a thing to him—oh, my!" And the dentist-surgeon brandished his forceps gleefully and returned to the pleasure of torturing the senator.

Next day the same young man came again. "Well, did you succeed in making Tillman yell?" he asked. The dentist shook his head sadly. "No," he replied in a disappointed tone. "I couldn't make him flinch. He didn't make a sound, and, d'ye know, when he got out of the chair he turned to me with a smile and said: 'Say, doctor, I didn't know before that you ran a painless dental shop.'" (Text.) (909)

ENDURING ART

You can go down into the narrow vault which Nero built as a retreat from the great heat, and you will find the walls painted all over with fanciful designs in arabesque, which have been buried beneath the earth fifteen hundred years; but when the peasants light it up with their torches, the colors flash out before you as fresh as they were in the days of St. Paul.—WENDELL PHILLIPS. (910)

ENEMIES

Mr. Vernon L. Kellogg, with a child friend, were watching an ant-dragon as he caught an ant in a sandpit-trap.

"But, see," cried Mary, "the ant has stopt sliding. It is going to get out!"

Ah, Mary, you are not making allowance for all the resources of this dreadful dragon of the pit. Not only is the pit a nearly perfect trap, and the eager jaws at the bottom more deadly than any array of spikes or spears at the bottom of an elephant pit, but there is another most effective thing about this fatal dragon's trap, and that is this: it is not merely a passive trap, but an active one. Already it is in action. And Mary sees now how hopeless it is with the ant. For a shower of sand is being thrown up from the bottom of the pit against the ant and it is again sliding down. The dragon has a flat, broad head and powerful neck muscles, and has wit enough to shovel up and hurl masses of dry sand-grains against the victim on the loose slopes. And this starts the avalanche again, and so down slides the frantic ant.—VERNON L. KELLOGG, "Insect Stories." (911)

Enemies Among Animals—See SUBTLETY AMONG ANIMALS.

ENEMIES, AVOIDING

It would often be well for men to avoid enemies as did these sagacious rooks:

A curious incident in the recent history of the Gray's Inn settlement of rooks is mentioned by a London correspondent in the Manchester *Guardian*. It appears that a couple of carrion crows settled in the gardens, and one day it was discovered that the rookery was deserted. The benchers, who are particularly proud of their rooks, gave orders for the carrion crows to be destroyed, and the gardener prepared pigeon's eggs with good doses of arsenic. The crows swallowed them and seemed to grow fatter and healthier. At last strychnine was used, and the pair were poisoned. Then a curious thing happened. Not a rook had been seen for weeks at Gray's Inn, but the next day they were all back as tho advised by telegram. (912)

ENEMIES CONVERTED

Count Witte, Russian Prime Minister, summoned his secretary one day and gave him this order:

"Make out a full list of the authors of the articles that are directly against me in the daily press."

The secretary went to work, and with the aid of his office force in a week prepared a list of about a thousand articles, with the writer's names appended. The clippings were properly classified, put in an album, and dutifully handed to the Premier.

"In how many instances," he asked, "have I been commended?"

"In three, your excellency."

"Very well; now select the most abusive and personal of the unfavorable articles, and let me know the names of the writers."

This list, too, was duly prepared and presented.

"Shall I bring this to the attention of the public prosecutor?" queried the secretary.

"For what purpose?"

"Why, to institute proceedings under the statutes regulating the press."

"No, I do not wish it," said the Premier. "I wish to select from these journalists my most aggressive critic and make him my advocate and spokesman. I shall offer him the editorship of my organ. Experience has taught me that the best champion and most faithful defender is the man who has been your bitterest assailant." (Text.) (913)

Enemies of Character—See SELF-CONFLICT.

Enemy of the World, An—See MYSTERY, VALUE OF.

ENERGY

What unused energy still awaits utilization by man is indicated in the following calculation:

The tremendous amount of energy received from the sun may be illustrated in another way. Ordinary steam-engines, whether for railroad or factory use, are rated by their horse-power; a hundred-horse-power engine will drive a small steamer or operate a mill of some two hundred and fifty looms. Now, thirty calories of heat per minute, if completely utilized, would produce 2.8 horse-power. Neglecting atmospheric absorption, therefore, each square meter of the earth's surface receives from the sun, when directly overhead, sufficient energy to run a 2.8 horse-power engine; or one horse-power is received for every four square feet of surface. The absorption of the air cuts this down about forty per cent, so that on a clear day at sea-level, with the sun directly overhead, sufficient energy to produce one horse-power is received on each six and a half square feet of surface.—CHARLES LANE POOR, "The Solar System." (914)

See MOMENTUM.

Energy, Economy of—See ECONOMY OF ENERGY.

ENERGY, INDOMITABLE

Seldom has there been seen a more inspiring example of indomitable energy triumphing over fate than that which the Engraver Florian is now giving to the world, says the New York *World.*

Six years ago, while at work upon the designs for the new French bank-notes, he was suddenly stricken by paralysis. His right side became as if dead; he was bereft of speech; the hand whose skill had made him famous was useless forever. Did he complain? Did he resign himself to the inevitable? Did he sit down in despair and allow his young wife and daughters to support him? Not for a moment. He let the women work, it is true, but only while he learned to engrave with the left hand.

Hour after hour, day after day, month after month he passed, struggling with that awkward, untrained left hand, drawing at first crudely like a little child, then with ever-increasing precision. Gradually he educated the refractory member to obey his will. Drawing, water-color painting, designing for typographers succeeded one another, until to-day he has again attained absolute mastery over the engraver's tools. Arsene Alexandre, the famous art critic, saw him at work recently, his wooden block screwed to a table, his left hand plying the tools with all the deftness his now dead right hand formerly possest, his speechless lips smiling and his face radiant with happiness. (915)

ENGLISH, ERRORS IN

The following specimens of false syntax are given by the *Printers' Register:*

A man who was suddenly taken sick "hastened home while every means for his recovery was resorted to. In spite of all his efforts he died in the triumphs of the Christian religion." "A man was killed by a railroad car running into Boston supposed to be deaf." A man writes, "We have decided to erect a schoolhouse large enough to accommodate five hundred scholars five stories high." On a certain railway the following luminous direction was printed: "Hereafter when trains in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be requested to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other." A steamboat captain, advertising an excursion, says: "Tickets, twenty-five cents; children half-price to be had at the office." An Iowa editor says: "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend W., for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter.—*Printers' Register.* (916)

English Passage, Superb — See SOLACE OF THE SEA.

ENGROSSMENT IN BUSINESS

The character is shaped by that which engrosses the attention most. Rev. W. F. Crafts, Ph.D., says:

A profane sea-captain came to a mission station on the Pacific, and the missionary talked with him upon religious subjects. The captain said, "I came away from Nantucket after whales; I have sailed round Cape Horn for whales; I am now up in the Northern Pacific Ocean after whales. I think of nothing but whales. I fear your labor would be entirely lost upon me, and I ought to be very frank with you. I care for nothing by day but whales, and I dream of them at night. If you should open my heart I think you would find the shape of a sperm-whale there." (917)

Enlarging Objects—See SCIENCE, IMPROVEMENTS BY.

ENLIGHTENMENT

The difference between the savage and the enlightened man is often due to Christian civilization.

John Williams tells how the Raratongans were excited and overawed when, for the first time, they saw him send a written message to his wife. He requested a chief, who was helping, to take the chip to Mrs. Williams; but, thinking the missionary to be playing a joke on him, he asked, "What must I say?" "Nothing," said Mr. Williams; "the chip will say all that I wish." "But can a chip talk? Has it a mouth?" He got what he went for, and, still more perplexed, could only exclaim: "See the wisdom of these English! They can even make chips talk!"—PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions."

(918)

ENTHUSIASM

The most terrific heat known to science is a torch operated by oxygen and acetylene, radiating a heat of 6,300 degrees, by means of which it is possible to weld aluminum, heretofore regarded as an impossibility. The torch makes a flame that will cut through two inches of solid steel in less than a minute and pierce a twelve-inch piece of the hardest steel in less than ten minutes—a task that would take a saw almost twenty hours to accomplish.

When the soul burns with the heat of great enthusiasm, it will burn through obstacles that are entirely insuperable to ordinary efforts. (919)

Enthusiasm for One's Work—See ART, DEVOTION TO.

ENTICEMENT

In the legend, the Duchess Isabella, wishing earnestly to obtain some object, was instructed by the crafty court astrologer to kiss day by day for a hundred days a certain beautiful picture, and she would receive the fulfilment of her wish. It was a sinister trick, for the picture contained a subtle poison which stained the lips with every salutation. Little by little the golden tresses of the queenly woman turned white, her eyes became dim, her color faded, her lips became black; but, infatuated, the suicidal kiss was continued until before the hundred days were complete the royal dupe lay dead.

So we yield ourselves to the sorcery of sin; despite many warnings, we persist in our fellowship with what seems truth, beauty, liberty, pleasure, until our whole soul is poisoned and destroyed. (Text.)—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (920)

See ALLUREMENT, FATAL.

ENVIRONMENT

The Seminole Indians have a tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. The Great Spirit made three men of fair complexion and then led them to a lake and bade them leap in. One immediately obeyed, and came out of the water whiter than before; the second did not leap in until the water became slightly muddy, and when he bathed he came out copper-colored; the third leaped in when the water was black with mud and he came out black.

Every man has some choice as to the kind of environment into which he will plunge, and the color of his character will ultimately show his choice.

(921)

The gardener bird of New Guinea builds its nest, and lays out a garden-plot in front, of grass and mosses; and when the female bird is sitting on her eggs the mate flies about in search of the brightest-colored leaves and flowers, which are placed upon this plateau of garden.

Many men have been reclaimed and encouraged by surrounding them with a beautiful environment. (922)

Surely, it is not environment that makes temperament. Bittern and blackbird both frequent bogs, yet the bittern is a lonely misanthrope, whom I more than half suspect of being melancholy-mad, while the blackbird is as cheery and as fond of his fellows as a candidate.—WINTHROP PACKARD, "Wild Pastures." (923)

You may take a piece of wax, and a piece of meat, and some sand, and some clay, and some shavings, and put them in the fire, and see how they act. One goes to melting, and one to frying, and one to drying up, and one to hardening, and one to blazing; and every one acted on by the same agent.

So, under identical moral influences

and in the same environment, one man goes wrong, another repents, and another remains indifferent. Not what is done to us but what we do is the thing that determines character and destiny. (924)

ENVIRONMENT, ADAPTATION TO

Joseph Cook taught that character tends to assume a fixt type, as marked as in the case of mice, cited below:

Mice were originally natives of southern Asia. From there they have accompanied man in his wanderings to all parts of the world, traveling, as he has traveled, in ox-teams and on the backs of donkeys, by steamship and railway; taking up their quarters wherever he does, first in log-cabins with thatched roofs; and finally, in some instances, on the nineteenth floor of a steel building where generation after generation may live and die in turn without having so much as touched foot to the earth.

Strangely enough, the race seems to be proof against the changes wrought upon most animals by difference in environment. Specimens from the opposite sides of the globe, or from widely separated latitudes, are said to be practically indistinguishable, as if at last the species had hit upon a style of form and coloring perfectly suited to all conditions of life.—WITMER STONE and WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM, "American Animals." (925)

Environment and Man—See MEAN, THE GOLDEN.

Environment Controlled—See CONTROL OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

ENVIRONMENT, CREATING OUR OWN

Often the individual bemoans the depression of environment. A converse fact may be referred to, namely, that man produces his own environment. It is in his power largely to make his own world, by paying attention to the things of himself. An illustration of this is found by an English writer who insists that we can make our own climates, as he says:

Effective sanitary ventilation should supply gentle and uniformly diffused currents of air of moderate and equal temperature throughout the house. We talk a great deal about the climate here and the climate there; and when we grow old, and can afford it, we move to Bournemouth, Torquay, Menton, Nice, Algiers, etc., for better climates, forgetting all the while that the climate in which we practically live is not that out-of-doors, but the indoor climate of our dwellings, the which, in a properly constructed house, may be regulated to correspond to that of any latitude we may choose. (926)

ENVIRONMENT, DESTRUCTIVE

An English writer, with some novel ideas of how the smoke-laden atmosphere of London might be purified, writes:

At one time I thought of proposing the establishment of horticultural home-missions for promoting the dissemination of flower-pot shrubs in the metropolis, and of showing how much the atmosphere of London would be improved if every London family had one little sweetbrier-bush, a lavender-plant, or a hardy heliotrope to each of its members; so that a couple of millions of such ozone generators should breathe their sweetness into the dank and dead atmosphere of the denser central regions of London.

A little practical experience of the difficulty of growing a clean cabbage, or maintaining alive any sort of shrub in the midst of our soot-drizzle, satisfied me that the mission would fail, even tho the sweetbriers were given away by the district visitors; for these simple hardy plants perish in a mid-London atmosphere unless their leaves are periodically sponged and syringed, to wash away the soot particles that otherwise close their stomata and suffocate the plant.

The ingenious scheme would fail because the plants themselves would become foul and need to be cleansed. Failing this, they would die. So in life character is easily incrusted with the spirit of worldliness. (Text.) (927)

ENVIRONMENT INADEQUATE

Shortly after Chief Justice Chase had gone for the first time to Washington, he was returning to the West. The train stopt at a little station in Virginia, and he was informed that it was the birthplace of Patrick Henry.

He immediately left the car and stood upon the platform, admiring the magnificence of the scenery that opens before the traveler. He said, "What an atmosphere! What a view! What glorious mountains! No wonder that Patrick Henry grew here." One of the natives, who was standing by his side, quietly replied, "Yes, sir; but as far as I have heard, that landscape and those mountains have always been here; but we haven't seen any more Patrick Henrys." (928)

ENVIRONMENT, SPIRITUAL

A Dutch scientist has just completed five years' study in South America. He took some insects from Holland into the rich tropic atmosphere, changed their environment, put them in a friendly environment, and gave them the best food. He expected to modify their coloring, having exchanged the damp, foggy sky of Holland for the brilliant hues of the tropics. And lo! these insects doubled their size; the dim subdued tints became gay and brilliant. At last he discovered that insects that in Holland crawled, in the South spread their wings to fly and meet God's sun. He began with potato-bugs in Holland; he ended with brilliant creatures that lived on the nectar of flowers, and only five summers and winters stood between the marvel. Oh, marvelous transformation, through environment and food! More marvelous still the way the soul can grow. Last year you lived in the damp, foggy miasmatic levels of selfishness; sordidness, like a cloud, wrapt you about. Suppose you take down your tent, and move into the tropic realm of love and faith and hope. Open the soul's wings to the light, the sun and dew of God's spirit. Live in the atmosphere of purity and prayer. Expel hate and fear, like poisonous winds. Imitate Christ's life. Love the master spirits. Read the great poets. Insist upon leisure to grow ripe. Guard your hours of solitude; practice the presence of God.—N. D. HILLIS.

(929)

ENVIRONMENT THAT TRANSFORMS

The Japanese have an ingenious way of changing the color and appearance of birds and animals. For example, white sparrows are produced by selecting a pair of grayish birds and keeping them in a white cage, in a white room, where they are attended by a person drest in white. The mental effect on a series of generations of birds results in completely white birds. (Text.) (930)

ENVY

The Duchess of Argyll is reported to have written to various European monarchs asking them whom they envied. Among the answers was one from the Czar of Russia, as follows: "I sincerely envy every man who is not loaded down with the cares of a great empire, and who has not to weep for the woes of a people."

Not infrequently the envied are the envying, because each one is apt to think his own lot the hardest. (931)

Good men are often hated for their goodness by bad men, who can not endure the contrast with themselves. An unidentified writer points out this kind of envy in the following verse:

A glowworm sat in the grass;
As I passed through the wood I found it;
Bright as a diamond it shone,
With a halo of light around it.

A toad came up from the fen;
It was ugly in every feature;
Like a thief it crept to the worm,
And spat on the shining creature.

"What have I done," said the worm,
"As I sat here in silence nightly?"
"Nothing," replied the toad;
"But why did you shine so brightly?"

(Text.)

(932)

ENVY GRATIFIED

Persons accustomed to gaze in awe upon suit-cases and steamer-trunks covered with labels of every size and color, thinking the while enviously of the fortunate owners of such baggage, who have such an advantage over the poor stay-at-homes, may perhaps be surprized to learn that there are shops where such labels may be had.

It is quite feasible, therefore, for any one to have his case or trunk covered with nicely worn labels, indicating that the owner thereof has roamed from Sydney to San Francisco; from Copenhagen to Colombo, to say nothing of all the capitals of Europe and Asia, with divers famous water-places thrown in for good measure.—*Harper's Weekly.*

(933)

Ephemera—See BREVITY OF LIFE; HAPPINESS A GOOD.

Epidemic from Neglect—See Neglect, Consequences of.

Epitaph, Curious—See Man a Timekeeper.

EPITAPHS

The following epitaphs, with the comment on them, are taken from the London *Daily News:*

There is an interesting epitaph on a gravestone in Poling churchyard, Sussex. It runs:

Here
Lieth ye Body
of Alice, ye wife, of Bobt
Woolbridge, who Died
the 27th of May, 1740.
Aged 44 years.

The World is a round thing,
And full of crooked streets.
Death is a market place,
Where all men meets.
If Life was a thing
That money could buy,
The Rich would live,
And the poor would die.

Here is another:

Poor Martha Snell has gone away,
Her would if she could, but her couldn't stay,
She had two sore legs and a badish cough,
But it were her legs as carried her off.

Less comic, but more witty, is the epitaph found at Kingsbridge, S. Devon.

Here lieth the body of Robert (commonly called "Bone") Phillips, who died July 27th, 1793, aged 65 years, and at whose request the following lines are here inscribed:

Here lie I at the Chancel door;
Here lie I because I am poor;
The further in the more you'll pay,
Yet here lie I as warm as they.

Here is an epitaph on a last-maker, who is said to be buried at Llanflantwythyl:

Stop, stranger, stop, and wipe a tear
For the *Last* man at *last* lies here,
Tho ever-*last*-ing he has been,
He has at *last* passed life's *last* scene.
Famed for good works, much time he passed,
In doing good—He has done his *last*.

The following, more philosophic and general in its application, is on an eighteenth-century tombstone in Saint Mary's Parish Churchyard, Mold, North Wales.

Life's like an Inn where Travelers stay.
Some only Breakfast, and away.
Others to dinner stay, and are well fed.
The oldest only sup and go to Bed.
Long is the Bill who lingers out the day.
He that goes the soonest Has the Least to Pay.

The correspondent also sends us an epitaph which has pithiness and force. It runs:

Here lies W. W.
Who will nevermore trouble you.

It was an apitaph which called forth the following topical epigram from Dr. Samuel Clarke, who had just seen the inscription, "Domus Ultima," on the vault belonging to the Dukes of Richmond in the Cathedral of Chichester. In a mood of satire he wrote:

Did he who thus inscribed the wall
Not read, or not believe, St. Paul,
Who says there is, where'er it stands,
Another house, not made with hands.
Or may we gather from these words
That house is not a House of Lords.
(934)

Equality, The Spirit of—See Respect, No, of Persons.

EQUALIZATION

The practise of some physicians is practically the philosophy of Christian socialism: "From every man according to his ability, to every man according to his need."

"A Philadelphia judge," says *American Medicine,* "has given expression to the opinion that 'the life of a rich man is worth more than the life of a poor man, and the physician has a right to charge the millionaire more for his services than he does the laborer.' He went on further to say that 'the physician is unlike the merchant, who has goods of different quality to sell at various prices. He must give his best service in every case. Human life has a pecuniary value of variable quality, greater in the millionaire than in the laborer. Thus, the practitioner of common sense has a maximum and a minimum charge, and makes out his bills to suit the pecuniary circumstances of his patients.'" The writer thinks that "there will be no dissent on the part of right-thinking people" from this view. Carried to its logical conclusion, it would appear to justify a sliding-scale of prices for all the necessities of life, carefully adjusted to the varying incomes of the users. (Text.) (935)

The conclusion reached in this extract leaves out of account the presence in the cosmos of a living God:

The quantity of energy existing in the universe remains constant, but transforms itself little by little into heat uniformly distributed at a temperature everywhere identical. In the end, therefore, there will be neither chemical phenomena nor manifestation of life; the world will still exist, but without motion; and, so to speak, dead. —Lucien Poincaré, "The New Physics and its Evolution." (936)

Equilibrium in Nature—See Complexity in Organs.

Equipment and Results—See Medical Missions.

Error as a Benefactor—See Discovery, Accidental.

ERROR CORRECTED

Human nature must be perfected by long processes of improvement analogous to that employed in getting a perfect chronometer.

From the practical point of view, chronometry has made in these last few years very sensible progress. The errors in the movements of chronometers are corrected in a much more systematic way than formerly, and certain inventions have enabled important improvements to be effected in the construction of these instruments. Thus, the curious properties which steel combined with nickel—so admirably studied by M. Guillaume—exhibits in the matter of dilatation are now utilized so as to almost completely annihilate the influence of variations of temperature.—Lucien Poincaré, "The New Physics and its Evolution." (937)

Error Exposed—See Dogmatism, Mistaken.

ERROR IN REASONING

It frequently happens that men are perfectly correct in their premises and in observing the facts, while their conclusions may be wholly wrong.

Ptolemy clearly saw that, if the alternation from day to night is caused by a rotation of the earth, then points on the equator must move with a speed of nearly one thousand miles an hour, a velocity exceeding more than tenfold that of the wind in the severest storm. A terrible gale would thus always blow from the east; birds in flight and objects thrown into the air would be left behind and carried with frightful rapidity toward the west. As these things do not happen, the earth, Ptolemy concludes, must be at rest.—Charles Lane Poor, "The Solar System." (938)

Error Leading to Success—See Experiment.

Eruption of Evil—See Evil Eruptive.

Escape—See Ingenuity; Rescue.

ESSENTIALS

Immediately after one of the fiercest battles of the Civil War a chaplain of one of the Federal regiments passed over the field of conflict in the performance of his duty. He noticed among the prostrate bodies one which moved, and quickly was at the side of a dying soldier. Recognizing that the man had not long to live, he at once proceeded to administer, but in rather a formal manner, the consolations of religion. Kneeling at the man's side, he asked him to what church he belonged, and the surprizing answer came, "The Church which God hath purchased with His own blood." "Oh, but that is not what I mean," said the minister, "what is your belief?" The mortally wounded disciple replied, "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." "Oh," said the chaplain, "but you do not understand me—what is your persuasion?" The answer came from lips which were quivering in the agonies of death, "I am persuaded that neither death nor life shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord," and with these words the soldier passed into the presence of Him who is the Savior of all them that believe in Him. (939)

Estimating One's Self—See Self-depreciation.

ETERNAL LIFE, MAKING ROOM FOR

Have you ever noticed what happens when from one cause or another the water-mains in any street have become choked or polluted by the intrusion of some foreign body? You will see some one come along with an iron instrument and turn on the stop-cock at some point in the roadway. Immediately there comes an up-rush, a mighty volume of water—swirling, heaving, rolling, hurtling out of the pipes beneath. And you will observe, too, that for a time it seems to be charged with filth; whatever it is that has been blocking the flow of the life-giving element is being stirred up and flung out with immense force. But after a time the jet clears, the evil is gone, the water becomes sweet and pure, and the flow full and steady. Then the covering is replaced; the cleansing process is at an end. And so it is with you and me. God has to get rid of our selfishness somehow that the life eternal may possess us through and through. The cleansing may seem to be a stern matter, but it is best to let Him have his way to the uttermost. We must be crucified with Christ in order to live with Him, but no man would ever repine at what it costs if he could foresee what is to be gained.—R. J. CAMPBELL, *The Christian Commonwealth.* (940)

ETERNAL, THE, AT HAND

A lady recently related in one of the journals how she went through a veritable blizzard to view a flower-show. With one step she passed out of the wild night, the deep snow, the bitter wind, into a brilliant hall filled with hyacinths, tulips, jonquils, cyclamens, azaleas, roses and orchids.

It is the privilege of godly men, at any time, to pass at a step from the savage conflicts of life right into the sweet fellowship of God, finding grace to help in the time of need.—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (941)

ETERNITY

Walter Samuel Swisher is the author of these lines:

Unquiet sea, that endlessly doth stretch
  Beyond the straining, finite sight of man:
Why dost thou toss in infinite unrest,
  Oh, why no far, faint shore-line can we scan?
Full many a bark thy serried billows crossed,
  Full many a sail hath spread before the wind,
But none hath e'er returned; the tempest-tost
  And anxious mariner doth haven find
In fairer clime, in sunny land afar,
  Where no storms rudely break or winds contend.
There nothing enters in their joy to mar,
  Who have the peace of God, which knows no end.
Oh, may we, too, that stand with straining eye—
  Looking far out, where wind and wave contend—
Set sail with hope to those fair lands that lie
  Beneath the peace of God, that knows no end. (942)

ETERNITY AS A SPUR

Once, when tempted to linger in a lovely landscape, Wesley cried, "I believe there is an eternity; I must arise and go hence"; and those words express the temper of his life. He lived in the spirit of Andrew Marvel's strong lines:

Ever at my back I hear
Time's winged chariots hurrying near.

"And this," Johnson complained, "is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have his talk out as I do."—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (943)

Ether, Doctrine of—See MYSTERY IN RELIGION.

Ethical Judgments—See JUDGING FROM FACTS.

ETHICAL PRINCIPLE

Horace Bushnell, the great preacher, when he was a young man, was troubled with religious doubts. He was an instructor in Yale College when a gracious revival prevailed in that institution. Fearing lest he should stand in the way of younger men who might follow his example, he became troubled in mind exceedingly. He walked the floor of his room in deep study. At last he reached this conclusion: "There is one thing of which I have no doubt: there is a difference between right and wrong. Am I willing to throw myself on the side of right as far as I can see the right?" That ethical principle dissolved his doubts. (Text.) (944)

Etiquette—See Absurd Notions.

Etiquette, Breaches of—See Missionaries' Mistakes.

Etiquette in the East—See Calls and Conveyances in the East; Propriety.

Etiquette Superseded — See Courage versus Etiquette.

EVANESCENT LITERATURE

We may be sure that any piece of literature which attracts only by some trick of style, however it may blaze up for a day and startle the world with its flash, lacks the element of endurance. We do not need much experience to tell us the difference between a lamp and a Roman candle. Even in our day we have seen many reputations flare up, illuminate the sky, and then go out in utter darkness. When we take a proper historical perspective, we see that it is the universal, the simple, that lasts.—Charles Dudley Warner, *Atlantic Monthly*. (945)

EVANGELISM, APOSTOLIC

As the fairy god Ceres in the old Greek mythologies went forth from Mount Olympus moving over the desert land, touching the miry bog and widening it into a river; touching the thorn-tree and causing it to be laden with olives, and the brier and it bears its luscious figs; touching the desert plain and it becomes a garden, so these disciples, filled with the light and love of Jesus Christ, go forth into the mortal darkness and spiritual destitution of the heathen world until under their influence pagan Rome casts all her idol gods into the sea and crowns Jesus King of kings and Lord of lords.—J. H. Jowett. (946)

EVANGELISM, UNHERALDED

In my mail the other evening I received this unsigned letter:

I won't let this incident pass without writing to you of it. My little daughter is a member of your Sunday-school. I do not have any religious faith. All my life I have been an unbeliever. The children of our neighborhood went to Sunday-school, and my little girl wanted to go with them. I consented. She came home one Sunday with certain verses to commit to memory, and said that when she learned them perfectly and recited them to her teacher, she would get a Bible as a reward. Last Sunday she did not return at the usual time. I waited for her for a while, and then went to the Sunday-school to see if she was there. I went into a room, and at once saw my little one standing and reciting the verses which she had studied. The young lady who was hearing her had her arm around her. Oh, sir! I can not describe the feeling that went through my whole being. I thought, If some one had done that to me when I was a child, what a different life I might have had! As I stood looking upon the scene, I made up my mind that I would start next Sunday and go to church, and try and get into touch with the spirit which the Sunday-school teacher showed."—J. F. Carson, *Sunday-school Times*. (947)

EVANGELISM, UNUSUAL

Rev. W. E. Bentley, who is rector of an Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, has induced nearly twenty young actors to quit the stage and become Episcopal ministers. He maintains what is almost a theological seminary. (948)

EVANGELIZATION

In regard to the divine method for the evangelization of the world, the following bit of imagery is not without its deeper meaning. Mr. S. D. Gordon imagines that after Jesus went back to heaven, He and Gabriel had a conversation something like this:

Gabriel is saying: "Master, you died for the whole world down there, did you not?" "Yes." "You must have suffered much." "Yes." "And do they all know about it?" "Oh, no; only a few in Palestine know about it so far." "Well, Master, what have you done about telling the world that you have died for them? What is your plan?"

"Well," the Master is supposed to answer, "I asked Peter and James and John and Andrew, and some more of them down there, just to make it the business of their lives to tell others, and others, and yet others, and still others, until the last man in the farthest circle has heard the story."

And Gabriel is supposed to answer: "Yes—but—suppose Peter fails. Suppose after a while John simply does not tell others. Suppose their descendants, their successors away off in the first edge of the twentieth century, get so busy that they do not tell others, what then?"

And back comes the voice of Jesus, "Gabriel, I haven't made any other plans—I'm counting on them." (Text.) (949)

EVAPORATION

Said Moody: "We are leaky vessels and need constant replenishing. If we cut a leafy branch from a growing plant and put it in a warm oven, the leaves and stem will soon become smaller and lighter and more brittle, because the water in the branch has been evaporated by the heat. Often more than four-fifths of the weight of a growing plant is water. Hay is dried grass. The farmer cuts his grass and lets it lie exposed to the heat of the sun until most of the water it contained has evaporated." (Text.) (950)

Ever-living, The—See Future Reunion.

Evidence—See Proof.

EVIDENCE, CHRISTIAN

Mr. A. J. Cassatt, the late president of the Pennsylvania Railway, was once making a quiet tour over one of the branches of the system, and wandered into an out-of-the-way switch-yard, where something one of the yardmen was doing did not meet with his approbation. He made some suggestion to the man, who asked: "Who are you that's trying to teach me my business." "I am an officer of the road," replied Mr. Cassatt. "Let's see your switch-key, then," said the man suspiciously. Mr. Cassatt pulled from his hip pocket his key-ring, to which was attached the switch-key, which no railroad man in service is ever without. It was sufficient proof for the switchman, who then did as he was told.

If we are going to have any real leadership in dealing with the souls of men they must see in our conversation, in the tone of our character, in the spirit of our life, that we possess the "switch-key," the evident presence of Christ. (Text.) (951)

Evidence, Conclusive—See Testimony, A Sheep's.

EVIDENCE, LIVING

The advocates of moderate drinking of intoxicants are among the most persistent and audacious of advisers of their own various deleterious decoctions, but they constantly supply, involuntarily enough, the most appalling contradiction of their own commendations.

A gentleman riding on a car noticed on the advertising spaces, placarded in immense type, the words: "Pure Rye Whisky—Tones up the Body, Brightens the Intellect, Invigorates the Soul." This kind of "puffing" advertisement is common enough and the gentleman might have paid very little attention to it but his eyes happened to drop to a seat underneath the advertisement on which was lounging a drunken man. The eyes of this wretched being were bleared, his face bloated, with the lines of dissipation deeply engraven in it, and his body slouched down in the collapsing style characteristic of the habitual inebriate. That drunken man was a lurid illustration of the absolute falsehood of the advertisement. He as a ruined victim constituted the true advertisement of the effects of alcoholic indulgence. (952)

EVIDENCE, PROVIDENTIAL

In the year 1799, Lieutenant Michael Fitton, of H. M. S. *Ferret*, was cruising off Port Royal, when his crew caught a big shark. Inside it was found a bundle of ship's papers belonging to an American brig, the *Nancy*. On his return to Port Royal, Lieutenant Fitton found that the *Nancy* had been brought in for carrying contraband of war. Her skipper produced other papers to the authorities, which apparently cleared the ship—false papers which had been prepared in the event of the vessel being stopt. Her true papers, which proved that the *Nancy* was deeply implicated in the contraband traffic, had been thrown overboard just before she was overhauled, and the shark had swallowed them. The case was tried in the court-house at Kingston, where, at the critical moment, Lieutenant Fitton appeared on the scene and produced his find, to the consternation of the other side. The *Nancy* was forthwith condemned as a lawful prize, and her skipper was fined and sent to jail.

The head of the shark is in London, at the United Service Institution. It was for some time set up on show at Port Royal, Jamaica, with this label attached: "Lieutenant Fitton recommends these jaws for a collar for neutrals to swear through." (953)

EVIL, BEGINNINGS OF

A while ago the omnibus on its way from Gray's Inn Road to Islington (England) had to traverse a narrow and dangerous piece of roadway—a sharp, slippery declivity called "The Devil's Slide." How terrible, indeed, is the devil's slide! How tempting it is!—a short cut, a very short cut, to fame, wealth, power, pleasure. How graduated and smooth it is! What a specious name it often has! Strangely enough, that declivity in London was called "Mount Pleasant"; and the downward roads of life often are known by charming names. But enter on that slide, and you soon attain a startling velocity; sooner or later you arrive at an ignominious doom. Let no man think himself safe. The circles of crime dipping to very murky depths of hell are not far from any one of us. (Text.)—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (954)

EVIL BY DEGREES

Many a man grows so accustomed to his evil environment that he fails to realize how he is being spiritually ruined.

In a certain laboratory experiment a live frog was placed in water heated at the rate of .0036 of a degree Fahrenheit per second. The frog never moved or showed any sign of distress, but was found at the end of two hours and a half to be dead. The explanation was that at any point of time the temperature of the water showed such little contrast with that of a moment before that the attention of the frog was never attracted by it. It was boiled to death without noticing it. (955)

EVIL DEFLECTED

Surmounting the tower of the City Hall, Philadelphia, is a colossal statue of William Penn. During a thunder-storm sometimes the lightning plays about its surface of bronze, like oil on water. Electricians say that it can not be damaged because a two-inch copper cable runs down into a well beneath the foundation-walls, conducting the dangerous current harmlessly away.

Still more immune from evil is the man whom God protects. (Text.) (956)

EVIL DEVELOPMENT RAPID

Evil grows of itself, grows vigorously. With infinite care we rear the rare roses, but how spontaneously and luxuriantly spring the weeds! By costly culture we ripen the golden sheaf, but how the noxious poppies bloom! Very tenderly must we nourish things of beauty, but how the vermin breed and swarm! And so, while the germs of good in our heart come to fruition only after long years of vigilance and devotion, the tares are ever springing up in a night, dashing the beauty with their blackness, and bearing the hundredfold of bitterness and blasting.—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (957)

EVIL, DISGUISED

If destructive moral evils were shown in their real hideousness, no one would be drawn toward them! Vernon L. Kellogg describes the disguise of a certain insect:

The whole front of his [a water insect's] face was smooth and covered over by a sort of mask, so that his terrible jaws and catching nippers were invisible. However, we soon understood this. The mask was the folded-up "catcher," so disposed that it served, when not in use, actually to hide its own iniquity as well as that of the yawning mouth behind. Only when some small insect, all unsuspecting this smooth masked face, comes close, do the long tongs unfold, shoot out, and reveal the waiting jaws and thirsty throat. A veritable dragon, indeed; sly and cruel and ever hungry for living prey. (Text.)—"Insect Stories." (958)

EVIL, ERUPTIVE

Solfatara, a semi-extinct volcano near Pozzuoli, has opened a new crater two hundred and fifty feet from the ancient one. It is emitting a voluminous column of sulfurous gases. The activity of Solfatara always is supposed to coincide with the inactivity of Vesuvius.

To stop one bad habit is not to transform the nature. The wicked are like a troubled sea that can not rest. If there are evil fires in the heart when you choke off one evil course the evil breaks out in some other way. (959)

EVIL, ESCAPE FROM

The saying which Rev. W. H. Fitchett attributes to John Wesley's sister reminds one of Christ's petition, "I pray not that thou wouldst take them out of the world, but that thou wouldst keep them from its evil."

Patty Wesley kept her intellect bright, wore a serene face amid all troubles, and by the sheer charm of her mental qualities became one of Dr. Johnson's most intimate and valued companions. "Evil," she once said, "was not kept from me, but evil has been kept from harming me."—"Wesley and His Century." (960)

EVIL GERMINAL

One evil contains within itself the possibilities of all evil. Medical writers have now much to tell touching the convertibility of disease. They have come to the conclusion that the constitutional defect appearing in a family in one generation is not necessarily transmitted in that exact form to succeeding generations. What appears at one time as insanity will reveal itself at another as epilepsy or paralysis; convulsions will reassert themselves as hysteria or insanity; insanity is converted into a tendency to suicide; the suicidal tendency will become a mania for drinking; what is neuralgia in the father may be melancholia in the son; what is deformity in one generation may be apoplexy in the next. In an afflicted family the constitutional defect has curious ramifications, and undergoes strange metamorphoses.

It is much the same with evil. Men will indulge in one vice, while they express the utmost abhorrence of other vices of which they could never think themselves susceptible. But this is a mistake. All evils are one in root and essence; and surrendering ourselves to one form of iniquity, we surrender ourselves to all; changing circumstances and temptations will involve the lawbreaker in other sins, and in aggravated guilt.—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (961)

When the father of William the Conqueror was departing for the Holy Land, he called together the peers of Normandy and required them to swear allegiance to his young son, who was a mere infant; when the barons smiled at the feeble babe, the king promptly replied, "He is little, but he will grow." He did grow, and the baby-hand ere long ruled the nations as with a rod of iron.

The same may be said of evil in its slenderest beginning, in its most innocuous form: "It is little, but it will grow." In its beginning it is a fancy, a flash of thought, a look, a word, a touch, a gesture, a tone, an accent, an embryo that no microscope could detect; but at last it is a Cain, a Judas, a Nero. The acorn-cup yields the upas-tree; out of a spark flashes hell.—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (962)

EVIL, IGNORING

How many things men permit to trouble them that they could just as easily pass by and forget!

Has it been a weary day?
Let it pass;
Lots of others on the way—
They will pass.
Soon the skies will start to lighten,
All around begin to brighten—
And misfortune cease to frighten—
Let it pass.

Does the world the wrong way rub you?
Let it pass.
Does your best friend seem to snub you?
Let it pass.
Chances are you were mistaken,
None are ever quite forsaken.
All for naught your faith was shaken—
Let it pass. (963)

Evil Multiplies—See WEEDS, WARFARE AGAINST.

EVIL, PROTECTION FROM

Should not character be saturated with preservative principles that will repel evil influences as the piling mentioned below resists the teredo:

What will ultimately be the largest plant in the world for treating timber with preservatives, is now operated at Somerville, Tex., by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad, says *The Railway World.* While every form of timber treatment is used, the creosote system has proved the most successful. Creosote is shipped to Galveston in shiploads and transported thence to Somerville, where it is used to preserve timber of every variety. This is very expensive, as may be seen when it is known that piling in its natural state costs about forty cents a foot, while a treated pile costs between ninety cents and one dollar. But it pays to go to the extra expense. Creosoted piling that has been in the Galveston bridge for nearly fifteen years is still sound and in a good state of preservation; while the average life of an untreated pile is less than one year, many of them being unfit for service after being in the water thirty days. This quick destruction is caused by the attacks of the teredo, a salt-water mollusk that honeycombs the wood to such an extent that in a short time it will not bear its own weight. (964)

EVIL, PURGING FROM

What would not the patient give to have the last fiber of the dreadful cancer removed, for while that fiber is there every possibility of the malady is there! Air, sunshine, fragrance, are all said to be fatal to destroying germs; let us saturate our soul day by day in the atmosphere and light and sweetness of the upper worlds, so shall all evil things die in us, and all good things live and grow in us.— W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (965)

EVIL, REPELLENCE OF

There was a white plant growing by the entrance to a coal-mine. One of the miners took a handful of the coal-dust and threw it on the leaves, but not a particle adhered. The plant was covered with a wonderful enamel on which nothing could leave a stain.

It is not the Master's plan for us that we should be taken out of the sinful world, to live our life where no evil can touch us. But God, who can make a little plant so that no dust can stain it, can by His grace also make our lives impervious to sin's defiling. (966)

EVIL SELF-DESTRUCTIVE

Dr. Walter Kempster, of Milwaukee, Wis., suggests that as all the nations will probably soon agree to exclude anarchists from their territory, an island should be purchased in some healthy climate, to which they should all be exiled. Vessels should patrol the coast to prevent any leaving, but no attempt should be made to govern the colony. The anarchists would then have precisely what they demand—a colony free from government. They could then practise their heartless methods on one another and throw bombs with impunity. A better scheme to disgust them with anarchy could not be devised.

It is on the same principle that the Bible tells us God will act, to extirpate evil from His universe by giving the evildoer opportunity to act out his nature. (Text.) (967)

Evils, Small—See SMALL EVILS HARDEST TO BEAR.

EVIL TURNED TO GOOD

The Mauruans told the missionaries that they formerly attributed every evil that befell them to the anger of their "evil spirits," but now they worshiped the living and true God, and they pointed to the demolished Maraes and mutilated idols as the proof of the great change. The change in the name of the gods, whom they now called "evil spirits," was an indication of the radical change in their religious beliefs. In some cases the spears which had been used in warfare were found converted into staves to support the balustrades of the pulpit stairs, and not a vestige of idolatry was to be seen.—PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions." (968)

EVIL, VIRULENCY OF

In the history of the great calamity of Asiatic cholera in this country in 1832, mention is made of the emigrant steamer that brought the disease to these shores. The steamer touched at Quebec and at Montreal, and landed passengers infected with the disease at both points. Over this intervening distance of two hundred miles, the disease traveled in thirty hours. Pursuing the succeeding events of this history, the writer says:

Over this long distance, thickly inhabited on both shores of the St. Lawrence, cholera made a single leap, without infecting a single village or a single house between the two cities, with the following exceptions. A man picked up a mattress thrown from the *Vogageur,* and he and his wife died of cholera; another man, fishing on the St. Lawrence, was requested to bury a body from the *Voyageur,* and he and his wife and nephew died. But more than 4,000 persons died of cholera in Montreal, and more than an equal number in Quebec. An emigrant ship conveying the disease had meanwhile touched at New York, and the mortality soon reached 3,500. These figures will at least indicate the virulence of the disease, when once originated, and the rapidity with which it spreads.

In this account we see that every place touched by the plague-ship or any object from it became a new center from which the disease spread. So moral evil contaminates. Its virulency spans the centuries and affects every son of man. (Text.) (969)

EVOLUTION

Is the chimpanzee the coming man? The thought of Superintendent Conklin, of the Central Park Museum at New York, had a cast of that hue. He was deeply interested in the possibilities of the development of intelligence and culture in the chimpanzee race, and doubtless his dreams went far beyond the daring of his spoken hope. "Mr. Crowley," a somewhat noted and remarkably intelligent specimen of this exalted race of monkeys, long adorned the museum, and at one time a helpmeet for him was imported. Dr. Conklin believed that their offspring would inherit their sagacity, and with two or three generations of careful training the least he expected was "a chimpanzee accustomed to wearing clothes, able to stand erect, capable of being taught the meaning of simple commands, and docile enough to obey them." In the fifth or sixth generation, the doctor thought he should have chimpanzees able to perform to a limited extent the duties of servants. Following out the idea, the doctor predicted a gradual improvement in their features and eventually a possibility that they might grasp the meaning of words and phrases. This is surely a very practical experiment in Darwinian evolution, and tho it may seem funny, it is by no means ridiculous. If horses and dogs may be trained and taught, why not monkeys? And how much more useful would an intelligent trained monkey be by reason of his capacity to grasp and handle things? The story came a few years ago from South America that chimpanzees are already employed there in picking cotton in place of the emancipated slaves.—Springfield *Union.* (970)

Evolution, Objection to—See BRAIN IN MAN.

Exaction—See IDEAL, THE.

Exactness of Nature—See INDIVIDUALITY OF GERMS.

Exaggeration—See DIMINUTIVES.

EXAMPLE

During one of the hill campaigns in India some years ago, a British general was disgusted with the unsoldierlike attitude of a young Indian rajah who accompanied the forces. He would only condescend to ride, and never attempted to share the toils and labors of the march. One day the general decided to give him a much-needed lesson. Riding with him on a very hot day, he pointed out some soldiers on ahead pushing a gun up a long white road. "Do you see those men?" he asked the Indian rajah. "Yes, I see them." "Well, one of them is the grandson of your Empress!" It was gallant Prince Christian Victor who delighted to share the burden, and who laid down his life later on in the South African War. The young rajah took the lesson to heart. Queen Victoria's grandson thought it not undignified to help his brother soldiers in the weary labors of the march; henceforward, he, too, would help to "bear one another's burdens." (Text.) (971)

The ancient Romans were accustomed to place in the vestibules of their houses the busts of their great men, that the young might be reminded of their noble deeds and illustrious virtues.

The deeds and virtues of living men are still better examples. (Text.) (972)

People are just as prone now as in the days when Paul wrote his first letter to the Corinthians to insist on their "right" to do whatever they think there is "no harm" in. "An idol does not affect meat one way or the other," said Paul. "Very well," replies the Corinthian Christian. "Mr. A. invites me to dine with him to-night, and I am going. He will have on his table parts of an animal which he has just been sacrificing in the temple of Venus, but what of that? He might have sold it to the butcher, and then if I had bought it, no harm would have come of eating it." "Not so fast," says the apostle. "If that supper is part of the worship even of an idol, you may dishonor Christ, of whose body you have partaken, by even seeming to worship other spirits. And even if you could afford it, others would stumble." "But shall my liberty be circumscribed by the narrow-mindedness of another?" "Certainly," says the apostle. "That is what we live for—to help others, not to eat and drink." (973)

It counts for much when men in high station have the moral courage to condemn unworthy things.

President Taft walked out of a local theater in the first year he was President because he disapproved of the character of the play that was being produced. Friends of the President said that he was disgusted with the performance. The first act was too much for Mr. Taft and his sister-in-law. They saw nothing amusing, interesting or instructive in the depiction of typical scenes in a house of bad character. In order to avoid attracting attention and exciting comment by going out while the players were on the stage, they waited until the curtain fell on the first act and then left the theater. (974)

See COURAGE; LIVING THE GOSPEL; PRECEPT AND PRACTISE.

EXAMPLE, ATTENTION TO

It is related of William E. Gladstone that at one time, when he was a mere boy, he was invited to dine at the home of a distinguished nobleman in England, who was also an official of high rank.

His father, fearing that the child might in some way make himself appear ridiculous in the eyes of the prominent gentry who were to assemble at the same dining-table, gave him the parting injunction, "Watch your host and do just as he does."

Many men would get on in life more smoothly and attain success more rapidly and surely if they were attentive to the examples of their superiors. (Text.) (975)

EXAMPLE, FORCE OF

Oberlin tried to persuade the peasants of his parish to abandon some of their old methods of agriculture; but the wiseacres smiled and shook their heads. What should a mere pastor know of such matters? Oberlin therefore resolved to appeal to their eyes instead of their ears. There were two public paths through his gardens, so he and his servant carefully brought the soil into a high state of cultivation; and when the neighbors walked along and marked how the pastor's crops were twice as large as their own, and saw the many strange vegetables growing, they condescended to make inquiries as to how he did it. "No, it was not done by angels in the night! God intended men to live by the sweat of the brow, to use the reason which He had given them, and so improve themselves and others."—EDWARD GILLIAT, "Heroes of Modern Crusades." (976)

Example, Living—See RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Example Nullifying Precept—See INCONSISTENCY.

EXAMPLE OF PARENTS

Carlyle, like Burns, came of peasant stock—strong, simple, Godfearing folk, whose influence in Carlyle's later life is beyond calculation. Of his mother he says, "She was too mild and peaceful for the planet she lived in"; and of his father, a stone-mason, he writes, "Could I write my books as he built his houses, walk my way so manfully through this shadow world, and leave it with so little blame, it were more than all my hopes."—WILLIAM J. LONG, "English Literature." (977)

EXAMPLE, POWER OF

A footman stole a casket containing ten thousand francs' worth of jewels and concealed it in a hole in the ground in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris. When finally forced to confess, he declared that he had been so much imprest by the cunning of Sherlock Holmes and the skill of Moriarty as a criminal that he wished to imitate them. (978)

Some laborers were working in a limekiln in the Pyrenees. One of them, descending into the kiln to look after something which had gone wrong, fell down suffocated. A second man, hurrying to his assistance, also fell. A third, fourth and fifth man followed, meeting the same fate. Only one remained. When he was about to jump, a woman who stood watching the tragedy, clutched him by the clothes and held him back. Later, to a magistrate who was holding an inquest, when asked why he attempted to make the self-sacrifice, the lone survivor replied: "My comrades were dying; I felt driven to go." (979)

Excellence—See CHARACTER.

EXCELLENCE IS COMPARATIVE

"What a world this would be," says Christopher North, "were all its inhabitants to fiddle like Paganini, ride like Ducrow, discourse like Coleridge, and do everything else in a style of equal perfection!" Nay, good Christopher, the world would remain the same old dull commonplace world. Our standard would be raised, that is all. If every one rode like Ducrow, no one would stop a moment to look at Ducrow; if every one fiddled like Paganini, Paganini's fiddle would be complained of by the neighbors as a nuisance; if every one discoursed like Coleridge, Coleridge would be voted an intolerable bore. We give our admiration to intellectual performances that are rare and difficult. The moment the rarity and the difficulty disappear our admiration also disappears, we seek fresh idols to worship.—*Lippincott's Magazine.* (980)

Excelling—See BEST, MAKING THE; ENCOURAGEMENT.

Exceptional Men—See CROWD, AND THE EXCEPTION.

Excess—See STUDY OVERDONE.

Excess of Duty—See OVERPLUS OF DUTY.

EXCLUSION FROM HEAVEN

A new story of Col. Robert J. Ingersoll is told by the Chicago *Record-Herald:*

Bishop Potter once lay sick, so sick that his life was despaired of, and even his most intimate friends were denied admittance to his bedside. One day, however, Colonel Ingersoll called. Bishop Potter, learning that Ingersoll was in the house, demanded, despite the protest of his physicians and nurses, that the distinguished agnostic be asked into the sick-room.

"How is it, Bishop," said Ingersoll after he had offered his condolences to the invadid, "that I am so highly favored when your other friends are not allowed to see you?"

"Well, you see, Colonel," answered the Bishop weakly, "I may not recover from this illness, and if I do not I have every assurance of seeing the others in the next world. I realized that if I wished to see you again, I must do it here." (Text.) (981)

Exclusion of Evils—See FENCING OUT ENEMIES.

Exclusion versus Expulsion—See RESISTANCE.

EXCUSES

The biographer of "Father Morris," an American preacher of some local celebrity, tells of him this incident:

He had noticed a falling off in his little village meeting for prayer. The first time he collected a tolerable audience, he took occasion to tell them something concerning the conference meeting of the disciples, after the resurrection. "But Thomas was not with them! Thomas not with them!" said the old man in a sorrowful voice. "Why, what could keep Thomas away? Perhaps," said he, glancing at some of his auditors, "Thomas had got cold-hearted, and was afraid they would ask him to make the first prayer. Perhaps," he continued, looking at some of the farmers, "he was afraid the roads were bad; or perhaps," he added after a pause, "he thought a shower was coming on." He went on, significantly summing up common excuses, and then with great simplicity and emotion he added: "But only think what Thomas lost, for in the middle of the meeting the Lord Jesus came and stood among them! Thomas was not with them when Jesus came." (Text.) (982)

See LAZINESS, EXCUSES FOR; REASONS VERSUS EXCUSES.

Exercise and Food—See FOOD AND EXERCISE.

EXERCISE PROLONGING LIFE

William Cullen Bryant kept himself in a healthy bodily condition up to an extreme old age by taking long daily walks, and by swinging a chair, instead of Indian clubs, around his head each morning and evening. Bancroft, the historian, kept mind and body in tune by daily horseback exercise, while Mr. Gladstone was able at an advanced age to perform enormous mental work by the physical stamina which he maintained by cutting down trees in his park. These are only a few out of a large number of instances that might be cited, all going to show that health and life may be maintained and the mental powers continued unimpaired through old age if the obvious needs of the body are not neglected.—Boston *Herald.*

EXERCISE, SPIRITUAL

A new pastor was met by one of his parishioners who was fat and of many years, who said to the pastor: "You must feed the sheep." Whereupon the pastor replied: "My dear old man, you do not need food, you need exercise." (984)

EXERCISE VERSUS MEDICINE

Boerhaave, the famous physician, declared that a man was more likely to get well by climbing a tree than by drinking a decoction made of its leaves! That is, he thought exercise better than medicine.—London *Hospital.* (985)

Exertion—See DIFFICULTIES, OVERCOMING.

Exhaustion by Swallowing—See EARLY PROMISE.

EXORCISM

Mr. Sconten, writing from Kambui, East Central Africa, was an eye-witness of the following treatment for malarial fever of a lad and a girl, by a native medicine doctor:

A hole in the ground was lined with banana-leaves and some water brought. Part of the water was poured on the ground beside the patients, and the rest was poured into the hole. The intestines of a sheep were emptied of their filth and the foreheads and palms of the sufferers and their relations smeared with it. The lad and girl were tied together by the feet with a vine, while the man mixed some colored powders in the water. The stomach of the sheep was then brought, and through a hole in the side the patients were made to suck in the fluid contents, and cast the rest into the colored water. Then, taking a bunch of herbs, the doctor lifted a good portion of the concoction and placed it in the mouth of each patient with a singsong monotone, saying: "By this I take away all the evil effects of whatever is troubling you, the attacks of evil spirits, whatever poison you may have eaten, whatever harm has been inflicted upon you by blacksmiths, whatever evil has come to you in the path, whatever disease has been brought upon you through your friends, whatever has been inflicted upon you by your enemies, and all disease with which God has afflicted you." This was not all that he said, and he repeated it three times, all the while dipping from the nauseating mixture and putting it into the patients' mouths. A foot of the sheep was then dipt into the remaining fluid and the ground sprinkled all around them, and their bodies sprinkled. Lastly, noses, thumbs and great toes were painted with white paint and they were untied, and told to go and get well. Both patients were in a dying condition the next day, while the medicine-man was feasting upon the good flesh of the slaughtered sheep. (986)

When the first missionaries visited Marsovan, Turkey, the old Armenian church-members were Christians in little more than name. Their beliefs were a mixture of superstitions with a suggestion of a Christian origin. They feared the evil eye, and wore charms to break its power. They put branches of a thorny plant over their chimneys in the form of a cross to prevent witches from coming down and strangling their little children. They visited the graves of saints and offered prayers for relief from sickness, tying a rag on a near-by bush with the hope of returning home leaving their disease tied to the holy spot. (987)

See BIRTH CEREMONIES; DEMONOLOGY.

EXPECTORATING

The father of President Hadley, of Yale, is reported to have said to certain members of one of his Greek classes who were guilty of a filthy habit:

Gentlemen, those of you who expect to rate high in my esteem must not expectorate on the floor. This matter of expectoration is a very serious problem. If you do it in China, you should not do so toward the north. In certain sections of Africa, you may, if you like, expectorate upon a person, because in that particular language, the Benga, the word for bless and spit are precisely the same. It is the way in which you bless a person. But one must know the customs; for there are few places where men deem themselves blest when spit upon, no matter how sincere may be the missionary's desire to bless everybody.—H. P. BEACH, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (988)

Expense Account—See BALANCE, A LOOSE.

EXPERIENCE

"I guess my father must have been a pretty bad boy," said one youngster.

"Why?" inquired the other.

"Because he knows exactly what questions to ask when he wants to know what I have been doing." (Text.) (989)

I once met a veteran sailor, one of the old Hull and Decatur breed, who had been to sea forty years, and he told me he had never known a mutiny on board ship where the captain had risen from before the mast, implying that such an officer had acquired experience, and knew how to manage men as well as vessels.—JAMES T. FIELDS. (990)

It is better to be singed by the flame and suffer than not to know the experiences of living deeply. This seems to be the lesson in Helen A. Saxon's verse below:

Hast singed thy pretty wings, poor moth?
Fret not; some moths there be
That wander all the weary night
Longing in vain to see
The light.

Hast touched the scorching flame, poor heart?
Grieve not; some hearts exist
That know not, grow not to be strong,
And weep not, having missed
The song.

—*The Reader.* (991)

See CONFIDENCE; FAMILIARITY; LIFE, THE WINGED.

EXPERIENCE A HARD TEACHER

Everything in the Eskimo dress has a reason for its existence. The members of Captain Amundsen's expeditions had become accustomed to the Eskimo dress and had adopted it, but many of them thought it ridiculous for grown-up men to go about wearing fringe to their clothes, so they cut it off. The captain had his scruples about this, as he had already learned that most things in the Eskimo's clothing and other arrangements had their distinct meaning and purpose, so he allowed the fringe to remain on his garments in the face of ridicule. One bright, sunny day the anovaks, a variety of tunic reaching below the knee, made of deerskin, from which the fringe had been cut off, began to curl up, and if the fringe had not been put on again quickly, they would soon have looked like mere shreds.

There is a purpose in every ordinance and ceremony of the Church. Observance of established forms is for the upbuilding of faith in the believer. (Text.) (992)

EXPERIENCE AND BIBLE

As the finger feels the smart when it touches the flame that stands airily quivering in its golden invitation, so the will which first touches a lie or a lust is conscious of a pang. Not outward in the Word, but inward in its life, is this warning against vice. When afterward it reads and meditates the Word, it finds symbols interpreted, precepts enforced, admonitions illumined, by this its prior inward experience. — RICHARD S. STORRS. (993)

Experience as Proof—See TESTS, PERSONAL.

EXPERIENCE DECISIVE

A physician once remarked to S. H. Hadley, after having listened to his earnest appeals to drunkards to come to Jesus, "You would not talk to those men like that if you had ever seen inside a drunkard's stomach." "But I had a drunkard's stomach," quickly responded Mr. Hadley, "and Jesus saved me." (994)

Experience, Spiritual—See SPIRITUAL PERTURBATION.

EXPERIENCE TESTING THEOLOGY

As for Wesley, an unrelenting thoroughness marked at every stage his temper in religion. He would have no uncertainties, no easy and soft illusions. Religion as a divine gift, as a human experience, was something definite. No intermediate stage was thinkable. And with a wise—but almost unconscious—instinct he put his theology to the one final test. He cast it into the alembic of experience. He tried it by the challenge of life; of its power to color and shape life. He spent the next thirteen years in that process, trying his creed with infinite courage, with transparent sincerity, and often with toil and suffering, by the rough acid of life, till at last he reached that conception of Christ and His gospel which lifted his spirit up to dazzling heights of gladness and power. —W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (995)

See THEOLOGY SHAPED BY EXPERIENCE.

EXPERIENCE THE BEST ARGUMENT

William Duncan, who later became "The Apostle of Alaska," when a young man newly converted, encountered an aged commercial traveler, a well-known agnostic, but a stranger to young Duncan, and a battle royal of argument on religion ensued.

The disciple of Taine and Voltaire was getting the better of the discussion with the young novice, when, leaping to his feet and looking his adversary squarely in the eye, Duncan said: "Sir, you are twice my age. I will ask you on your honor as a gentleman to answer me honestly this question: Here I am a young man. I have grown up in the Christian faith, and am happy in it. Would you advise me to give it all up and come over to where you stand, without God, without faith, and without hope?" "No, young man," said the old agnostic; "when you put it that way, I can not advise you to drop your religion and faith. Keep them and be happy." Duncan retorted: "Don't you see you are standing on a rotten bridge that will break down, while I am standing on a solid bridge? Your heart belies your head, and you admit that your arguments are empty words." (Text.) (996)

Experience, The Test of—See Proof by Experience.

EXPERIENCE, VALUE OF

The president of the London Alpine Club said no man was ever lost on the Alps who had properly prepared himself and knew how to ascend them, and when I quoted to him the list of guides who had fallen into crevices and been killed, he quoted back to me a certain passage of Scripture wherein the fate of blind guides and those they lead is set forth in unmistakable terms. "Choose for your guides," said he, "the hardy men who have learned their business thoroughly; who have been chamois-hunters from their youth; who have lived on these mountains from their birth, and to whom these snows and these rocks and the clouds speak a language which they can understand, and then accidents are impossible." (Text.)—James T. Fields. (997)

Experience versus Theory—See Criticism.

EXPERIMENT

Our most valuable successes usually are achieved on the principle followed by this dog:

In his "Introduction to Comparative Psychology" (1894), Dr. Lloyd Morgan told the story of his dog's attempts to bring a hooked walking-stick through a narrow gap in a fence. The dog "tried" all possible methods of pulling the stick through the fence. Most of the attempts showed themselves to be "errors." But the dog tried again and again, until he finally succeeded. He worked by the method of trial and error. (Text.) (998)

We doubt many theories that are recorded by others, but when we see them proved for ourselves we doubt no longer. A writer, after describing Franklin's first disappointment in investigating the action of oil on water, records his later experiments:

Franklin investigated the subject, and the results of his experiments, made upon a pond on Clapham Common, were communicated to the Royal Society. He states that, after dropping a little oil on the water, "I saw it spread itself with surprizing swiftness upon the surface, but the effect of smoothing the waves was not produced; for I had applied it first upon the leeward side of the pond, where the waves were largest, and the wind drove my oil back upon the shore. I then went to the windward side, where they began to form; and there the oil, tho not more than a teaspoonful, produced an instant calm over a space several yards square, which spread amazingly, and extended itself gradually till it reached the lee side, making all that quarter of the pond (perhaps half an acre) as smooth as a looking-glass." (999)

About all of the great enterprises of mankind are built on earlier experiments that seemed to fail. Hiram Maxim and S. P. Langley each spent laborious years constructing flying-machines that would not fly. Yet those who later succeeded made use of all the important devices that these earlier experimenters had invented.

Some years since it was seen that by damming, controlling, and releasing the waters of the Colorado River in southern

California and Mexico a vast tract of land, which was hot, arid, and uninhabitable, might become a fertile valley, giving homes and sustenance to millions. The opportunity was great, the power to be controlled and regulated was as great as the opportunity, but a failure came in the mind and executive ability of the men who were drawn to this great task. The waters escaped their control, and, where they intended to irrigate flowering gardens and fruitful plantations, they let loose a devastating flood, which burst all barriers, and threatened to establish in place of the desert an inland sea. In time the intellect of man solved the problem, met the opportunity with due achievement, and now the original promise is in the way of fulfilment. (Text.) (1000)

The insect (a butterfly) flutters its wings as if to test their power before committing itself to the air; and frequently, after only a few seconds spent in this preparatory exercise, off it darts with astonishing rapidity. But others seem far more cautious. They vibrate their wings, sometimes with such rapidity that they are lost in a kind of mist, and with such power that their bodies would be carried suddenly into the air were they not firmly anchored by three pairs of hooked claws. Then, continuing the rapid vibration, they move slowly along, always holding on firmly by one or more legs, as if to still further satisfy themselves concerning the efficiency of their wings. Then they venture on a few short trial trips from one neighboring object to another, and at last gain sufficient confidence for a long voyage.—W. FURNEAUX, "Butterflies and Moths." (1001)

Experiment as Proof—See COMPROMISES IN GRAVITIES.

Experimentation—See SUCCESS BY EXPERIMENTATION.

EXPERT ASSISTANCE

It is usually better to take advantage of the assistance of some one who knows than to waste effort on that which is out of our province of activity.

A lady missionary was about to leave London for India. She had been provided with trunks considered ample for the accommodation of all her belongings, but even with the kind help of all the members of her family, she could not get them into the space. Many were left over. Repeated trials were made in vain. The thought occurred to send for a professional packer. The expert, in a short time, had everything neatly deposited in the trunks. (1002)

Experts, Value of—See EDUCATION, HIGHER.

Explanation, The Easy—See SIMPLICITY AND TRUTH.

EXPOSURE

The ways in which evil deeds are brought to light often startle the culprit who thought he could cunningly hide his guilt.

At a dinner-party a young lady, noticing a beautiful silver spoon lying near her, yielded to the temptation to secrete it at an opportune moment when no one observed her. Once securely hidden in the folds of one of her garments, she felt herself very clever, and had no fear of the possibility of detection. After dinner an exhibition of the remarkable properties of X-rays was given, and the lady was asked to subject herself to their influence. In an unguarded moment she consented, forgetting that those searching rays could reveal her shame. They were focused upon her, and there, in sight of all the party, was revealed the stolen spoon. (Text.) (1003)

Expression of Grief Approved—See GRIEF, EXPRESSING.

Expulsion of Sin—See REDEMPTION FROM EVIL.

EXTERMINATION

Texas and other Southern States suffered for years losses of millions in the cattle industry from a type of splenic fever, commonly called Texas fever. Finally, this fever began to be carried into the North by Southern cattle shipped there, with the result that rigid quarantines were established against the South, which practically put the Southern cattle men out of business for a large part of each year, and caused still further enormous losses. Furthermore, this fever prevented the importation into the far Southern States of fine breeds of cattle with which to breed up the poor-grade herds. In Texas practically every fine bull or cow imported from the North contracted this fever, and seventy-five per cent of them died.

The experts of the Department of Agriculture, working with the professors of the University of Missouri and of the Agricultural College of Texas, discovered that this fever was transmitted solely through the cattle-tick, which carried the germs from sick cattle and implanted them in well cattle when sucking their blood. An economical method of ridding cattle of ticks before shipping, by a process of dipping, removed all danger to Northern cattle from Southern shipments, and the costly quarantine handicap was removed or greatly mitigated.

In the past three years a practical and economical method of entirely exterminating these ticks has been worked out and tested by our scientists, and the ticks have already been exterminated over nearly 64,000 square miles, an area larger than the State of Georgia, and it is only a matter of a few years and wider diffusion of education when the cattle-tick will be entirely exterminated. When we consider that the losses of all kinds from cattle-ticks in the South and Southwest were estimated at $40,000,000 per year, we can see what these scientific discoveries mean for us.—New York *Evening Post.* (1004)

EXTRAVAGANCE, CENSURABLE

A newspaper writer gives this picture of an occurrence in New York:

On what proved to be the coldest night of the year, a man, said to represent a brand of wine he is anxious to export, engaged the largest stage in the world from midnight until the next noon and gave an entertainment in honor of an elephant, to which were bidden the men and women whose lights shine mostly on the Great White Way.

These people were requested to come drest as "rubes," in the hope of making themselves as ridiculous as possible. But that was unnecessary, as the report of their antics while the wine, represented by their host, flowed with increasing freedom, did for them what no amount of caricature in dress could accomplish.

Out in the cold of this same freezing night there is a bread-line. Stationed at various places in this city are municipal free lodging-houses. To these flocked the army of the hungry and homeless, seeking for food and shelter from the bitter cold.

On the one hand, wanton extravagance; on the other, biting poverty. It ought to be the province of Christianity to abolish both of these for their mutual good. (Text.) (1005)

EXTRAVAGANCE, MODERN

Two hundred and sixty dollars were paid this season for a hat! I know this to be true, because I saw the hat and the woman who bought it, and I was told the price. What was it? A handful of straw, a wisp of tulle, and a spray of feather. Two hundred and sixty dollars!

Of course, this is not to be taken as an average price, even among the very rich. But the averages, as well as the single, instances of modern extravagance are startling. Fifteen years ago twenty-five dollars—thirty at the outside—would have bought the most elaborate bonnet in the most expensive shopping center of the world, New York. To-day the Fifth Avenue shops are asking thirty dollars for the plainest domestic toque or shade hat, and have shelves full of French importations at prices ranging from $100 to $175. The ten-dollar "trimmed" sailor hat used to be worn with serge dresses; the mull hats costing five dollars; the big rough garden hats at about the same price; the leghorns that used to run as high as fifteen, even twenty dollars, to-day have been replaced by thirty-dollar round hats, fifty-dollar picture hats, fifty-dollar lingerie hats, and hand-made straws running into the three numerals.—EMILY POST, *Everybody's Magazine.* (1006)

EXTREMITY, GOD IN

In the far, forgotten lands,
By the world's last gulf of night,
Gasps a naked human soul,
Writhing up and falling back,
Screaming for a God who cares.

In the far, forgotten lands,
By the world's last gulf of night,
Batlike creatures vex the gloom
And whimper as they shudder by:
"Is there any God who cares?"

In the far, forgotten lands,
By the world's last gulf of night,
Walks the cross-stained Nazarene,
Searching ever for his own
On the crumbling edge of hell.

In the far, forgotten lands,
By the world's last gulf of night,
There He wanders, all alone,
Dragging bleeding hearts from hell
With the whisper: "God does care!"
—*The Independent.*
(1007)

EXTREMITY NOT FINAL

Sidney Lanier once, at least, in dire extremity, while stricken with a mortal malady, and almost lacking subsistence for his family in this wealthy city (Baltimore), sent forth a cry of agony that came perilously near to surrender of faith. He rose from his abysmal despair to make another valiant effort at the last, and never afterward questioned the goodness of God even in hours of awful discouragement. And so he died, feeling that all would be well with him and those he loved stronger than death. Ye who are about to abandon the tumultuous and uneven contest, think of this example, look to heaven and make another honest, prayerful effort for relief!—Baltimore *American.* (1008)

Eye Measuring—See TRAINING.

EYE, THE EVIL

The power exerted by the human eye over man and animals is well known, and the evil use of such influence is widely recognized. This maleficent power is called the "evil eye," and the belief in its operation seems never to have been absent in any land. This does not mean the undoubted influence exerted by the eye, as in mesmerism, but a sort of noxious influence proceeding from the eye, with or without the connivance of the owner of the organ. Intelligence of a belief in this strange power comes to us from the cradle lands of the East, at an unknown period of history. Chaldean cylinders of clay dug up on the banks of the Euphrates contain magical formula against it. In Assyria, eight centuries before Christ, men appealed to their gods in long formulated prayers against possessors of the evil eye, who are declared the worst of men. Egyptian incantations against the sorcerer, of an early date, have come down to us. In one of these the sun is addrest thus: "O, thou whose soul is in the pupil of the eye." An ancient Vedaic hymn to Agni invokes Indra against the evil eye. The eye of the Brahman was thought so powerful that he was forbidden, when satisfying the wants of nature, to look at the sun, the moon, the stars, water, or trees, lest he should bewitch them. The Persian Vendidad contains prayers and rites to ward off the effects of the evil eye. Ahriman subdued evil spirits by the power of his glance—St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.* (1009)

Eye, The Human—See DESIGN IN NATURE.

EYE, THE SEARCHING

In a poem by Victor Hugo, Cain is represented as walking thirty days and nights after the murder of his brother Abel until he reaches the shores of the sea. "Let us stop here," he says; but as he sits down his face turns pale. He has seen in the mournful sky the searching eye. His sons, filled with awe, try to erect barriers between him and the Eye—a tent, then a wall of iron, then a tower and a city—but all is in vain. "I see the Eye," still cries the unhappy man. At last they dig a tomb and the father is put into it. But

> "Tho overhead they closed the awful vault,
> The Eye was in the tomb and looked on Cain." (Text.) (1010)

Eye, The Trained—See TRAINING.

EYES, THE

There are men who are like the eye pupils—larger in the shadow. Bring them out into the bright light and they shrink to their real proportions.

Hang a small looking-glass on the wall immediately below a gas-bracket. Carefully examine the colored portion of either of your eyes by looking at the image formed in the glass, and note particularly the extent of the pupil's opening. Now, turning the light down to the smallest amount that will still permit you to see the pupil, note the wonderful manner in which the pupil dilates or increases in diameter. Then turn the light up and observe how the pupil contracts; and then remember the wonderful optical instruments you possess and be careful you do not abuse them, for they are the only eyes you will ever get.—EDWIN J. HOUSTON, "The Wonder Book of Light." (1011)

Eyesores, Relieved of—See UNLOADING THE USELESS.

F

FACE, AN INVITING

This is from *The Boys' World:*

A poor fellow in trouble, a stranger in a big city, and sick and destitute, passed aimlessly along the street, wondering what to do and where to go. Passing an office window, he looked up and caught sight of a man's face. "I'll go in there and speak to him—he looks so kind," was the instant resolve. He went and found a friend indeed, whose kindness brought the chance to help himself, which the young man never forgot, and afterward sought to repay.

"He looks so kind." Could there be a higher compliment? The man's face was an open invitation to come in and confide and get help.

Without speaking a word he gave this invitation, which led to so much for the friendless stranger.

But do you suppose that this kind look grew in a night or a day or a week? Can a fine steel-engraving be finished in a few hours? It takes line by line, day after day. Things worth while are not of instantaneous accomplishment. Now think of it. When is the best time to begin, if the art of looking pleasant and the possession of a kind face be achieved? (1012)

Face Shows the Man—See Countenance, Grace in the.

Face, The Benignant—See Countenance, Grace in the.

FACE, THE, REVEALING THE GOSPEL

When Margaret Andrews was twenty-five, she received what she thought was a call to the foreign mission field. Her parents, altho they at first tried to dissuade her, put no obstacle in the way of her hopes, and, full of eagerness, she began training at a school in another city. One day, says the *California Advocate,* she received a telegram. Her mother had met with an accident, just how serious could not at once be known. Margaret packed her books and took the first train home, expecting to return in a few weeks. Long before the weeks had passed she knew that her dream must be given up. Her mother would never be able to do anything again, and Margaret, instead of making her journey to strange lands, saw herself shut in to the duties of housekeeper and nurse.

For a year or two she bore her disappointment in silence; then she went to her pastor with it. The pastor was an old man, who had known Margaret all her life. He looked at her steadily for a moment. Then he said slowly, "You are living in a city of two hundred thousand people. Isn't there need enough about you to fill your life?"

"Oh, yes," the girl answered, "and I could give up the foreign field. It isn't that. But I haven't time to do anything, not even to take a mission-class, and to see so much work waiting, and be able to do nothing—"

"Margaret," the old minister said, "come here."

The girl followed him to the next room, where a mirror hung between the windows. Her reflection, pale and unhappy, faced her wearily.

"All up and down the streets," the old minister said, "in the cars, the markets, the stores, there are people starving for the bread of life. The church can not reach them—they will not enter a church. Books can not help them—many of them never open a book. There is but one way that they can ever read the gospel of hope, of joy, of courage, and that is in the faces of men and women.

"Two years ago a woman who has known deep trouble came to me one day, and asked your name. 'I wanted to tell her,' she said, 'how much good her happy face did me, but I was afraid that she would think it was presuming on the part of an utter stranger. Some day, perhaps, you will tell her for me.' Margaret, my child, look in the glass and tell me if the face you see there has anything to give to the souls that are hungry for joy—and they are more than any of us realize—who, unknown to themselves, are hungering for righteousness. Do you think that woman, if she were to meet you now, would say what she said two years ago?"

The girl gave one glance and then turned away, her cheeks crimson with shame. It was hard to answer, but she was no coward. She looked up into her old friend's grave eyes.

"Thank you," she said; "I will try to learn my lesson and accept my mission—to the streets." (Text.) **(1013)**

FACING RIGHT

When the Jews, exiled from the Holy Land, died afar off among the pagans and the persecutors, they had themselves laid in their tombs, with their faces turned toward Jerusalem! If your strength betrays you, if it is not for you, during life, to enter into perfect peace, to be delivered from certain enemies of the soul, from certain humiliating miseries that set your best will at defiance, if you must fall in the mêlée, fall at least with your face turned toward Jerusalem.—CHARLES WAGNER, "The Gospel of Life." (1014)

FACTS, IGNORING

Thomas Reed Bridges, D.D., says:

Macaulay tells the story of a young scientist in India who became possest of a microscope. Beneath it he placed a drop of water from the Ganges. This is, as you know, the sacred river of India. He looked and beheld an infinite pollution. Then in his rage he broke the microscope in pieces and threw it from him. The Ganges ran on carrying its infection to the sea, but he would not see it. Foolish, you say. But not more foolish than the way in which many people close their eyes to the facts of their own life. They have not the courage to look at the truth. They prefer to live all their days in a fool's paradise. In their sincerest moments there is some insincerity. Their self-examination is nothing more than self-defense. It is possible to put a favorable construction upon almost any action and this men do when dealing with themselves. (1015)

FACTS, RELIGIOUS

Dr. Chas. F. Aked said in a recent sermon, concerning the multiplicity of modern faiths and fads:

I have not been in this country twenty months yet, but I am quite certain that there have been twenty new gospels launched upon an astonished public during that time. I remember one that was to take possession of the church to win the world to Christ inside of the next twelve months. The publisher sent me a copy of the book for my opinion, and I wrote him that I did not care two straws about that sort of thing, but before the ink in my signature was dry a friend called on me and I asked him how Dr. So and So's scheme was getting on. "Oh," he said, "he is about through with it."

I said, "Why I have only just got his book from the publisher." "That does not make any difference," said my friend. "But," I said, " how can he have got through with it already?" He said, "Have not you been here long enough to know how easily we take a thing up and how much more easily we drop it again?" (Text.)

New gospels come and go, but there is one gospel that abides. (1016)

Failings of Christians—See CYNIC REBUKED.

FAILURE

Caligula once fitted out a fleet at great expense, as if to conquer Greece or to accomplish some other great undertaking, but the ships returned laden with pebbles and cockle-shells, only to receive the scorn of all.

So many a life that is well equipped and has glorious opportunities flattens out into insipid nothingness. (1017)

See DEFEAT; NEGLECT; SUCCESS IN FAILURE; SORROW FOR A LOST CAUSE.

FAILURE LEADING TO SUCCESS

It is part of the compensation of life that nearly every dark cloud of disaster or disappointment has a fringe of light under it. An instance of this is seen in the career of Senator Beveridge:

It was a joke that sent United States Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, into public life instead of into the army. He took the competitive examination, but at a critical moment he laughed at another boy's sportive remark and failed to pass by the smallest fraction. We are told by one chronicler that young Beveridge was so badly upset when the news reached him on the street that he had failed to pass that his distress was mirrored on his face so plainly that a passing acquaintance stopt to ask him the cause, and was himself so touched that he forthwith offered to advance him the money necessary to start him in college. (1018)

Failure Made a Success—See SAGACITY SUPPLEMENTING SCIENCE.

FAILURE ONLY SEEMING

These cheering lines are from *Success:*

There is no failure. If we could but see
Beyond the battle-line; if we could be
Where battle-smoke does ne'er becloud the
 eye,
Then we should know that where these prostrate lie

Accoutered in habiliments of death,
Sweet Freedom's radiant form has drawn new breath—
The breath of life which they so nobly gave
Shall swell anew above the lowly grave,
And give new life and hope to hearts that beat
Like battle-drums that never sound retreat.
(1019)

FAILURE TRANSFORMED TO SUCCESS

A captain's little son had tried all day to make a boat, but at night he had only succeeded in misshaping the wood. His father saw the tears on the sleeping lad's face, and took up the wood and with the deft skill of experience soon changed the shapeless block into a beautiful little boat. Then, leaving it on the table by his son's bed, he lay down to sleep. When morning dawned and the boy saw the boat, so perfect in its shape and style, he marveled how his own failure had been turned into success. Will not God take our endeavors, poor and faulty tho they be, and change them into triumphs? Let us do our best and leave our work at nightfall, awaiting His hand to complete it. (Text.) (1020)

Fairness—See Justice.

FAITH

The child lying at night in its little crib by its mother's side cries out because of the darkness its eyes can not penetrate, and wants to get up. The mother says, "Lie still and wait till daylight, child." And the little one asks, "When will that be?" The mother says, "It will be daylight after a while," and taking the tiny hand in hers the restless child calmly drops into peaceful slumber, confident that at morning's dawn light will come. So with God's grown-up children. Amid the impenetrable gloom of limited knowledge we grow restless and uneasy because we can not see Him face to face, but by faith, putting our hands in His, we may confidently expect the dawning. (Text.) (1021)

The Norwegian missionary Braadvedt once asked his native Zulu teacher, "What is faith and what is unbelief?"

The Christian Zulu replied, "In Zululand strong men carry people over the rivers when the water is high. Before these men go through the river they tell those whom they carry to take a firm hold. Those who have confidence in the carrier and obey him safely reach the other side, but those who lose confidence and let go their hold, perish in the water. That is faith and unbelief. To have faith means to take hold of Christ and His Word, to lack faith means to let go Christ and His Word." (1022)

A man stood upon a height, overlooking an estuary of the sea. On the opposite shore was a bold headland. Wishing to cross thither, he cast about to find a way, but the abyss of water lay between. Then One who stood between him said: "The bridge is safe; advance and fear not." "But I see no bridge," said the traveler. "Take this glass and look," said the One who stood at his side. And the man took it and looked, and lo! a bridge was spanning the great gulf of waters. Yet he saw but a small part of that end that was nearest. He went forward courageously, and, as he advanced, the bridge stretched out before him, tho the farther end was still obscured. He marveled much at this wonder, and inquired the reason. "This glass," exclaimed the One who had led him to look, "is Faith; it gives spiritual vision and reveals that which is hid from the eye of flesh." Advancing more confidently, he saw the bridge now more clearly, as its proportions were gradually disclosed. And he went on his way across, singing and rejoicing, for he was glad at heart. (Text.) (1023)

An English writer tells this incident and draws from it the lessons that follow:

The other day I was passing through a London square, and noticed a little girl feeding some pigeons. Quite a number were fluttering around her, some getting more, some less, of what she had to give them. But one, bolder than the rest, had settled on her wrist, and was getting his supply direct from the basin she was holding in her hand. Needless to say, that pigeon got the most of all.

Instinctively I thought of the verse: "Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need" (Heb. 4:16). But there was something else besides boldness that the bird possest; altho only a pigeon, it certainly showed faith in the good will of the little girl. Whether she had been there on the same errand before I can not say, as I very seldom pass that way; but it was evident that it regarded her as a child to be trusted, and one who would not do a feathered friend any harm. Thus, while its companions got comparatively little, this one, by reason of its faith combined with boldness, received all it could appropriate in the time. It had no need to plead with the pathetic look of its eye; it simply realized its need, and recognizing the means of supplying it, gladly availed itself of it. (1024)

Faith is the standing-ground of the hopeful, the conviction of facts unseen. Sam Jones used to illustrate it in this way. Out West they have a place for watering cattle where the animals have to mount a platform to reach the troughs. As they step upon the platform their weight presses a lever, and this throws the water into the troughs. They have to get on the platform through faith, and this act provides the water. The steer that slips round to the barnyard and looks into the trough will find it dry, for it needs his weight on the platform to force the water up. If you slide back you will find life barren and dry, but if you step upon the platform of full assurance in God's Word, blessings will flow abundantly. (1025)

Herman S. Reichard is the author of this:

I dreamed a dream
Of white-robed Faith; with words of cheer and love
She took me by the hand and led me on;
And by some magic art smoothed out the way
Until my lagging zeal was fired anew
By future visions of unmeasured bliss.
I saw beyond the wintry cold and snow
The days of springtime, full of flowers and song
To greet and satisfy the longing heart.
(1026)

The following incident is related of Rev. John Wilkinson and his Mildmay (London) Mission to the Jews:

On one occasion two American gentlemen sat at Mr. Wilkinson's breakfast-table and noted his opening of letters which brought God's supply for the day. "This is all very well, so far," said one of the gentlemen, "but what would you do, Mr. Wilkinson, if one morning the expected supply did not come?" The answer is clear in my memory, "That can only happen, sir, when God dies." (Text.) (1027)

William J. Long, in "English Literature," writes thus of Samuel Johnson:

Since the man's work fails to account for his leadership and influence, we examine his personality; and here everything is interesting. Because of a few oft-quoted passages from Boswell's biography, Johnson appears to us as an eccentric bear, who amuses us by his growlings and clumsy antics. But there is another Johnson, a brave, patient, kindly, religious soul, who, as Goldsmith said, had "nothing of the bear but his skin"; a man who battled like a hero against poverty and pain and melancholy and the awful fear of death, and who overcame them manfully. "That trouble passed away; so will this," sang the sorrowing Deor in the first old Anglo-Saxon lyric; and that expresses the great and suffering spirit of Johnson, who in the face of enormous obstacles never lost faith in God or in himself. (1028)

In the self-appointed task of educating the public to an appreciation of the best in music, Mr. Theodore Thomas had a long and uphill struggle which would have broken a weaker man. During those days he once said to an intimate friend, says the New York *Herald:*

"I have gone without food longer than I should, I have walked when I could not afford to ride, I have even played when my hands were cold, but I shall succeed, for I shall never give up my belief that at last the people will come to me, and my concerts will be crowded. I have undying faith in the latent musical appreciation of the American public." (Text.) (1029)

One day, at a little prayer-meeting, our deacon, Yi Chun Ho, startled the Koreans, as well as the missionary, by the suggestion that the natives should put up the new church without foreign aid. I at once said: "You have raised twenty yen, and believed that you had done all you could; it will take almost one thousand yen to put up the church. Can you do it?" I felt strongly rebuked by his quiet reply: "We ask such questions as 'Can you do it?' about men's work, but not about God's work."—PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions." (1030)

See ACHIEVEMENT; GUIDANCE, GOD'S; TRIUMPH IN DEATH.

FAITH, A CHILD'S

A child's faith and good will are manifested in connection with his idea of a personal, intelligent power in the world. In the latter part of his fourth year, a little boy was awakened one night by a violent thunder-storm.

He was much frightened, and called to his mother with trembling voice, "Mama, God won't let the thunder hurt us, will He?" When assured that the lightning was governed by God's laws, and that there was little or no danger, he quieted down and slept soundly during the rest of the storm. So far as was known, this child had never been told that God protected him under such conditions. It was evidently an inference drawn from his own thoughts about the personal influence he felt to pervade the world. (Text.) —GEORGE E. DAWSON, "The Child and His Religion." (1031)

FAITH AND POWER

When the soul of man is full of faith it is in a changed condition. The man is the same, but his state is not the same, and he in the new state develops new powers and new capacities. To be full of faith is to be full also of power of a new kind. For faith is spiritual dynamite.

Cold iron is precisely identical with iron heated in the fire; but tho the metal is the same, the fire that has entered it entirely transforms its condition and endows it with a new potency. And the fire also by entering the iron takes upon itself new action, making of the metal a vehicle of its dynamic potency. So does the Spirit of God transfuse and transform and vivify and fortify human nature. (Text.) (1032)

FAITH AND PRAYER

As the *Lucania* was in mid-Atlantic a young man came to the purser and asked him to lend him £10, as he was without money, and every hour was bringing him nearer to London. The purser said he had made a rule not to lend money and suggested that the young man should borrow from some friend on board. "But I have no friend. The only person who would give me £10 is my mother, and she left London for New York the same day as we sailed from New York." The purser thought for a moment, and then he said, "We may get into speaking touch with the vessel on which your mother is, and then you could ask her to lend you the money by wireless telegraphy." The next night the young man was roused from sleep with the news that the *Lucania* was in communication with the boat on which his mother was a passenger. She readily handed £10 to the purser on her ship, and he authorized the purser on the *Lucania* to give the young man this sum. The vessels were many miles apart in the darkness of the night, and yet the need on the one ship was met by the love on the other. What a light that throws on the force of prayer! "Ask and ye shall receive." (Text.) (1033)

FAITH AND SUPPORT

Mr. Tornvall, of the Ping Liang station, Central China, made a test of a converted Taoist priest who wished to be a colporteur for the Central China Tract Society. When starting out for a distant city he asked the missionary for a few cents, as he had no money. Mr. Tornvall pointed out to him from the gospels the way in which Jesus sent out His disciples with no money in their scrips. "All right," said the colporteur, "I will also make trial of that plan," and off he started. A month later two missionaries found him in a distant city preaching and selling his books, and looking remarkably happy. He said that altho he had not been feasting every day, yet he could give the same testimony as the disciples: he had lacked for nothing. (Text.) (1034)

FAITH BETTER THAN SIGHT

There is a true story of a man who crossed the river Usk, England, under circumstances where faith was far better than sight:

He had been absent on business for some time, and in the meantime the bridge had been washed away, and a new one was being constructed. While the buttresses were in place, he drove up in his gig one very dark night, and gave the reins to his horse, who, he knew, was well accustomed to the road. They crossed safely over what he took to be the bridge, and came to an inn near the river. The landlady asked him, being an old acquaintance, what part of the country he had come in from. "From Newport," he answered. "Then you must have crossed the river?" said the woman in astonishment. "Yes, of course. How else could I have come?" "But how did you manage it, and in the dark, too?" "The same as usual; there is no difficulty in driving over the bridge, even tho it be dark." "Bless the man!" said the landlady, "there is no bridge to drive over. You must have come along the planks left by the men." "Impossible," was the answer; and nothing could persuade the traveler that night that there was no bridge. But early next morning he went to the river-side, and found, as he had been told, that the bridge was gone. His horse had taken him safely over three planks, left by the workmen, where one false step, to the right or to the left, would instantly have plunged him into the swollen river beneath. The man stood aghast at the dreadful danger he had gone through, and so marvelously escaped. (Text.) (1035)

FAITH CURE

Among the numerous applicants at the dispensary of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, a few days ago, was a negro who confided in awe-stricken tones that he was suffering from snakes. He declared he felt them wriggling inside of him ever since he had endeavored to quench his thirst by drinking from a garden hose when, he believed, at least one or two had slipt down his throat.

Argument being in vain, the patient was turned over to one of the physicians who, after hearing the story, pretended an examination. Deeming it a case for faith cure, he told the negro he would be all right as long as he would keep his mind off the subject of the creeping things of the earth. With smiles of gratitude he left the hospital.—Baltimore *Sun*. (1036)

FAITH ESSENTIAL TO ACTION

All great leaders have been inspired with a general belief. In nine cases out of ten, failure is born of unbelief. Tennyson sings, "Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers." To be a great leader and so always master of the situation, one must of necessity have been a great thinker in action. An eagle was never yet hatched from a goose's egg. Dante speaks in bitter sarcasm of Branca d'Oria, whom he placed among the dead, when he says, "He still eats and sleeps and puts on clothes." In a case of great emergency, it took a certain general in our army several days to get his personal baggage ready. Sheridan rode into Winchester without even a change of stockings in his saddle-bags.—JAMES T. FIELDS. (1037)

FAITH FULFILLED BY WORKS

A youthful owner of swine had a wealthy uncle. His uncle cribbed corn for the market. One day he told his nephew that he could have all the corn that he could carry in a basket from the cribs, where the men were shelling, across the alley to the barn where the swine were kept. To his uncle's surprize and delight, the boy took him at his word, and carried corn all day. The boy did this because he had faith in his uncle's word. The nephew's faith pleased him when he saw how much corn he had. If the boy had profest belief in his uncle's promise without acting upon it, there would have been intellectual assent but no real faith.

This is a type of our relation to God. Faith takes God at his word. "His divine power hath given us all things that pertain to life and Godliness through the knowledge of Him who hath called us to glory and virtue, whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises." Every gift of God that we accept and use for Him is a new proof of our faith. (1038)

FAITH IN A MORAL UNIVERSE

Dr. George A. Gordon, in a sermon on "The Land of Pure Delight," says:

The world of our ultimate and supreme concern, the world to which we give the name heaven, paradise, eternity, is the world of pure spirituality. I ask, what grounds have we for believing in the reality of that world? The answer, the sole answer which assumes many forms, is that we believe in the moral conception of the universe in which we live.

Let me illustrate. Longfellow, in one of his beautiful sonnets, speaks of being at Newport News after the war, and while there he sees a nameless grave, over which there was this inscription:

"A Union Soldier, Mustered Out!"

That is all—"A Union Soldier, Mustered Out!" And Longfellow said: "Here was a man who gave his all, his life, his name, that I might live. He gave his all, his life, his name, and went into oblivion that the Union might live." On what basis did he make his sacrifice? The sense of duty. He died because he felt that it was his duty to die, because he felt that if he was true to himself he could not withhold that sacrifice. If the universe is worthy of that servant, will it let that soldier die forever?

Jesus gave himself on the cross for the world. Why did he do it? Because his moral nature told him to do it. He believed in the moral ideal of human life and died that men might be pure and come to their best. He died for an ideal—that alone explains His sacrifice. (1039)

FAITH, INADEQUATE

A great many people's faith is like the old woman's trust. The horse ran away with a wagon in which she was seated and she was in imminent peril. But she was rescued, and some one said to her: "Madam, how did you feel when the horse ran away?" "Well," said she, "I hardly know how I felt; you see, I trusted in Providence at first, and when the harness broke, then I gave up."—JOHN B. GOUGH. (1040)

Faith in Christ—See CHRIST, FAITH IN.

FAITH IN GOD

I pluck an acorn from the green sward and hold it to my ear; and this is what it says to me: "By and by the birds will come and nest in me. By and by I will furnish shade for the cattle. By and by I will provide warmth for the home in the pleasant fire. By and by I will be shelter from the storm to those who have gone under the roof. By and by I will be the strong ribs of the great vessel, and the tempest will beat against me in vain, while I carry men across the Atlantic."

"Oh foolish little acorn, wilt thou be all this?"

And the acorn answered, "Yes, God and I."—LYMAN ABBOTT. (1041)

FAITH IN MEN

A graphic account of how Adjutant S. H. M. Byers, of the Fifth Iowa Infantry, carried to Grant before Richmond the news of General Sherman's advance through North Carolina on his march to the sea in 1865 is told in *Harper's Weekly*. After a perilous trip, he finally reached Grant's headquarters at City Point.

"I ripped open my clothing, handed him my dispatches, and excitedly watched the pleased changes on his flushed face while he hurriedly read the great news I had brought from Sherman," says Mr. Byers. "General Ord happened in at the moment, and the good news was repeated to him. Ord clanked his spurs together, rubbed his hands, and manifested joy. 'I had my fears, I had my fears,' he muttered. 'And I, not a bit,' said Grant, springing from his seat by the window, 'I knew Sherman—I knew my man.'" (1042)

FAITH NECESSARY

If all the world did not trust all the world, we could not do business for a single day. The amount of coin and bank-notes in circulation is ridiculously inadequate to the needs of business. By far the larger part of every day's transactions of every kind is conducted by means of promises to pay.

The National Monetary Commission has just reported an investigation of this matter. About seventy per cent of the daily bank deposits consists of checks. More than ninety per cent of the payments in wholesale dealings is made by checks, and even more than half of the retail business is conducted in the same way, while the banks report weekly pay-rolls aggregating $134,800,000, seventy per cent of which is settled by checks.

This is a gigantic illustration of the principle of faith. We have faith in the integrity of the average man. We have faith in the business institutions of the country. We have faith that the future will be as good as the past. And in this faith we continue to accept bits of paper in return for most of our labor and the goods we sell.

In exalting the principle of faith in our relations toward God and the concerns of the next world, religion is merely applying to the Owner of all things the same rules that we apply without question to the petty properties of earth.—*Christian Endeavor World.* (1043)

Faith of Friends—See DEPENDENCE.

FAITH, ROAD TO

Take the little "radioscope" in your hand—a tiny tube less than an inch in length, closed at one end, with a small magnifying lens at the other. In the closed end of the tube you observe a small disk of paper covered with microscopic particles of yellow crystals—sulfid of zinc. In front of the yellow crystals is a small metallic pointer, like the second-hand of a very small watch, and on the end of the pointer is—nothing, absolutely nothing, so far as your eye can see. Look at it very carefully. No! Nothing! Now, take the little tube, go into a darkened room, and look into it through the lens end, and you will see a sight incredible. The metal pointer does have a minute speck of something on its tip, and between that tip and the yellow crystals are leaping showers of sparks of light. Will the shower stop after a few minutes? No. After an hour? No; nor after a thousand hours, or a thousand years, or ten thousand years! The calculation is that that all but invisible speck on the tip of the pointer will keep that shower of sparks going day and night, for thirty thousand years! For that speck is radium, which actually seems as tho it were a hot fragment struck off from God's great white throne, so amazing is its radiant energy.

It operates, not merely by setting "waves" in motion, but it throws off a stream of actual particles which move with an inconceivable velocity (at the rate, some physicists allege, of 200,000 miles a second), and without—and here is the miracle—without any apparent diminution in the morsel of radium itself. It can hurl these particles literally through six inches of armor plate. It can and does send them right through your own head while you are looking at them, just as if your brain were a loose sieve, as perhaps is is, or a grove of trees quite wide apart, and a bright, flashing bird, all crimson and gold, were flying right through the trees, without even hitting his wings.

Now, what I want to say is that the modern discovery of such marvels as these, as being real, actual, objective, demonstrated facts, stretches the mind out into a thrilling series of undreamed-of possibilities, and this is a preparation for faith. This is the first step. This is the first lamp on the modern road to faith.—Albert J. Lyman. (1044)

FAITH, STEDFAST

Unanswered prayers are no reason for abandoning our faith in God. This is the lesson Ella Wheeler Wilcox teaches in this verse:

I will not doubt, tho all my prayers return
 Unanswered from the still, white realm above;
 I shall believe it is an all-wise love
Which has refused those things for which I yearn;
 And tho at times I can not keep from grieving,
 Yet the pure ardor of my fixt believing
Undimmed shall burn. (1045)

FAITH TAUGHT BY NATURE

Faith bids us be of good cheer. Long ago, that old Greek studied the mental operations of a bee, with brain not as large as a pin-head. Here is a little bee, that organizes a city, that builds ten thousand cells for honey, twelve thousand cells for larvæ, a holy of holies for the mother queen; a little bee that observes the increasing heat and when the wax may melt and the honey be lost, organizes the swarm into squads, puts sentinels at the entrances, glues the feet down, and then with flying wings, creates a system of ventilation to cool the honey, that makes an electric fan seem tawdry—a little honey-bee that will include twenty square miles in the field over whose flowers it has oversight. But if a tiny brain in a bee performs such wonders providential, who are you, that you should question the guidance of God? Lift up your eyes, and behold the hand that supports these stars, without pillars, the God who guides the planets without collision. Away with fear! (Text.)—N. D. Hillis. (1046)

FAITH WITHOUT WORKS

A story is told of three prisoners who were captured by pirates. One of them was put in a boat without oars and pushed out into deep water. The boat sped along safely at first, but when a storm broke overhead, the frail craft was tossed upon a rock and the man was drowned. The second man was placed in a boat with one oar, but he made no progress. Finally, he drifted into a whirlpool and was never seen again. The third man was given a boat with two oars and he safely crossed to the other side, where he was received by friends.

We are all sailors on the ocean of life bound for a harbor of safety whether we arrive in port or not. The unbeliever is the man in the boat without oars. The person who thinks that his faith without works will save him is the man in the boat with only one oar. But the man who believes in God, and works out his salvation with fear and trembling, is the man in the boat with two oars. (Text.) (1047)

FAITHFULNESS

To the coolness and devotion to duty of John Binns, operator of the "wireless," and one of the actors in the shipwreck of the *Republic,* was due the prompt assistance accorded the stricken passenger-steamer by sister liners. As he himself exprest it by wireless, Binns was "on the job" from the time the *Florida* crashed into the *Republic* amidships until the last passenger had been transferred to the colliding vessel.

It was a stretch of thirty hours, and every minute of that time the telephone receivers, which are part of the wireless apparatus, were strapped to his eager and listening ears. Seldom has there been a more shining example of that calm courage that goes hand in hand with a sound sense of business duty.

Almost until the *Republic* went down Binns kept his ship in touch with Siasconset and passing ships by the use of accumulators, for the shutting down of the engines ended the power of his electric dynamos that ordinarily give the power of transmission to the wireless. (1048)

According to dispatches from Hartford, Col. Jacob L. Greene, who was the head of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company from 1877 until his death a year ago, left a fortune of only a little more than $50,000. The smallness of his estate created comment from the newspapers and much surprize in insurance circles. It was supposed that he had taken at least some little advantage of the many opportunities for money-making which his position gave him.

The settlement of his estate seems to show that, during all the time he was in the insurance business, he conducted himself in strict accordance with the axioms which he had laid down for the guidance of insurance men and insurance companies in general. One of these axioms was, "A mutual company ought not to be mulcted for the benefit of the agents." Another was, "True mutuality in life insurance does not seek to favor a few at the expense of the many, nor to give to a few what many have lost." (Text.) (1049)

Faithfulness Before Rulers—See Magnifying a Sacred Office.

FAITHFULNESS UNTO DEATH

A little girl one day, whose mother had entrusted her with a penny for some small purchase, was crusht in the streets. She did not drop the penny. Recovering from a fainting fit, dying, she opened her firmly-closed fist, and handed her mother the humble penny, whose small value she did not realize, saying to her: "I have not lost it." (Text.) (1050)

False Estimate—See Work Despised.

FALSE INFERENCE

Rev. A. R. Macduff, in his book of anecdotes about missionaries on the frontier force in northwestern India, says that India is a land where, when a tale is once set going, it is no easy matter "to nail the lie to the counter." Rowland Bateman, the celebrated cricketer, who went as a missionary to India, was a stanch teetotaler, yet a rumor was started that he and his fellow missionaries were worshipers of the whisky bottle. It came about this way: Once, on a preaching tour, they spent a night in a "rest-house" which had previously been occupied by some carousing European travelers. Empty whisky bottles were in evidence, and Bateman utilized a couple for candlesticks to hold the lights for the evening Scripture reading. With good conscience, Bateman gathered his little company around the table on which stood the candles, and they knelt in prayer all unconscious of the interpretation a spying native was putting upon the service. In the morning he and his band were hailed as whisky-bottle worshipers. (1051)

FALSE LIGHTS

Young people, sincere people, impulsive people, and imaginative people have all a common danger—that of being led astray by false lights. Of these false lights there are many kinds—some bewildering the intellect, others entangling the affections in hopeless morasses, others again misleading the sympathies, the imagination, the belief. But they all end in the same thing—mischief, mistake, and a loss of way. To the young and sincere—and the young are generally sincere, up to a certain point—organized craft and falsehood are arts of which they do not know the formula, foreign languages whereof they do not understand the very alphabet. Appearances stand for realities, and words are not so much symbols in themselves. They are able to tell their own little white lies and act their own little falsities, of a small and insignificant and, for the most part, transparent kind; but they do not apply their own rules to the grammar of their elders; and when those elders say so and so the younger believe them, and when they show such and such lights they follow them—in many instances to the same result as those doomed ships which were deceived on the Cornish coast, at such time as that, let us hope legendary, parson sent out his hobbled horse on the cliffs in a fog, with a lantern fastened to his forefeet, to simulate the plunging of a ship in the sea. Then said the sailing masters of those doomed and predestined ships: "Where one vessel can go another may," and so plowed their way straight onto the rocks and into the hands of death and the wreckers. So it is with certain false lights held out to the unwary and ignorant.—London *Queen*. (1052)

FALSEHOOD

A form of words that is strictly true may be used to state what is wholly false:

Daniel O'Connell was engaged in a will

case, the allegation being that the will was a forgery. The subscribing witnesses swore that the will had been signed by the deceased "while life was in him"—a mode of expression derived from the Irish language, and which peasants who have ceased to speak Irish still retain. The evidence was strong in favor of the will, when O'Connell was struck by the persistency of the man, who always repeated the same words, "The life was in him." O'Connell asked: "On the virtue of your oath, was he alive?" "By the virtue of my oath, the life was in him." "Now I call upon you in the presence of your Maker, who will one day pass sentence on you for this evidence, I solemnly ask—and answer me at your peril—was there not a live fly in the dead man's mouth when his hand was placed on the will?" The witness was taken aback at this question; he trembled, turned pale, and faltered out an abject confession that the counselor was right; a fly had been introduced into the mouth of the dead man, to allow the witnesses to swear that "life was in him." (Text.)—CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (1053)

Falsehood from Kindness—See KINDNESS VIOLATING TRUTH.

False Safety—See DEATH, CHRISTIAN ATTITUDE TOWARD.

FALSITY, INNER

It takes the greatest cunning and a life of practical study to know how long, how thick, and exactly where the sound-bar should be in each instrument. The health and morale of many an old violin has been impaired by its nervous system being ignorantly tampered with. Every old violin, with the exception of the "Pucelle," has had its sound-bar replaced, or it would never have endured the increased tightness of strings brought in with our modern pitch. Many good forgeries have thus been exposed, for in taking the reputed Stradivarius to pieces, the rough, clumsy work inside, contrasting with the exquisite finish of the old masters, betrays at once the coarseness of a body that never really held the soul of a Cremona. (Text.)—H. R. HAWEIS, "My Musical Memories." (1054)

FAME

Fame is the sound which the stream of high thoughts, carried down to future ages, makes as it flows; deep, distant, murmuring evermore like the waters of the mighty ocean. He who has ears truly touched to this music is, in a manner, deaf to the voice of popularity.—WILLIAM HAZLITT. (1055)

The following anecdote of Björnson, the Norwegian poet, illustrates the peculiar turn that seized a mischievous delegation:

Björnson was once asked on what occasion he got the greatest pleasure from his fame as a poet. His answer was:

"It was when a delegation from the Right came to my house in Christiania and smashed all the windows. Because, when they had thus attacked me and were starting for home again, they felt that they ought to sing something, and so they began to sing, 'Yes, we love this land of ours.' They could do nothing else! They had to sing the song of the man they had attacked." (1056)

FAME AND TIME

The crowning glory of the popular Japanese school was Hokusai, "The old man mad about painting," who wrote of himself, in a preface to his "Hundred Views of Fuji":

At seventy-five I have learned a little about the real structure of nature—of animals, plants and trees, birds, fishes and insects. In consequence, when I am eighty, I shall have made still more progress. At ninety I shall penetrate the mystery of things; at a hundred I shall certainly have reached a marvelous stage, and when I am a hundred and ten, everything I do—be it but a line or dot—will be alive. I beg those who live as long as I do to see if I do not keep my word.

Hokusai died in 1849, at the age of eighty-nine, his work revealing a continual increase in power to the last. Of his work, Mrs. Amsden writes:

His fecundity was marvelous. He illustrated books of all kinds, poetry, comic albums, accounts of travels—in fact, his works are an encyclopedia of Japanese life. His paintings are scattered, and countless numbers lost, many being merely ephemeral drawings, thrown off for the passing pleasure of the populace.

On his death-bed Hokusai murmured, "If heaven had but granted me five more years I could have been a re painter."—DORA AMSDEN, "Impressions of Ukiyo-ye." (1057)

FAME, ILLUSIVE

A rather amusing illustration of the slender foundation on which literary fame rests is found in the following:

"Literary fame is not always highly regarded by the people," says William Dean Howells. "I remember when I was in San Remo, some years ago, seeing in a French newspaper this notice by a rat-trap maker of Lyons:

"'To whom it may concern: M. Pierre Loti, of Lyons, inventor of the automatic rat-trap, begs to state that he is not the same person and that he has nothing in common with one Pierre Loti, a writer.'" (1058)

FAME, QUALIFYING FOR

Benjamin West's picture of the death of Nelson is closely connected with an anecdote of the great sailor. Just before he went to sea for the last time, he was present at a dinner, during which he sat between the artist and Sir William Hamilton.

Nelson was expressing to Hamilton his regret that he had not, in his youth, acquired some taste for art and some discrimination in judging it.

"But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a shop where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window without being stopt by it."

West made some gracious answer to the compliment, and Nelson went on. "Why have you painted no more like it?"

"Because, my lord," West replied, "there are no more subjects."

"Ah!" said the sailor, "I didn't think of that."

"But, my lord," continued West, "I am afraid your intrepidity will yet furnish me with another such scene; and if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it."

"Will you?" said Nelson. "Will you, Mr. West? Then I hope I shall die in the next battle!"

A few days later he sailed, his strangely exprest aspiration was realized, and the scene lives upon canvas. (1059)

FAME, SUDDEN

The name of "U. S. Grant, Nashville," on the Lindell Hotel (St. Louis) register was sufficient to spread the news of his presence with almost the rapidity of wildfire throughout the city. The Lindell lobby was soon thronged with people eager to catch a glimpse of the little man who had won the battle of Chattanooga. The streets which he paced in vain, time and again, only five years before in search of employment, now resounded with cheers in his honor.—NICHOLAS SMITH, "Grant, the Man of Mystery." (1060)

Fame Unsatisfying—See UNHAPPINESS OF THE GREAT.

FAMILIARITY

Acuteness of the perceptive faculties characterized the celebrated Maine steamship captain who, for more than twenty years, is said to have regularly navigated his vessel in the thickest fogs and darkest nights through the tortuous reaches, thoroughfares, and channels of the "inside passage" along the coast of Maine, without accident. When asked for an explanation of his remarkable record, he replied, "I knew the bark of every dog and the crow of every rooster on the line, and often steered by them."—SUMNER I. KIMBALL, "Joshua James." (1061)

FAMILY CIRCLE

In Korea the family exists, but not the circle. There is no table around which they gather for meals, no reading nor music, no evening parties which draw them together, no "At Homes," no family pew in which to sit on Sunday, no picnic excursions in which all members join. The master eats by himself, the wife by herself, the sons and daughters each separately and alone. Because of this, our custom of conversing at table, and allowing the talk and attention to wander all over the universe, while semiconsciously engaged in the serious act of "eating rice," seems very absurd. "When you eat, eat, and when you talk, talk, but why try both at one and the same time?"—JAMES S. GALE, "Korea in Transition." (1062)

FAMILY OFFENSE IN STORKS

The following stories concerning storks seem to indicate that they have views concerning the purity of their race and act upon them: Bishop Stanley relates that a French surgeon at Smyrna, being unable to procure a stork, on account of the great veneration entertained for them by the Turks, purloined all the eggs from a stork's nest and replaced them with hen's eggs. Ultimately, chickens were hatched, greatly to the surprize of the storks. The male stork speedily disappeared and was not seen for two or three days, when he returned with a large number of other storks, who assembled in a circle in the town, without paying any attention to the numerous spectators their proceedings attracted. The female stork was brought into the midst of the circle, and, after some discussion, was attacked by the whole flock and torn to pieces. The assemblage then dispersed and the nest was left tenantless. A somewhat similar case has been cited by the same author as having occurred in the vicinity of Berlin. Two storks made their nest on one of the chimneys of a mansion, and the owner of the house, inspecting it, found in it an egg, which he replaced by one belonging to a goose. The stork did not appear to notice the change until the egg was hatched, when the male bird rose from the nest, and, after flying around it several times with loud screams, disappeared. For some days the female bird continued to tend the changeling without interruption; but on the morning of the fourth day the inmates of the house were disturbed by loud cries in a field fronting it. The noise proceeded from nearly five hundred storks standing in a compact body listening, apparently, to the harangue of a solitary bird about twenty yards off. When this bird had concluded its address it retired and another took its place and addrest the meeting in a similar manner. These proceedings were continued by a succession of birds until eleven in the forenoon, when the whole court rose simultaneously into the air, uttering dismal cries. All this time the female had remained in her nest, but in evident fear. When the meeting broke up all the storks flew toward her, headed by one—supposed to be the offended husband—who struck her violently three or four times, knocking her out of the nest. The unfortunate stork made no effort to defend herself, and was speedily destroyed by the troop, who also annihilated the hapless gosling and left not a fragment of the contaminated nest.—*Popular Science Monthly.* (1063)

FAMILY RELIGION

During a series of revival meetings in a town in Ohio a very earnest and intelligent little boy was converted. Several nights after he brought his mother to the meeting, and was solicitous for her conversion. He spoke to one of the workers and asked that his mother might be invited to seek the Lord. The woman was approached, but said emphatically that she had been converted. The little fellow was informed of his mother's answer, that she was converted, when with an astonished expression, he said: "First I'd knowed about it." Certainly if that mother had given any evidence that she was a Christian her little boy would have found it out. What a low conception of Christianity some people have, and how poorly they exemplify it before their children and neighbors. They are so far beneath the Bible standard, as well as beneath the privilege, that no one even suspects that they make a profession of Christianity. (1064)

A great many people say there is nothing in the Christian discipline of a household. Let us see. In New Hampshire, there were two neighborhoods—the one of six families, the other of five families. The six families disregarded the Sabbath. In time, five of these families were broken up by the separation of husbands and wives; the other, by the father becoming a thief. Eight or nine of the parents became drunkards, one committed suicide, and all came to penury. Of some forty or fifty descendants, about twenty are known to be drunkards and gamblers and dissolute. Four or five have been in state-prison. One fell in a duel. Some are in the almshouse. Only one became a Christian, and he after having been outrageously dissipated. The other five families, that regarded the Sabbath, were all prospered. Eight or ten of the children are consistent members of the church. Some of them became officers in the church; one is a minister of the gospel; one is a missionary in China. No poverty among them. The homestead is now in the hands of the third generation. Those who have died have died in the peace of the gospel. (Text.)—T. De Witt Talmage. (1065)

FANCY, DECEPTIVE

It requires experience and love of reality to avoid the deceptions of life.

During the conflagration at the Crystal Palace in the winter of 1866-67, when the animals were destroyed by the fire, it was supposed that the chimpanzee had succeeded in escaping from his cage. Attracted to the roof, with this expectation in full force, men saw the unhappy animal holding on to it, and writhing in agony to get astride of one of the iron ribs. It need not be said that its struggles were watched by those below with breathless suspense, and, as the newspapers informed us, with sickening dread." But there was no animal whatever there; and all this feeling was thrown away upon a tattered piece of blind, so torn as to resemble, to the eye of fancy, the body, arms, and legs of an ape!—EDWIN J. HOUSTON, "The Wonder Book of Light." (1066)

Fashion, Absurd—See ABSURD NOTIONS.

FAST LIVING

The railroad has compelled us all to live fast. The pace of the locomotive kills. Everywhere we see among our people an alarming increase of serious diseases. People become anxious, irritable, nervous and hurried. Something snaps, and the end comes quickly. As an evidence that this intensity of experience is harmful, we may notice the rapidly shortening hours of labor, the increase of holidays, the lengthening of vacations, and the disposition among the city people to spend more and more time in the country during the summer. All these are defenses against the wear and tear of city life—why? Because people and things can be moved so fast that all business moves faster and faster, and for such a killing pace we must have the relief of more rest and longer vacations. The railroad has in all these directions changed our social and business life so that we lead wholly different lives from all the men who have gone before. On the other hand, it has been of very great mental benefit. It is said that insanity was at one time very common among farmers. The dulness and stupidity of their lives drove them into mental collapse. The railroad now brings the town to the farm, the city paper comes to the rural fireside, and trips to town are cheap and easy. The appalling monotony of country life is quickened by the rush of the train through the quiet valleys and life seems more worth living, because more interesting. Balancing one thing against another we must conclude that there is a gain in all this.—CHARLES BARNARD, *The Chautauquan.* (1067)

Fastidiousness—See COOLNESS IN DANGER.

FASTING

The month of fasting was probably borrowed by Mohammed from the Christian Lent. There are many traditions that tell how important fasting is. Let one suffice:

Every good act that a man does shall receive from ten to seven hundred rewards, but the rewards of fasting are beyond bounds, for fasting is for God alone and He will give its rewards. The chief Moslem fast is that of the month of Ramazan. The fast is extremely hard upon the laboring classes when, by the changes of the lunar calendar, it falls in the heat of summer, when the days are long. Even then it is forbidden to drink a drop of water or take a morsel of food. Yet it is a fact that Mohammedans, rich and poor, spend more on food in that month than in any other month of the year; and it is also true that physicians have a run of patients with troubles from indigestion at the close of this religious fast! The explanation is simple. Altho the fast extends over one lunar month, it only begins at dawn and ends at sunset each day. During the whole night it is usual to indulge in pleasure, feasting and dinner parties. This makes clear what Mohammed meant when he said that "God would make the fast an ease and not a difficulty."

The hours during which fasting is prescribed are to be sacredly observed. Not only is there total abstinence from food and drink, but bathing, smoking, taking snuff, smelling a flower, and the use of medicine are prohibited. I have even heard Moslem jurists discuss whether hypodermic medication was allowed during the fast period. In eastern Arabia the use of an eye-lotion even is considered as equivalent to breaking the fast. The law provides, however, that infants, idiots, the sick, and the aged are exempted from observing this fast.—SAMUEL M. ZWEMER, "The Moslem World." (1068)

In a remarkable case, recorded by Dr. Wilan, of a young gentleman who starved himself under the influence of a religious delusion, life was prolonged for sixty days, during the whole of which time nothing but a little orange-juice was taken. Somewhat analogous are those in which all food is abstained from while the person is in a state of trance or partially suspended animation. This state may be prolonged for many days or even for weeks, provided that the body be kept sufficiently warm. The most remarkable instances of this character have been furnished by certain Indian fakirs, who are able to reduce themselves to a state resembling profound collapse, in which all vital operations are brought almost to a standstill. In one case, the man was buried in an underground cell for six weeks, and carefully watched; in another, the man was buried for ten days in a grave lined with masonry, and covered with large slabs of stone. When the bodies were disinterred they resembled corpses and no pulsation could be detected at the heart or in the arteries. Vitality was restored by warmth and friction. It is probable that the fakirs, before submitting to the ordeal, stupefied themselves with bhang (Indian hemp), the effects of which would last for some time, and the warmth of the atmosphere and soil would prevent any serious loss of heat, such as would soon occur in a colder climate, when the processes by which it is generated are made to cease. (Text.)—Robson Roose, New York *Review.* (1069)

FATHER ANIMALS UNPARENTAL

In very few animals do the males ever attempt to protect the females, even where the latter have their young to take care of. When the hen with her brood of chickens is attacked, it is not the cock that ruffs his feathers and defends them with his spurs; it is the mother herself that defends them. The cock is always found with hens that have no chickens, and only uses his spurs in fighting with other cocks that have no notion of injuring the females. In the entire animal kingdom the cases where the male uses his great powers to protect the female or the young, or to bring them food, are so rare that where they are observed they are recorded as curious approximations to the social state of man. (Text.)—Lester F. Ward, *The Forum.* (1070)

FATHERHOOD

Dr. Cortland Myers, of Boston, relates the following story, as told by a ship's surgeon:

On our last trip a boy fell overboard from the deck. I didn't know who he was, and the crew hastened out to save him. They brought him on board the ship, took off his outer garments, turned him over a few times, and worked his hands and his feet. When they had done all they knew how to do, I came up to be of assistance, and they said he was dead and beyond help. I turned away as I said to them, "I think you've done all you could"; but just then a sudden impulse told me I ought to go over and see what I could do. I went over and looked down into the boy's face and discovered that it was my own boy. Well, you may believe I didn't think the last thing had been done. I pulled off my coat and bent over that boy; I blew in his nostrils and breathed into his mouth; I turned him over and over, and simply begged God to bring him back to life, and for four long hours I worked, until just at sunset I began to see the least flutter of breath that told me he lived. Oh, I will never see another boy drown without taking off my coat in the first instance and going to him and trying to save him as if I knew he were my own boy. (1071)

There was once a Quaker, John Hartman, whose son enlisted in the army. Not long after he had marched away as a soldier, a battle was fought. In the list of the missing appeared the Quaker's son's name. The father went to the field of carnage, and scanned the many upturned faces. He listened to the faintest cry of the wounded to discover if it were the voice of his son. More than one lying in the agony of death thought, "I wish that were my father."

After the darkness of night fell he lighted his lantern and continued his search. Then the wind began to blow and his light went out. A new thought came to him. Forming a trumpet of his hands he called, "John Hartman, thy father calleth for thee." There was no answer. Going on farther he called again, "John Hartman, thy father calleth for thee." There was a faint moan and a "Here I am father." How gladly that father hastened forward and brought his son home!

Many are being beaten down in the fierce battle of sin and evil. They have fallen in the darkness and are perishing. The loving heavenly Father is calling to them. If they make the faintest cry of response, "Lord, here I am," how gladly will He hasten to their relief. (Text.) (1072)

See Confidence.

FATHERHOOD THE KEY

The other day I had a cipher telegram. Glancing it over, I could read every separate word. But once I rearranged the words with the key, a hidden meaning and beauty flamed forth. Moses, Job, Isaiah, Plato, Confucius, astronomers, poets, philosophers, all read the separate words, but when Christ came the key-word, "Our Heavenly Father," is given, and the whole heavens flamed with the love of God.—N. D. Hillis. (1073)

Father-love—See Lost, Finding the; Love's Completeness.

FATHER, OUR

Miss Lilly Ryder Gracey, in *The Missionary Review of the World,* in a sketch of the life and work of the Rev. Egerton R. Young, in the land of the Cree and Salteaus Indians, of Canada, gives this incident:

"Missionary," said a savage, stalwart-looking Indian to him, "gray hairs here, and grandchildren in the wigwam, tell me that I am getting to be an old man; and yet I never before heard such things as you have told us to-day. I am so glad I did not die before I heard this wonderful story. Yet I am getting old. Gray hairs here, and grandchildren yonder, tell the story. Stay as long as you can, missionary; tell us much of these things; and when you have to go away, come back soon."

"He turned as tho he would go back to his place and sit down," said Dr. Young in narrating the story, "but he only went a step or two ere he turned round and said:

"'Missionary, may I say more?'

"'Talk on,' I replied; 'I am here now to listen.'

"'You said just now, "Notawenan" (Our Father).'

"'Yes, I did say, "Our Father."'

"'That is very new and sweet to us,' he replied. 'We never thought of the Great Spirit as Father. We heard Him in the thunder, and saw Him in the lightning and tempest and blizzard, and we were afraid. So, when you tell us of the Great Spirit as Father—that is very beautiful to us.'

"Hesitating a moment, he stood there, a wild, picturesque Indian; yet my heart had strangely gone out in loving interest and sympathy to him. Lifting up his eyes to mine again, he said:

"'May I say more?'

"'Yes,' I answered; 'say on.'

"'You say, "Notawenan" (Our Father); He is your Father?'

"'Yes, He is my Father.'

"Then he said, while his eyes and voice yearned for the answer:

"'Does it mean He is my Father—poor Indian's Father?'

"'Yes, oh yes!' I exclaimed, 'He is your Father, too.'

"'Your Father—missionary's Father—and Indian's Father, too?' he repeated.

"'Yes, that is true.'

"'Then we are brothers!' he almost shouted out.

"'Yes, we are brothers," I replied.

"The excitement in the audience had become something wonderful, and when the conversation with the old man had reached this point, and in such an unexpected and yet dramatic manner had so clearly brought out, not only the fatherhood of God, but the oneness of the human family, the people could hardly restrain their expressions of delight.

"The old man, however, had not yet finished, and so, quietly restraining the most demonstrative ones, he again turned and said:

"'May I say more?'

"'Yes, say on; say all that is in your heart.'

"Then came his last question, which millions of weary souls dissatisfied with their false régimes are asking:

"'Missionary, I do not want to be rude, but why has my white brother been so long time in coming with that great Book and its wonderful story?'" (1074)

Father's Sake, For—See Love Makes Patient.

FATHER'S VOICE

I was watching the sheep, and two little lambs got lost from their mother. They were black lambs, and didn't know they were lost; but I did, and so did the mother. I stood and watched while the old mother sheep called and called and called. But the little black lambs didn't answer—they didn't know they were lost. So I continued to watch, and directly the lambs heard the mother calling. And there must have been something in the mother-voice that told the lambs they were lost, for they began bleating and crying and running about as if mad, so frightened were they. Finally, the mother and the lambs saw each other, and truly it was a poem of nature to see the mother leaping toward the lambs and the lambs running toward her! It reminded me of the meeting of that old father and the prodigal son when the boy came back home from the far country. And do you know that meadow scene made me turn my eyes everywhither—earthward, skyward, spaceward! And I said, "Oh, my soul, if lambs hear and answer the voice of their mother, wilt not thou hear and answer the voice of thy Father? Oh, soul, lambs are not afraid when mother is near. Why shouldst thou be afraid when thy Father is near, and God is everywhere?" (Text.)—F. F. Shannon. (1075)

FATIGUE

Dr. Luther H. Gulick describes some effects of fatigue:

Fatigue promptly attacks and destroys our sense of proportion. I know no better illustration of this than the way we will leave our professional work. When I am really fatigued it is very difficult for me to go home when the time comes. It is, of course, true that there are always little things remaining to be done; but when I am especially tired I can not distinguish between those which are important enough to keep me and those which are not. I only see how many things are still undone; and I tend to go on and on.

If a see a scrap of paper on the floor, I can not help going out of my chair and taking time to pick up that wretched thing and put it in my waste-basket. It assumes, somehow, the same importance in my mind with that of thinking out my to-morrow's schedule. I will stay and putter about little things that do not need attention. My sense of balance, of proportion, and perspective is gone. I've lost my eye for the cash value of things.—"Mind and Work." (1076)

Faults Blotted Out—See Effacement of Sins.

Faults, How to See—See Looking Down.

FAULTS OF THE GREAT

When the great Duke of Marlborough died and one began to speak of his avarice, "He was so great a man," said Bolingbroke, "I had forgotten that he had that fault." (1077)

Faults, Unconscious—See Self-estimates.

FAVORITISM

The advantage of position is well illustrated in the following incident:

When Louis XIV was at play with some courtiers, a dispute arose in regard to one of the turns of the game. The king was eager, and his opponent seemed resolute to resist; and the rest of the court stood round maintaining a dignified neutrality, and none venturing a remark. At that moment Count de Grammont was seen entering the apartment, whereon the king called out, "Come hither, Grammont, and decide this dispute between us." "Your majesty is in the wrong," said the count, the moment he approached. "How can you say I am in the wrong!" cried the king, "when you have not heard what is the point in dispute?" "Why, sire," said Grammont, "if the point had been doubtful, all these gentlemen who are standing round silent would have decided in your favor long ago."—Croake James, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (1078)

FEAR

Several thousand mine workers of the anthracite region, chiefly foreigners, refused to enter the mines to-day because they had a superstitious fear that the earth would be destroyed when enveloped in the tail of Halley's comet to-night, May 18, 1910.

Efforts of the English-speaking miners, [at Wilkesbarre, Penn.] to get them to go to work were futile, and they said that if the world came to an end they wanted to be on the surface where they could see, instead of in the depths of the mines. A number of them spent most of the day in prayer, and many of them were in a condition of great fear and nervousness. A number of collieries were so short handed that they had to shut down for the day. (1079)

FEAR AS A MOTIVE

The late George T. Angell, in "Our Dumb Animals," gives this incident, showing that fear of unseen authority, is a forcible motive, even with would-be transgressors:

The incident occurred on the rise of land near Park Street Church (Boston). A horse, evidently laboring under the impression that he was overloaded, stopt and refused to go any farther, and a crowd gathered. Just then one voice called out from the crowd:

"Why don't you whip him?"

"Whip him," said the driver—"whip him! How do I know that there ain't an agent of that darned old Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals standin' right here in this crowd?"

We have never considered it good policy to send out any of our agents in uniform, and so any respectable citizen who seems to be interested in the protection of horses is liable to be suspected of being one of our agents. (Text.) (1080)

FEAR OF GOD

Of all the memorials found in Westminster Abbey, there is not one that gives a nobler thought than the life lesson from the monument to Lord Lawrence. Simply his name and date of his death, and these words: "He feared man so little because he feared God so much." Here is one great secret of victory. The prayer of the Rugby boy, John Laing Bickersteth, found locked up in his desk after his death, was: "Oh God, give me courage that I may fear none but thee." (Text.) (1081)

FEAR OF MAN

Ex-President Roosevelt is usually pictured as proof against fear, but the New York *Times* tells of an occasion when he admits that he was badly frightened.

It was on the evening of his first diplomatic reception as President, and the long and brilliant line headed by ambassadors, foreign ministers and attaches, and distinguished army and naval officers in gorgeous uniforms, was passing slowly before him. In this procession was a lady who knew the President quite well, and who confidently expected a hearty greeting. To her surprize, Mr. Roosevelt merely inclined his head over her hand, and bowed her on with the throng.

An hour later she met the President in the reception-room, and he spoke to her in the friendliest way.

"Why didn't you come in time for the reception?" he asked.

"I did," she replied, "and you did not even recognize me!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the President, "but," and he set his teeth together hard and whispered, "to tell you the truth, Mrs. ——, I was so fearful I wouldn't do the right thing I could not think of anybody except myself!" (1082)

Kindness, justice and a little heavenly wisdom would guard a ruler far more effectually than the precautions mentioned below:

The Sultan is chiefly afraid of the darkness, and it costs him $900 per night to have his bedroom guarded. This sum is split up between the eight generals entrusted with the work and their supernumeraries. Two generals take the long watch every night outside his door, and receive $200 apiece for it; beneath them is a colonel who is paid $150 a night, and guards receiving smaller amounts. All they have to do to earn their princely salaries is to tramp up and down the corridor with their eyes on the beautiful satinwood door inlaid with mother-of-pearl which took an expert two years to inlay. (Text.)—*Tid-Bits.* (1083)

Fear, Paralyzing—See HOPELESS FEAR.

FEAR, RELIGIOUS

The missing qualities in Wesley's religious state at this time [at Oxford] are obvious, It utterly lacked the element of joy. Religion is meant to have for the spiritual landscape the office of sunshine, but in Wesley's spiritual sky burned no divine light, whether of certainty or of hope. He imagined he could distil the rich wine of spiritual gladness out of mechanical religious exercises; but he found himself, to his own distress, and in his own words, "dull, flat, and unaffected in the use of the most solemn ordinances." Fear, too, like a shadow, haunted his mind: fear that he was not accepted before God; fear that he might lose what grace he had; fear both of life and of death. He dare not grant himself, he declared, the liberty that others enjoyed. His brother Samuel, whose letters are always rich in the salt of common sense, had remonstrated with his younger brother for the austerities he practised and the rigors of alarmed self-interrogation under which he lived. John Wesley defends himself by the plea—in which there is an unconscious pathos—that he lacks his brother's strength and dare take no risks.

"Mirth, I grant," he says, "is very fit for you. But does it follow that it is fit for me? If you are to rejoice evermore because you have put your enemies to flight, am I to do the same while they continually assault me? You are very glad because you have passed from death to life. Well! but let him be afraid who knows not whether he is to live or die. Whether this be my condition or no, who can tell better than myself?" W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (1084)

Fearlessness of Death—See MARTYR SPIRIT.

Feast of the Soul—See CHAINS.

Fecundity—See DESTRUCTION NECESSARY.

FECUNDITY OF LIFE

An English naturalist has figured out that a single-stem mother of the common aphis, or "green-fly" of the rose, would give origin, at its regular rate of multiplication and provided each individual born lived out its natural life, which is only a few days at best, to over thirty-three quintrillions of rose aphids in a single season, equal in weight to more than a billion and a half of men. Of course such a thing never happens, because so many of the young aphids get eaten by lady-bird beetles and flower-fly larvæ and other enemies before they come to be old enough to produce young.—VERNON L. KELLOGG, "Insect Stories." (1085)

FEEDING TOO MUCH

The apostle James puts the emphasis of religion on doing, not hearing alone. The one definition of religion we have in Scripture, and that given by him, is suggestive of the divine order—the best way to keep oneself unspotted from the world is to be occupied in ministry to others. A good deacon once complained to Thomas Dixon that his sermons placed too much emphasis on doing and reminded him of Jesus' command to Peter, "Feed my sheep." Mr. Dixon replied: "That is what is the matter with you; I have fed you until you are so fat you can not walk."—CHARLES LUTHER KLOSS, "Proceedings of The Religious Education Association," 1904. (1086)

FEELING A FOUNTAIN

Feeling is a fountain that gushes life. Emotions in the soul are like songs, pouring forth from the birds in the thicket. Orange groves and peach orchards exhale perfume, and feeling is the soul's fragrance, rising toward God and its fellows. The seas send up their whitest mists, and the soul ought to send up its emotions in whitest clouds of incense toward the throne of God and toward man's soul.—N. D. HILLIS. (1087)

FEELING AND PRINCIPLE

You know the difference between feeling and principle. Yonder is an old sailboat out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and when the wind blows, she travels ten miles an hour, but let the wind lull, and she will lie there two weeks, within a hundred yards of where the wind left her. She doesn't go anywhere. That is feeling. When the wind blows, off she goes.

What is principle? Yonder is a grand old ocean steamer, and when the wind blows she spreads her sails and works her steam, and on she goes; and when the wind lulls, the engineer pulls his throttle wider open, and she goes at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, whether the wind blows or not. And that is the difference between principle and feeling. —"Famous Stories of Sam P. Jones." (1088)

Feeling the Christian Spirit—See CONSISTENCY.

FEELINGS RESERVED

Among Scotch qualities, the deepest rooted, apart from the fear of God, is sentiment. And yet we do not receive credit for it because we have not sentimentalism, which is the caricature and ghost of sentiment. The sentiment of the Scotch is of the heart and not of the lips. If I saw a couple of Scotchmen kissing each other good-by, I wouldn't lend five shillings to either of them. It is not an uncommon thing to see such an exhibition among Italians. I do not blame them. They are as God made them and so they must be. People doubt whether we have any sentiment at all. Some think we are hard-hearted and cold-blooded. Our manner is less than genial and not effusive. Our misfortune is not to be able to express our feelings. This inability is allied to our strength; strong people conceal their feelings.—JOHN WATSON. (1089)

Fees—See RIDICULE, APT.

Feet Showing Character—See CHARACTER SHOWN IN THE FEET.

Female Animals Unprotected—See FATHER ANIMALS UNPARENTAL.

FENCING OUT ENEMIES

Moral evils are kept out not by a thorn fence, but by holy ideals and loving activities. These are quite as effective for character as this Arizona device for excluding rattlesnakes:

Did you ever hear of a rattlesnake fence—not one made of rattlesnakes, of course not, but one made of prickly thorns to protect one from the rattlers and keep them away? That is what the Arizona campers build, and the only way to keep these deadly poisoners away is by building one of these fences of oktea, a shrub covered with thorns which grows on the desert.

As the tents have no doors and are not set much above the ground, it would appear easy for Mr. Rattler to effect an entrance. Imagine the sensation of crawling into bed some cold night to strike against the clammy skin of a snake, and this is just where Mr. Snake likes to snuggle, in among the warm blankets.

To avoid this men who work in the mines have found that a snake will not go near this oktea, and they have built closely knit fences around their tents, with little gates to go in and out, and beyond this the rattler will not penetrate. It was first the Indians of the desert who discovered this deadly shrub, and they got the secret from birds and animals, which, to protect their young, travel sometimes many miles back and forth, bringing the thorns with which to cover their little nests. Gophers and other small animals there cover their nests in this manner.—Los Angeles *Times* (1090)

FERTILITY

These lines are by Edward Rowland Sill:

Clear water on smooth rock
Could give no foothold for a single flower,
Or slenderest shaft of grain:
The stone must crumble under storm and rain,
The forests crash beneath the whirlwind's power,
And broken boughs from any a tempest-shock,
And fallen leaves from many a wintry hour,
Must mingle in the mold,
Before the harvest whitens on the plain,
Bearing a hundredfold.
Patience, O weary heart!
Let all thy sparkling hours depart,
And all thy hopes be withered with the frost,
And every effort tempest-tossed—
So when all life's green leaves
Are fallen, and moldered underneath the sod,
Thou shalt not go too lightly to thy God,
But heavy with full sheaves. (Text.) (1091)

FETISHISM

Miss F. M. Dennis writes from Ebu Owerri, a place about seventy miles southeast of Onitsha, North Africa:

It is a custom in this Ibo country when a child is born for the parents to go into the bush, cut a stick from a tree and plant it. When the child is old enough to walk and know anything it worships this young tree. All the Ibo people have them. But until the child comes to man's estate and has a household, this is the only idol he has. (1092)

The negroes of the Gold and Slave Coasts, like every other people low in the stage of civilization, believe that inanimate, as well as animate, objects have souls or ghosts, a belief which is proved by the practise of burying arms, implements, utensils, etc., for the use of the dead in Dead-land, and there continues the former pursuit of the man, using the souls or ghosts of the weapons buried with him; but the negroes have gone beyond this, and just as they believe man to possess a third element, or indwelling spirit, so do they believe that every natural object, everything not made by human hands, has, in addition to its soul or ghost, a third element of spiritual individuality. They hold that just as, when the man dies, the kra of the man enters a new-born child, and the soul, or ghost-man, goes to Dead-land; so, when the tree dies, the kra, so to speak, of the tree enters a seedling, and the ghost-tree goes to join the ranks of the shadowy forest in Dead-land. And it is these animating or spiritual tenants of natural objects and natural features that the negro fears and consequently worships.—A. B. Ellis, *The Popular Science Monthly.* (1093)

Fetters Worn for Others—See Hardship Vicariously Borne.

Fickleness in Work—See Attainment Superficial.

FIDELITY AMONG ANIMALS

Instances of almost human fidelity are common among deer. We have several times been witness of them. On one occasion we had wounded a good stag late in the evening; the herd broke away, leaving him alone. In a few minutes another fine stag, evidently his friend, detached himself from the herd and galloped back to where the first lay wounded in a burn (brook). It got so dark that we could only tell the whereabouts of the wounded beast by seeing the other standing by his side. We crawled up to about a hundred yards of him, but still could not see the one we had shot. We stood up, expecting he would jump up and make a run for it, but he was too badly hit. Walking on, we at last saw his gray head in the heather, and a bullet finished him. Still the devoted friend kept close by and would not leave the spot. We had not the heart to shoot the poor beast after he had given proof of such wonderful fidelity, and at last had almost to drive him away.—Lord WALSINGHAM and Sir RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY, "Shooting." (1094)

FIDELITY, CHRISTIAN

A little Korean boy named Twee-Sungie was brought by his Christian mother to church Sunday by Sunday and learned about Christ and accepted Him as his Savior. His father was a heathen and worked seven days a week, and forced little Twee-Sungie to do the same. The boy was broken-hearted at being deprived of attending the church services, but he also felt that he was sinning deeply in desecrating God's day. Calamities came upon the family. A younger brother died, another, Twee-Singie, was taken ill. As his strength failed he seemed to lose all desire to live. "If I live on in this world, father makes me break God's commandments, and I will only add sin to sin, so it is better for me to die and go to Jesus." He tried to turn his father's thoughts Godward, but the man's heart was full of evil and bitterness. When the boy died, the relatives proposed that they bury with him the Testament and hymn-book which he loved, for, said they, these books were the cause of his change, and if they are put away, his mother will return to the worship of spirits. So there lies in the grave of the little boy believer, outside the walls of Seoul, the printed page whose message the little lad wished so much to obey. (1095)

FIDELITY, MISTAKEN

A pathetic story is told by the Savannah *News* of a tragedy caused by the terrible storm which swept the Southern coast. Captain Matheson, of the schooner *Nellie Floyd,* is the hero. The story runs thus:

When the *Floyd* foundered and it was certain that she must leave her bones in that marine graveyard off the North Carolina coast, a life-raft of hatches was constructed, and the crew, including the captain, piled on it. As they were about to push off, trusting to fortune to be picked up by a passing ship, Captain Matheson looked back upon his beloved schooner, then in its death-throes. His heart smote him. He felt like a deserter. The suffering but inanimate bulk called to him, and he could not resist the call. "I am going back, boys," he said; "good-by, and good luck to you." Then he scrambled back to the decks, by that time awash and fast settling. And in sight of the crew the ship and her captain went down to their fate. (1096)

FIDELITY REWARDED

An English farmer sent his hired boy to prevent a party of gentlemen from riding over his fields. The leader of the huntsmen peremptorily ordered him to open the gate. Upon his refusal, he said shortly, "Boy, do you know who I am? I am the Duke of Wellington, and I am not accustomed to disobedience. I command you to open this gate." The boy lifted his cap and stood unawed before the "man of iron will," and said in a firm voice, "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey the orders of my employer, who tells me not to suffer any one to pass." The Duke sat his horse for a moment, and then looking stedfastly at the boy, lifted his own hat and replied, "I honor the man or boy who is faithful to his duty, and who can neither be bribed or frightened into doing wrong." He handed a bright new sovereign to the boy, who had done what Napoleon could not do; he had kept back the Duke of Wellington.—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (1097)

FIDELITY TO COUNTRY

In the fight of Trautenau (Austro-Prussian War, 1866), a young officer, hard hit, was lying on his back in a ditch, where he begged his foes to let him remain. Shortly after, he died. Then it was found that, even with his life ebbing fast, his body had served to protect the "bit of rag" which on the morning of that day had been the standard of the regiment. He had carefully folded it up, and laid down upon it to die. "One thing" was in that soldier's heart—to save his country's colors from capture and disgrace. (1098)

FIDELITY TO DUTY

The wrecking of the *Maine,* happening at night, was so sudden and the convulsion was over in so brief a time, that a chance for a display of heroism seemed next to impossible; and yet, in the terror of that awful scene, every surviving man immediately recovered himself and stood to his discipline. Not one comrade was forsaken by another. The last seen of the lost lieutenant was at the turret under his charge, weak and staggering with his wounds. The marine on duty, true to his habit of service, rushed through a dark passage flooded with water, and reported that the ship had been blown up and was sinking. It did not occur to him to save himself until his duty was done. Officers and men, in danger of being swamped by the death struggle of the ship, rowed around her, trying to save life, and careless of their own. The captain was the last to leave the ship. No man sought his own safety at the sacrifice of another, nor sought it first.—*Youth's Companion.* (1099)

FIDELITY TO THE RIGHT

Lydia M. Child said she would never work on a winning side. Lydia Maria Child was a writer in the full tide of popularity when she devoted herself to the anti-slavery cause. She was subjected to social and literary ostracism. Her books were returned, her friends forsook her, and Church and press denounced her. But this did not daunt her spirit nor swerve her for one instant from the cause she felt was right, and she consecrated the rest of her life to its support. Words can not describe the deprivation to which she was subjected, but she felt no loss. As the inspiration spread, mothers sent their children from house to house with her "appeal," and vitally assisted the great movement.—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (1100)

Fidelity to the Thing Undertaken—See THOROUGHNESS.

Fighting—See BOYS' ADJUSTING THEIR TROUBLES; STRATEGY.

Fighting, Causes for—See PEACEMAKER, THE.

Fighting Qualities Admired— See ACCOMPLISHMENT.

FIGUREHEADS

The time is ripe for abolishing figureheads in the moral, ecclesiastical and social world, as well as in the navy.

Secretary Meyer has approved an order originating in the United States Bureau of Construction for the removal from all the vessels of the Atlantic fleet of their figureheads. This action is based purely on war-service reasons. It is urged that in time of peace for maneuver purposes the figureheads, if gilded, afford a shining mark to reveal to the constructive enemy the whereabouts of the ship and in time of war, if painted with the protective war color, the artistic value of the figurehead is wholly lost. Furthermore, figureheads cost a good deal of money and have a good deal of weight, and serve no practical value whatever in warfare.

Even as far back as the times of the Greeks and Romans, and the Phœnicians and Egyptians, figureheads, made often in the image of the gods of war, were regarded as important to their triremes as oars or rudders. Great Britain has at her navy-yards at Southampton, Portsmouth and other points arranged figureheads from the old wooden ships of her navies as a feature of naval museums. Of course, the figureheads from American battleships would be a different thing. Most of them are made of brass, and are in some cases fine works of art.

The figurehead on the *Olympia*, which was designed by St. Gaudens, cost $12,000; that on the *Cincinnati*, which embodied the design of the *Olympia's* figurehead, cost $5,700. The figurehead on the cruiser *New York* is a very fine model of the coat-of-arms of the State. Some of the largest of the figureheads weigh several tons, and in that respect are objectionable. (1101)

Financially Strong, Morally Weak—See DRINK, PERIL OF.

FINITENESS

The tiny dew-drops as they rest
At morning on the flow'ret's breast
Are children of the mighty sea,
Small gleams of its immensity.

The candle shining in the night
From the great sun derives its light;
Its little beams are truly fire,
And upward to their source aspire.

No less the humblest son of earth
May lay a claim to heavenly birth;
We are not born of senseless clod,
But children of the living God.

But after all is said and done,
The spark of fire is not the sun,
The drop of dew is not the sea,
Nor is the best man deity.

—CHARLES WILLIAM PEARSON, "A Threefold Cord." (1102)

FIRE, COST OF

Fire levies upon Americans each year an enormous tax, calculated by government officials at almost a million and a half dollars a day and 1,499 lives a year.

As a result of an investigation by officials of the geological survey, it has been ascertained that cheaper fireproof materials can be used to advantage in construction, that three to six times the necessary amount of material is habitually used in structural work, that the building codes are laxly enforced, that the fire loss in the United States is eight times as much per capita as in any country in Europe, and that the great fire waste in the United States is due, principally, to the predominance of frame buildings and to defective construction and equipment.

Contrast between the small losses by fire to government buildings and the immense losses reported from the country as a whole, led the geological survey to make an inquiry

Not one person in a thousand knows that the United States Government owns buildings that cost more than $400,000,000, and is spending $20,000,000 a year for new buildings. It will be a surprise to every one, too, to learn that not one cent of insurance against loss by fire is carried on these valuable buildings. Insurance at the ordinary rate would cost more than half a million dollars a year, and the government avoids this great tax by constructing buildings that are securely fire proof

After a careful investigation, it has been determined that the total cost of fires in the United States in 1907, excluding that of forest fires and the marine losses (in themselves extensive), but including excess cost of fire protection due to bad construction and excess premiums over insurance paid, amounted to the enormous sum of $456,485,000, a tax on the American people exceeding the total value of all the gold, silver, copper and petroleum produced in the United States in that year.

The cost of building construction in 1907 in forty-nine leading cities of the United States, reporting a total population of less than 18,000,000, amounted to $661,076,786, and the cost of building construction for the entire country is conservatively estimated at $1,000,000,000. Thus it will be seen that nearly one-half of the value of all the new buildings constructed within one year is destroyed by fire. The annual fire cost is greater than the value of the real property and improvements in either Maine, West Virginia, North Carolina, North Dakota, South Dakota, Alabama, Louisiana or Montana. In addition to this waste of wealth and natural resources, 1,400 persons were killed and many thousands were injured in fires in the United States in 1907.

The actual fire loss in the United States due to destruction of buildings and their contents amounted to $215,084,709 in 1907. This was $2.51 loss per capita. The per capita loss in the cities of the six leading European countries amounted to but 33 cents. Comparisons of the total cost of fires, which includes the items already stated, show that if buildings in the United States were as nearly fireproof as those in Europe, the annual fire cost would be $90,000,000 instead of $450,000,000. (Text.)—Pittsburg *Leader*. (1103)

FIRE, HEAVENLY

It was the first engine on the new railroad running through the wilderness. At night, the puffing, snorting monster, belching forth fire and smoke, came dashing out of a dark forest with its one shining eye in front. As it fairly leapt along the track like a thing of life, green reptiles wriggled out of sight, vultures fled to the tree-tops, and wild beasts ran snarling into the jungle. The fire inside of the engine was what did it.

When the fire of inspiration gets inside of a man, how much he is like a steam-engine. He moves straight ahead, keeps on the right track, has his eye single to the forward line and his whole soul is full of light and heat. The creatures of darkness flee before him as he emerges into the light that shall never fade. (Text.) (1104)

Fire Peril—See Self-restraint.

First Aid—See Knowledge Applied.

FIRST FRUITS

Have you been watching the buds open their eyes these spring days? They seem to have come out just to see what is going on in this wonderful world. Their number is increasing daily, but if you had put your ear close to the first and tiniest bud of spring, it would have whispered: "I am a hint of what all buds will be when waked out of their wintry sleep." Will not the children sing for joy when the daisies come? Well, if you could somehow find the first daisy that peeps through the sod, it would say: "I am a sample of what the daisy harvest will be when Mother Summer has drest us all up in robes of gold." On the brow of a certain hill, I once enjoyed more than a passing acquaintance with a June apple tree. I used to watch for the coming of its fruit as they that watch for the morning. Now, there was a tradition that June apples were not good until they fell of their own accord. Sometimes, in spying out the land, I would find only one apple upon the ground. Of course, one apple to a growing boy is little more than a delusion and a snare, and it required more than Eve-like fortitude not to shake the tree. But after these many years, what I remember most of all is the taste of that one first apple. Precious in itself and very scarce, so it seemed to me, still it told of the good times coming when its luscious, juicy brothers would yield up their secrets, too.—F. F. SHANNON. (1105)

Fishermen Superstitious—See SUPERSTITIOUS.

FISHERS OF MEN

In the Crystal Palace at Munich there is a little picture called "The Red Fisherman." Satan is elegantly accoutered in red costumes, and he is fishing in a pond for men. For his hook he has a great variety of bait—gold, money, pearls, crowns, swords and wines. Apparently he has been fishing with some success, for the bait is much after the sort that men are wont to follow. To compete with the prince of evil, Christians who would be successful "fishers of men" must use bait that will really allure them. (Text.) (1106)

In her "Fishin' Jimmy," Mrs. Slosson tells of a little French-Canadian girl. Her mother was a tramp, and the girl had developed into a wild little heathen. The mother fell suddenly dead near the village one day, and the child was found clinging to her mother's body. The girl's soul was shaken by bitter sobs, and when they tried to take her away she fought like a young tigress. There was in the crowd a small boy who knew "Fishin' Jimmy." With a child's faith in his big friend, he hurried away and brought "Fishin' Jimmy" to the spot. Very tenderly he lifted the child in his arms and took her away. Nobody seems to have known anything about the taming of the little savage, but a short time afterward she and "Fishin' Jimmy" were seen on the margin of Black Brook, each with a fish-pole. He kept the child for weeks, and when she went at last to a good home, she had exchanged her wildness for a tender, affectionate nature. Then people wondered how the change was wrought. They asked Jimmy, but his explanation seemed to breathe an air of mystery. "'Twas fishin' done it," he said, "on'y fishin'; it allers works. The Christian r'liging itself had to begin with fishin', ye know." Yes, the religion of our Master had to begin with fishing; it will continue with fishing, and it will end with fishing, for this is indeed life's divinest task. (Text.)—F. F. SHANNON. (1107)

FITNESS

One of John Wesley's friends was terribly shocked to hear him preach to a well-groomed congregation a merciless sermon from the text, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" "Sir," said Wesley's friend angrily, "such a sermon would have been suitable in Billingsgate; but it is highly improper here." Wesley replied, "If I had been in Billingsgate, my text should have been, "Behold the lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." (1108)

See UNFITNESS.

Fitness, Lack of—See ACCOMMODATION.

Flag, Dishonoring the—See PATRIOTISM, LACK OF.

Flag, Rescuing the—See SYMBOLS, THE VALUE OF.

Flaws—See CHARITY.

Flight and Vision—See ELEVATION AND VISION.

Flight of the Soul—See SOUL FLIGHT.

FLOOD-TIDE, SPIRITUAL

I stood on the coast of England, and looked out over a stretch of oozy slime and ill-smelling mud. There were the barges high and dry, lying on their sides—no matter what cargo they carried or how skilful the captain, they were on the mud. It would have availed them nothing to heave the anchor or hoist the sail. And I thought, What is the remedy? Were it any use for the corporation to pass a by-law that every citizen should bring kettles filled with water, and pour it out upon the stretch of mud?

But as I watched I saw the remedy. God turned the tide. In swept the waters of the sea, and buried the mud, and then came the breath of sweetness and life. And it flowed in about the barges, and instantly all was activity. Then heave-ho with the anchor, then hoist the sails, then forth upon some errand of good. So it is that we stand looking out upon many a dreadful evil which fills us with dismay—drunkenness, gambling, impurity. Is there any remedy? And the churches, so very respectable, but, alas, high and dry on the muddy beach—for these, too, what is the remedy? We want the flood-tide—the gracious outpouring of the Spirit; then must come the roused and quickened churches, the Christians transformed into

Christ-like men and women who shall demand righteousness.—MARK GUY PEARCE. (1109)

Flowers—See SERVICE.

Flowers, Fond of—See GENEROSITY.

FLOWERS, MEANINGS OF

The most remarkable of the floral emblems is the passion-flower—the common blue one. Its leaves are thought to represent the head of the spear by which Christ's side was pierced; the five points, the five sacred wounds; the tendrils, the cords which bound Him; the ten petals, the ten faithful apostles, omitting the one who denied Him (Peter); the pillar in the center is the cross, the stamens, the hammers; the styles, the nails; the circle around the pillar, the crown of thorns; the radiance, the glory. It is used on Holy Thursday. The fleur-de-lis, or conventional form of the lily, is the symbol of the Virgin Mary, adopted in the Middle Ages. It is also an emblem of purity. It is always placed by the medieval painters in the hand of the Angel Gabriel, and sometimes in the hand of the Infant Savior, and of St. Joseph. Lilies-of-the-valley are the floral emblem of Christ. "The Rose of Sharon" and the "Lily-of-the-valley" are emblems of humility. The rose is also an emblem of Christ. The laurel is an emblem of victory and glory, also of constancy, as the leaf changes only in death. Ivy denotes immortality. The laurestinus has the same meaning. (Text.)—*The Decorator and Furnisher.* (1110)

FLUENCY, THE PERIL OF

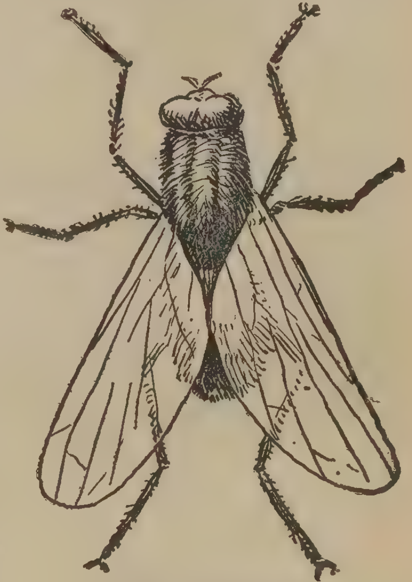
The fluent speaker is sometimes reminded that his gifts are fatal; and here is a bright tip from the *Atlantic* to the fluent writer: "The writer who is unusually fluent should take warning from the instruction which accompanies his fountain pen: 'When this pen flows too freely, it is a sign that it is nearly empty and should be filled.'" (1111)

FLY, THE COMMON HOUSE-

The house-fly has developed along with the human dwelling. If we had no closed-in dwelling places, it is doubtful if the house-fly, as at present constituted, could continue to exist. It thrives simply because we afford it food, and a breeding-place.

At first he is only a little worm, wriggling his tiny grub-like form in some incubating pile of filth, usually the manure pile, the out-house, or the mound of rubbish or garbage in the back yard. In this condition he is easily killed, and it should be the duty of every person to kill him then. The house-fly could not exist if everything were kept perfectly clean and sanitary. Exterminate the fly-worms, do away with their breeding places, and there will be no flies.

The common house-fly is coming to be known as the "typhoid fly," and when the term becomes universal, greater care will be exercised in protecting the house from his presence. Flies swallow the germs of typhoid in countless millions while feeding on excreta. They spread a thousand times more typhoid germs in their excreta than on their feet.


COMMON HOUSE-FLY

As soon as the fly comes out of his shell he is full grown and starts out in the world to make a living, and if your home is not clean, he knows it; for the fly can discern an unclean odor for miles. A pleasant-smelling substance—the fragrance of flowers, geraniums, mignonette, lavender, or any perfumery—will drive them away.

Look at the picture of the fly. The feet, each of them, is equipped with two claws and two light-colored pads. The fly clings to rough surfaces by means of the claws and to smooth surfaces by a combined action of the claws and pads. The fly's pads are covered with thousands of minute short hairs sticky at the end. There is no suction—merely adhesion. All his grown-up life, the fly has to manage with sticky feet. These are constantly becoming clogged with adhering substances, and this contamination the fly must assiduously remove if his feet are to act properly in supporting him on slippery places. If this contamination is too sticky to rub off, the fly laps it off, and it then passes off through the stomach.

The fly lays her eggs in the manure-pile or some other filthy place. All the germs—all the microbes—fasten themselves on the spongy feet. The fly brings them into the house and wipes them off. The fly that you see walking over your food is covered with filth and germs.

TRACKS OF A FLY, SHOWING THE WAY IN WHICH THEY SPREAD DISEASE GERMS

If there is any dirt in your house, or about your premises, or those of your neighbors, he has just come from it. Watch him, as he stands on the sugar, industriously wiping his feet. He is getting rid of disease germs, rubbing them on the sugar that you are going to eat, leaving the poison for you to swallow.

This does more to spread typhoid-fever, cholera infantum and other intestinal diseases than any other cause.

Intestinal diseases are more frequent whenever and wherever flies are most abundant, and they, and not the summer heat, are the active agents of the spread of such diseases. There is special danger when flies drop into such fluid as milk. This forms an ideal culture material for the bacillus. A few germs washed from the body of one fly may develop into millions within a few hours.—B. M. CLINEDINST, *The Christian Herald.* (1112)

See PEST, CONTAGIOUS.

Flying-machine—See TENDENCIES, INHERITED.

FOCUSING THE EYE

I can look one moment at a book six inches from my sight, at the next I can with ease look on a tree 200 yards away, and the next I can raise my eyes and view the sun millions of miles away in the upper heavens. As easily should Christians, compelled to look at the things close at hand, lift their thoughts and prayers to God. But it is hard to refocus the eye of the soul on the divine and eternal if the affections are too much set on things on the earth. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." (Text.) (1113)

Foes Fraternize—See KINDNESS.

FOLD, THE, OF CHRIST

When the Savior proclaimed Himself as the Good Shepherd, He was not only describing His own character in one of its most beautiful aspects, but was by implication suggesting very much more. The fact of a fold implies not only protection and provision, but also restraint, oversight, authority, and order.

A traveler who recently arrived in a remote region of Uganda, relates how amazed he was to see immense numbers of all sorts of wild animals, some in great herds, others in smaller groups. That was not a fold. But if the same traveler had looked across the great pampas or llanos of South America he would have seen vast flocks and herds of horses, cattle, and sheep, roaming and grazing over the immense expanse of prairie. It might seem to him at first that those thousands of animals were wandering about at their own will. But the spectator would quickly discover that they were in reality under close attention on the part of ranchmen, cowboys, and shepherds. Further, he would find that the vast pasture-lands were enclosed by wire. So that here is a fold under shepherds. (1114)

FOLLOWING CHRIST

A missionary doctor at Shanghai was lying one night in his bed fast asleep, when he was awakened by a loud knocking at his front door. Even Chinese grown men are very much afraid of the dark, so he was very much surprized to see two little lads from a village five miles distant standing at his door. They said their school-teacher had been taken ill, and they had come for some medicine to help him. "Why didn't some men come on this errand?" the missionary asked. "Because they were afraid," said the boys. "Why were not you afraid?" "We were," said the boys, "but we thought it was what Jesus Christ would like us to do, so we came." (Text.) (1115)

FOLLOWING, INEXACT

Two persons were walking together one very dark night, when one said to the other, who knew the road well, "I shall follow you so as to be right." He soon fell into a ditch and blamed the other for his fall. The other said, "Then you did not follow me exactly, for I walked safely." (Text.) (1116)

FOLLY

Are there not people comparable to those discribed below, who, instead of seeking the substance of religion, are content with the mere breath of theology; and others who, instead of seeing and facing the world's evils, "take out their eyes" whenever anything disagreeable happens along?

Lucian says the people on the moon lived on frogs that they cooked over a fire, but that, instead of eating the flesh, they simply breathed in the smell that came from the cooking; and that they had a custom of taking their eyes out of their heads to save them from seeing anything that might displease them. (1117)

See Carelessness, Cost of; Miracles.

FOOD AND CULTURE

A careful study of historical statistics shows the great influence that food and the laws of menu have exerted on the world's progress. Did not an uncooked apple drive the human race out of Paradise? Did not a mess of pottage differentiate a nation? Did not a fit of indigestion lose the battle of Leipsic and check the career which threatened to change the face of Europe? Did not tea found the American Republic? The history of the dinner table is the history of civilization. The culture of any people may be gaged by its cooking and the amount of sentiment thrown into and around its daily meals.—Ethel A. Lennon, *The Epoch.* (1118)

FOOD AND EXERCISE

The instruction of the pulpit and Sunday-school may well be likened to the food provided at the family table. It is, very likely, abundant in quantity, and nutritious in quality, but food without exercise makes the sickly, dyspeptic child. Food without exercise in the church is apt to produce no better results.

Even the horses in our stables can not long live without exercise. Fill their cribs ever so full of the best feed, they must yet do something to keep healthy. This is a natural law, which is imperative in the spiritual world. There are a great many dyspeptic Christians in all our churches. They are bilious and disappointed and hopeless and useless, except as they become by their continual growling and fault-finding a means of grace to the pastor and other workers. In fact, they have all the symptoms of spiritual dyspepsia. Now, the only remedy for this disease is spiritual activity. "Go to work," said the famous English doctor to his rich, dyspeptic patient; "go to work. Live on sixpence a day, and earn it."—Francis E. Clark, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association," 1903. (1119)

Food and Work—See Diet and Endurance.

Food and World's Progress—See Food and Culture.

Food Economy—See Health, Economies of.

Food in Prehistoric Times—See Prehistoric Woman.

FOOLISH CONFIDENCE

The King of Persia once ordered his visier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his majesty's name at the head of them. The king asked him why, and he immediately answered: "Because you entrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know to buy horses for you a thousand miles off, and who'll never come back." "Ay, but suppose they come back?" "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."—*Public Opinion.* (1120)

Foolishness Prevented—See Prevention.

FOOLISHNESS SOMETIMES IS WISDOM

The wisdom or unwisdom of things is not always apparent on their face. Paul speaks of "the foolishness of preaching." Most of the great inventors and discoverers were not considered wise in the initial stages of their great careers. Columbus was misunderstood and ridiculed, Watt was regarded as a dreamer, Morse found few supporters, Ericsson could not get Government support for building the *Monitor*, yet all these men were great and wise men. A curious instance of wise foolishness is that related of an important advertiser, who said:

We once hit upon a novel expedient for ascertaining over what area our advertisements were read. We published a couple of half-column "ads" in which we purposely misstated half a dozen historical facts. In less than a week we received between 300 and 400 letters from all parts of the country from people wishing to know why on earth we kept such a consummate fool who knew so little about American history. The letters kept pouring in for three or four weeks. It was one of the best-paying "ads" we ever printed. But we did not repeat our experiment because the one I refer to served its purpose. Our letters came from schoolboys, girls, professors, clergymen, schoolteachers and in two instances from eminent men who have a world-wide reputation. (1121)

Foot-gear—See Bible Customs To-day.

FORBEARANCE

These lines by Harry Larkin, in the *Scrap Book*, seem to breathe a spirit of self-distrust and forbearance for faults in others eminently worthy of perpetuation:

Dare we condemn the ills that others do?
Dare we condemn?
Their strength is small, their trials are not few,
The tide of wrong is difficult to stem,
And if, to us more clearly than to them
Is given knowledge of the good and true
More do they need our help and pity, too!
Dare we condemn?
God help us all and lead us day by day!
God help us all!
We can not walk alone the perfect way,
Evil allures us, tempts us and we fall!
We are but human and our power is small:
Not one of us may boast, and not a day
Rolls o'er our heads, but each hath need to pray,
God help us all! (Text.)

(1122)

The speaker in the following account was Shang, a converted Manchurian missionary:

Over at the "Heavenly Lord Hall" (French mission) I was looking at the new building which is being erected. The boys' schoolteacher was with me. A Roman Catholic objected to our presence and struck us both. One of their principal members, seeing us insulted, blushed very red, and spoke to the offender. But we just came away.

"What would you like me to do?" I asked. "Shall I write to the French priest and complain?"

"Do nothing at all," he replied. "Not to requite an insult is a blessing." (Text.)

(1123)

FORCE APPLAUDED

Robert Barr, the author, has a part in an anecdote which throws light upon England's present craze for the sinews of war:

When Mr. Barr was teaching school in Canada, an old college friend of his came along with a stereopticon, giving talks on Europe. The lecturer always finished with the thrilling recital of an anecdote about Queen Victoria. The Alake of Abeokuta visited her and asked, "What is the cause of England's greatness?" The good queen handed him a Bible, which was in readiness to present him, saying, "This is the reason of England's greatness." The dramatic device was always exceedingly effective.

When the lecturer came around to Barr's district, the lantern-operator was ill, and Barr was implored to take his place, which he consented to do. All went well until the grand finale arrived, when Barr maliciously substituted another picture for that of the Bible. "This," cried the fervid orator, "is the secret of England's greatness!" and was horrified on glancing up at the screen to see before him a picture of the gigantic battleship *Consternation*. The audience, which did not know the story of the Bible, cheered vociferously, rose to its feet, and sang "Rule Britannia" in a most warlike voice. (1124)

FORCE, LIVING

Look at a full-sized oak, the rooted Leviathan of the fields. Judging by your senses and by the scales, you would say that the substance of the noble tree was its bulk of bark and bough and branch and leaves and sap, the cords of woody and moist matter that compose it and make it heavy. But really its substance is that which makes it an oak, that which weaves its bark and glues it to the stem, and wraps its rings of fresh wood around the trunk every year, and pushes out its boughs and clothes its twigs with digestive leaves and sucks up nutriment from the soil continually, and makes the roots clench the ground with their fibrous fingers as a purchase against the storm wind, and at last holds aloft its tons of matter against the constant tug and wrath of gravitation, and swings its Briarean arms in triumph over the globe and in defiance of the gale. Were it not for this energetic essence that crouches in the acorn and stretches its limbs every year, there would be no oak; the matter that clothes it would enjoy its stupid slumber; and when the forest monarch stands up in his sinewy lordliest pride, let the pervading life-power, and its vassal forces that weigh nothing at all, be annihilated, and the whole structure would wither in a second to inorganic dust. So every gigantic fact in nature is the index and vesture of a gigantic force.—THOMAS STARR KING. (1125)

Force Unavailable—See LOYALTY.

FORCES, LATENT

Mighty forces often lie latent in nature until peculiar conditions elicit them. The trembling dew-drop is an electric accumulator, and within its silvery cells is stored a vast energy; the rain-drop and the snowflake are the sport of the wind, but, converted into steam, we are astonished at their potentiality; the tiny seed seems weakness itself, yet, beginning to germinate, it rends the rock like a thunderbolt.

Thus is it, only in a far more eminent degree, with human nature strengthened by the indwelling Spirit of God. In the first hours of trial we may be bewildered, stunned, staggered, but the latent forces of our nature, stimulated into action, render us equal to the most trying situation and the most trying moment. — W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (1126)

FORESIGHT

It would hasten the world's progress if each generation would consider the welfare of those to follow as carefully as did the church mentioned here:

Anticipating that airships will be in common use in a few years, the officials of Wesley Memorial Methodist Church, of Atlanta, Georgia, when it was in process of building, instructed the building committee to so arrange the roof that there will be no difficulty in adapting it to airship landings.

The officials declared that in future years the communicants of the church would sail to and from the services in airships, just as they now speed their automobiles. They say that as they are erecting a structure that will stand for 100 years it should be modern in every respect. (1127)

See PREVISION.

FORESIGHT IN BIRDS

Some red-headed woodpeckers in South Dakota, preferring their meat fresh, evolved a way to keep it so which compares favorably with the "cold storage" of man. One bird stored nearly one hundred grasshoppers in a long crack in a post. All were living when discovered, but so tightly wedged that they could not escape, and during the long winter of that region it is to be presumed the prudent bird had his provision. The observer found other places of storage full of grasshoppers, and discovered that the red-heads lived upon them nearly all winter. —OLIVE THORNE MILLER, "The Bird Our Brother." (1128)

Foresight, Lack of—See PREDICTION, FALSE.

FORGERY, LITERARY

At the end of the eighteenth century the literary forgers were especially active. The Ossianic poems, the work of a Highland schoolmaster, James McPherson, who pretended to have translated them from the Gaelic, raised a controversy that stirred up much ill-feeling among the rulers of the literary world of England. Then Chatterton, "the sleepless soul that perished in its pride," as Wordsworth sings, with his remarkable forgeries, deceived many of the antiquarians, among them Horace Walpole, and even Dr. Johnson "wondered how the young whelp could have done it." Another young forger was Ireland, a most remarkable impostor, who, at the age of 18, not only forged papers and legal documents purporting to be under Shakespeare's own hand and seal, and so deceived some of the most learned Shakespearian scholars, but also produced a play "Vortigern," which he claimed was by that great bard, and which was actually performed at Sheridan's theater. Whether or not Payne Collier tried his hand at correcting Shakespeare is still a matter of question; if guilty, his so-called "corrections" of the poet's text appear but slight deceptions compared to the forgery of a whole play, altho these notes proved far more deceptive than the spurious drama. Mention must be made of George Psalmanazar, who called himself a native of Formosa, invented a Formosan language, and wrote a history of the island; of the forgeries of ballads by Surtees, who deceived Sir Walter Scott himself, and of the forged letters of Shelley, to which Browning, who supposed them genuine, wrote an introduction. Instances of this kind of forgery have been so frequent of late years that editors and publishers are at last beginning to realize that there is often less in a name than they suppose.—Boston *Globe.* (1129)

FORGETFULNESS IN PREACHERS

Sudden forgetfulness is not an unusual thing in the pulpit. Aubrey, the antiquary, says that when he was a freshman at college he heard Dr. Sanderson, bishop of Lincoln, well known for his work, "Nine Cases of Conscience," break down in the middle of the Lord's Prayer. Even the great French preacher Massillon once stopt in the middle of a sermon from a defect of memory, and Massillon himself recorded that the same thing happened through an excess of apprehension to two other preachers whom he went to hear in different parts of the same day. Another French preacher stopt in the middle of his sermon and was unable to proceed. The pause was, however, got over ingeniously. "Friends," said he, "I had forgot that a person much afflicted is recommended to your immediate prayers." He meant himself. He fell on his knees, and before he rose he had recovered the thread of his discourse, which he concluded without his want of memory being perceived. *Chambers's Journal.* (1130)

FORGETTING AND REMEMBERING

Forget each kindness that you do
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
Wherever you may meet it.
Remember every kindness done
To you, whate'er its measure;
Remember praise by others won
And pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made,
And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid
And be a grateful debtor.

Remember all the happiness
That comes your way in living;
Forget each worry and distress,
Be hopeful and forgiving;
Remember good, remember truth,
Remember heaven's above you,
And you will find, through age and youth,
True joys, and hearts to love you.
—*Youth's Companion.*
(1131)

Forgetting the Past—See OLD-YEAR MEMORIES.

FORGIVENESS

Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate of England, writes this verse on forgiveness:

Now bury with the dead years conflicts dead,
And with fresh days let all begin anew.
Why longer amid shriveled leaf-drifts tread,
When buds are swelling, flower-sheaths peeping through?
Seen through the vista of the vanished years,
How trivial seem the struggle and the crown,
How vain past feuds, when reconciling tears
Course down the channel worn by vanished frown.
How few mean half the bitterness they speak!
Words more than feelings keep us still apart,
And, in the heat of passion and of pique,
The tongue is far more cruel than the heart,
Since love alone makes it worth while to live,
Let all be now forgiven and forgive. (Text.)
—*The Independent.*
(1132)

In childhood you were guilty of your first deceit. At nightfall, with grieved face, your mother asked if you had disobeyed, and your lips uttered their first lie. Your father was a just man and stern, and he would have lifted the hand in indignation, and as a child you would have hardened your heart. But your mother, with all-comprehending and healing love, was wiser. She met the denial with silence. That night she was, if possible, more tender than ever. She lingered a little longer in the room of her little child. She smoothed the cool sheets with more delicate care, and stooping for the last kiss, she asked, "Is there anything more you want to tell me?" Then she went out and left you, with that lie, your first lie, to be your companion. Do you remember how that lie stood like a ghostly fear at the foot of your little trundle-bed? How terror arched black and sable wings above your pillow? How you tossed to and fro, until at last, broken by your mother's love, you sprang up, felt your way through the dark hall, opened the door, flung yourself into your mother's arms, sobbed out your confession, and was forgiven, utterly and squarely and forever forgiven? Don't analyze your mother's forgiveness—accept it and be healed thereby. Redemption is a passion flower, crimsoned with the blood of God's heart. Don't pick this passion flower to pieces, lest you lose it. The roots of God's tree of life are fed with red rain, but the leaves of that tree, and the blossoms, heal the wounds of sinners.—N. D. Hillis. (1133)

Mr. H. J. Whigam, a war correspondent during the Boxer troubles, tells the following incident:

A Christian Chinaman was shot by a Cossack, and, as he lay on his dying bed, a squad of Cossacks was marched up before him that he might identify the murderer. "I am dying," he said. "What does it matter?" "But," said the officer, "we are not going to kill your assailant. We are only going to punish him, so that he shall not kill any more of your people." The dying Chinaman opened his weary eyes and made answer: "When he knows that I have forgiven him, he will not kill again." (1134)

John H. De Forest, in his book, "Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom," says that the relation of lord and retainer is the main controlling principle that has shaped the destiny of Japan. It is natural that ideal lords should have ideal retainers whose lives were devoted to their masters. He says occasionally this devotion took the form of rebuking the lord for some unworthy act, even when the advice would bring death to the faithful servant.

For example, an aged retainer of a young Shogun saw with deep anxiety his youthful lord's frivolous life, his love of games and dances and flowers, and determined to arouse him to his duties as a ruler. So going to the palace, he noticed a most exquisite dwarfed cherry-tree in full blossom in a splendid flower-pot. He rather bluntly asked his lord to give him the cherry-tree. On being refused he seized the pot and dashed it, flowers and all, on the stone steps, saying: "You care more for things than for men." He expected death, but his lord saw the earnest purpose of his servant and repenting of his own frivolous life, forgave him. (1135)

FORGIVENESS, CONDITIONS OF

Lorenzo de Medici made confession to Savonarola, on his death-bed, of three special sins, involving plunder done by him to Florence and its citizens. While he confest, Savonarola consoled him by repeating, "God is merciful." When Lorenzo had finished, he demanded three things of him before absolution could be given. First, that he should have a living faith in God's mercy. Lorenzo replied that he had such a faith. Second, that he should restore what he had unjustly acquired. Lorenzo, after hesitating, consented. Then Savonarola drew himself up and said, "Give Florence back her liberties." Lorenzo turned his face to the wall and uttered not a word, and Savonarola left the room without granting the absolution desired. (Text.) (1136)

Forgiveness of Sin—See Sin Consciousness.

FORGIVENESS, TIMELY

That we should forgive the faults of friends while they are in the flesh and can appreciate it is the lesson taught by Mrs. Marion Hutson in this verse:

Somewhere in the future, my lone grave
Will lie where flowers bloom and mosses wave,
And friends will stand beside it, speaking low
Of things I said and did so long ago.
My faults and follies all forgotten—dead—
And buried with me in my lowly bed.
Oh, loved ones! why not bury them to-day,
And let me feel forgiven while I may.
(1137)

FORM VERSUS REALITY

During the Civil War the late Colonel Bouck organized a regiment, says *Everybody's Magazine*, which he controlled as a dictator. It was while the army was resting after the colonel's first campaign that an itinerant evangelist wandered into camp and, approaching the colonel, asked if he was the commanding officer.

"Ugh!" snorted "Old Gabe," as he was affectionately called, "what do you want?"

"I am a humble servant of the Lord endeavoring to save the souls of the unfortunate. I have just left the camp of the —th Massachusetts, where I was instrumental in leading eight men into paths of righteousness."

"Adjutant," thundered Colonel Bouck, after a moment's pause, "detail ten men for baptism. No Massachusetts regiment shall beat mine for piety." (Text.) (1138)

Formation Versus Reformation—See Economy in Work.

Former Days—See Crime in Former Days.

FORMER LIFE, CONSCIOUSNESS OF

Our brains are inherited from our ancestors. Why, then, may it not be that the human brain is a palimpsest, containing more or less faded, yet recoverable records, not only of our entire past life, but of the lives of our ancestors to the remotest periods? Pythagoras profest a distinct recollection of his former lives; the writer of this knows two educated men who have lived before in the persons of rather more famous individuals than their present representatives; Lumen, in Flammarion's "Stories," finds that his soul had passed through many previous conditions. Indeed, the idea of transmigration, which is a poetic forecast of the more scientific doctrine here enunciated, is a very familiar one. Coleridge, in his boyhood one day was proceeding through the Strand, stretching out his arms as if swimming, when a passer-by, feeling a hand at his coat-tail, turned rudely round and seized him as a pickpocket. Coleridge denied the charge, and confest that he had forgotten his whereabouts in the impression that he was Leander swimming across the Hellespont—a wretched street-lamp being transformed by his imagination into the signal-light of the beautiful priestess of Sestos.—*American Notes and Queries.* (1139)

Forms—See Spirit and Form.

Forms, Value of—See Experience a Hard Teacher.

Fortitude—See Endurance of Pain.

FORWARD

At dawn it called, "Go forward without fear!
All paths are open; choose ye, glad and free."
Through morning's toilsome climb it urged the plea,
"Nay, halt not, tho the path ye chose grow dear."
At noon it spake aloud, "Make smooth the way
For other feet. Bend to thy task, tho weight
Of sorrow press thee. Others dower, tho fate
Deny thy secret wish." Through later day
It warns, "Climb on! Heights woo! The waning light
Bids haste! Yet scorn not those who lag behind,
Confused by lengthening rays that clear thy sight,
These, too, have striv'n all day their way to find."
At eve, when flaming sunset fades, O hear
Dawn's echoing call, "Go forward without fear."

—Anna Garlin Spencer. (1140)

Forward Look, A—See Prevision.

FORWARD, PRESSING

In a poem, "The Second Mile," by Dr. Oakley E. Van Slyke, occurs the following verse:

Be mine, dear Lord, to think not what I must,
But of the power bequeathed to me in trust.
Be mine, I pray, to go the second mile,
Do better than I need to all the while.

(1141)

FOUNDATIONS

All northern Italy from Genoa to Venice was shaken not long ago by a great earthquake shock. The seismic disturbances continued at intervals during several days. The people were terror-stricken, fearing the worst. It was significant that while the shock was severely felt on both sides of the Adriatic, it was scarcely perceptible in Venice, due probably to the fact that much care, forethought and skill had been exercised in laying the city's foundations. Every building of importance is supported by piles driven from sixty to one hundred feet into the mud of the lagoons.

In character building our only safety lies in sure foundation. (Text.) (1142)

FOUNDATIONS, FAULTY

The stone archway spanning a culvert under a railway at a certain point gave way and tumbled in, permitting the tracks to settle and sending trains away around by another line. Workmen came to study the cause of the trouble. One thought that the cement with which the stones had been laid was not properly mixed. Another was of the opinion that the mortar had been chilled, as the wall was laid up in cold weather. Still another examined the keystone and found fault with its shape. "The form of that stone was enough to bring the archway down!" he declared. "Just look at it! The man who made it never knew what a keystone is for!"

So the criticism went on. At last a quiet man who had been digging away at the foundation of things made the statement: "It was not the keystone; that is all right. The foundation gave way, and the wall could not help falling! It was the foundation!" And that was the verdict which stood. The very first stones had been laid on soft earth. (1143)

FOUNDATIONS, SECURE

One stands before some of the palaces of the old world that have endured for more than one thousand years without a crack or seam, in perfect admiration. The Pantheon at Rome stands just as it did more than two thousand years ago. This would be impossible had not its foundations been right. The Rialto Bridge that spans the Grand Canal in Venice was erected in 1588. It has stood as it now stands for 320 years, but that bridge rests on 12,000 piles driven deeply into the soil. What is true of buildings is true also of life.—George B. Vosburgh. (1144)

FOUNTAINS, EVER FLOWING

"To-day's wealth may be to-morrow's poverty; to-day's health, to-morrow's sickness; to-day's happy companionship of love, to-morrow's aching solitude of heart; but to-day's God will be to-morrow's God, to-day's Christ will be to-morrow's Christ. Other fountains may dry up in heat or freeze in winter, but this knows no change; 'in summer and winter it shall be.' Other fountains may sink low in their basins after much drawing, but this is ever full, and after a thousand generations have drawn from its stream is broad and deep as ever. Other fountains may be left behind on the march, and the wells and palm-trees of each Elim on our road be succeeded by a dry and thirsty land where no water is, but this spring follows us all through the wilderness, and makes music and spreads freshness ever by our path."—Alexander McLaren. (1145)

Fragility—See Ossification; Preservation.

Fragments Reconstituted—See Beauty from Fragments.

Fragrance—See Character Imparted.

Fragrance from Storm—See Affliction Producing Virtue.

Frankness—See Retort, A.

FRATERNITY

When you describe to a blind man what strikes you on the very instant, you really give him the illusion of light. He sees through your eyes. There is in his soul both light and color. The green swell of the forest, the yellow waves of the harvests, that stream that unrolls yonder, across the fields, like a ribbon of silver; that river whose waters are transmuted into liquid gold in the brazier of the setting sun, all this shines before his inward eye. And yet it is not this that most delights the blind man. What moves him, transports him, not only if he is your father, your son, your friend, but even a simple traveling companion, is that he sees through you; that, for an hour, you realize the holy law that man owes himself to man, and that he lives, above all, by your bounty and fraternal exchange.—Charles Wagner, "The Gospel of Life." (1146)

FRAUD BY ELECTRICITY

It was noticed some years ago that a large number of light gold coins were in circulation, and the discovery was made that the "sweating" was accomplished by electrolysis. The scientific swindler constructed an electro-deposition plant, using a ten-dollar gold piece as an anode and a small metal plate as a cathode. The battery was "set in motion" and presto! in a few minutes fifty cents' worth of gold was deposited on the metal plate, and the gold coin was worth so much less than before. As the gold was removed equally from all parts of the surface of the coin, its appearance was scarcely altered by the process, only an expert being able to detect the slight blurring of the design and lettering.—*Electrical Review.* (1147)

FREEDOM CHOSEN

After our Civil War a white man suggested to a negro that he had been better off as a slave. He had had more to eat and been more certain of it, a better cabin and less concern about it, better clothes and more of them. The negro agreed, and added, "The place is still open if you want it, sir. As for me, I had rather starve and go cold and naked, and be free." It is quite impossible for some men to understand that. For that is the heart of liberty. Eating and clothing and dwelling have become all important to some men, and compared with them liberty is not worth having. But there are hearts which have tasted slavery and so know the zest of freedom. (Text.)—C. B. McAfee. (1148)

FREEDOM, GOD RESPECTS OUR

God, having made man a free moral agent, is a wooer, not a coercionist. If the knowledge of the sacrifice made for man's redemption will not win man's love, God will not apply physical force to compel acceptance, love, and obedience. A military chieftain, tho holding the lives of his soldiers in his hands, exhibits his greatest power by refusing to exercise compulsion, and realizes that the best service rendered is that which is prompted by love of the commander. Thus God shows His almighty power. (1149)

FREEDOM, GRATITUDE FOR

On the 30th of August, 1833, the Emancipation Act passed the House of Lords. It was declared that all children under six years old should be free on the 1st of August, 1834; that all other slaves should be registered as apprenticed laborers and be compelled to labor for their owners for a few years—the time was shortened soon after. Antigua alone has the honor of having said, "We will have no apprentices; all shall be free."

Meanwhile in all the islands dismal prophecies were made by the planters of rapine and ruin and negro risings; but the missionaries were busy teaching the poor blacks how to receive the coming boon of freedom. The eve of that momentous day, the 1st of August, was kept by the slave population of Antigua as a watch-night in church and chapel. They had been advised to await the midnight hour on their knees with prayers and hymns of gratitude. So, at the first stroke of midnight in the island of Antigua, all fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but the slow booming of the cathedral bell, save here and there an hysteric sob from some overwrought slave-girl. The final stroke sounded through the clear air, and still the immense crowd kept silence, as tho they could not realize that they had become free. Then a strange thing happened: One awful peal of thunder rattled and crashed from pole to pole, and flash upon flash of lightning seemed to put out the feeble lights of cathedral, church and chapel.

God had spoken! The kneeling crowds sprang to their feet with a shout of joy; they laughed, they cried, they tossed brown arms abroad, and embraced one another in wild and passionate emotion; then they remembered God once more and prayed aloud. —Edward Gilliatt, "Heroes of Modern Crusades." (1150)

FREEDOM OF SOUL

What a remarkable invention is the airship! In it are wrapt almost boundless possibilities for good or evil. The Christian bound on his sacred mission may yet be able to use the viewless air for his highway, transport himself through its soundless solitudes, hundreds of miles before the dawning. He may transport himself with ease from place to place and behold all the marvels of creation on earth, having cut loose from gravitation and being free in the infinite ocean of starlight and sunlight.

The ideal of man is perfect freedom of the soul. (Text.) (1151)

FREEDOM OR SLAVERY

I was in conversation with a man a few days ago, and we were talking with reference to evil propensities and signing pledges and forming firm resolutions to quit bad habits. He said, "I won't sign a pledge because I won't sign away my liberty." I asked him what liberty he meant, and he said: "Liberty to do as I please." I said to him, "That is not liberty. Any man that does as he pleases, independent of physical, moral and divine law, is a miserable slave."—U. S. Shrimp, *Church Advocate.* (1152)

Freedom, Religious—See Liberty, Individual.

Freedom, The Appeal of—See Earnestness.

FREEDOM THROUGH DRILL

R. H. Haweis gives an experience that would be good for all learners:

He (Oury) taught me Rode's Air in G—that beautiful melody which has been, with its well-known variations, the *pièce de résistance* of so many generations of violinists and soprani. I was drilled in every note, the bowing was rigidly fixt for me, the whole piece was marked, bar by bar, with slur, *p* and *f*, *rall.* and *crescendo.* I was not allowed to depart a hair's breadth from rule. When I could do this easily and accurately, Oury surprized me one day by saying:

"Now you can play it as you like; you need not attend to a single mark!"

"How so?" I said.

"Don't you see," he said, "the marks don't signify: that is only one way of playing it. If you have any music in you, you can play it in a dozen other ways. Now, I will make it equally good," and he took the violin and played it through, reversing as nearly as possible all the *p's* and *f's*, "bowing" the slur and slurring the "bow," and it sounded just as well. I never forgot that lesson. (1153)

Free Will—See WILL, THE.

FRICTION DISSIPATING FORCE

An English writer says:

Three or four years ago an attempt was made to supersede the water-carts of London by laying down on each side of the road a horizontal pipe, perforated with a row of holes opening toward the horse-way. The water was to be turned on, and from these holes it was to jet out to the middle of the road from each side, and thus water it all. I watched the experiment made near the Bank of England.

Instead of spouting across the road from all these holes, as it should have done from any one of them, it merely dribbled; the reason being that, in order to supply them all, the water must run through the whole of the long pipe with considerable velocity, and the viscosity and friction to be overcome in doing this nearly exhausted the whole force of water-head pressure. Many other similar blunders have been made by those who have sought to convey water-power to a distance by means of a pipe of such diameter as should demand a rapid flow through a long pipe.

This is a clear illustration of friction dissipating force. How much life force needed for constructive works of righteousness is wasted by mere friction. (1154)

FRIEND, A TRUE

At a "home" in the country which the children of the slums are allowed to visit for a short time in the summer, the following incident occurred. A party of about one hundred youngsters was returning to the city. The attendant noticed that one of the girls, Rosie, was walking rather clumsily. This is the way the New York *Tribune* tells the story:

When the attendant heard a chorus of gibes all aimed at little Rosie, she saw that the girl was wearing a pair of shoes of large size. Then the attendant remembered that Rosie had had a new pair of shoes, and the little girl was asked about it.

"Well," said Rosie, "you see, the shoes ain't mine. They're Katie's. I know they're awful big, but her mama ain't had any work lately, so she couldn't buy her a new pair. She just gave her own shoes to Katie.

"Katie felt awful bad about it, and cried all the way to the station. The girls all laughed at her. I just lent her my new ones and took hers.

"You see, teacher," said Rosie, raising her eyes to the attendant's face, "Katie's my friend." (1155)

Friend, The, of Animals—See KINDNESS, THE POWER OF.

FRIEND, THE ORPHAN'S

Margaret Gaffney was given the name of the "Orphans' Friend." She was an orphan left to the care of Welsh people who were very poor. Charity was the very spring of her being. Having lost her husband, her childless heart caused her to enter the Paydros Orphan Asylum, for which she solicited stores, wheeling them herself in a wheelbarrow when she had no other means of conveyance. She built another orphan asylum, and started a dairy to help its support. Later she established a bakery. She would not indulge herself in anything unnecessary because there "was so much suffering in the world." New Orleans owes to this poor, ignorant woman her three largest homes for children, which are for orphans, black or white, irrespective of denomination. When the Fourth Louisiana Regiment was taken captive to New Orleans, Margaret went to the fort with a load of bread, and when ordered to halt, she replied, "What for?" When challenged, she jumped out of the wagon, grabbed the sentinel in her arms, and forcibly set him out of her path, and amid the cheers of the men, entered the fort with her baskets of bread. Whenever the Mississippi overflowed, her boat, loaded with bread, went daily to the submerged districts, feeding the needy. This poor woman was followed to her grave by the entire municipal government, merchants, professional men, and the children of eleven orphan asylums, who uncovered their heads to Margaret, the first woman in this country to be honored by the erection of a marble statue to her memory.—James T. White, "Character Lessons." (1156)

FRIEND, THE SYMPATHETIC

Angels are good companions for a crisis, but for every-day use the warm, touchable, sympathetic friend is as necessary as oxygen to the blood.—Camden M. Cobern (1157)

FRIEND, VALUE OF A

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley; "tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too." He replied, "I had a friend." Somewhere in her "Middlemarch," George Eliot puts it well: "There are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us; and our sins become the worst kind of sacrilege, which tears down the invisible altar of trust."—William C. Gannett. (1158)

FRIENDLINESS

It is related of Alexander the Great, that he won the hearts of his soldiers by calling them "his fellow footmen." And of Aristotle, the better to instruct his hearers, that he read not to them—as other philosophers used to do—from a lofty seat, but walking and talking with them familiarly, as with friends, in Apollo's porch; so he made them great philosophers. (Text.) (1159)

Friends and Foes Meet—See Amity After War.

Friends Cancelling Debt—See Kindness.

FRIENDS, CHOICE OF

The following poem was written by His Majesty Mutsuhito, the Emperor of Japan, for the students at the Peeresses' School of Tokyo. It is translated by Arthur Lloyd:

The water placed in goblet, bowl or cup
Changes its form to its receptacle;
And so our plastic souls take various shapes
And characters of good or ill, to fit
The good or evil in the friends we choose.
Therefore, be ever careful in your choice of friends,
And let your special love be given to those
Whose strength of character may prove the whip,
That drives you ever to fair wisdom's goal.

(Text.)—*The Independent.*
(1160)

Friends in Heaven—See Heaven, Friends in.

FRIENDS, KEEPING

Somebody once asked the famous Roman Atticus how he managed to keep his friends up to the end of his life. His simple reply was, "I never expected anything from them."

It is difficult, no doubt to maintain during outbursts of passion the serene indulgence peculiar to friendship, but without attaining to the state of Atticus, who expected nothing, where the desire to give much dominates a soul, the sting of wounded vanity would not be felt in the flesh, for wounded vanity would change its object, making it a matter of pride to give, and not receive.—Dora Melegari, "Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy." (1161)

FRIENDSHIP

John Macy says in *The Atlantic Monthly:*

Poe lived, worked, and died in such intellectual solitude that Griswold could write immediately after his death that he left few friends. Tho at the height of his career in New York, "between the appearance of 'The Raven' and the time when poverty and illness claimed him irrevocably, he appears as a lion in gatherings of the literati, yet it is asserted that among them his only affectionate friends were two or three women."

No brilliant fame can atone for the lack of true friendships. (1162)

A young man who had left home to enter business, and who had only a single acquaintance in the town where he was newly employed, was arrested upon the charge of stealing a pocketbook containing $1,000 from the desk of a man whom he had called upon in a business way the previous day. He was in a desperate plight, for circumstances were strongly against him. The man stated that he had the pocketbook just a few minutes before the young man came in, and upon looking for it immediately afterward, it was gone, and nobody else had been in the room. The young man's only hope was in the establishment of a previous good character, and he had no one to whom he could at the moment apply. Not knowing what to do he sent for his single acquaintance, and told him of his predicament and the circumstances of the whole affair, and said, "Of course, you have only my word that I did not take the pocketbook, but it is the truth." His acquaintance looked at him critically for a few minutes, and then said, "No, I don't believe you did take it, and I am going to stand by you in this, and see that you are cleared." The new acquaintance immediately gave bail, and told him to go back to work, and say nothing. Then he sent to the home of the boy, and arranged to have some influential men of the place come on at his own expense to testify to the character of his friend, and upon the day of trial, secured his honorable discharge. When asked why he did all this he replied, "Why, I am your friend." This was his idea of the meaning of a friend.—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (1163)

See KINDNESS.

Friendship and Peace—See PEACE PACT.

FRIENDSHIP, CONCEPTIONS OF

The Greek idea of friendship is represented by the figure of a girl, with uncovered head; one hand on her heart, the other resting on an elm struck by a thunderbolt, and about which a vine, heavy with grapes, is entwined. Her dress was high and close fitting, her attitude chaste. The Roman conception of friendship was more complicated and modern. The girl's dress was cut *á la vierge,* her head crowned with myrtle and pomegranate flowers; she held in her hand two hearts enchained. On the fringe of her tunic was written, "Life and death"; on her forehead were the words, "Summer and winter." With her right hand she pointed to her left side; exposed over heart and on it was written, "From far and near."—DORA MELEGARI, "Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy." (1164)

FRIENDSHIP, PERFECT

William Anderson tells us what true friendship is in this poem:

True friendship is a perfect, priceless gem.
  Its greatest glory is its flawlessness.
My friends must give to me, as I to them,
  Their best or nothing—I'll accept no less.

I want the perfect music, or no song;
  I want the perfect love, or none at all;
Right is not right when coupled with a wrong;
  Sweet is not sweet when touched with taint of gall. (1165)

FRIENDSHIP, SELFISH

The motives of some men in cultivating friendships may be compared to that of the foxes mentioned below:

To see a fox get round the farmer's dogs, in order to make friends with them, is one of the most astonishing revelations of character. Usually the dogs seem hardly to know at first what to make of his advances, but the fox is pretty certain to succeed in bringing him to his side in the end, and after that they may be seen playing together day after day.—WITMER STONE and WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM, "American Animals." (1166)

FRIGHT

One of the numerous incidents connected with the Sicilian earthquake was the escape of an artilleryman named Gashane Valente at Messina which was remarkable. A tidal-wave swept him from inside the barracks out to sea, where a fishing boat rescued him. He was landed near Messina, and ran without stopping eleven hours, reaching Acireale, fifty-five miles away. Terror gave him the necessary endurance. (1167)

Frowns—See SMILES AND FROWNS.

Fructification, Spiritual—See LIFE, NEW, FROM GOD.

FRUIT AND SOIL

A choice variety of plum was purchased and set out in a certain garden. When the tree came to maturity, to the keen disappointment of the owner, there was no fruit on its branches. Investigation showed that the fault was not in the tree. The land in which it was planted proved to be barren and lacking in proper nourishment.

A tree growing in poor soil can not bear, because it requires all the strength it can extract from the soil to barely sustain its life. It takes all the virtue there is in the soil to support the head and foliage so that the fruit is literally starved out.

There are church-members who branch into Christian profession but who are rooted in the world. Such will bring forth nothing but leaves. (Text.) (1168)

FRUIT-BEARING

Suppose the tree should say: "My roots are strong, my boughs elastic and tough, firm against the stroke of wind and storm. Look at my bark, how smooth and fresh; and where is there a tree whose tides of sap are fuller or richer? What leaves, too, are these that I have woven out of the threads of sun and soil! Little wonder that the birds build nests in my branches, while the cattle find shade beneath my boughs." Well, this is a good argument—for an apple-tree—but a poor one for a man. The hungry farmer-boy does not leap the fence on his way to the apple-tree looking for apple-sap or apple-boughs or apple-leaves—he is looking for apples. And God has built this world, not for the root moralities that support man. Industry is good—it is good not to lie and not to steal, and not to kill and not to perjure, but these beginnings are fundamental only, the man must go on from the leaf to the fruit. The fruit is truth in the inner parts, justice, measured by God's standard, and mercy that tempers justice, love, joy peace, long-suffering gentleness, goodness, faith that trusts, and will not be confounded. (Text.)—N. D. Hillis. (1169)

FRUIT LIKE THE TREE

Tho I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and tho I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing. In so giving and so doing, I would be acting merely in a way analogous to the jackdaw that would expect to be turned into a peacock by sticking a few peacock's feathers into its black coat. This maneuver would not convert the jackdaw into a peacock; it would be still a jackdaw even after it had covered itself all over with peacock's feathers. Let it first turn, if possible, into a peacock, and then peacock's feathers will grow naturally upon it; its black coat will then soon be radically changed. To adopt the simile of our Lord, first make the tree good, and then its fruit will be good; you can not produce heaven's fruit until the tree be first planted in heaven.—Alexander Miller, "Heaven and Hell Here." (1170)

FRUITFULNESS

The chayote is in many particulars the most remarkable plant in the vegetable kingdom. It is entirely immune from fungi, and is the only plant known which insects do not attack. Altho it bears fruit, it is a vine. Its growth is surprizingly rapid. It is a perennial and clambers about, clings to and covers fence, barn, tallest tree—anything. It will often bear as many as five hundred fruits, some of them weighing no less than three pounds. It blossoms and ripens fruit every month in the year. It is palatable and nutritious. Its flowers are rich in nectar and a prolific source of honey. (Text.) (1171)

Fruits, First—See First Fruits.

FULFILMENT DISAPPOINTING

It is the way with all ambitions not to satisfy when they are achieved. Here is a poem by Grantland Rice teaching this truth:

The little boy smiled in his sleep that night,
  As he wandered to Twilight Town;
And his face lit up with a heavenly light
  Through the shadows that drifted down;
But he woke next morning with tear-stained eye

  In the light of the gray dawn's gleam,
And out from the stillness we heard him cry,
  "I've lost my dream—my dream!"

And he told us then, in his childish way,
  Of the wonderful dream he'd known,
He had wandered away from the land of play
  To the distant Land of the Grown;
He had won his share of the fame and fight
  In the struggle and toil of men;
And he sobbed and sighed in the breaking light,
  "I want my dream again!"

As the years passed by the little boy grew
  Till he came to the Land of the Grown;
And the dream of his early youth came true—
  The dream that he thought had flown;

Yet once again he smiled in his sleep—
Smiled on till the gray dawn's gleam
When those near by might have heard him weep:
"I want my dream—my dream!"

For he dreamed of the yesterdays of youth,
And the smile on a mother's face;
A hearth of old-time faith and truth
In the light of an old home place;
He had won his share of the fame and fight
In the struggle and toil of men—
Yet he sobbed and sighed, in the breaking light:
"I want my dream again!"

—*The Tennesseean.*

(1172)

FULNESS, CHRIST'S

The late Charles Cuthbert Hall said:

I recall the wonder and delight with which I saw the ocean tide come up the Bay of Fundy and fill the empty river-bed. Through the hours of the ebb, the Nova Scotian rivers dwindled and shrank within their banks. Broad and barren reaches of sand exposed themselves; ships listed heavily on their sides, deserted by the feeble stream trickling in mid-channel. Then came the tide up the Bay of Fundy, up from the abundance of the unfathomable sea. You could hear it coming with a distant sound of motion and life and unmeasured power. You could see it coming, with a pure white girdle of foam, that looked in sunlight like a zone of fire. It entered the river-bed; it filled the empty channel as one fills a pitcher at the fountain; it covered the barren sands with motion and sparkling life; it lifted the heavy ships, gave back to them their rights of buoyancy, set them free upon the broad water-way of world-wide opportunity; it changed the very face of the land from sadness and apathy and dulness to animation and color and glittering activity. So Christ comes into empty human lives, and fills them with His fulness, which is the very fulness of God. The difference between a life without Christ and a life with Christ is the difference between ebb and flood: the one is growing emptier, the other is growing fuller. (1173)

FUNCTIONS AND GIFTS IN THE EAST

The function in the non-Christian world must be regarded, because there etiquette and propriety are on dress parade. Presents are another difficulty. Be sure to look into this matter, and do not think that you are doing all that is required when you send a present. You have to be very particular about the number of presents, about the manner in which they are wrapt, about their proper delivering, etc. Receiving gifts is quite as serious a problem to the person who desires to rank as polite, as is the making of presents.—H. P. BEACH, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (1174)

FUNDAMENTALS

Every life is dominated by a fundamental note, good or bad. All its overtones will ultimately correspond.

The wires strung from pole to pole are set into oscillation by the wind, somewhat as the strings of a violin are set into vibration by the bow. In skilful hands the violin bow can be made to bring forth from the string one powerful fundamental note and several overtones of higher pitch, but in perfect harmony with the fundamental. But the wind is a very skilful performer, and brings forth at the same time not only the deepest fundamental bass note of the wire, but a great variety of overtones, both harmonious and discordant. In fact, the many wires strung overhead, from pole to pole, constitute splendid Eolian harps.—*Telephony.* (1175)

See VITAL FAITHS.

FURY INCREASING STRENGTH

The almost superhuman pluck of certain prize-fighting animals—bulldogs and badgers, for instance—may in reality be founded on a temporary insensibility to pain, and the evident advantages of that negative endowment suggest its development by the agency of natural selection. Individuals gifted with that faculty of emotional anesthesia were less likely to succumb to the terrors of a life-and-death struggle, and therefore more apt to prevail in that struggle for existence which in a state of nature is implied by the frequent necessity of contesting the physical superiority of sexual rivals or alien antagonists. The invigorating tendency of certain passions may have been developed in a similar manner. The formidable and, indeed, quite abnormal strength of infuriated man is so well known that even an athlete will hesitate to try conclusions with an adversary under the influence of raging passions, and in such moments fury-inspired vigor has often accomplished feats which afterward surprized even the hero of the exploit. "The saints do help a man in a desperate plight," said an old Creole planter, who had rescued his family from the attack of a brutal negro. The same strength-sustaining influence of fury may explain the almost miraculous victories of small bodies of desperate men over large armies of better-armed foes, as in the three murderous battles which the rustic avengers of John Huss gained against the iron-clad legions of his enemies, or in that still less expected defeat of an entire Russian army by a few hundred followers of the hero-prophet Shamyl. Religious frenzy has often produced a similar effect, and on any other theory only a miracle could explain the almost constant victories of the Saracens, who, in spite of determined resistance of millions of better disciplined and physically superior opponents, succeeded in less than a century in extending their empire from the Ganges to the Bay of Biscay.—FELIX OSWALD, *The Open Court.* (1176)

FUTURE DISCOVERIES

In view of the marvelous discoveries which the last half century has witnessed no one can doubt that there is quite as much that is marvelous to come. The dweller on the planet in the year 2000 will undoubtedly look back on these times with a good deal of the same feeling that we of the present day have for those who lived in the days of the stage-coach and the weekly mail; and it is quite likely that the philosopher of that period will speak of ours as "the good old times." But however that may be, and whatever the advance they have made in our condition, we may be sure that they will find all their improvements as necessary to existence as we now find the telegraph and railroad and electric. If they have established intercommunication between the planets, they will be just as dependent on those new features as we are on the latest appliances of our civilization. And if the air line to Jupiter should break down in such a way as to cripple the Mars cut-off or the branch to Saturn, the public will be just as much hindered and embarrassed as we are by a wire-disabling blizzard in the commercial metropolis or a fire in a central telegraph office.—Detroit *Free Press.* (1177)

Future, Forcasting the—See PREVISION.

FUTURE LIFE

I trace the river, swelling out by degrees from the spring to a rill, from the rill to a brook, from the brook to a mill-stream, from the stream to a river, taking into itself all minor tributaries, and rolling on with a current that bears the ship and the steamboat with the easiest majesty, still cleaving its way through meadow and hill, through forest and mountain, untroubled toward the sea. Shall I believe, then, that when that river has rounded a promontory, beyond which, as yet, I can not follow it, it is all at once dissolved into mist? or emptied into a cavern so deep and obscure that no trace of the stream reappears upon the earth? Nay, but I know—tho I have not seen the end, it is as certain to me as if already my vision embraced it—that that river flows on continuous to the ocean, and mingles its wave with all the waters that gird the globe, and are drawn into the skies!

And so I know that the great soul of man, aspiring from its birth to a nobler development, still matching its companions, still surpassing its circumstances, with ideas within it which no present can unfold, and with a deep self-centered force, to which the body is only an accident, will still go on when this body has decayed, and be only nobler and princelier in each power when mingling with that illustrious concourse of intelligent and pure beings who already have been gathered in the courts of the future! It were to reverse and violently over-ride every palpable probability, to deny or to doubt this! (Text.)—RICHARD S. STORRS.

(1178)

Sometime—dear hands shall clasp our own
once more,
And hearts that touched our hearts long
years before
Shall come to meet us in the morning land;
And then, at last, our souls shall understand
How, tho He hid His meaning from our
sight,
Yet God was always true and always right;
And how, tho smiles were often changed for
tears,
Along this tangled pathway of the years,
Yet only so these lives of yours and mine
Have caught the likeness of the life divine.
(Text.)
(1179)

Future Life, Pledge of—See LIFE A CYCLE.

FUTURE POSSIBILITIES

The field of mental effort is not measurable, and so far as we know, is unlimited. To fix its bounds would be to set an arbitrary limit to the progress of the human race. In science, art, literature—in all that exalts and embellishes life—the space yet available for progress comes as near infinitude as anything we are capable of conceiving. To one who stands in a valley, the horizon is near; let him climb a hill, and his view is expanded. When he attains a greater height the prospect appears still wider. The inventive genius of the world is rising higher and higher every day. Its prospect never appeared so utterly boundless as now. All that has been achieved, all the grand conquests that are recorded, are but an atom in the balance weighed when brought against the possibilities of the future.—*The Inventive Age.* (1180)

FUTURE REUNION

Richard Watson Gilder is the author of this:

Call me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
Into the company of the ever-living
High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving
Rather be made. Say, "He at last hath won
Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,
Music and song and light of immortal faces;
To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
To morrow (who can say) Shakespeare may pass—
And our lost friend just catch one syllable
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well—
Or Milton, or Dante, looking on the grass
Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still
To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill. (1181)

FUTURE, THE

Ethel Ashton writes of the value of the things not yet in view:

Beyond the forms and the faces I see ineffable things,
Above the cry of the children I hear the beating of wings;
Gracing the graves of the weary are blossoms that never were blown,
And over the whole of knowledge stands all that shall yet be known.

The city is not my prison—the world can not stay me there;
For whole wide earth and its beauty there's beauty beyond compare.
The wealth of the wind-blown music, the gold of the sun are mine.
In light of the light men see not—in sight of the things divine.

For truer than all that is written is all that has not been told.
The yet unlived and unliving are truer than all the old.
The fairest is still the furthest; the life that has yet to be
Holds ever the past and present—itself the soul of the three.
—*The Outlook* (London).
(1182)

Future Uncertain—See To-MORROW, UNCERTAINTY OF.

FUTURE WELFARE

A nation may now become educated; a people may now be safe against poverty or famine; the world is even now probably past the critical point and sure of unintermitted future progress. We may be allowed to hope that later generations may continue to see an interminable succession of advances, made by coming men of science and by learned engineers and mechanics that shall continually add to the sum of human happiness in this world, and make it continually easier to prepare for a better world and a brighter. Who knows but that the telescope, the spectroscope, and other as yet uninvented instruments may aid us in this by revealing the secrets of other and more perfect lives in other and more advanced worlds than ours, despite the head-shaking of those who know most of the probabilities? Who can say that the life of the race may not be made in a few generations, by this ever-accelerating progress of which the century has seen but the beginning, a true millennial introduction into the unseen universe and the glorious life that every man, Christian or skeptic, optimist, or pessimist, would gladly hope for and believe possible? (Text.)—R. H. THURSTON, *North American Review.* (1183)

G

GAIN THROUGH LOSS

Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes:

I will not doubt, tho sorrows fall like rain,
And troubles swarm like bees about a hive;
I shall believe the heights for which I strive
Are only reached by anguish and by pain;
And tho I groan and tremble with my crosses,
I yet shall see, through my severest losses,
The greater gain. (Text) (1184)

Gain and Loss—See Fast Living.

GAIT AND CHARACTER

The firm foot is the ordinary type in men. A firm walk is a sign of self-control as well as of power. When the shoe thickens so obstinately that the foot can not bend it, and when the walker does not care what noise he makes, the firmness and power are developing to a degree that may inconvenience weaker or more sensitive folk. The weak foot is the more common. The stand suggests a knock-kneed body and a mind not strong enough to make the best of life—one might almost say, altogether a knock-kneed character that is always stepping crooked and going its way with an uncertain gait.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.* (1185)

Gait of Criminals—See Criminals, Gait of.

GAMBLING

The chaplain in charge of the penitentiaries in Kings County, N. Y., states that one-half of all the young men whose careers he has investigated show that the race-track and its attendant evils were the beginning of their downward course. The records of the evil and criminal courts, are replete with similar testimony. Bankrupts, women who risk their married happiness, clerks, pilfering from the till, embezzlers, forgers, defaulters, suicides, show how, to quote a victim who stole and then lost at one time $10,000 at the races, "that betting is the devil's own joke," and there are many full-sized victims.—S. Parkes Cadman. (1186)

See Juvenile Court Experience.

GAMBLING AS RELIGIOUS DUTY

One of the three great annual Hindu festivals is in memory of the occasion when three of the Hindu gods sat down to gamble. Krishna, the guileful god, won. This festival is celebrated by universal gambling. Indeed, the people believe that unless they gamble at this time, they will be born as rats, or take some other undesirable form in the next life.

After the festival is over, thousands of families have to start life again from the very bottom without a stick of furniture, as all has been lost at gambling. (1187)

Gambling, Some Results of—See Juvenile Court Experience.

GAME OF GREED

Ask a great money-maker what he wants to do with his money—he never knows. He doesn't make it to do anything with it. He gets it only that he may get it. "What will you make of what you have got?" you ask. "Well, I'll get more," he says. Just as, at cricket, you get more runs. There's no use in the runs, but to get more of them than other people is the game. And there's no use in the money, but to have more of it than other people is the game. So all that great foul city of London there—rattling, growling, smoking, stinking—a ghastly heap of fermenting brickwork, pouring out poison at every pore—you fancy it is a city of work? Not a street of it! It is a great city of play; very nasty play, and very hard play, but still play. It is only Lord's cricket-ground without the turf—a huge billiard-table without the cloth, and with pockets as deep as the bottomless pit; but mainly a billiard-table, after all.—John Ruskin. (1188)

GATE, THE, OF STARS

H. Aide writes this apt fancy of the stars:

Stars lying in God's hand,
We know ye were not planned
Merely to light men on their midnight way.
Shine on, ye fiery stars!
It may be through your bars
We shall pass upward to eternal day." (1189)

Generalship—See Opinion Changed.

GENEROSITY

A pleasant story about Andrew Carnegie is told by a tourist from Scotland in the New York *Tribune:*

At Skibo Castle, Mr. Carnegie had during the summer a beautiful rose-garden. There were thousands of red and white and yellow roses always blooming there, and the villagers were free to saunter in the garden paths to their hearts' content.

One day the head gardener waited upon Mr. Carnegie. "Sir," he said, "I wish to lodge a complaint." "Well?" said the master. "Well, sir," the gardener began, "I wish to inform you that the village folk are plucking the roses in your rose garden. They are denuding your rose-trees, sir." "Ah," said Mr. Carnegie gently, "my people are fond of flowers, are they, Donald? Then you must plant more." (Text.) (1190)

There is a beautiful incident connected with the fall of the stronghold of the Cumberland which General Grant was too modest to include in the "Memoirs." Many years after the event, General Buckner, speaking at a Grant birthday gathering, said: "Under these circumstances I surrendered to General Grant. I had at a previous time befriended him, and it has been justly said that he never forgot an act of kindness. I met him on the boat (at the surrender), and he followed me when I went to my quarters. He left the officers of his own army and followed me, with that modest manner peculiar to him, into the shadow, and there he tendered me his purse. It seems to me that in the modesty of his nature he was afraid the light would witness that act of generosity, and sought to hide it from the world."—Col. Nicholas Smith, "Grant, the Man of Mystery." (1191)

A noble spirit despises pay and money. Garibaldi was always penniless; so, when he had occasion to give, as was constantly the case, he had to borrow or sacrifice personal belongings. Once he brought home an Italian exile, who, he explained, was poorer than himself. "I have two shirts and he has none," and he proposed dividing. But one shirt happened to be in the wash, so, had he stript off the one on his back, as he was wholly capable of doing, the division would still have been unequal. "I have it!" then exclaimed Garibaldi. "There is the red shirt in my trunk that I haven't worn since Rome. He shall have that!" A friend, however, intervened, and the Garibaldian red badge of courage was peremptorily rescued. (Text.) (1192)

If I were poor, and had no means, and was obliged to throw my remaining days on the generosity of the public for food and clothes and comfort, I should appeal to the Korean, knowing that he would never see me want, would be respectful while generous, and would never be so mean as to cast up my good-for-nothingness to me.—James S. Gale, "Korea in Transition." (1193)

Of Samuel Johnson, William J. Long in "English Literature" writes:

In all London there was none more kind to the wretched, and none more ready to extend an open hand to every struggling man and woman who crossed his path. When he passed poor, homeless Arabs sleeping in the streets he would slip a coin in their hands, in order that they might have a happy awakening; for he himself knew well what it meant to be hungry. Such was Johnson—a "mass of genuine manhood," as Carlyle called him, and as such, men loved and honored him. (1194)

See Acknowledgment; Humor and Generosity; Tact.

Generosity Betrayed—See Displacement.

GENEROSITY, CHRISTIAN

If business men generally followed the Golden Rule, after the example of Mr. Frank Crossley, the great promoter of London missions, as indicated below, what a different world this would soon become!

One unfortunate man who had put in one of Mr. Crossley's engines, and found it too small, but was unable to replace it, and was threatened with bankruptcy, found in him a rare benefactor, who not only replaced the old engine by a new and larger one without charge, but actually made up to him the losses in his business which had resulted from his own blunder. That man said to a friend, "I have found a man who treated me just as Jesus Christ would have done!" (Text.)—Pierson, "The Miracles of Missions." (1195)

GENEROSITY, THOROUGHGOING

Rev. A. J. Potter, the "Fighting Parson" of Texas, tells this:

Holding services at a place one time I took up a collection for the support of missions. There was a poor old lady present who I noticed dropt a $5 gold piece in the hat. I knew she was very poor and not able to afford so much, and thought she had intended to throw in a quarter, but made a mistake. So next day I met her husband and said to him: "Look here, your wife put a $5 gold piece in the hat yesterday; I think she must have made a mistake." "No, no," he replied, "my wife didn't make no mistake. She don't fling often, but, let me tell you, when she flings she flings."

It is just such "flings" of the generous giver that lend "wings" to the glorious gospel. (1196)

GENIUS

Oh, some there are with beauty bright,
And they are lust of eyes,
And some who blind us with the mind
Our spirit them defies.
But genius is the great white light
Nor mind nor beauty buys.

And some will play a wanton air
To catch the vagrant soul;
Some find it sweet with dancing feet
To foot it toward the goal;
But he who hears the whirling spheres
Can ne'er again be whole.

Oh, he who hears the whirling spheres
Wher'er his steps have trod,
Has reached the end of human trend;
With wings his feet are shod,
For he has seen, beyond the screen,
Into the face of God.

—Frederick Truesdell, *Appleton's Magazine.* (1197)

The cultivated man is not in every case the best reporter. One of the best I ever knew was a man who could not spell four words correctly to save his life, and his verb did not always agree with the subject in person and number; but he always got the fact so exactly, and he saw the picturesque, the interesting, and important aspect of it so vividly, that it was worth another man's while, who possest the knowledge of grammar and spelling, to go over the report and write it out. Now, that was a man who had genius; he had talent the most indubitable, and he got handsomely paid in spite of his lack of grammar.—Charles A. Dana. (1198)

See Small Beginnings.

GENIUS AND WORK

Edison, when asked his definition of genius, answered: "Two per cent is genius, and ninety-eight per cent is hard work." When asked on another occasion: "Mr. Edison, don't you believe that genius is inspiration?" he replied: "No! Genius is perspiration." (1199)

GENIUS CAN NOT BE HIDDEN

The author of "Uncle Remus" apparently succeeded because he did not try. The literary world and the publishers came to him; he did not go to them. Here was a young, unknown, untraveled printer, of narrow school advantages, tho profitably educated in the best classics, and possessing, besides, much curious knowledge of negroes, of dogs, of horses, of the way of the red stream in the swamp, and of the folk of the woods. He had some familiar old stories to tell—so old and so familiar that no one had thought them worth while writing down—and he told them as quietly and as simply as he talked. But good work, tho hidden away in an obscure newspaper, gets itself recognized sooner or later, and one day Harris received an invitation to write some of his tales for one of the foremost of American magazines. He couldn't understand it at all, but he wrote the stories, among them an account of the amusing adventures of Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox, and the Tar Baby, which clinched his literary fame. His tales succeeded far beyond his expectations, and for the same reason that made "Æsop's Fables" an imperishable classic. For they were the slow fruitage of the wonder, the humor, and the pathos of a race of primitive storytellers. They were instinct with those primal passions which appeal to human nature, savage and civilized, the world over. (Text.)
Ray Stannard Baker, *The Outlook.* (1200)

GENIUS DISCOUNTED

Those who know Goldsmith best had recognized his genius so little that when he published "The Traveler" it was difficult to persuade them that he had written it himself. He was throughout life the butt of inferior wits, and in the arts which secured earthly success was completely distanced by inferior men, because he had no power of impressing himself as others. He had the finest wit, but it was not at command; he had genius and eloquence, but an invincible awkwardness and timidity prevented the display of either when their display would have won him respect. In conversation he was like a man who has a purse of gold, but who can not produce the single silver coin which is wanted at the moment.—W. J. DAWSON, "The Makers of English Prose." (1201)

GENIUS, DISCOVERING

Two boys, mistreated by their employer, ran away, taking the road to Rome. They reached the Eternal City. Peter was taken as cook's boy in a cardinal's house, Michael could find nothing to do, so he almost despaired and almost starved. But he liked to visit the churches and gaze at the fine pictures therein.

Something stirred within him, and he took bits of charcoal and sketched pictures on the walls of Peter's attic room. One day the cardinal discovered them. The boys were frightened, and Michael declared that he would rub them all out. But he did not understand the cardinal, who was amazed at their accuracy and power. He took Michael to a drawing-master, and gave Peter a better position in his house. Michael worked diligently and became an enthusiast in his art.

His other name was Angelo. This was the humble beginning of the man who was almost a universal genius—painter, architect, sculptor and poet. (Text.) (1202)

Genius Neglected—See FRIENDSHIP.

GENIUS NOT ALWAYS FORESEEN

It is not always easy to pass final judgment, or to say who will or will not become famous. The nestling's first awkward attempts to use its wings seem to contain no presage of the warbling flight that will come hereafter. Once, at a literary banquet, Aldrich reminded Dr. Holmes that he had declared he could see no poetic promise in some of Aldrich's youthful verses that were submitted to him.—New Orleans *Times-Democrat.* (1203)

GENIUS, PERSECUTED

The last part of Milton's life is a picture of solitary grandeur unequaled in literary history. With the Restoration all his labors and sacrifices for humanity were apparently wasted. From his retirement he could hear the bells and the shouts that welcomed back a vicious monarch, whose first act was to set his foot upon his people's neck. Milton was immediately marked for persecution; he remained for months in hiding; he was reduced to poverty, and his books were burned by the public hangman. His daughters, upon whom he depended in his blindness, rebelled at the task of reading to him and recording his thoughts. In the midst of all these sorrows we understand, in Samson, the cry of the blind champion of Israel:

Now blind, disheartened, shamed, dishonored, quelled,
To what can I be useful? Wherein serve
My nation, and the work from heaven imposed?
But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pitied object.

—WILLIAM J. LONG, "English Literature." (1204)

GENIUS, PORTRAYING

When David, the painter, was commissioned to paint his picture of Napoleon crossing the Alps, he asked the First Consul to name a day when he would sit. "Sit!" said Bonaparte; "to what good? Do you suppose the great men of antiquity sat for their portraits?" "But I paint you for your own times, for men who have known and seen you; they expect a good likeness." "A good likeness! It is not the exactitude of the features, the little wart on the nose, that makes a likeness. What ought to be painted is the character of the physiognomy. No one inquires if the portraits of great men are alike; it is quite enough if they manifest their genius."—*Magazine of Art.* (1205)

GENIUS, SECOND RATE

If a man can not be a great genius, is it worth his while to be a little one? Some learned men say not. Of the poets who flourished and were famous a hundred years ago, how many are known now? Of all the bright volumes that brought fame to their authors and made the booksellers of old wealthy, how many can we find upon the shelves of the bookstores to-day? Only a few. And yet, their authors, lauded by friends and flattered by reviews, threw all their souls into their songs, and fondly dreamed of earthly immortality. The fittest survive, and the world has sorted them out with unerring judgment. From the good it has taken the best, and we are thankful.

But these little genuises—did they live their lives in vain because they are forgotten now? Was all their music meaningless, and did the world never miss it when their harps were silent? They fulfilled their mission; their songs went home to human hearts and quickened them with feeling. They sang as sang the birds—brief, tender songs that made the world glad for a day; and tho their names are now unknown, their graves unmarked, their work has not been unrewarded. So let the little geniuses be of good cheer; their footsteps may not go echoing down the ages, but they may sound very pleasantly in the pathways of to-day. If they feel that they must sing, let no man say them nay; there will be ears to listen, voices to applaud, and hearts to feel. The world needs the low, soft notes of the humble singer, the homely harpings of the little poet, as a rest from the deep bass of the bards sublime.—Atlanta *Constitution*. (1206)

GENIUS SHOULD BE FAVORED

A man of genius is so valuable a product that he ought to be secured at all cost; to be kept like a queen-bee in a hothouse, fed upon happiness and stimulated in every way to the greatest possible activity. To expose him to the same harsh treatment which is good for the hod-carrier and the bricklayer is to indulge in a reckless waste of the means of a country's greatness. The waste of water-power at Niagara is as nothing compared with the waste of brain-power which results from compelling a man of exceptional qualifications to earn his own living.—Joel Benton, *Lippincott's*. (1207)

See Great Men Should be Provided For.

GENIUS THE GIFT OF GOD

Let Raffael take a crayon in his hand and sweep a curve; let an engineer take tracing paper and all other appliances necessary to accurate reproduction, and let him copy that curve—his line will not be the line of Raffael. Rules and principles are profitable and necessary for the guidance of the growing artist and for the artist full grown; but rules and principles, I take it, just as little as geology and botany, can create the artist. Guidance and rule imply something to be guided and ruled. And that indefinable something which baffles all analysis, and which when wisely guided and ruled emerges in supreme excellence, is individual genius, which, to use familiar language, is "the gift of God."—John Tyndall. (1208)

GENIUS VERSUS TOOLS

A young Italian knocked one day at the door of an artist's studio in Rome, and, when it was opened, exclaimed: "Please, madam, will you give me the master's brush?" The painter was dead, and the boy, filled with a longing to be an artist, wished for the great master's brush. The lady placed the brush in the boy's hand, saying: "This is his brush; try it, my boy." With a flush of earnestness on his face he tried, but found he could paint no better than with his own. The lady then said to him: "You can not paint like the great master unless you have his spirit."

The same great lesson was taught once in a museum of old-time armor. When a visitor was shown the sword of Wallace, he said: "I do not see how it could win such victories." "Ah, sir," said the guide, "you don't see the arm that wielded it."

We need all the grace and tact we can acquire through studying the best models and imitating their example; but if we are mere imitators, our lives will be void of real power. (Text.) (1209)

GENTILITY, FALSE STANDARDS OF

The story about Chief Justice Marshall has been told a good many times, but will bear telling again. As he was taking a morning walk, plainly drest, he encountered a young man who was standing at a market stall, evidently in great perplexity. A basket of moderate size was before him and he was saying to the market-man: "I wonder where all the niggers are this morning. I can't find any one to carry my basket home." The Chief Justice said: "Where do you live?" "No. 200 Avenue A," was the reply. "Well," he said, "as I am going your way, I will carry your basket for you." They started, the judge carrying the basket. The young man noticed that the people they met all bowed very politely to his volunteer porter, and wondered who he could be. The basket was deposited at the door. Pay was offered, but refused. What did it mean? The next day, while walking with a friend, this young man saw his volunteer porter in a group of lawyers. He asked: "Who is that plain old fellow that they are all listening to?" "John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States." "He carried my market-basket home for me yesterday; why do you think he did it?" "To teach you the difference between a real gentleman and a snob," was the caustic reply. If some of these modern aristocrats who consider labor degrading had gone into the carpenter-shop of Joseph about A.D. 28 or 29, and seen a young man named Jesus at work there, they would have decided at once that he was no gentleman. If they had gone into the rooms of Aquilla at Corinth, a few years later, and seen Paul sewing on tents ("For he abode with them and wrought," Acts 7:3), they would have despised him because his hands ministered to his necessities. They would not have gone into the synagog next Sabbath to hear that tent-maker preach. No, indeed! Now, can a standard of gentility that excludes Hon. John Marshall, Apostle Paul, and our adorable Savior be a true one?—OBADIAH OLDSCHOOL, *The Interior.* (1210)

Gentle Auxiliaries.—See HANDIWORK OF NATURE.

Gentleman versus Snob—See GENTILITY, FALSE STANDARDS OF.

Gentlemanliness.—See KINDNESS.

Genuineness, Tests of—See TESTS.

Germs, Moral.—See SIN, SUBTLETY OF.

GESTURES AND USE OF HANDS IN THE EAST

As we (missionaries) talk in the street, or in chapels, we begin to gesture. Remember that many gestures have well-known and disreputable meanings. For instance, I have been holding my hand behind my back as I have been speaking to you. It is a most offensive thing in some countries to hold your hand behind your back. An African missionary was just about concluding difficult negotiations with a chief, when he closed his eyes and placed his hands over them. Instantly chief and subjects alike arose in wrath and nothing further could be done with them. That use of the hand had lost the missionary all that he had gained. The Westerner, in Kipling's phrase, is always hustling. He must get to a place just as quickly as possible, but in getting there he offends propriety. He ought not to walk rapidly; he is not a letter-carrier nor a coolie. Why does he not walk as a gentleman should?—H. P. BEACH, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (1211)

GETTING AND GIVING

In South America grows a species of the palm known there as "the rain-tree." It is so called because of its remarkable power of abstracting moisture from the atmosphere and dropping it in copious and refreshing dew on the earth around it. In this way it makes an oasis of luxuriant vegetation where it flourishes.

Is not that the ideal life that gets and gives; that draws the good only to communicate it to others, so blessing the world with moral verdure and fruitfulness? (Text.) (1212)

See CONSERVATION.

Ghosts, Discredited. — See REALITY VERSUS ILLUSION.

GIANTS

A scheme to produce moral and spiritual giants would be of more value to the world than the following:

Some time since Count Alfred de Pierrecourt left a legacy of $2,000,000 to his native city of Rouen to pay the expense of the propagation of giants. The will was contested by his heirs, who naturally enough did not see the necessity of having giants on the earth in these days, particularly when they were to be bred, raised, fed and clothed at their personal expense. The courts, however, sustained the will to the extent of endowing the Brobdingnagian experimenters with a quarter of the estate, so that an institution has been established with an endowment of $500,000, under the supervision of the municipality, for the culture of giants and the production of monstrosities. The trustees are to search the four corners of the globe for men and women of large stature, and are to pair them off in couples and place them in the homes on a farm near Rouen. (Text.) (1213)

GIANTS AND DWARFS

It is of more consequence whether we are giants or whether we are dwarfs in our moral and intellectual stature, than whether our physical stature is great or small:

Pliny mentions the giant Gobbara, who was nine feet nine inches, and two other giants, Poison and Secundilla, who were half a foot taller; Garopius tells of a young giantess who was ten feet high, and Lecat of a Scotch giant eleven and one-half feet in height. But we may take it for granted that these figures are greatly exaggerated, while we have a right to regard as authentic giants whose height runs up to eight and one-half feet. The Grecian giant, Amanab, at eighteen years old, was seven feet eight inches tall; the Chinese giant, Chang, eight feet three inches. The Austrian giant, Winckelmeier, who was recently exhibited in Paris, measuring eight feet and one-half, may be regarded as a specimen of the highest stature attained by the human species. At the opposite extreme may be found numerous dwarfs not more than twenty inches, and some even as little as sixteen and even twelve inches in height; but such dwarfs are only monsters with atrophied limbs or twisted back bones, or stunted infants, whose age is usually exaggerated by their Barnums. One of the most remarkable dwarfs on record was the celebrated Borulawsky, who was born in 1789, and died in 1837, who was never more than twenty-eight inches in height, but was perfect in every limb and proportion and was bright and intelligent.—M. GUYOT DAUBES, translated from *La Nature*. (1214)

Gift, A, that Increased in Power—See LITTLE GIFTS.

GIFT, A FREE

There is a legend of a rich man who sent a message to a poor neighbor: "I want to give you a farm." The neighbor set out to get it, but carried with him what he thought was a bag of gold. Arriving at the rich man's mansion, he said: "I got your message. I want your farm. Here is the gold to buy it." "Let me see your gold," said the generous donor. It was not even silver. The poor man's eyes filled with tears. "Alas, I am undone!" "Why, it is not even copper," he added; "it is only ashes. I have nothing to pay. Will you give it me?" "Why, yes," said the rich man; "that was my offer. Will you accept the farm as a gift?" "Yes, indeed," replied the poor man, "and a thousand blessings on your kindness." (1215)

Gift and Giver.—See LIKENESS OF GOD.

Gift, Using Our Best.—See ADVANTAGE, WORKING TO THE BEST.

Gifts—See LOVE'S ACCEPTABLE OFFERING.

GIFTS ADJUSTED TO TASKS

In the hour of success, let not pride vaunt itself, while vanity looks down upon the crowd, exclaiming, "Why did they not work as I did? Why did they not have courage to launch out into the deep? Why did they not fling their plans as a whaler his harpoon, or a hunter his spear?" Well, because God and your fathers made you the child of special good fortune, through unique gifts of body and of mind. Why did not the poor and unsuccessful do as you have done? Why does the turtle-dove not soar like the eagle, and lift its stroke against any enemy? Why does not a lamb go out for its prey like a wolf or a lion? Why did not a modest violet grow tall as a redwood-tree? Why, because God had planned something other for a violet and a dove and a lamb, and quite another thing for an oak and an eagle and a lion. Men's gifts vary because their tasks are unlike. What God asks is not success, but fidelity in the appointed sphere, in the ordained equipment.—N. D. HILLIS. (1216)

Gifts from God.—See GOD SENDS GIFTS.

GIFTS, SIGNIFICANT

When the Chinese make gifts they intend each gift to carry a meaning, so adding a peculiar charm. The peach and oleander-blossoms express the wish for long life rich in sustenance and beauty. The lotus-leaf indicates purity and modesty; as one writer puts it, "The superior man, like the lotus, altho coming through mire, is untainted; altho bathed in sparkling water and rising in beauty is without vanity." The aster means superior to circumstances. The orange marigold, so fragrant and brilliant in the declining season, signifies beautiful in age. These emblematic flowers frequently accompany rich gifts to give them speech.

Every gift of the hand will be eloquent with a sentiment of the heart if the heart's love is behind it. (1217)

Girdle.—See BIBLE CUSTOMS TO-DAY.

Girls, Betraying—See TRAPS FOR GIRLS.

Girl's Devotion, A—See LOYALTY.

Girls in Factories—See GREED.

Girl's Interest in Missions—See HARVEST FROM EARLY SOWING.

GIRLS, LITTLE, AND SLAMMING DOORS

A trick that every one abhors
In little girls is slamming doors.

A wealthy banker's little daughter,
Who lived in Palace Green, Bayswater
(By name Rebecca Offendort),
Was given to this furious sport.
She would deliberately go
And slam the door like Billy-Ho!
To make her uncle Jacob start.
(She was not really bad at heart.)

* * * * * *

It happened that a marble bust
Of Abraham was standing just
Above the door this little lamb
Had carefully prepared to slam,
And down it came! It knocked her flat!
It laid her out! She looked like that!

* * * * * *

Her funeral sermon (which was long
And followed by a sacred song)
Mentioned her virtues, it is true,
But dwelt upon her vices, too,
And showed the dreadful end of one
Who goes and slams the door for fun!

—H. Belloc.
(1218)

GIRLS, TRAFFIC IN

Twenty-six years ago in New York City, when I first began to feel an interest in unfortunate girls, and established the first Florence Crittenton home, now known as the Mother Mission, one of the things which surprized and imprest me most in coming close in touch with the subject, was that almost every girl that I met in a house of sin was supporting some man from her ill-gotten earnings. Either the man was her husband, who had driven her on the street in order that he might live in luxury and ease, or else he was her paramour, upon whom with a woman's self-forgetful devotion she delighted to shower everything that she could earn. In addition to this form of slavery, I also found that the majority had to pay a certain percentage of their earnings to some individual or organization who had promised them immunity from arrest and to whom they looked for protection.

But when we began to get closer to the hearts of the girls, to know their true history, we discovered that the commencement of this form of slavery had been even in a baser form—that before the girls had become so-called "willing slaves" they were "unwilling slaves." Many of them had fought for their liberty and had submitted only because they had been overcome by superior force. Some of them had been drugged; others kept under lock and key until such time when either their better nature had been drugged into unconsciousness or hardened into a devil-may-care recklessness.—Ernest A. Bell, "War on the White Slave Trade." (1219)

GIVERS, CLASSES OF

First, those who give spontaneously and generously, but only to themselves—autogivers they might be called.

Second, those who give thoughtlessly, without any real or high motive—givers of the occasion, as it were.

Third, those who give as a sop to conscience and self-esteem; in a species of atonement for the evil they do—penitential givers.

Fourth, those who give as a matter of display, to win public applause for their generosity—theatrical givers.

Fifth, those who give because others give, because they are expected to give, and are ashamed not to give, and therefore give grudgingly—conventional givers.

Sixth, those who give because they feel they ought to give; who give through a sense of duty and not through love—moral givers.

Seventh, those who give in the spirit of Jesus; who give because they love their neighbor as themselves, and above all things desire to help him—spiritual givers.

To which do you belong?

There are lots of men who will sing with gusto in a missionary meeting:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,"

but when the collection-plate is put under their nose and they are asked to put their sentiments into cold, hard cash, they drop a five-cent piece upon it with a sigh of regret, which suggests these other well-known lines,

"When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain."

—E. L. Meadows, Pittsburg *Christian Advocate.* (1220)

GIVING

Kerman, in Persia, has been sacked at least six times. In 1794 the city was almost entirely destroyed by Agha Mohammed Khan, who later demanded twenty thousand pairs of human eyes before he would withdraw his troops. Kerman never recovered from this terrible blow, and to-day is a byword for its poverty and beggars. There is a quaint saying among its beggars:

"Khuda guft, 'Beddeh';
Shaitan guft, 'Neddeh.'"

This means, "God says, 'Give'; Satan says, 'Don't give.'"

The generous impulse is a divine motion: the selfish, is satanic. Many are poor because they are first blind and do not possess the enlightenment of good sense and God's grace. (1221)

Forever the sun is pouring its gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squandered on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow;
To withhold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night.
To give
Is to live. (1222)

See Almsgiving; Benevolence; Generosity; Getting and Giving; Happiness; Personal Preaching.

GIVING, FAITHFUL

In the station over which Mr. C. T. Studd ministered in China every man who was a Christian gave one-tenth of his annual income to the Lord. One day a young man who was earning seventy-two shillings a year came to Mr. Studd and said, "Pastor, I want you to give me a few days' grace. I have not yet got together quite all my tenth." He handed a good sum to him, and the pastor asked, "Haven't you been helping to support your father and mother?" "Yes." "And kept your little brother at school?" "Yes." "Well, that is more than your tenth," said Mr. Studd. "You need not bring any more."

"No," said the young man, "I have promised God my tenth, and no matter what I give beside, I am going to give my full tenth to God." And he did. (Text.) (1223)

Giving that Grows.—See Missionary, A Little.

GIVING THE MINIMUM

During the Civil War coins became difficult to obtain, and paper money was furnished in their place, and at one time the lowest denomination was a "five-cent scrip." The time came when the government minted the three-cent nickel piece. The treasurer of a church, a fine man, who had a brother, a missionary in Siam, said to me, "Pastor, it is very unfortunate that the government should have issued this three-cent piece, because when we had nothing smaller than a five-cent scrip, people put that into the collection, but now, that we have got something so small as a three-cent nickel, our collections will fall off two-fifths!" (1224)

GIVING THROUGH LOVE

Queen Tyi was a woman of marked ability, the consort of King Amenhotep III, who ruled in Egypt from 1414 to 1379 B.C. Recently Egyptologists discovered her shrine in Thebes. It was cut out of solid rock. Approach to it was by a descent of twenty steps, adjoining that of Rameses I. Around and within were all that material, wealth and skill of Egyptian art could offer. The coffin, itself intact, is a superb example of the jeweler's craft, the woodwork covered with a frame of gold inlaid with lapsis lazuli, carmelian and green glass. The royal mummy was wrapt from head to foot in sheets of gold, bracelets on the arms, a necklace of gold, beads and ornaments encrusted with precious stones around the neck, and the head encircled by the imperial crown of the queen of ancient Egypt. "Behold how he loved her," can be said of the king whose consort she was. Nothing is too precious for love to give. (Text.) (1225)

Giving, Unostentatious. — See Benevolence, Modest.

Giving What We Have—See Talents.

GLITTER VERSUS DEPTH

To have an overwhelming flow of words is one thing; to have a large vocabulary is another; and very often Swinburne's torrent of speech reminds us not so much of a natural fountain whose springs are deep and abundant, as of an artificial fountain, which is always ready to shoot aloft its glittering spray, and always reabsorbs itself for some further service; so that while the fashion of the jet may differ, the water is pretty much the same.—W. J. Dawson, "The Makers of English Poetry." (1226)

Gloom Dispelled—See Sunshine, Scattering.

GLORY, FADED

When Charlemagne died, he was buried at Aix la Chapelle, "keeping royal state and semblance still." The purple robe was around him, the crown glittered on his pallid brow. The sword of state lay near him, and the scepter rested in his hand. Seated on a chair of state, with all these insignia of royalty upon him and around him, he was left in the chamber of death. A century afterward, that silent chamber was opened by the barbarian Otho. And now the purple robe was dust and ashes. The crown was a faded spangle, the sword of state corroded metal, and all that remained of Charles the Great, a ghastly skeleton. (1227)

Glory in Duty—See Duty More Than Glory.

GLORY IN IDEALS

It is glory enough to have shouted the name
Of the living God in the teeth of an army of foes;
To have thrown all prudence and forethought away
And for once to have followed the call of the soul
Out into the danger of darkness, of ruin and death.
To have counseled with right, not success, for once,
Is glory enough for one day.

It is glory enough for one day
To have dreamed the bright dream of the reign of right;
To have fastened your faith like a flag to that immaterial staff
And have marched away, forgetting your base of supplies.
And while the worldly-wise see nothing but shame and ignoble retreat,
And tho far ahead the heart may faint and the flesh prove weak—
To have dreamed that bold dream is glory enough,
Is glory enough for one day.
—William Herbert Carruth, *The American Magazine.* (1228)

GLORY OF CHRIST

Emery Pottle is the author of this sentiment appropriate to Advent season:

Strange, we so toil to fashion for our unseen ends
The splendors that the tarnish of this world doth mar—
Such palaces that crumble to a ruined age,
Such garbled memories upon Fame's fragile page—
When all the lasting glory of our life depends
Upon a little Child, a stable, and a star.
(Text.) (1229)

GLORY OF NATURE

A teacher in Alaska went out one day with one of her pupils to do some sketching. The little girl she took with her was about ten years of age and quite skilful with her brush. When the day was nearly over the teacher looked at the sky where the sun was setting. "Try to make a picture of that sunset," said the teacher to the pupil. The little girl looked at the beautiful sight in the heavens and then turned to her teacher and said, "I can't draw glory." It was a bright answer made by that little Alaska girl. It is God who has painted the sunset sky, and there is no human skill that can draw the glory which He has created.—W. M. Vines. (1230)

GOD

God! Thou art Love! I build my faith on that!
I know Thee, Thou hast kept my path and made
Light for me in the darkness—tempering sorrow,
So that it reached me like a solemn joy;
It were too strange that I should doubt Thy love.—Browning. (1231)

God, A Coworker with—See Children's Religious Ideas.

God a Protector—See Faith, A Child's.

"God and We"—See Gratitude.

God Cares—See Extremity, God in.

"God Claims Me"—See Claim, God's.

GOD FIRST

Here is a lesson on pronouns in Christian grammar according to the Bishop of Cambridge:

We have learned to say, "First person, I; second, thou; third, he." But to put it right, we must turn it upside down: "First person, He; second, thou; third, I." "He," means God, the first person in the first place; "thou," my fellow man; and "I," myself, comes last. (1232)

GOD, FULNESS OF

The Scandinavian mythology tells of a mortal who attempted to drain a goblet of the gods. The more he drank, however, the more there was to drink. His amazement grew, until he found that the goblet was invisibly connected with the sea, and that to empty it he must drink the ocean dry.

So the soul may drink of God's life forever without exhausting or diminishing the supply. (1233)

GOD, GREATNESS AND SMALLNESS OF

Collins, the infidel, met a plain countryman going to church. He asked him where he was going. "To church, sir." "What to do there?" "To worship God." "Pray, is your God a great or a little God?" "He is both, sir." "How can He be both?" "He is so great, sir, that the heaven of heavens can not contain Him, and so little that he can dwell in my heart."

Collins declared that this simple answer of the countryman had more effect upon his mind than all the volumes the learned doctors had written against him. (Text.) (1234)

God Help Us All—See FORBEARANCE.

GOD, IDEAS OF

The Indian's god falls in his estimation as he himself declines. When confronted by a people greater than themselves, the Indians were easily convinced that their deity also must be greater. We find similar ideas among all uncivilized and semicivilized peoples; when the people show great power it is evidence that their god is a powerful one. Thus Israel felt assured that Jehovah, or Yahveh, was greater than the gods of other people, because His people had conquered others under His banner. (1235)

GOD, IMMANENCE OF

The works of God, above, below,
  Within us and around,
Are pages in that Book to show
  How God Himself is found.

. . . . . .

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
  And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee
  And read Thee everywhere.
—KEBLE. (Text.)
(1236)

GOD IN A HUMAN LIFE

Mrs. Burnett has written a sweet and powerful story that turns around an old woman in a London slum. She had not lived a good life, and, in her wicked old age, lying on a hospital cot, some visitor had told her the gospel story. She simply believed it; no more than that. One who saw her afterward, at a time of dire need, says: "Her poor little misspent life has changed itself into a shining thing, tho it shines and glows only in this hideous place. She believes that her Deity is in Apple Blossom Court—in the dire holes its people live in, on the broken stairway, in every nook and cranny of it—a great glory we would not see—only waiting to be called and to answer. —JAMES M. STIFLER, "The Fighting Saint." (1237)

GOD IN ALL CHANGES

I went back to the little town where I was born. I saw the friends of my childhood, and later I went out to God's acre. There stood the little schoolhouse, and the old academy. The great oak-trees swayed above the house where I was born. The little brook still rippled over the stones; once more the fruit was ripe in the orchard and the nuts brown in the forest trees; again the shouts of the old companions were heard on the hillside and the laughter of the skaters filled the air; and yet all was changed. Gone the old minister, who baptized me! Gone the old professors and teachers who taught us. In the little graveyard slept the fathers. The stars shone over the mounds, the graves were silent, but God was over all. And all is well. For our times have been in God's hands.—N. D. HILLIS. (1238)

God in Creation—See CREATION, JOY IN.

GOD INDWELLING

The late Maltbie D. Babcock is the author of these verses:

No distant Lord have I,
  Loving afar to be;
Made flesh for me, He can not rest
  Until He rests in me.

Brother in joy and pain,
  Bone of my bone was He,
Now—intimacy closer still,
  He dwells Himself in me.

I need not journey far
  This dearest friend to see,
Companionship is always mine,
  He makes His home with me.
(1239)

God in Human Instinct—See Religious Instruction Denied.

GOD IN INDIAN BELIEF

Of all the different kinds of people among whom I have lived the Indians of northern California carry the memory of their dead the longest, and, I had almost written, feel their loss the most. I have seen old women, bent with age, rocking their bodies to and fro with grief in some dry, grass-covered ditch, moaning as if their hearts were breaking, and upon inquiry have been told that they were mourning for a husband or children dead perhaps for years. But from amid the moans of Rachel sorrowing for her dead children the whisper of hope beyond the grave has always been present. For underneath the driftwood of their dim traditions and wild fables handed from father to son from time immemorial, around the camp-fires at night, with addition here, subtraction there, and darkness all around, I have always found among all the tribes that grand conception of a divine being who created all and who in the hereafter will reward the good and punish the bad. Everywhere my footsteps have wandered—on the Klamath and on the Trinity, from the Golden Gate to the Oregon line—I have encountered the Man-maker, who lives among the stars and loves his red children—A. G. Tassin, *Overland.* (1240)

GOD IN MAN'S WORK

Dr. Henry Van Dyke enforces the lesson that God is in all the common tasks of life, after this fashion:

There was a man who wanted to find Christ, and he imagined he must leave his work. He was a carpenter, builder, perhaps, or a stone-mason. He imagined he could only be a Christian by going to the desert and living a hermit's life. He never found Christ there. He then thought he must never go outside the cloisters of the church, or walls of the temple. He did not find Christ there. There was something defective about that man's life. He was heedless of his children and his fellow men. He was seeking Christ for himself and not for others. The voice of the Savior came:

"You did not need to go to the desert to find me; lift the stone and thou shalt find me. Do your regular work as a stone-mason and as you do your work you shall find me in your daily labor. Cleave the wood and there am I. As you lift the timbers, sing out the song of praise." Christ is with you in your daily task. (1241)

GOD IN MISSIONS

The captain of the *Trident,* the ship on which Morrison, the missionary, sailed, and who knew something of the impenetrable conservatism of the Chinese, said: "And so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect that you will make an impression upon the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?" "No, sir," returned Mr. Morrison, severely, "I expect God will." (1242)

God, Instinctive Sense of—See Religious Instruction Denied.

GOD IN THE CHILD MIND

I have in mind a four-year-old girl, favored in many things, but especially happy in that she spends her summers on an island in a beautiful lake, mountain-rimmed. She has always been privileged to walk with her father and mother in the fields and woods; to "go a-trudging," as she called it, has been her chief delight. "Where did the trees get their red and yellow leaves?" she asked. "Who made them red and yellow?" Her question answered, she ran to her mother with her chubby hands filled with her new treasures, saying, "See, mama! I have brought you some of God's beautiful leaves!"

"How came the island here?" she asked. "Who brought the rocks and the trees?" She was told how the island was lifted into its place; how the soil was formed, the trees planted, and the island made ready for the birds, for the trees, for the rabbits, for the squirrels, and for her—just as her father had built the house for her, in which she lived. As the time for her return to her home approached, she sat one evening watching the sunset and the early evening stars, and said, "Don't you hope that God will be at home when we get there, just as He has been here this summer?" So linked with her love of the beautiful in the world was her reverent thought of Him who had made it beautiful—Sarah Louise Arnold, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association," 1905. (1243)

GOD IN THE DARKNESS

Robert E. Speer writes the following:

I was awakened the other morning about four o'clock in my room by a little voice just beside my bed in the dark asking for a drink. I got the little lad a drink, and he lay quiet for a moment, and then asked, "Father, may I sing myself asleep?" And I said, "Yes, dear, go ahead." But soon he got up so much enthusiasm that I told him he would better stop, or none of the rest of us could sleep. Then he was quiet awhile, but soon I heard his little voice again in the perfect stillness of the night, "Father, have you got your face turned toward me?" And I said, "Yes, little boy," and the darkness was as the light of day to him. (1244)

GOD IS LIGHT

As there are no darkened rooms for the child when mother is near, so there can be no darkened worlds for the spirit as long as God is in them.—F. F. Shannon. (1245)

GOD, LIVING FOR

Among the thirty-two "Sacred Songs" by Thomas Moore is the following exquisite lyric:

Since first Thy word awaked my heart,
  Like new life dawning o'er me,
Where'er I turn mine eyes Thou art,
  All light and love before me;
Naught else I feel, or hear, or see—
  All bonds of earth I sever;
Thee, O God! and only Thee
  I live for now and ever.

Like him whose fetters dropt away,
  When light shone o'er his prison,
My spirit, touched by Mercy's ray,
  Hath from her chains arisen;
And shall a soul Thou bidd'st be free,
  Return to bondage? Never!
Thee, O God! and only Thee
  I live for, now and ever. (Text.) (1246)

God Maternal—See Maternal, God's Love.

GOD, NOT NATURE

A great teacher of England, passing through a hospital, stopt beside a little wan-faced crippled boy, who was dying. The handsomest man in England stooped to that little stranger, saying, "My boy, God loves you." An hour later, the little cripple, in a wonder of happiness, called one nurse after another to his side, exclaiming, "He said, 'God loves me!'" and with smiles wreathing his face, the dying boy repeated the magic word. But to go toward the god of nature is to lie down in a bed of nettles. Nature exhibits God as a purple earthquake. Going toward nature is going toward a sheaf of red-hot swords. Man subdues nature's fire and wind and water, and makes them serve. Back of these rude physical forces that are to help man's body stands the infinite Father. Man's body, on a snowy day, needs a blazing fire on the hearth, and man's heart needs God's love, that redeems, guides, and forever saves.—N. D. Hillis. (1247)

God Our Guide—See Guidance, God's.

GOD OUR STRENGTH

At one time during the war of the Revolution, Washington sent Lee and Lafayette to meet the British at Englishtown. After a brief skirmish, Lee, without any apparent reason, except that it was for jealousy, ordered a retreat. Soon the American troops were all in disorder and were fleeing before the oncoming foe. Everything was in confusion and chaos.

Lafayette saw the condition, but he did not dare disobey. He hastily sent a message to the commander-in-chief, informing him of the state of things and beseeching him to come as soon as possible. In an incredibly short time, Washington appeared with fresh troops. He met the soldiers retreating. Giving Lee a cutting rebuke, he began to retrieve the error of the morning. When the soldiers saw Washington, riding back and forth on his white horse, almost under the banner of the enemy, they faced about as they cried, "Long live Washington." His presence brought order and determined the victory.

In our moral warfare, when the enemy is pressing toward us, when the forces of righteousness within and without seem on the retreat, if we will send a message, lift up a prayer to the Captain of the Lord's host, He will answer while we are yet speaking, and will get the victory with His own right arm, for He is a God of battles. (Text.) (1248)

God Possesses a Body—See Children's Religious Ideas.

God, Presence of—See Presence of God.

God Proved—See Corn versus Gold.

GOD, RECOGNIZING

Dwight L. Moody in his sermons used to tell of a mother who had an only child that was an idiot. When it was fourteen years of age a neighbor came in and found the mother weeping in the bitterness of her soul. Asking what was the matter, the mother answered: "For fourteen years I have cared for that child day and night; I have given up society and spent my time with her, and to-day she does not know me from you. If she would only recognize me once it would pay me for all I have ever done for her."

Mr. Moody would add: "How many are there over whom the Son of God has watched and cared for and blest, and who have never once recognized Him, have never once looked up into His face and said, "Thank you, Lord Jesus." (1249)

GOD REVEALED IN NATURE

The mosses on the rock, as well as the trees that bend stately above them, the birds that fly and sing in heaven, as well as the clouds that gather and dissolve there, the mimosa that closes its sensitive petals if a footfall approaches, and the stars that reign silent on empyreal thrones—each must in turn give witness to the Most High; till the frame of creation shall be all eclaircised, not so much a pillar engraven around with the trophies of omnipotence, as a solid but transparent sphere of crystal, lighted from within by the calm thought of God! (Text.) —Richard S. Storrs. (1250)

See Atom, The, A Witness to God.

God Self-revealed—See Demonstration.

GOD SENDS GIFTS

A lady physician in one of the mission fields restored to health a beloved child of a native. In gratitude the parents knelt at her feet and not only thanked but worshiped her as a god. She remonstrated, saying that she was a mortal like themselves and worship belonged only to God. They replied that no one but a god could have saved their loved one from death. "Whom would you thank and praise," the missionary replied, "for a princely gift sent by the hand of a coolie—the servant or his generous master, the giver? I am but God's coolie by whose hand He has been pleased to send you this great gift of healing." (Text.) (1251)

GOD, SLEEPLESS CARE OF

This song of nightfall is by the Rev. Archibald Haddon:

The tangled threads, the untilled field,
  The words unsaid, the tasks half done,
Battles unfought, and wounds unhealed,
  Must wait until another sun.

Stars move, the tides and rivers roll,
  Grass grows, rain falls on vale and hill.
And deep in my unconscious soul
  The sleepless life of God works still.

I rest on thy unwearied mind;
  Thy planning and thy love go on,
Nor dost thou leave me far behind;
  I'm carried to another dawn.

The new day breaks. From earth's old mold
  Fresh flowers grow along my way.
New light is flashed on problems old;
  On ancient life new forces play.

O wondrous, wakeful Warden! When
  The last great nightfall comes to me,
From that deep slumber rouse me then,
  That I Thy tireless child may be. (Text.)
(1252)

GOD SURROUNDING THE SOUL

Constant communion will surround us with an atmosphere through which none of the many influences which threaten our Christian life and our Christian work can penetrate. As the diver in his bell sits dry at the bottom of the sea, and draws a pure air from the free heavens far above him, and is parted from that murderous waste of green death that clings so closely round the translucent crystal walls which keep him safe, so we, enclosed in God, shall repel from ourselves all that would overflow to destroy us and our work, and may by His grace lay deeper than the waters some courses in the great building that shall one day rise, stately and many-mansioned, from out of the conquered waves. (Text.)—Alexander McLaren. (1253)

GOD, THE OVERSEEING

The steamer *Samaritan*, on the St. Lawrence, was suddenly enveloped in a heavy fog, completely hiding the shore and every object from view. Yet the ship continued in full speed. The passengers became frightened and censured Captain Dutton and complained to the first mate. He replied, smiling, "Don't be frightened; the fog only extends a certain height, and the captain is up above the fog running the vessel."

We who fear the dangers of time and the world, often forget that God, the great Captain, is above the fog and knows just where and whither He is steering the life ship. (1254)

GOD, THE SENSE OF

No wonder you yawn and know not what to do next if you have no God, for ennui is the mark of godlessness

Nothing is worth while but God.

The very naming of God gives zest to life.

I love to feel God love the world through me, until I am fairly washed away by the current.

Of what moment is it whether I live or die so long as that goes on?—Ernest Crosby, "Swords and Plowshares." (1255)

God the Source of Goodness—See Goodness from God.

GOD, THE UNSLEEPING

The Sleeping Buddha is one of the famous temples of China. A long avenue of large trees, with a stone pavement passageway, leads up to its entrance. Before it is an imposing gateway of colored tiles. But the pride of its interior is the wonderful figure of Buddha. A monster it is! Gross, indeed, must have been the mind which conceived it. There, lying on his side, with calm face, closed eyes, and head resting upon his hand, is a gilded wooden figure thirty feet long. It is well proportioned. His left arm is resting upon his body, and his bare feet are placed one upon the other. This Buddha is sleeping upon a Chinese *K'ang*. Standing about him are twelve crowned and beautifully drest images, and in front are the symbols of sacrifices for burning incense. But Buddha is asleep!

Contrast this with the conception of the God who never "slumbers nor sleeps." (Text.) (1256)

God the Weaver—See Web of Life.

God, Walking with—See Walking with God.

GODLIKENESS OF MAN

Leroy T. Weeks somewhat enlarges upon the saying of Kepler in the following verses:

We think Thy thoughts, O mighty God!
  Thy thoughts, that thrill through space afar,
  That hold in place each twinkling star,
And permeate the teeming sod.

We think Thy thoughts, and live thy life;
  Our souls are fathered by Thine own,
  And high as is Thy holy throne,
So high we mount from sin and strife.

We live Thy life, and love Thy love;
  The tendrils of our souls entwine,
Entwines and draws us all above,
  Our fellow men, as love divine.

We think and live and love and grow
  Like Thee, in ever-bright'ning ways;
  We are God-kind, and all our days
Are in His hands who made us so. (Text.)
(1257)

God's Bridge—See Self-consciousness.

GOD'S CARE

Mary E. Allbright, in the *Christian Advocate*, writes in rime the same lesson Jesus taught His disciples when He told them that the very hairs of their heads were numbered, and that Paul exprest when he said "for He (God) careth for you":

O! strange and wild is the world of men
  Which the eyes of the Lord must see—
With continents, islands, tribes, and tongues,
  With multitudes, bond and free!
All kings of the earth bow down to him,
  And yet—He can think of me.

For none can measure the mind of God
  Or the bounds of eternity.
He knows each life that has come from Him,
  To the tiniest bird and bee;
And the love of His heart is so deep and wide
  That takes in even me. (1257*a*)

What cares the babe for the blackness and the wild storm if only the mother holds it to her bosom and croons the hymn of peace. And in the hour when the world reels beneath his feet, frail man becomes almost omnipotent in the thought that beneath this world are the everlasting arms. (Text.)—N. D. HILLIS. (1258)

God's House for All—See AMERICANISM, TRUE.

God's Image—See RESTORING GOD'S IMAGE.

GOD'S INSCRUTABILITY

Incompetent to the making of a single cherry-seed, as Luther remarks, how can we expect to fathom the works and wisdom of an infinite God?

"I am not so much of a farmer as some people claim," said Hon. W. J. Bryan in his lecture on "The Prince of Peace," "but I have observed the watermelon-seed. It has the power of drawing from the ground and through itself 200,000 times its weight, and when you can tell me how it takes this material and out of it colors an outside surface beyond the imitation of art, and then forms inside of it a white rind and within again a red heart, thickly inlaid with black seeds, each one of which in turn is capable of drawing through itself 200,000 times its weight—when you can explain to me the mystery of a watermelon, you can ask me to explain the mystery of God." (Text.) (1259)

GOD'S PRESENCE

It is said that on the doors of Linnæus' home at Hammarby, near Upsala, these words were written, *"Innocue vivito; numen adest"*—"Live blameless; Deity is here." "This," said Linnæus, "is the wisdom of my life." "Thou God seest me." (1260)

GOD'S WAYS

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day;
The sinner can not brook delay—
The good can well afford to wait.
—WHITTIER.
(1261)

GOLD, TAINT OF

The ancient fable of King Midas and his gift of turning everything he laid his hands upon into gold has been exactly reversed in these modern days. This good king was delighted with the gift the gods gave him until one day he turned his daughter into a golden image by a careless use of his power, and the counterfeit presentment was so utterly worthless compared with his child of flesh and blood that henceforth his charm was a horrible curse. Now it is our brightest and best which come under the spell of gold itself, and how it does harden and fossilize them! Our artists paint, our literary men write, our business men take hazardous and doubtful ventures, our young men and maidens marry, all for gold. How bright was the promise of Bret Harte until he began to command high prices for his stories? Howells, James and Stockton all delighted us, but presently we found ourselves wading through such stories as "April Hopes" and the "Hundredth Man." As soon as one begins to preach good sermons in the pulpit he immediately attracts the attention of some rich congregation and becomes a high-priced man. Everywhere the test of excellence is price, and all the choicest spirits are sought out and put into the livery of our sovereign gold.—Providence *Journal.* (1262)

GOLD USELESS

It is true the California gold will last forever unchanged, if its owner chooses; but, while it so lasts, it is of no use; no, not as much as its value in pig iron, which makes the best of ballast; whereas gold, while it is gold, is good for little or nothing. You can neither eat it, nor drink it, nor smoke it. You can neither wear it, nor burn it as fuel, nor build a house with it; it is really useless till you exchange it for consumable, perishable goods; and the more plentiful it is the less its exchangeable value.—EDWARD EVERETT. (1263)

GOLDEN AGE, THE

That the golden age is not in the past nor in the future, but now, is the refrain of these verses:

There are no days for me in long ago,
No days in which to work and love and pray,
No richly freighted hours where sweet winds blow.
There is no treasure for me but to-day.

There is no field where I may sow my seed
Beyond the reach of evening's setting sun.
If to this soil to-day I pay no heed,
The future's fertile fields may ne'er be sown.

The age of iron, of bronze, they are not now,
The bright-gemmed present is my golden age,
In which I think and live and love and do
What deeds are worth life's brave and noble wage.

And finding in to-day my age of gold
To-morrow glows with promise and delight,
As if the happy isles oft dreamed of old
Were dawning now upon my blissful sight. (Text.) (1264)

Golden Rule, The—See CIRCUMSTANCES, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF; CONSIDERATENESS.

Good and Evil—See NATURE, DUAL, IN MAN.

GOOD DISPLACING EVIL

The headquarters of the George Yard Missions, London, are pitched on an extinct volcano; the main block being built on the site of an ancient distillery, and the shelter on the ground formerly occupied by the infamous "Black Horse"—that rendezvous of highwaymen, robbers, and murderers. —PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions." (1265)

GOOD, FAITH IN

In the following verse Eugene Lee-Hamilton shows the result of losing faith in the good:

There is a tale of Faustus—that one day,
Lucretia, the Venetian, then his love,
Had, while he slept, the rashness to remove
His magic ring, when fair as god he lay;
And that a sudden horrible decay
O'erspread his face; a hundred wrinkles wove
Their network on his cheek; while she above
His slumber crouched, and watched him shrivel away.

There is upon Life's hand a magic ring—
The ring of Faith-in-Good, Life's gold of gold;
Remove it not, lest all Life's charm take wing;
Remove it not, lest straightway you behold
Life's cheek fall in, and every earthly thing
Grow all at once unutterably old. (1266)

GOOD FOR EVIL

Mr. Lincoln took from his pocket a paper he had prepared in the case, which comprized eleven reasons why he should be appointed commissioner of the General Land Office. Among other things, Mr. Lincoln presented the fact that he had been a member of Congress from Illinois two years; that his location was in the West, where the Government lands were; that he was a native of the West, and had been reared under Western influences. He gave reasons why the appointment should be given to Illinois, and particularly to the southern part of the State. Major Wilcox says that he was forcibly struck by the clear, convincing, and methodical statement of Mr. Lincoln as contained in these eleven reasons why he should have the appointment. But it was given to his competitor, Mr. Justin Butterfield. After Mr. Lincoln became President, a member of Congress asked for an appointment in the army in behalf of a son of the same Justin Butterfield. When the application was presented, the President paused, and, after a moment's silence, said: "Mr. Justin Butterfield once obtained an appointment I very much wanted, and to which my friends thought I was fairly entitled; and I hardly ever felt so bad at any failure in my life. But I am glad of an opportunity of doing a service to his son." And he made an order for the commission. The son was General Dan Butterfield, afterward the dashing and efficient chief of staff of the Army of the Potomac. (Text.)—BROWNE, "Everyday Life of Lincoln." (1267)

GOOD, IMMORTALITY OF

Over one of the town-gates of ancient Warwick, in England, stands a home for old men, known as the Hospital of St. John. It was founded three centuries ago by the ambitious Earl of Leicester and Lord of Kenilworth Castle. That castle is now in ruins, and for his perfidy the name of the earl is a byword and a reproach; but this endowment, after long centuries, still remains living and beneficent, shining through the dark to show for future ages that

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world." (1268)

GOOD IN ALL MEN

Our fellow man is as valuable as we. He may be down, but he has it in him to stand. A writer says of the windfalls of apples:

> We remember that in the windfalls a sweetness remains. That fruit, fallen untimely, or cast earthward by the storm, yet has not lost its flavor; often it is still sweet and pleasant to the taste. And, therefore, mindful of this, let us not think that the human windfalls have lost all their sweetness. Let us remember some good is left in all, and seek to gather them up. (Text.)

(1269)

Good, Making—See Reformation.

GOOD, NOURISHING THE

Mr. Kaye Robinson, the brilliant English naturalist, describes a competition witnessed by him in the fields:

> Owing to a peculiarity of weather the poppies had managed to get a start of an inch or so in the matter of height over the wheat and barley, and the obnoxious flowers were just beginning to burst into bloom that would have converted the stunted grain into lakes of scarlet, when down came the rain; in a single day and night the wheat shot up above the poppies, and for the rest of the season the poisonous things were overwhelmed in a wavy sea of prosperous green and yellow gold.

The best way to improve the world is not to fight against the evil directly, but to so nourish and cultivate the good that evil will be crowded out. (Text.)

(1270)

Good Old Times—See Science Shattering Superstition.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL

Again and again is it demonstrated how God makes the wrath of man to praise him.

> When he was seeking to do evil only, in the pursuit of his cruel and tyrannical policy, Sultan Abdul Hamid was all the time unconsciously promoting some of the great designs of divine Providence. He did good in ways altogether unintended, never for a moment foreseeing how his own policy in the end would recoil upon himself. For he banished hundreds of the most enlightened and patriotic of his subjects to various provinces, little thinking how their influence would work against himself. The head of the revolutionary party, Ahmed Riza, for twenty years quietly and steadily during his exile worked in the cause of liberty. And this heroic man toiled on in face of the depressing obstacles furnished by what seemed to be an utterly unresponsive country. When he was living in dire poverty in France he refused to accept £2,000 a month from the Sultan, and at one crisis he just as firmly and indignantly rejected an offered bribe of a million pounds simply to shut his mouth. (Text.) (1271)

GOOD OUTWEIGHING THE BAD

It was a quiet little town, nestling snugly at the foot of a big hill. Many of the streets were lined with shade-trees. On one of the principal thoroughfares there stood a magnificent tree. Its shade and beauty evoked the admiration of the passers-by. It stood squarely on the middle of the sidewalk, and might be regarded as an obstruction. There were some who would have liked to see that tree taken down, because it was not where it should be, but the great majority decided to let it remain because of its beauty, its shade and its symmetry. So is it with individuals. Sometimes a man is very irregular at his business or he is careless in some of his habits, and the question comes up, what shall be done with that man. His good qualities are considered and they discover that they far outweigh his bad qualities, and thus he is allowed to remain.

(1272)

Good Results from Bad Environment—See Missionary Adaptation.

GOOD SAMARITAN IN PARAPHRASE

The following is a Hindu version of the parable of the Good Samaritan given by a schoolgirl in the mission at Sukkur:

> There was once a rich merchant going home through a forest. He was suddenly attacked by robbers, who beat him and robbed him of all his money, leaving him half dead. A Brahman passed by, and seeing the man, said to himself, "He is only a sweeper," and went away. A Mohammedan also came that way, but he said, "This man is no relation or friend of mine; why should I have any concern for him?" and so he went away. At last a Christian came, riding

on horseback, and taking pity on the poor man, bound up his wounds with strips of cloth torn from his own turban, and placing him on his horse, took him to a hospital, and, giving the doctor sahib two rupees, said, "Make this man well, and when I return, you will get from me twenty rupees more!" (1273)

GOOD, SEEING THE

It is the best art of the teacher to see the good in mixed human nature and give it encouragement:

Several years ago one of the New York producing managers received the manuscript of a play from an utterly unknown author. It was crudely written and most of the situations were utterly impossible. Produced in the form in which it came from its creator's pen it could have been only a dismal failure. The manager was not for a moment tempted to produce the play he had received, but he saw possibilities in the author's plot. He sent for him and pointed out a few of the more glaring defects and suggested that the manuscript be turned over to a professional dramatist.

This was done, and the rewritten play, only faintly suggesting the original manuscript, was produced and immediately achieved success. The amateur playwright applied himself to a close study of practical playwriting, and is to-day the author of numerous successful dramas. He realizes now just how hopeless that first play must have appeared in the original form, and appreciates the patience and good judgment of the manager who discerned the dramatic nugget buried in a desert of dreary dialog. (1274)

GOOD SHALL PREVAIL

Near Geneva two great rivers meet but do not mingle. Here the Rhone pours out its waters of heavenly blue, and there the Arve, partly from the glaciers from which it largely comes, and partly from the clay soil that it upheaves, meet and run side by side for miles, with no barriers save their own innate repulsions, each encroaching now and then into the province of the other, but beaten back again instantly into its own domain.

Like mighty rival forces of good and evil do these rivers seem, and for long the issue is doubtful; but far down the stream the muddy Arve is mastered, and the Rhone has colored the whole surface of the stream with its own tinge of blue. So in the end the good shall prevail. (Text.) (1275)

Good Shepherd—See Fold, The, of Christ.

GOOD VICTORIOUS

In all the upward march of matter and force, there has never been one single crisis and conflict where the higher has not been victorious over the lower. Witness the first struggle, between the mineral and the vegetable. The marble is hard, and the moss seeks to spread its robe of olive and velvet thereupon; slowly the marble crumbles, and dies; the moss lives and grows—it could not be otherwise; the moss is the higher and therefore victorious. The husbandman plants his seed of corn. The seed dies, the little plant lives, and becomes a great stalk, with corn in the milk, and then the full corn in the ear—it could not be otherwise; the golden stalk is the higher, and must be victorious. In the forest there grow a hundred kinds of jack-grapes, small, black and aciduous, and a thousand orange-trees are there, bitter, and with acid that sets the teeth on edge. But on the edge of the forest, steeped in sunshine and blest with room, there grows one grape that is purple and one orange that is sweet. And at last all the thousand acid vines and the ten thousand bitter orange-trees perish, while the one purple vine survives, takes feet to itself and journeys to all vineyards, while the orange of the golden heart gets wings for itself and crosses vale and mountain—it could not be otherwise, they are the higher. And never once has the law been reversed.—N. D. Hillis. (1276)

GOOD WILL

By a divine birth long ago, peace and good will came between those that had been at enmity. An earthly suggestion of this is that related by Mrs. Pickett, widow of Confederate General George E. Pickett, on the occasion of the birth of a son:

General Grant had been a dear friend of my Soldier's ever since the Mexican War. At the time our first baby was born, the two armies were encamped facing each other. Bonfires were lighted in celebration all along Pickett's line. Grant saw them, and sent scouts to learn the cause. When they reported, he said to General Ingalls:

"Haven't we some kindling on this side of the line? Why don't we strike a light for the young Pickett?"

In a little while bonfires were flaming from the Federal line. A few days later there was taken through the lines a baby's silver service, engraved: "To George E. Pickett, Jr., from his father's friends, U. S. Grant, Rufus Ingalls, George Suckley." (Text.) (1277)

See CHRISTMAS.

GOODNESS FROM GOD

When we see the million rain-drops of the shower we say, with reason, there must be one great sea from which all these drops come. And when we see, as it were, countless drops and countless rays of goodness scattered about in the world, a little good in this man, and a little good in that, shall we not say, there must be one great sea, one central sun of goodness, from whence all human goodness comes? And where can that center of goodness be, but in the very character of God Himself? (Text.)—CHARLES KINGSLEY. (1278)

GOODNESS IN THE BAD

That human nature is a kaleidoscope of good and bad, rather than one stripe of plain color, receives a striking illustration in the case of one Vinzenzo Juliano, who was confined in the Newark jail on a charge of murder. According to a report, it was noticed that the prisoner grew weaker and more meager day by day. His wife visited him regularly, and she invariably carried away a small parcel. The suspicions of the warden were aroused and he made an inspection of the bundle, to find it contained the ration of food with which the prisoner had been supplied. Inquiries followed, and it appeared the prisoner was starving himself to provide food for his wife and children, who had no other means of support. On learning this fact, the warden doubled the ration, and took further steps to keep the family of the prisoner from utter destitution.—New York *Commercial Advertiser*. (1279)

Goodness, Peril of—See CHRIST, GOODNESS OF.

GOSPEL, A MEDICATED

An ingenious Frenchman, it is said, has been experimenting in the manufacture of medicated honey. He keeps his bees under glass, giving them only flowers that contain the desired properties. In this way, he claims to obtain different kinds of honey—for influenza, for indigestion, for asthma, and for many other forms of ills that flesh is heir to.

Better than medicated honey is a medicated gospel that meets the multiform and variegated moral and social ills that afflict our world. (Text.) (1280)

Gospel, Influence of the—See CHRISTIANITY, PRACTICAL PROOF OF.

Gospel in the Philippines—See LATIN AMERICA AND THE GOSPEL.

GOSPEL MAGNIFIED

The scientist tells us that rich meteoric dust first fell on our earth as soil for the earliest vegetable life. And ascending from the scenes they loved, the apostles, with their memories, the musicians with their solemn Te Deums, the artists with their transfigurations and crucifixions, the cathedral-builders with their sublime conceptions of worship, the philosophers, and the poets, rained the richest associations down upon that gospel, whose ideas had lent them their greatness.—N. D. HILLIS. (1281)

Gospel, No Substitutes for—See PREACHING GOSPEL.

GOSPEL, SENDING THE

M. B. Banks writes a missionary lesson after the style of "Mother Goose":

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a very queer pie;
He saw in a trice
It held everything nice
From the lands where the mission fields lie.

From Ceylon came the spice,
And from China the rice,
And bananas from African highlands;
There were nutmegs and cloves
Sent from Borneo's groves,
And yams from the South Sea Islands.

There were nuts from Brazil
All the corners to fill,
And sugar and sago from Siam;
And from Turkey a fig
That was really so big,
Jack's mouth thought, "It's larger than I am."

There were pomegranates fair
Grown in Persia's soft air,
And tortillas from Mexico found there;
And there did appear
Grapes and grains from Korea,
And all of the things that abound there.

A Syrian date
Did not turn up too late;
He need not for tea to Japan go;
Tamerinds were not few,
There were oranges too,
And from India many a mango.

"Now," thought little Jack,
"What shall I send back
To these lands for their presents to me?
The Bible, indeed,
Is what they all need
So that shall go over the sea."

(1282)

Gospel, Spread the—See STORY, POWER OF THE OLD.

GOSPEL SUCCESS

Mr. Nagota, Japanese pastor of the Episcopal Church in Tsu, gives the following account of his conversion to Christianity: A colporteur was trying to persuade a soldier to buy a gospel. He was rebuffed by gross insults and most uncalled for anger. The colporteur bore the indignity with so much meekness that Mr. Nagota, who chanced to be passing by, was amazed, and bought the gospel for the sake of the maligned man. He took the little volume home and read it carefully, and through reading, became a Christian. (1283)

GOSPEL, TRANSFORMING POWER OF THE

A striking illustration of this is found in the history of the noted African chief, Africaner, notorious in his day until reached by the gospel:

In 1819, finding it necessary to go to Cape Town, Moffat determined to take Africaner with him, attired as his attendant. The chief was an outlaw, with a price of one thousand rix-dollars upon his head, but finally agreed to go. As they passed through the Dutch farms on his way, Moffat found that he was supposed to have been long before murdered by Africaner. One man told him that he had seen Moffat's bones. Moffat told a farmer that Africaner (the chief being still in disguise) he knew to be a truly good man. This the man could not credit, and said that his one wish was to see that terror before he himself should die; whereupon Moffat turned and said quietly, pointing to his mild attendant, "This, then, is Africaner." The farmer, looking at the Christian man before him, exclaimed: "O God, what a miracle of Thy power! What can not Thy grace accomplish!"

That which Africaner exhibited of the power of the gospel in character, is shown by a host of redeemed ones, such as Jerry McAuley, who through their careers, have magnified the power that saved them.—"Gloria Christi." (1284)

Gospel Truth Written in Faces—See FACE, THE, REVEALING THE GOSPEL.

Gossip—See OTHER SIDE, THE.

GRACE

Grace in human agents is manifested in doing the good we are under no just obligation to do:

The Plymouth Congregational Church, of Cleveland, Ohio, years ago built themselves a beautiful church edifice. The contractor drew the money due for work done, and instead of paying his workmen, left for parts unknown, carrying the funds with him. These workmen had not a shadow of a claim upon the trustees, and expected nothing from them. But thirteen hundred dollars were due them from the absconded contractor, and they needed the money. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Collins, said to his people: "True, we do not owe these men a farthing; still, let us make an effort to give them what their dishonest employer owes them, and never let it be said that unrequited toil went into the rearing of this temple of the Most High." And all the people said, Amen. The laborers went that night to their homes rejoicing, carrying their lost and found pieces of silver with them. (1285)

See LAW AND GRACE.

GRACE, NOT GROWTH

Touch a piece of black coal, and flaky soot falls off; fuse that coal with fire, and nature makes it impossible for the carbon to throw off blackness, but only light and heat. One of the biggest facts in human experience is this, that a new heart is possible for bad men. Salvation is a gift. Once a bitter orange, growth and culture only increases the size and flavor of the bitter orange. The husbandman grafts, as a free gift, the new sweet fruit into the old root. Every tree in the modern orchard represents a twig cut from a tested apple, and grafted into the wild root. Education, the passing years, simply increase the size of the selfish man, the avaricious man, the pleasure-loving man, but the new impulse is an exotic from heaven, grafted into life. Not growth, but grace saves us. (Text.)—N. D. Hillis. (1286)

GRACE, PERSEVERING

Polycrates, a prosperous prince of the Egean shore long centuries ago, to ward off misfortune, caused a very valuable signet ring which he kept among his treasures, set in gold and of exquisite workmanship, to be carried far out to sea in a fifty-oared galley fully manned, and cast overboard. He saw it sink, to rise, as he supposed, no more. A few days afterward a fisherman plying his profession on that coast, caught a fish of extraordinary size and beauty, and took it to Polycrates, who was amazed to discover, on opening the fish, his own precious ring.

It is just as hard to lose divine grace and love which we are so apt to throw away, but which persists in returning to us. (1287)

GRACE SUFFICIENT

An eccentric divine preaching from "I will run in the way of thy commandments when thou shalt enlarge my heart," began, "Well, David, what is your first remark? 'I will run.' Run away, David! What hinders you? What is your next word? 'In the way of thy commandments.' Better yet, David. And what next? 'When thou shalt enlarge my heart.' No thanks to you, David. We could all run as well as you with such help." (1288)

GRACIOUSNESS IN WOMEN

Some club women interested in civic reform were gathered in the office of a city executive waiting for an interview. They were charming, clever women, well drest, and at ease in any surroundings. As they waited they chatted of various things, and one told that her little son had been quite badly burned a few days before. The others spoke sympathetically. On the opposite side of the office sat a poor, battered wreck of womanhood, there on an errand widely different from theirs.

"The next time your little boy gets burned you put linseed-oil and lime-water on it. You ought to keep it handy. There ain't nothing like it to take out the fire," said the poor creature.

It was her assertion of sisterhood in the common trials of humanity.

Most of the women froze instantly, indignant that she had dared address them in a familiar way. But the one faced her frankly. "Yes," she said, "that is good. It is just what the doctor told me to use. It is kind of you to tell me about it."

There was no familiarity in her manner, nor was there a hint of superiority. She, too, recognized the universal sisterhood, and spoke to the woman across from her on that level.

She was one of the women who always do the gracious thing because of an abiding grace within. There are too many women who appear charming in their own circle, but who must snub those they consider inferior. Manners at their best are but a poor substitute for the real graciousness that comes from the heart that has kindly thoughts for all. —*The Housekeeper.* (1289)

Gradualness of Evil—See Destructiveness.

Graft Rebuked—See Character Not Purchasable.

GRAIN

The burning pen of inspiration, ranging heaven and earth for a similitude, to convey to our poor minds some not inadequate idea of the mighty doctrine of the resurrection, can find no symbol so expressive as "bare grain, it may chance of wheat or some other grain." To-day a senseless plant, tomorrow it is human bone and muscle, vein and artery, sinew and nerve; beating pulse, heaving lungs, toiling, ah, sometimes overtoiling brain. Last June, it sucked from the cold breast of the earth the watery nourishment of its distending sap-vessels; and now it clothes the manly form with warm, cordial flesh; quivers and thrills with the fivefold mystery of sense; purveys and administers to the higher mystery of thought. Heaped up in your granaries this week, the next it will strike in the stalwart arm, and glow in the blushing cheek, and flash in the beaming eye; till we learn at last to realize that the slender stalk, which we have seen shaken by the summer breeze, bending in the corn-field under the yellow burden of harvest, is indeed the "staff of life," which, since the world began, has supported the toiling and struggling myriads of humanity on the mighty pilgrimage of being.—EDWARD EVERETT. (1290)

GRATITUDE

A young girl in Scotland was in danger of perishing in a storm, when the stream was in flood. She vowed that if God would save her life and help her in the future, she would build a bridge over the dangerous chasm. Her prayer was heard. She lived to build the bridge, and to leave an endowment for the poor of the parish. On the keystone of the bridge were written these words: "God and We." That was the secret of success in her life-work. (1291)

A missionary in China met an aged man who was measuring with the length of his body a pilgrimage of one hundred miles. He would kotow; that is, bump his head three times upon the ground, then prostrate himself full length; get up, repeat, and still repeat. When asked why he was doing this he said: "My son was very ill. I prayed and vowed to the god of health that if he would spare my son, I would measure with my body every mile of this pilgrimage to the tombs of my ancestors. He was spared to me. I must keep my vow. No one can help me. I must go alone."

Was he not presenting his body a living sacrifice, mistaken, of course, in form, but faithful in spirit? (1292)

Out of gratitude to the girl who saved the lives of his three children when fire occurred at his home in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, William Landsberg cheerfully submitted himself to physicians at the Long Island College Hospital and allowed them to take forty square inches of skin from his body in order that it might be grafted upon the burned body of Miss Elsie Wobetta, who had been employed as a domestic at his home.

Landsberg agreed to the operation when he learned that it was necessary in order to save the girl's life. Earlier in the morning the physicians had already taken twenty square inches of skin from the unburnt portions of Miss Wobetta's body, but this was not nearly enough to cover her frightful burns, and her condition was too precarious to submit her to another shock.

Landsberg was notified, and he immediately quit work and went to the hospital, where he placed himself at the disposal of the surgeons.

"It is the least I can do for the girl who saved the lives of my little ones," he said calmly, when the doctors told him that the test would be a severe one.

He was placed on the operating table and the operation of removing the skin was performed. Strips of skin an inch wide and five inches long were taken from Landsberg's body.

The operation brought to light the heroic act on the part of Miss Wobetta that should entitle her to a Carnegie medal. Some time ago fire broke out in the Landsberg home. The upper part of the house was soon in flames and during all the excitement—it was early in the morning—no one seemed to think of the three children of Landsberg except this young domestic, who fought her way through the stifling smoke and flames until she reached the nursery. There, altho her own clothing was aflame and she was almost stifled by the smoke, she rescued the three small children and helped carry them to a place of safety.

She was frightfully burned on the arms, breast, side and back, and it was not thought for a long time that she could survive. For several weeks she lingered and the surgeons agreed that all that could save her life would be the grafting of new skin on the burned places that would not heal. (1293)

See INVESTMENT RETURN; RESCUE; UNSELFISHNESS.

GRATITUDE, UNCALCULATING

Henry Van Dyke, in *The Outlook,* expresses the spontaneous nature of true gratitude:

Do you give thanks for this, or that? No,
God be thanked,
I am not grateful
In that cold calculating way, with blessings
ranked
As one, two, three, and four—that would
be hateful!

I only know that every day brings good above
My poor deserving;
I only feel that on the road of life true Love
Is leading me along and never swerving.

Whatever turn the path may take to left or right,
I think it follows
The tracing of a wiser hand, through dark and light,
Across the hills and in the shady hollows.

Whatever gifts the hours bestow, or great or small,
I would not measure
As worth a certain price in praise, but take them all
And use them all, with simple, heartfelt pleasure.

For when we gladly eat our daily bread, we bless
The hand that feeds us;
And when we walk along life's way in cheerfulness,
Our very heart-beats praise the Love that leads us. (1294)

Gratuities—See Ridicule, Apt.

GRAVITATION AND ICEBERGS

The hundreds of thousands of icebergs that every spring and summer terrify our ocean steamers are simply detachments from the glaciers that perpetually cover the face of northern lands. As far as can be learned, the interior of Greenland has a surface of tall hills and deep gulches, with an elevated range rather on the eastern side, running from north to south. Hence, if the climate of the interior of Greenland were mild, this extended range would serve as a watershed diverting streams to the sea on both sides. But the temperature some distance inland is nearly always below the freezing point, so that the almost constant snowfall and the brief midsummer rains remain on the surface, accumulating year after year, till there are formed thousands of square miles of blue compact ice, some of it over 1,500 feet thick. This enormous body of ice, like water, is subject to the laws of gravitation, and is eternally on the march to the sea. But its rate of travel is so slow as to be in most places imperceptible to the eye. So deep is this mass of inland ice that after a couple of days' march from the sea there are no longer any hills visible, the entire landscape being white and naked. The ice from the higher ground is being constantly forced into the valleys and most of these valleys terminate toward the sea in very deep fjords. These fjords are in reality the launchways for most of the ice-floes and a great many of the bergs. You might lie for hours in your boat by most of the glaciers where they enter the sea, and not be aware that they were moving; but each one pushes constantly, and at a regular rate of speed, outward and outward into the sea, till the buoyancy of the water under it causes it to break at the shore, and sets it free to rove the ocean for thousands of miles, till it melts in Southern latitudes.—Edmund Collins, *Harper's Weekly.* (1295)

GRAVITATION, LAW OF

Time after time astronomers have found seeming irregularities in the planets' motions, which they could not explain by, nor deduce from this law of Newton's (law of gravitation). In every case, however, later investigations showed the fault to lie in the imperfections of their methods; their calculations, or their assumptions in regard to the number and size of the planets were in error, not the law of gravitation. A discrepancy of only two minutes between the observed and theoretical places of Uranus led to the discovery of Neptune, and possibly the minute discrepancy in the motions of Mercury may lead to important discoveries regarding the properties or distribution of matter in the neighborhood of the sun.—Charles Lane Poor, "The Solar System." (1296)

GRAVITATION, MORAL

When the strata of the earth forms, the heaviest elements work down to the bottom, the next heaviest fall on these, and so on to the top, where the lightest will be found. The same is true of men. You do not have to do anything to men to put them down or lift them up. Every man sooner or later goes "to his own place." (1297)

GRAVITY

Shiel told Moore of a good thing said by Keller, an Irish barrister. Keller, meeting some judge, an old friend of his, a steady, solemn fellow who had succeeded as much in his profession as Keller had failed, said to him: "In opposition to all the laws of natural philosophy, you have risen by your gravity, while I have sunk by my levity!" (Text.)—CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (1298)

GREAT MEN SHOULD BE PROVIDED FOR

We can not secure the great man's arrival, but when he has come we can show that we know him and appreciate him, as the bees know and appreciate the one who is, of all others, most valuable to the hive. When "Dexter," the famous race-horse owned by Robert Bonner, was found drawing a clay-cart, and the signs of speed in him were unmistakable, what a world of excitement there was! No harness was too fine, no stable too good for him. He had valets to attend his most delicate wants—watchers by night and by day. I do not say there was the slightest unappropriateness in this. I merely ask if the man of wonderful possibilities is not of as much account and deserving of as much care as the wonderful horse. The great man, or man of genius, will forego yachts and palaces and the muniments of wealth, tho he could enjoy them. What he needs at once is that sure provision which shall give him subsistence and leave him free from worldly toil and worry, as a prerequisite to prosecuting his work.—JOEL BENTON, *Lippincott's.* (1299)

GREAT MEN'S BEGINNINGS

The parents of Isaac Barrow, the celebrated English divine, conceived so mean an opinion of his temper and parts when he was a boy at the Charterhouse School, that his father used to say, if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac, the least promising. Adam Clarke's father was equally uncomplimentary to his own flesh and blood when he proclaimed his son to be "a grievous dunce." Poe, at West Point, was a laughing-stock to his schoolmates. Sheridan's mother presented him to a new tutor as "an incorrigible dunce." Byron, at Harrow, was in no wise distinguished above his fellows. Napoleon and Wellington in their schooldays were distinguished only for dulness.—*Lippincott's Magazine.* (1300)

Great, The, and Little Contrasted—See SINS, ACCUMULATED.

Greater, The, Controlling the Lesser—See MASTER-MIND, THE.

GREATNESS

Homer makes his hero, like Saul, a head and shoulders taller than the soldiers around him. And Egyptian artists paint their conquering monarch twenty times as tall as the pigmy enemy whom he is destroying at a single blow.

True greatness is more than stature. (1301)

Upon his return to Washington, Grant made preparations to leave immediately for the West, but at the close of a consultation with the President and the Secretary of War, he was informed that Mrs. Lincoln expected his presence the same evening at a military dinner to be given in his honor, at which twelve distinguished officers, then in the city, were to be present. Frank B. Carpenter, who was then at the White House, working on his celebrated painting, "Lincoln and His Cabinet," says Grant turned to the President and said that it would be impossible for him to remain over as he must be in Tennessee at a given time. The President insisted that he could not be excused, and here we have another manifestation of Grant's independence and will-power. He said to Lincoln: "But the time is very precious just now, and really, Mr. President, I believe I have had enough of this show business."

So, while the man of deeds—indifferent to blandishments and caring nothing for receptions—was speeding on his way to Nashville to meet Sherman and talk over the momentous business of trying to end the war, the twelve "distinguished" officers were banqueted without a guest of honor. But perhaps in the feasting and the merry-making of the night, they could not but ponder over the strange things which had come to pass that day—a general so devoted to his duties in the field as to have no time or desire to be received by Congress or banqueted by the wife of a President; a man who had been out of the position of a common store-clerk hardly three years, given command of all the Union forces on land and sea; a great load lifted from the long-burdened heart of Lincoln; the bells of time ringing in a better day for the cause of the Union.—Col. NICHOLAS SMITH, "Grant, the Man of Mystery." (1302)

GREATNESS APPRECIATED

Mr. Moore, writing in *The Congregationalist* on "The Benediction of a Statue," says:

The man was only one of the thousands that have stopt for a moment or two at least in front of the Phillips Brooks statue during the past week. He was a working man of about fifty, with a strong, square-jawed, bronzed face. He had evidently come over to look at the statue during the noon hour, for he had on his blue flannel shirt and carpenter's overalls. He gazed a moment and then brushed his eyes rather furtively.

"How do you like the statue?" he was asked.

"It's fine, but isn't quite Phillips Brooks. It's a strong face like his, but I sort of miss the light in the eyes. It isn't as kind-looking as Phillips Brooks."

"You knew him, then?"

"Yes, I knew him well. I have talked with him many times. He always spoke to me on the street. He used to always ask about the wife and baby, and now—the wife has gone on beyond, too."

He took a last look at the statue and then hurried away, for it was almost one o'clock. Just then a colored man of about forty joined the group.

"Know him? Why, I knew him as well as I know my wife. I used to be charman of a house just a few doors away from his on Clarendon Street. He always said, 'Good-morning, John,' to me when he met me, as he was going over to the church in the morning. Of course, when I knew him he was older than the statue shows him. He never spoke to you like he was saying, 'I'm the rich Mr. Brooks.' He treated you just like you was as good as him."

Two messenger-boys stopt for a moment. "Who's that man?" one asked the other.

"Why, that's a great preacher that used to preach in that church. They say he was an awfully good man. They say he could preach like anything, and yet he was just as common with folks as anybody."

An intelligent, rather elderly Hebrew was criticizing the statue very severely to several people, but he said: "I used to go to school with him. He was certainly a wonderful preacher and a very, very good man. He surely deserved the best statue Boston could ever put up for him. But I dislike the background and the other figure in this very much." (1303)

GREATNESS CALLED FORTH

At every great call for great deeds the right man comes out of the common crowd to do it, this is the truth Sam. Walter Foss enforces in these verses:

Men seem as alike as the leaves on the trees,
As alike as the bees in the swarming of bees;
And we look at the millions that make up the state,
All equally little and equally great,
And the pride of our courage is cowed.
Then fate calls for a man who is larger than men,
There is a surge in the crowd—there's a movement—and then
There arises the man who is larger than men—
And the man comes up from the crowd.

The chasers of trifles run hither and yon,
And the mean little days of small trifles go on,
And the world seems no better at sunset than dawn,
And the race still increases its plentiful spawn,
And the voice of our wailing is loud.
Then the great deed calls out for the great man to come,
And the crowd unbelieving, sits sullen and dumb—
But the great deed is done, for the great man is come—
Ay, the man comes up from the crowd.

(Text.) (1304)

GREATNESS DISCOUNTED

Daniel Webster in the very height of his fame, just after his famous Bunker Hill speech, took a run down to his native village which he had not visited in so many years that he found himself quite unrecognized by his former cronies. Accosting an old friend of the Websters, he gradually, after due discussion of the weather and the crops, turned the conversation upon his own family. Thereupon his companion burst out into enthusiastic encomiums upon the virtues and abilities of Daniel's elder brother Ebenezer, who had died young and whose early death he fittingly deplored. Daniel slipt in a modest query as to whether there was not a brother named Dan. "He never was much account," said the old gentleman, with a shake of his head. "I believe he went up to Boston and became some kind of a lawyer."—*Lippincott's Magazine.* (1305)

GREATNESS, HEROIC

A truly great soul is the man described by Sarah Knowles Bolton in the verse below:

I like the man who faces what he must
  With heart triumphant and a step of cheer;
  Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God; that somehow, true and just,
  His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
  Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp; better, with love, a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not,
  Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor even murmurs at his humbler lot;
  But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler; he alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate. (1306)

GREATNESS, HUMAN, A BAUBLE

Having strayed by some odd eddy of circumstance into the House of Lords, when the King was present, John Wesley draws a picturesque little vignette of him.

"I was in the robe-chamber, adjoining the House of Lords, when the King (George II) put on his robes. His brow was much furrowed with age, and quite clouded with care. And is this all the world can give even to a king, all the grandeur it can afford? A blanket of ermine round his shoulders, so heavy and cumbersome he can scarce move under it! A huge heap of borrowed hair, with a few plates of gold and glittering stones upon his head! Alas, what a bauble is human greatness!"—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (1307)

GREATNESS IN MEN

Edwin Markham describes a noble type of man in the following poem:

Give thanks, O heart, for the high souls
That point us to the deathless goals—
For all the courage of their cry
That echoes down from sky to sky;
Thanksgiving for the armed seers
And heroes called to mortal years—
Souls that have built our faith in man,
And lit the ages as they ran.

Made of unpurchasable stuff.
They went the way when ways were rough;
They, when the traitors had deceived,
Held the long purpose, and believed;
They, when the face of God grew dim,
Held through the dark and trusted Him—
Brave souls that fought the mortal way
And felt that faith could not betray.

Give thanks for heroes that have stirred
Earth with the wonder of a word.
But all thanksgiving for the breed
Who have bent destiny with deed—
Souls of the high, heroic birth,
Souls sent to poise the shaken earth,
And then called back to God again
To make heaven possible for men. (Text.)
—*The Independent.*
(1308)

GREATNESS OF GOD

The following verse from "The Marshes of Glynn," by Sidney Lanier, shows how a reverent poet can see symbols of God and His care in a marsh:

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of life and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends
 in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God;
Oh, like the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal
 marshes of Glynn. (1309)

GREATNESS SERVING

A mother and daughter were traveling through a forest. Overcome by the long journey, the mother fainted and fell by the wayside. As soon as consciousness was partly restored to her she sent her little child to seek out a minister. The little daughter went weeping on her way. She soon met a stranger riding a horse. The man inquired of her why she was weeping. She asked him if he were God's minister, and he said that he was. She led him to the side of her dying mother. His bodyguard soon arrived. Reverently did they uncover as they found the King of England kneeling in prayer for the dying peasant. The greatest among them was their servant. (Text.) (1310)

GREATNESS, TRUE, OF A CITY

What makes a city great and strong?
 Not architecture's graceful strength,
 Nor factories' extended length,
But men who see the civic wrong
 And give their lives to make it right,
 And turn its darkness into light.

What makes a city full of power?
 Not wealth's display nor titled fame,
 Not fashion's loudly-boasted claim,
But women, rich in virtue's dower,
 Whose homes, tho humble, still are great
 Because of service to the state.

What makes a city men can love?
 Not things that charm the outward sense,
 Nor gross display of opulence,
But right, that wrong can not remove,
 And truth, that faces civic fraud
 And smites it in the name of God.

This is a city that shall stand,
 A light upon a nation's hill,
 A voice that evil can not still,
A source of blessing to the land;
 Its strength not brick, nor stone, nor wood,
 But justice, love and brotherhood.
—*Author Unknown.*
(1311)

Greatness Unrecognized—See Help, Unexpected.

GREED

The large families in this country to-day are to be found only in the industrial centers. Greedy men have considered this their opportunity, and have located great stocking and silk factories in these places for the sake of employing the children of these families.

I saw in the ill-ventilated rooms of these silk-factories girls by the dozen under fourteen years of age. More than once I saw a stoop-shouldered, anemic girl, apparently not more than eleven years of age, standing all day before her machine so fatigued that she stood on one foot while she rested the other by holding it against the leg on which she was standing. To my inquiry as to her age the reply was, "The affidavit said she was fourteen."

A girl in whose machine the silk by chance became tangled was approached by a foreman with the jaw of a bulldog and a face whose every feature indicated brutality, and who poured out a stream of profanity as he threatened to dismiss her if it occurred again. These girls were the daughters of coal-miners or of a coal-miner's widow.

We are pretty generally agreed that society owes to every one equal treatment with his fellows in an effort to get a living and an equal protection in using the opportunities that exist. When one looks into the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes of veritable children to whom in so many cases the home was never the holy of holies, and where instead of the gentle voice and loving hearts of teachers there is the brutal taskmaster, one feels the need of some new Declaration of Independence.

A railroad that owns and operates mines in this region, last year, in addition to an already fat dividend on its stock, declared a stock dividend of fifty per cent. Would that it were possible to print on every share of that dividend a description of the existence that is called life in this section of our land! (Text.)—Jesse Hill, *Christian Endeavor World.* (1312)

See Dishonesty; Game of Greed.

Greed, Commercial—See Cruelty.

GRIEF, EXPRESSING

Great griefs can seldom be borne in silence; nor is it well that they should be. Just as the cry of pain springs to the lips of a child when it is hurt, so the wounded spirit longs for utterance to ease its sorrow. Far from being a rebellious and unnatural desire, this longing to somehow unburden the soul in words is a merciful gift of God, who, even when he chastens, would fain temper the wind to the shorn lamb. See how the noblest souls have sought and found, not only a balm for sorrow, but sorrow's own deeper meaning in uttering their heart's profoundest cry. Think of that magnificent memorial poem in which Tennyson gathered up, as in a sacred urn, the fragments of his broken heart. Was his sorrow for Hallam the less, that he thus robbed it of its bitterest sting, the sting of helpless silence and hopeless brooding? Was Cicero less noble, less heroic, because, after the death of his beloved daughter Tullia, he wrote a treatise, on consolation to alleviate his sorrow? No; utterance sanctifies the grief whose pang it softens. God does not will that we should suffer in white-lipped silence. He never drives the barbed arrow into the human heart.—*Zion's Herald.* (1313)

GRIEF, REVEALED

Clinton Dangerfield discounts in this poem the stoicism of the age that refuses to reveal its griefs and evils:

Sad hearts are out of date. We laugh and jest,
When we take wounds as well as when we strike.
One can not tell the conquerors on Love's field—
Victors and vanquished look so much alike!

But sometimes when the mask unguarded falls
One sees the actor's self behind the part,
And half holds those the wiser who, of old,
Washed, unashamed, with tears a broken heart. (Text.)

—*The Delineator.*
(1314)

GRIEVANCES

A man strikes me with a sword, and inflicts a wound. Suppose, instead of binding up the wound, I am showing it to everybody, and, after it has been bound up, I am taking off the bandage constantly and examining the depth of the wound, and making it fester—is there a person in the world who would not call me a fool? However, such a fool is he who, by dwelling upon little injuries or insults, cause them to agitate and influence his mind. How much better were it to put a bandage on the wound and never look at it again! (1315)

I once said to a woman who had suddenly lost her best friend after years of the closest intimacy, without a quarrel or scene, and for no apparent reason, "every time he thinks of you he will be filled with remorse." She replied, "Remorse? Not at all. He is quite sure that all the fault lies on my side. In retrospect, he has created imaginary grievance." I indignantly protested, ready even to pity her the more. She smilingly silenced me by putting her finger on my lips, saying: "Do not pity me, I might have had grievances, but I have none; in spite of everything, mine is the better part." And she was right.

Grievances are like a double-edged sword that wounds on one side the heart it enters, on the other the heart that sends it forth, and the most unhappy heart always holds the weapon, for the point that pierces sinks into depths from whence it is difficult to draw it from the wound. In reality everybody is a victim to grievances; they that harbor as well as they who create them, and for this reason frank explanations are never resorted to. And the saddest thing of all is, that the causes are often so slight and the suffering so great, as in the case of the Neapolitan, who, having never read the works of Tasso and Ariosto, fought seventeen duels on their respective merits.—Dora Melegari, "Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy." (1316)

GRIP

"He seems to have lost his grip," said one man to another in talking of an acquaintance who had not been long in the ranks of the "middle-aged." They both felt that their friend had talents; they longed to see him apply them with judgment and success. The term "grip" was an expressive one. Whatever one's work may be, it can not be properly done unless the worker has firm hold of his tools. Lack of grip may often be resolved into lack of incentive, and, therefore, whoever imparts to his comrade a sufficient motive for holding fast, is doing him service of the most effectual kind.—Providence *Journal.* (1317)

Growing Old—See Old, How to Grow.

GROWING TOO FAST

It is said that during the wars of Frederick II of Prussia men became so scarce that they actually enrolled schoolboys. If there happened to be a child that was growing too fast the parents would be heard to say, "Don't grow so fast or the recruiting officer will catch you." Do not rush into responsibility. (Text.) (1318)

Growth—See ASSIMILATION; FAITH IN GOD.

GROWTH, CAUSE OF

Carbon from the air entering the cells of plants comes in contact with a substance called chlorophyll resident in the cells. A wonderful change at once takes place. When the sun is shining, the carbonic acid and water contained in the cells are decomposed; *i e.,* separated into the parts composing them. These, with the carbon, then unite again and form a new substance very different from either the carbon or the water, viz., starch or like substance, which, with some of the mineral matters supplied through the soil water, serves as food for the protoplasm of the cells, so that the latter increase in number rapidly and thus cause the plant to grow.

There is real growth of the soul of man only when the divine spirit unites with the human powers. (Text.) (1319)

Growth, Curious—See OBSTACLES, UNEXPECTED.

GROWTH, EVIL

Educators make much of growth, nor can we over-emphasize the importance of the principle. But if the thing that is increasing is bad, then growth is a curse immeasurable. Given a spark and growth means a conflagration that ruins a city. Given a gipsy-moth in the parks of New England and growth means the devastation of the forests of a State. Given a disease, and growth means death. Given any form of sin, and growth means the wreckage of character and destiny. (Text.)—N. D. HILLIS. (1320)

Growth in Educational Work—See NEEDS, MEETING CHILDREN'S.

GROWTH IN NATURE

Once, a half-century ago or more, a farmer and his men came down from the pastures, and for purposes of their own cut a ditch straight through the middle of the bog to the open water. The hundreds of scrawny night-herons, sitting on pale blue eggs in scraggly nests in the cedar swamp, must have heard the cedars laugh as this went on. It was the swamp's opportunity. Where the farmer and his men with incredible labor cut and tore away the marsh-grass roots the cedars planted their seeds, and called upon the alders and the swamp-maples and the thoroughwort, the Joe Pye weed, and a host of other good citizens of the swamp to help them.

So vigorous was the sortie and so well did they hold their ground, that you may trace the farmer's wide ditch to-day only as a causeway down which the swamp has come to build a great wooden area in the midst of the bog, accomplishing in half a century what it might not have done in five times had it not been for human aid.—WINTHROP PACKARD, "Wild Pastures." (1321)

Growth, Spiritual—See SPIRITUAL PERTURBATION.

Growth Through Struggle—See STRUGGLE AND GROWTH.

GROWTH, UNCONSCIOUS

Moses, when he came down from the mountain, "wist not" that his face shone. So in much of our spiritual life, we are unconscious of the fact of growth. As a writer upon life in the fields likening the spiritual life to that of the seed says:

But all the winter through, tho it was hidden by frost and snow, the seed was growing beneath the earth; the difference is that now we can see it. And so it is with the growth of the soul. The soul is growing, tho we do not know it, in its winter weather, when all is dead and cold and dark; when the Spirit has convinced us of sin and we say, "I seem to have no part and lot with the saints, no joy nor peace; I only feel the burden of my iniquities; I question whether I am a living soul." Ah, but the seed sown by the hand of God is growing through all those wintry days; if a man can feel and lament his weakness, his deadness, his barrenness, he is a living soul. (Text.) (1322)

Growths, Undesirable—See BARRIERS.

Guardian Friends—See PLEDGE-KEEPING.

GUARDS OF THE SOUL

As there is a silence that thunders, so there is a severity that is the inflection of pity and love. That is not the kindest surgeon who refuses to make the wounded soldier suffer. That is not the truest mother who lets the child work its own will and riot in selfish pleasures. It is not a little thing for a pilgrim to make his way across a dark continent. Are there serpents and wild beasts in the jungle? Then on either side of the path through the forest let thorn-bushes be planted that they may scourge the child back into the path. Is the chasm deep? A veritable abyss? Then, when the bridge is strung across the gulf, let a railing be placed on either side, with sharp prongs of iron to hold the child back from the edge of the bridge, lest in a careless mood he fall and be crusht upon the cruel rocks beneath. It is a dangerous journey that man makes through the wilderness. And God has planted on either side of the way the Ten Commandments like ten thorn-bushes, buttresses and guards, that the pilgrim may be confined to the path that leads to prosperity, safety and peace.—N. D. HILLIS. (1323)

Guest Surprized—See TACT.

Guidance—See SAFETY FROM WATER BROOKS; TRUST.

GUIDANCE, GOD'S

In the stern of a sea-going vessel,
At morning, at noon and at night,
I saw there a sturdy old boatswain
Who stood and uplifted his sight
To the mast that was towering above him,
While pendulant hung from his lip
The whistle whose shrill intonations
Determined the course of the ship.

And I wondered at what he was gazing
Till, stepping behind him, I stood
And followed his angle of vision
High up on the pillar of wood;
And there, far above the attraction
Of body of iron or steel,
Was fastened a compass whose needle
Corrected the man at the wheel.

O wonderful lesson of science,
That crystaled in parable there,
And brought in its transparent vision
The meaning and purpose of prayer!
I, too, am adrift on the ocean,
My compass, the spirit of man,
And with hand on the wheel of life's rudder,
I only can steer as I can.

But, praise to God's infinite goodness,
Thy compass above I can see—
The needle of truth that Thy spirit
Holds true for the spirit of me.
Unswerved by earth's baser attraction,
It points to the glories that shine;
I read it at morning and evening,
And reckon my bearings from Thine.
(Text.) (1324)

Thomas F. Porter, in the Boston *Globe*, expresses in these verses the confidence of faith in God's guidance:

It matters not what course my ship may go,
That leaves the port 'neath skies so calm and clear;
Tho later threatening winds may wildly blow,
Of harm I have no fear.

The storm may beat in fury 'round my bark,
The ocean's spray up to the masthead leap,
The way be long, the night be starless dark,
Secure my course I keep.

It matters not how swift may be the tide,
Tho lightning cleave with lurid flame the sky;
But that my ship will every storm outride,
On this I can rely.

Nor does it matter when the goal I gain,
Nor if the ship be stript of every mast,
My heart no lips will murmur nor complain,
When safe the anchor's cast.

Why, there is such a flood of hope in me,
To doubting hearts this much I will reveal:
The Hand that launched my bark on life's great sea
Is ever at the wheel. (1325)

Guidance, Spiritual—See SPIRIT, WINDS OF THE.

GUIDANCE EVILWARD

A story is told of certain mariners who followed the direction of their compass, believing it to be infallibly right as a guide, till they arrived at an enemy's port, where they were seized and made slaves. The secret was that the wicked captain, in order to betray the ship and to beguile them into obliquities, had hidden a large loadstone at a little distance on one side of the needle. (Text.) (1326)

Guide and Traveler—See CONFIDENCE.

GUIDE, THE PERFECT

Once I was out with a guide climbing a mountain, and the guide himself lost his way. He was compelled, greatly chagrined, to beat about for quite a while till he found it. This could never happen to Christ.

Sometimes a guide in the Alps, in spite of all his care, loses the life of a traveler. The unfortunate man may slip and the rope may break; or, if the rope holds, he may be heavy enough to drag down his guide with him into the crevasse.

When a traveler hesitated to place his foot in the hand of a guide who asked him to step upon it out over a precipice when rounding a perilous turn, the guide reassured him by saying, "This hand never lost a life." That was true of the guide, but it did not prove that he never would lose a life.

Of Christ's hand stretched out to help us it may be said truly: "This hand never lost a life, and never can lose one."—AMOS R. WELLS, in *The Christian Endeavor World.* (1327)

Guides—See EXPERIENCE, VALUE OF.

Guides and Prayer—See BLESSING THE ROPES.

GUILT

The only thing needed to show guilt or innocence is sufficient light:

Aaron Burr once defended a prisoner charged with murder, and as the trial proceeded it became too manifest to him that the guilt of the murder lay between the prisoner and one of the witnesses for the prosecution. He accordingly subjected this witness to a searching and relentless cross-examination; and then, as he addrest the jury in the gathering dusk of evening, he brought into strong relief every fact that bore against this witness, and suddenly seizing two candelabra from the table, he threw a glare of light on the witness's face, and exclaimed, "Behold the murderer, gentlemen!" Alarmed and conscience-stricken, the man reeled as from a blow, turned ghastly pale, and left the court. The advocate concluded his speech in a tone of triumph, and the jury acquitted the prisoner. (Text.)—CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (1328)

H

HABIT

Says Jeremiah, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to evil." The last chapter in the biography of habits is its enthronement, its tyranny over the will. The tragedy of every habit is that instead of being an aid to the will, it becomes its master. Donald Sage Mackay, in "The Religion of the Threshold," says:

Henry Drummond once told of a man who had gone to a London physician to consult about his eyes. The physician looked into the man's eyes with a delicate ophthalmoscope, and then said quietly to the man, "My friend, you are practising a certain sin, and unless you give it up, in six months you will be blind." For a moment the man stood trembling in the agony of discovery, and then, turning to the sunlit window, he looked out and exclaimed, "Farewell, sweet light, farewell!" (1329)

A man named Patch, having been charged with murder, his solicitor carefully examined the premises and situation, and came to the conclusion that the murderer must have been a left-handed man. The solicitor informed Sergeant Best, in consultation, that he had noticed Patch, when taking his dinner, using his knife with the left hand. In a conference before the trial, the sergeant prest the prisoner to say whether he was not left-handed, but he protested he was not. When the prisoner was arraigned at the bar on the day of trial, and was called on to plead, he answered, "Not guilty," and at once, of course unconsciously, held up his left hand.—CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (1330)

Slowly and insidiously do the evil habits grow until they become as gnarled crooked trees which none may straighten; little by little the gossamer thread becomes a cart-rope which none may break; imperceptibly does the film of ice spread over the river, holding the waters before long in a grasp which Niagara could not burst. The character is stereotyped; the life moves in deep downward grooves. Says the modern determinist, "By habit the mind is reduced into servitude." Says the apostle, "We are sold under sin."—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (1331)

See ROUTINE.

HABIT AUTOMATIC

If a sleeping-plant is placed in a dark room after it has gone to sleep at night, it will be found next morning in the light-position, and will again assume the nocturnal position as evening comes. We have, in fact, what seems to be a habit built by the alternation of day and night. The plant normally drops its leaves at the stimulus of darkness and raises them at the stimulus of light. But here we see the leaves rising and falling in the absence of the accustomed stimulation. This is the characteristic par excellence of habit. When a series of actions are compelled to follow each other by applying a series of stimuli they become organically tied together, or associated, and follow each other automatically, even when the whole series of stimuli are not acting.—*The Scientific American.* (1332)

HABIT, BREAKING

A story is told of an English minister who offered a prize to the boy who would write the best composition in five minutes on "How to Overcome a Habit."

At the expiration of five minutes the compositions were read. The prize went to a lad of nine years. The following is his essay:

"Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change 'a bit.' If you take off another, you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is wholly used up; all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of habit you must throw it off altogether." (1333)

HABIT IN WORK

All his life Mark Twain was an inveterate smoker, and one of the most leisurely men in the world. An old pressman, who was once printer's devil in an office where Mark was editorial writer, tells this anecdote of his habits of work. "One of my duties was to sweep the room where editors worked. Every day Mark would give me a nickel to get away from him. He would rather die in the dust than uncross his legs. One day he gave me a nickel to dot an 'i' in his copy for him. He certainly did enjoy life, that man did."—New York *Evening Post.*

(1334)

HABIT, PHYSIOLOGICAL CONSEQUENCES OF

The following bit of information is from *La Nature:*

Men of a singular race have been discovered in New Guinea, and the governor, it seems, has promised to send some specimens to London. Living as they do in the marshes, these men have no need to walk. On the other hand, the marshes are covered with a growth that prevents navigation in canoes. The men have built huts in trees, and as organs of prehension alone are useful to them, their lower limbs have almost atrophied. These natives have only feeble and withered legs and feet, while the chest and arms are of normal development. They can scarcely stand upright, and they walk like large apes. They thus give the impression of cripples who have been deprived of the use of their lower extremities. (1335)

HABIT, THE POWER OF

Samuel Adjai Crowther, an African slave-boy who became a bishop, delighted to tell to his children the story of how he put on his first shoes. In "The Black Bishop" Jesse Page gives the story in the bishop's own words. Four of the pupils in the missionary's school had been promoted to the position of monitors. This was at Fourah Bay College, under Rev. Charles Haensel:

To give effect to our position, we were allowed to wear shoes. Strong, stout shoes, with very thick soles, were procured and given to us; they were called "Blucher shoes."

On a Saturday afternoon we were called, received a pair each, and were told to wear them every Sunday to church at St. George's Cathedral, a distance of about three miles.

Never having had shoes on before, we began practising in our dormitory that evening. None of us could move a step after lacing up on our feet the unwieldy articles, and consequently we were objects of laughter to our pupils.

An idea struck me which I at once put into execution. Crawling to a corner of the room, I first knelt down, then holding on to the wall for support, I stood up, and still being supported by the wall, I stept round the room many times, the others following my example, till we were able to leave the wall, stand alone, or move about without support.

You can well imagine what a burden this was to us, and after losing sight of the college, we sat on the grass, took off the shoes, walked barefoot, and put them on only at the porch of the church. We did the same on returning to college. After some months' practise we were able to move better in them, but complained how they hurt our feet, and would rather be without them. But after some months we invested in the purchase of boots ourselves, and were always careful to buy those that made noise and creaked as we walked, to our great delight and the admiration of our pupils.—*The Youth's Companion.* (1336)

Helen M. Winslow declares that it was her intention from childhood to become a writer, and that she early obtained a position on the staff of a city newspaper. During a period covering several years she had charge of twenty-eight columns a week, on three papers, all of which she filled without help from subordinates. She worked eight hours a day in a dark, dingy office, and six more in her "den" at home every night, going to theaters from twice to five times a week, and working all day Sunday to bring up the ends. She edited news-columns, fashion, health, dramatic, hotel, book-review, railroad, bicycle, fancy-work, kitchen, woman's club, society, palmistry and correspondence departments, and withal kept up an editorial column for eight years. Then she started a journal of her own. She worked like a slave for seven years more, wrote articles, editorials, read manuscripts and books, kept up an enormous correspondence, solicited most of her advertisements, and went to the printing-office every issue to attend personally to the details of "make-up" and proof-reading.

"But you have had your day," a younger woman said to her, "why grumble now?" "Because it was not the day I wanted, and I only meant to make it the stepping-stone to something better. I did not want to be a newspaper woman and nothing more; and now that I have leisure for something more, I find my mental faculties, instead of being sharpened for further use, dulled. I have done desultory work so long I can not take up anything more thorough. I have been a 'hack' too many years. I can not be a race-horse now." (Text) (1337)

Hair-splitting—See Word-juggling.

Hand, Use of Right—See Tradition.

Handicap of Ill Health—See Body, Mastering the.

HANDICAPS, OVERCOMING

Charles A. Spencer was a lens-maker, and devoted years to the perfection of achromatic lenses. He had devised a process so delicate that he could adjust the curve of the lens so as to increase the defining and resolving power of the lens beyond all other opticians. But a fire destroyed his shop and nearly all of his tools, which had taken years of toil and study to construct, together with a large amount of finished and unfinished work. He was badly crippled, and had to begin all over again, and only with the utmost toil and perseverance was he able, little by little, to replace the necessary tools and recover his former position.—James T. White, "Character Lessons." (1338)

HANDIWORK OF NATURE

The down upon the peach or plum is so delicate and so thickly set that one can not touch the fruit with a needle's point without breaking the tender stalk; and yet the dew of the night covers the whole surface of the fruit and disappears in the morning, leaving the gossamer growth more orderly and beautiful than before. The dew covers every leaf of the giant oak, and the mighty tree drinks in the refreshing moisture to its thirsty heart through millions of pores, and the iron trunk which has withstood a thousand storms is made stronger by the gentle strength of the dew. The silent fall of the dew is caused and controlled by agencies of the most tremendous power; the same power that shakes a whole continent with its subterranean thunder is the same as that which encircles the finest filament of thistle-down with a coronet of dewy gems so small that they do not bend the delicate stalks with their weight.—London *Globe.* (1339)

HANDS, HELPING

A German legend tells of a poor lad, the only son of his widowed mother, who went out every morning to earn bread for both, when he found a pair of giant hands helping him in every task.

What are the forces of nature when enlisted on one's side but just such giant hands? (1340)

HAPPINESS

The stream is not marred, it is made only more beautiful, when broken by rocks, and sweeping through eddies, than when silently gliding through the sodded canal. And so the happiness which is found in a course passed amid the conditions that invest us in this life, may be only brighter, more full and more animated, for its very interruptions. The pleasure shall be more radiant than ever, when contrasting the darkness of an overpast sorrow.—Richard S. Storrs. (1341)

Dr. Raffles once said: "I have made it a rule never to be with any one ten minutes without trying to make him happier." It was a remark of Dr. Dwight that one who makes a little child happier for half an hour is a fellow worker with God.

A little boy said to his mother: "I couldn't make sister happy nohow I could fix it. But I made myself happy trying to make her happy." "I make Jim happy," said another boy, speaking of his invalid brother. "He laughs and that makes me happy, and I laugh." "To love and to be loved," said Sydney Smith, "is the greatest happiness of existence." (1342)

HAPPINESS AS A GOOD

Entomologists tell us that millions of insects, generations whose numbers must be counted by myriads, are born and die within the compass of one summer's day. Perfected with the morning, they flutter through their sunny life; and the evening, when it turns its shadow upon the earth, becomes to their animated and tuneful being a universal grave. It is impossible to understand for what end this is done, unless we accept the happiness which these share, as a good in itself; a good so great, in the judgment of the Creator, and of those who look with Him on the creation, as to justify the expenditure of such wisdom and force on their delicate, harmonious, but ephemeral structure; and to make this structure illustrative of His glory.—Richard S. Storrs. (1343)

HAPPINESS COMMUNICATED

In Los Angeles, when the rose festival comes, the child, going through the streets, breathes perfume, and for days the sweetness clings to the garments. And all good men exhale happiness as they pass through life.—N. D. Hillis. (1344)

HAPPINESS, DEARTH OF

Lord Byron, who drank of every cup that earth could give him, and who had all the ministries of earth around him, with an intellectual and physical nature that could dive down into deepest depths and could soar to the highest heights, whose wings when spread could touch either pole, just before he died, sitting in a gay company, was meditative and moody. They looked at him and said, "Byron, what are you thinking so seriously about?" "Oh," he said, "I was sitting here counting up the number of happy days I have had in this world. I can count but eleven, and I was wondering if I would ever make up the dozen in this world of tears and pangs and sorrows." (Text.)—"Famous Stories of Sam P. Jones." (1345)

HAPPINESS FROM WITHIN

We think that if a certain event were to come to pass, if some rare good fortune should befall us, our stock of happiness would be permanently increased, but the chances are that it would not; after a time we should settle back to the old every-day level. We should get used to the new conditions, the new prosperity, and find life wearing essentially the same tints as before. Our pond is fed from hidden springs; happiness is from within, and outward circumstances have but little power over it.—John Habberton, *The Chautauquan.* (1346)

HAPPINESS, IMPARTING

A poor man went into a wealthy merchant's counting-house one day and saw piles of bank-notes which the clerks were busy in counting. The poor man thought of his desolate home, and the needs of his family, and, almost without thinking, he said to himself, "Ah! how happy a very little of that money would make me!" The merchant overheard him. "What is that you say, my friend?" The poor man was confused, and begged to be excused, as he did not intend to say anything. But the kind-hearted merchant wouldn't excuse him, and so the man had to repeat what he had said. "Well," said the merchant, "how much would it take to make you happy?" "Oh, I don't know, sir," said he, "but the weather is very cold, and I have no fuel; my wife and children are thinly clad, sir, for I have been sick. But we don't want much. I think, sir, about fifteen dollars would get us all we need." "John," said the merchant to his clerk, "count this man out fifteen dollars." The poor man's heart was made glad, and when he got home, his family were made happy. At the close of the day, the clerk asked his employer how he should enter on his books the money given. He answered: "Say, 'For making a man happy, fifteen dollars.'" Perhaps that was the happiest fifteen dollars the merchant himself had ever spent. (Text.)

(1347)

HAPPINESS, RULES FOR

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer was once talking to a girls' club, composed of the unkempt and unprivileged daughters of Eve, and gave them three rules for happiness in the promise that they would keep the rules every day for a week. The rules were, for each day:

First—Commit to memory a worthy sentence.

Second—Do something for others.

Third—See something beautiful.

She met a while after one little girl who declared that she had fulfilled her promise every day; but that one day, when mother was sick, she could not go to the park to see something beautiful, and thought she had lost it, but while doing something for others, in the way of caring for the baby, she looked out of the attic window of her squalid home, and saw a common sparrow, and as she looked at the little fellow, the dark feathers around his throat appearing to her like a smart necktie, she found her vision of the beautiful in what many would consider the most ordinary of all God's feathered songsters. Oh, but she arrived! arrived in spite of the commonplace which seemed to fetter her, and sunshine came of a dreary day into a dreary room, because of the purpose of her soul.—NEHEMIAH BOYNTON.

(1348)

HARDNESS OF HEART

The souls of men are not like the "constant" quantities of the mathematician. Divine love softens the hardest human hearts.

A mass of ironstone, dark and adamantine, flies through space and suddenly impinges on our atmosphere. There is a flash in the air and men gaze on the apparition of the blazing meteor. They have seen an aerolite. The soft, invisible, impalpable atmosphere receives the hard, ferruginous aerolite and at once melts it. (Text.)

(1349)

HARDSHIP, MISSIONARY

Egerton Young gives below an experience as missionary to the Indians of British Columbia. He shows the spirit of Him who shared the sorrows of man to save the world:

I have seen Indians eighty years of age who never saw a loaf of bread, or a cake, or a pie. When my wife and I went out there we lived as they did; we lived on fish twenty-one times a week for months together, and for weeks together we did not average two good meals a day. For years we did not begin to live as well as the thieves and murderers in the penitentiaries of Great Britain and America. But it was a blest work, and we were happy in it. (Text.) (1350)

Hardship Overcome—See COLLEGE OR EXPERIENCE.

HARDSHIP VICARIOUSLY BORNE

More than eighty years ago a fierce war raged in India between the English and Tipu Sahib. On one occasion several English officers were taken prisoners. Among them was one named Baird. One day the native officer brought in fetters to be put upon each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded and was suffering from pain and weakness.

A gray-haired officer said to the native official, "You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded man?"

"There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are prisoners," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn."

"Then," said the noble officer, "put two pairs on me. I will wear his as well as my own." This was done. Strange to say, Baird lived to regain his freedom, and lived to take that city; but his noble, unselfish friend died in prison.

Up to his death, he wore two pairs of fetters. But what if he had worn the fetters of all the prisoners? What if, instead of being a captive himself, he had quitted a glorious palace, to live in their loathsome dungeon, to wear their chains, to bear their stripes, to suffer and die for them, that they might go free, and free forever? (Text.) SOPHIE BRONSON TITTERINGTON. (1351)

Harmony—See RAPPORT.

HARMONY IS GOD'S WORK

In "Famous Stories of Sam P. Jones" may be found this bit of wisdom:

A well-trained musician sits down to a piano and sweeps his fingers over the keys. A cloud gathers on his face as he recognizes a discord in the instrument. What is the matter? Three of the keys are out of harmony. These three keys that are out of harmony are out of harmony with everything in the universe that is in harmony. I say to that musician, "Close up that piano and let it alone until it puts itself in harmony." He replies, "It is impossible for the piano to put itself in harmony." "Who can put it in harmony?" I ask. He replies, "The man who made the instrument." The instrument is put into the hands of the man who made it, and in a few hours every key on the piano is in harmony, and the piano being in harmony with itself is in harmony with everything else in the universe."

God alone can put discordant souls into harmony. (1352)

HARMONY, ULTIMATE

The dome of the Baptistry at Pisa has this wonderful quality, that it is so fashioned that no matter how discordant the sounds received may be they are returned softened and harmonized.

So shall it yet be with the discords of earth in the new heaven when all shall have been baptized into the same spirit. (1353)

HARP, THE, AS A SACRED INSTRUMENT

The harp is by common consent supposed to be the musical instrument of the angels, and many a clerical metaphor has been made regarding "the celestial harps," "the golden harps," etc. The metaphor is probably taken by very few as a fixt truth, but is nevertheless to the musician an interesting and also a reverential one. At the time that the Scriptures were written the harp was the finest instrument possest by man, and in ascribing it to the angels an effort was made to represent the music of heaven by the noblest tones of earth. Were we to imagine celestial music to day it would be the roll of heavenly orchestras, and some of the old Italian painters scarcely made a musical error in depicting their angels as playing on violins. The violin is the noblest earthly instrument, and is far beyond the harp in its representation of bliss. Meanwhile, Schumann and Berlioz (in Faust) have used the harp to picture celestial joys, while Wagner has used the violins in a soft tremolo in highest positions, combined in sweet tones of wood wind. Nevertheless, association of ideas is much in music, and the harp must always call up the idea of heaven in the minds of many. (Text.)—Boston *Musical Herald.* (1354)

HARSHNESS, FAILURE OF

What harshness in fathers, who fear to praise their children! What severity in some teachers! What bitterness in our muck-rakers and reformers! How seldom do we find a man who can speak the truth, and speak it in love. Yet there are some things that harshness can not do. In February the clods are hard, the seeds dead, the roots inert, the boughs leafless. Now let nature speak in terms of power. She lets loose the north wind, to smite the branches; she beats the bare clods with hail and snow. In a tempest of fury she commands the earth to awaken. But power is impotent; not a root stirs, not a seed moves. Then, when the storms and winds have published their weakness, the south wind comes softly wooing. Summer speaks in love. The mother heart caresses each sleeping seed, and wakens it with bosom pressure. And every root and bough answers with beauty and radiant loveliness. Amid this is the parable of influence, that rebukes man's harshness, and smites those who turn justice into cruelty and cause their good to be evil spoken of.—N. D. HILLIS. (1355)

Harvest—See FERTILITY.

Harvest Failures—See CHOKED.

HARVEST FROM EARLY SOWING

A little girl had been promised a handsome Bible for her birthday. On hearing a missionary tell of the need of Bibles in India, the child asked if she might not have two Bibles, each half as handsome as the one her mother was planning to give her. Her mother consented and the little girl wrote her name in one of them and gave it to the missionary to send to India. Years afterward a lady missionary was telling the story of the love of Jesus to a few women, when one of them exclaimed: "Oh, I know all about that. I have a book which tells me these things." She brought the book to the missionary, who, on opening it, saw with astonishment her own name on the fly-leaf! It was the very birthday Bible she had sent out years before as a little girl and it had led to the conversion of its reader. (Text.) (1356)

Harvest-raising—See COOPERATION WITH GOD.

Haste—See PAINSTAKING.

HASTE WITHOUT SELF-CONTROL

Emerson, in his acute observations on manners, declares that there is nothing "so inelegant as haste," meaning by this the haste which is a hurry. Haste which the occasion demands is never undignified. A fireman running to a fire is a rather inspiriting sight. We would despise him if he walked. It is rushing in the ordinary affairs of life, which demand deliberation, steadiness, control, that destroys dignity and so destroys good manners. The man in a hurry, we feel at once, is so because he is not master of the situation. He would not be compelled to gorge his breakfast, to walk so fast that he looks like an animated wagon-wheel, or to slight his work, if he had his affairs in control.—*Chautauquan.* (1357)

Hasty Action—See RETALIATION.

HAVOC THAT SPREADS

Vernon L. Kellogg points out how the evil of the great grasshopper plague that visited some Western States about forty years ago, entailed disaster on the whole country:

Over thousands and thousands of square miles of the great granary of the land were spread the hordes of hoppers. Farmers and stockmen were being ruined. Then the storekeepers and bankers that sell things and lend money to the farmers. Then the lawyers and doctors that depend on the farmers' troubles to earn a living. Then the millers and stock-brokers and capitalists of the great cities that make their fortunes out of handling and buying and selling the grains the farmers send in long trains to the centers of population. Everybody, the whole country, was aghast and appalled at the havoc of the hopper. (Text.)—"Insect Stories." (1358)

Head-hunters—See BARBARISM.

Headlight Requirements—See ILLUMINATION.

HEADS, LOSING

I was preaching for a single Sabbath in Brooklyn. In the course of my discourse I lost my head; in fact, I lost all of them. Three were on paper, and one on my shoulders; and they all went at once.

I tried to remember what I had had in my head, but, like the old king's dream, the matter had gone from me.

I tried to decipher what I had put upon paper, but the writing had faded out.

Everything was gone except the audience, and I could have wished that they were gone, too.

I pounded the desk; I pawed the floor; I clawed the air. I poured whole broadsides of big dictionary into those long-suffering people, but without a single scintilla of sense.

At last I struck a line of thought, and clutched it with the grip of despair, and pulled myself out of the hole in which I had been floundering, and then limped along to a "lame conclusion."

And then so mortified was I that I would have sunk through the floor, could I have found a vacant nail-hole. As that was out of the question, I would fain have sneaked away without speaking to a human being; but, as bad luck would have it, I had promised to go home to dinner with the Hon. William Richardson, one of the most cultured members of the congregation.

We walked some distance before either spoke a word. Finally, I broke silence—I felt like breaking everything in sight—and I said, "Richardson, was not that the very worst you ever heard?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Mean?" I replied, catching savagely at the word. "'Mean' is no name for it. You must have noticed how under the third head of my discourse I lost my head, and ripped and raved and tore around like a lunatic. What did the people think of it?"

"Think of it? Think of it?" he repeated with sincere surprize. "Why, they thought it was the best part of the whole sermon."

And then I said to myself, and I said to him, "What is the use of talking sense to the people when they like the other so much better?" Possibly this may serve to account for the fact that these same people subsequently called me to become their pastor.—P. S. HENSON, *Christian Endeavor World.* (1359)

Headstrong—See WILFULNESS.

HEAD-WORK

"He puzzled me at first," said a physician who had engaged a young college student to take some care of his office. "He put actual head-work into his sweeping and dusting, and he showed remarkable carefulness and dexterity in handling articles, never disarranging or misplacing them. I found that he is studying music as well as Latin, and aims to be a pianist one of these days. Do you see, he simply applied the skill he had attained in a finer art to the rougher work he did for me? It speaks well for his future that he did it."

This ennobling and harmonizing of the coarser task by means of the skill acquired at a finer one, marks the difference between cheap work and expert work. The careless man never sees the connection between two varieties of labor, but the man who does not mean to waste the least of his talents puts his whole mind, all his manual skill, into whatever necessary task is set before him. And this application of skill to diverse ends heightens in itself that very force of skill, so that the man who uses the best he has for each new need becomes a stronger and more able man. (Text.)—*Young People.* (1360)

Head-work Unremunerative—See ILL-PAID WORK.

Healing—See CHRIST, A THERAPEUTIC.

Healing Spells—See REMEDIES, STRANGE.

Healing, The Gift of—See GOD SENDS GIFTS.

HEALING WATERS

Traversing Thrace is a wonderful river flowing west and south toward the Egean Sea, named the Tearus. It is said to come from thirty-eight springs, all issuing from the same rock, some hot and some cold. The waters so mingling are pure, limpid and delicious, and are possest of remarkable medicinal properties, being efficacious for the cure of various diseases. Darius was so much pleased with this river that his army halted on its march to refresh itself with its waters. And a monument was erected at the spot as a memorial of the march, and also as a tribute to the salubrity of the waters of this magical stream. (Text.) (1361)

HEALTH AND SCIENCE

If duties are to be measured by what things cost and the havoc they work, then diseases like consumption and typhoid fever should certainly find more people who would be willing to devote more of their time, energy and means to eradicate at least some of the conditions presented in the following statement:

Every day in the year there are two million people seriously sick in the United States. Some of this can never be prevented, but it is conservatively estimated that our annual loss from preventable diseases alone is $2,000,000,000 per year. Consumption alone formerly cost the United States over $1,000,000,000 a year. Since the discovery of the germ by Dr. Koch and of the improved methods of prevention and cure it has been shown that where this knowledge is applied seventy-five per cent of the loss from consumption can be prevented. Typhoid fever costs the country $350,000,000 a year. The city of Pittsburg alone has, by careful investigation, been shown to have lost $3,142,000 from typhoid fever in one year. The discovery that typhoid is produced by a special germ, which is usually gotten from the water or milk supply or from flies, has made it possible to control this expensive disease. As soon as all our citizens have good sanitary training, this $350,000,000 expense for typhoid can be completely eliminated. It has been shown that in the numerous cities in which the water supply alone has been made sanitary, typhoid has been reduced on the average seventy-one per cent.—New York *Evening Post.* (1362)

Health by Singing—See SINGING CONDUCIVE TO HEALTH.

HEALTH, CARE OF

Spare diet and constant exercise in the keen morning air helped to endow Wesley with that amazing physical toughness which enabled him, when eighty-five years old, to walk six miles to a preaching appointment, and declare that the only sign of old age he felt was that "he could not walk nor run quite so fast as he once did."—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (1363)

HEALTH, ECONOMICS OF

Samuel Hopkins Adams writes of the economic value of pure food as follows:

Sterilization was tried in Rochester. It did not work well. The milk was not nutritious. Then Dr. Goler hit upon what seems to me the centrally important truth in the milk problem; that not the milk itself, but everything with which it comes in contact, should be made germ-proof. And as the basis upon which it all rests, stands the vital lesson of hygienic economics which this country is learning with appreciably growing enlightenment; that bad air, bad water, bad housing, bad sewering, dirty streets, and poor or impure food of whatever sort, cheaper tho they may be in the immediate expense, come back upon a community or a nation, in the long run, with a bill of arrears upon which the not-to-be-avoided percentage is appallingly exorbitant. (Text.)—*McClure's Magazine.* (1364)

Health in Large Cities—See IMPROVED CONDITIONS.

HEALTH, REGAINING AND MAINTAINING

That is a remarkable record Colonel Roosevelt made in going through equatorial Africa for so many months in the jungle and in the swamp and yet never suffering any kind of ill-health for an hour of the whole time.

It would be a remarkable record for any white man, and is particularly so in the case of Mr. Roosevelt. As a youngster it was a question in his own family whether he would ever arrive at maturity. He was a sickly child.

The family, instead of coddling the youth, sent him out to the plains in the great Northwest to rough it on a cattle ranch. There he lived on plain fare, in poorly constructed houses, and rode a bronco from sunrise until dark, often before the sun rose and often after darkness set in. He returned to the house tired and slept soundly until the morning call came again. This was just what made the robust man of Mr. Roosevelt that he is.

Plain fare, plenty of outdoor life, with exercise, is the natural condition for man to pass his life in. Civilization, unless guarded against, levies a terrible tax upon human life. Fine houses, too comfortable clothing, a table too liberally supplied, make direct attacks upon man's physical health. Late hours, irregular hours, overpacked rooms, with their fetid atmosphere, levy a still heavier tax. (1365)

Hearers—See SYMPATHY, LACK OF.

HEART-HUNGER, SATISFYING

The successful treatment of tuberculosis is psychic, as well as physiologic. So, too, must the treatment of juvenile delinquency be considered. The physician impresses the patient with faith in his recovery. So, too, must the teacher impress the child. She must have faith in him, a faith so wholesome that he will learn to have faith in himself. She must encourage so that her encouragement will spur the weakest to effort. Oh, the effect of a tender word on a parched and starving little heart! Cases of individual rescues effected by a kind word crowd upon me.

Dominick, the little Italian, the terror of three successive schools, who to-day is not only a fine lad, but who has reformed several other boys, changed from a lawless, defiant misdemeanant to the pride of the class—how? By a teacher who said to him, "I think you are trying to-day, dear." Poor little chap! He told his teacher frankly that it was her calling him "dear" which developed in him a determination to please her.

The insolent, defiant Irish boy, driven from room to room, who to-day is working steadily—respectful, law-abiding, ambitious—what worked his reform? A teacher, who in reply to the principal's question, "Well, how is Tom doing in here?" looked at the class in line and noticing that Tom was standing up straight, said: "Oh, he's going to be all right. He's the best stander in the class." And Tom, poor Tom, the first time he had ever been the best anything, took heart, and worked for further commendation.

Ikey, the little Russian boy, in rags which almost fell from his poor, thin, little legs, what changed him from an ugly little outcast to a boy who tried, really tried, to do what was right? A clean suit of clothes, a warm bath, and a daily glass of milk, given by a teacher who sensed the boy's needs.

Have you read Owen Kildare's account of the effect upon him of the first gentle touch he had ever felt?

Seldom in his life as a child had any one said a kind word to him. One day when a strange woman patted him on the cheek he almost cried with the joy of it.

"With a light pat on my cheek and one of the sunniest smiles ever shed on me," he says of the incident, "she put a penny in my hand. She was gone before I realized what had happened. Somehow, I felt that were she to come back I could have said to her, 'Say, lady, I haven't got much to give, but I'll give you all me poipers, me pennies, and me knife if you'll do that agen.'"

Go back to your schools. Pick out the so-called worst boys. Find out whether heart-hunger as well as stomach-hunger may not be one of the symptoms of the disease. There is not a teacher in all our broad land who would knowingly let a child's body starve to death for want of physical food. Why should any child's heart or soul be allowed to starve to death for want of a little sympathy and affection? Bodily starvation, at its worst, can only end in death; soul starvation, at its worst, ends in a hateful, ugly, defiant, lawless attitude toward authority, which not only ruins the starved one but brings disaster to the social order. Does not some blame belong to the school if its teachers fail to feed these starving souls? —JULIA RICHMAN, "Proceedings of the National Education Association," 1909. (1366)

HEART-INTEREST

When the old lady was training her son for the trapeze, the boy made three or four rather ineffectual efforts to get over the bar. Then she was heard to suggest: "John Henry Hobbs, if you will just throw your heart over the bars, your body will follow." (Text.)—JAMES G. BLAINE. (1367)

HEART, REGENERATION OF

A fable among the Turks says that Mohammed, when a child, had his heart laid open, and a black grain, called the devil's portion, taken out of its center; and in this heroic way the prophet's preeminent virtue and sanctity are accounted for.

A new heart entire, through the regeneration of the Holy Ghost, far surpasses the Moslem's fabled operation. (1368)

Heart, Summer in the—See SUMMER IN THE HEART.

HEART, THE

The word "heart" is used figuratively and metaphysically, but with vivid impressiveness in Scripture, to indicate the capacity of feeling after God without which faith is impossible. Men of mathematical and philosophic training have in many cases lamentably exemplified the atrophy of the finer feelings. Here is the great fault in the glittering and brilliant writings of John Stuart Mill. From early infancy he, a most precocious boy, was taught to crush the heart, to repress all sentiments of affection. The moral nature of the lad was shockingly distorted, and as he grew up he judged of everything by the cold light of intellect only. He wrote his autobiography, and in that book is not a word about his mother. So the book absolutely lacks heart, and it is devoid of all fascination. (Text.) (1369)

HEART, THE HUMAN

An American naturalist tells us that the human brain is full of birds. The song-birds might all have been hatched in the human heart, so well do they express the whole gamut of human passion and emotion in their varied songs. The plaintive singers, the soaring ecstatic singers, the gushing singers, the inarticulate singers—robin, dove, lark, mocking-bird, nightingale—all are expressive of human emotion, desire, love, sadness, aspiration, glee. Christ gives a sadder view of our heart, showing it to be "the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird." Fierce hawk, croaking raven, ravenous vulture, obscene birds, birds of discord, birds of darkness, birds of tempest, birds of blood and death—these are all typical of the heart's base passions; these all brood and nestle within, and fly forth to darken, pollute, and destroy. And the Master is not here speaking of some hearts, but of the human heart generally. In the woods we find occasionally a bird with a false note, in the fields a misshapen flower, yet beauty and music are the prevailing characteristics of the landscape; but stepping into society, the universal discord and misery declare the common radical defect of our nature.—

W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (1370)

HEART, THE SINGING

Frank L. Stanton writes of the man who has a song in the heart thus:

There is never a sky of winter
 To the heart that sings alway;
Never a night but hath stars to light,
 And dreams of a rosy day.

The world is ever a garden
 Red with the bloom of May;
And never a stormy morning
 To the heart that sings alway! (1371)

Heart versus Head—See DEATH COMPELLING SINCERITY; EXPERIENCE THE BEST ARGUMENT.

Heartless Custom—See BARBARISM.

HEARTLESS PAGANS

There is an essential difference between the attitude of heathenism and of Christianity toward human suffering. Sir Frederick Lely said:

The ordinary native of India who has been untouched by the Light is utterly devoid of pity. In West India a man will be taxed for killing a dog, but not for killing a man. During famine times it is an every-day sight to see men feeding monkeys with unleavened cakes and refusing to give a crust to their fellow men who are lying within a few yards of them dying with hunger. The great merchants and moneyed men of India spent thousands upon food for decrepid and worthless animals, but left it to the British Government to feed the men and women. In a famine hospital, Sir Frederick saw a little lad whose flesh was torn in many places. That morning an agent of one of the merchant gilds had visited his village with a supply of food for the village pariah dogs. The poor boy asked for some for himself but was refused, and in desperation he ran in among the dogs to try and get a piece, and they turned upon him and bit him. A Bunnia Hindu, in Ankleshwer, has recently given 15,000 rupees to found an animal hospital. The enclosure is to be in the midst of the town—a commodious structure, where worn-out cattle and worthless animals will be brought as a matter of religion. Around the outside of these same walls will walk crippled, diseased, poor and hungry men and women and children, but their pleading voices will fall on deaf ears. (1372)

Heat—See ENTHUSIASM.

Heathen at Home and Abroad—See MISSIONS APPROVED.

HEATHEN RECEPTIVENESS

The heathen seldom express a longing for the gospel as clearly as in the following petition to the missionaries of the Swedish Missionary Society in the Kongo State from a number of black heathen chiefs in 1887. They said:

We, Makayi, Nsinki, Kibundu, and Mukayi Makuta Ntoko, chiefs in Kibunzi, and our people, desire that the missionaries of the Swedish Missionary Society come and make their home with us, and teach us and our people. We gladly give them the right to erect their buildings upon the high hill southeast from the village of Kibunzi in any convenient spot. We transfer to them all our claims to that hill. Of course, they have the right to use the forests, the rivers, the roads, and the fields for plantations within our boundaries in the same manner as ourselves. We have invited them to come, and we are glad to see them with us, and our one desire is that they remain with us and erect buildings. (1373)

HEATHENDOM

An experience of my own in connection with the Kiang-peh famine in China illustrates the situation on most mission fields to-day. Tarrying in Chinkiang for a few days before proceeding up the canal, I saw considerable of the refugee camp outside the city wall. Altho one of the smaller camps, this one held perhaps forty thousand refugees from up country, all living on the bare and frozen ground, and the most comfortable of them having only an improvised hut of straw matting to shelter them. The tide of relief had not yet begun to flow from America and Europe. Moved by compassion for the suffering ones, Mrs. John W. Paxton made daily rounds to administer what medical relief was possible. One day I accompanied her, and she translated the words of the people. The commonest complaint we heard that morning from these starving Chinese was that they had lost their appetites! On their faces was the unmistakable famine pallor; hunger had driven them hither from their homes—yet they had no taste for food! The tragedy of it was overwhelming. They had no appetite, because they had reached the last stages of starvation, and were dying. They did not want food, for the very reason that they needed it so badly. Heathendom does not want the gospel, because it needs it. Starving for the bread of life, it yet protests no desire for this supreme boon. Heathendom does not desire Christianity for the very reason that it is heathendom.—William T. Ellis, "Men and Missions." (1374)

Heathenism Shattered—See Miracles, Evidential Value of.

HEAVEN

A schoolboy had a blind father; the boy was very keen on games, and his father was in the habit of being present at all the school cricket matches, altho he had to look on at the prowess of his son through other eyes. Then the father died. The day after the funeral there was an important cricket match on, and, to the surprize of his fellows, the lad exprest a strong wish to play. He played, and played well, making a fine score, and carrying out his bat. His friends gathered round him in the pavilion, shaking him by the hand and patting him on the back.

"Did I do well?" he asked.

"Well!" was the reply, "you did splendidly; never better."

"I am so glad," the boy said; "it is the first time he ever saw me bat."

For him, heaven was the place which gave his blind father sight. (1375)

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps points out the fact that each one's idea of heaven is some place or state where our most earnest longings and desires are met and fulfilled:

"If I could be out of physical pain," said a lifelong invalid, "I would ask no other heaven." "If I could be in a place where I might know that my husband never could be killed on the train!" cried one of the gentle worriers, whose capacity for suffering is neither understood nor respected by the sanguine. "If I could take my children to a world where every time I hear a croupy cough my heart did not stand still with terror," urged another, "that would be heaven for me." The mulatto girl who burst into joyful tears at first sight of a marble bust of herself, "because it was white," caught a glimpse of her heaven before its time.

"Heaven must be like any other form of happiness, only 'more so,'" said a thoughtful man. "And the conditions of happiness are three—a clear conscience, something to do, and some one to love." (1376)

See Country, A New; Light Immortal.

HEAVEN, CONCEPTIONS OF

Life changes all our thoughts of heaven;
At first we think of streets of gold,
Of gates of pearl and dazzling light,
Of shining wings and robes of white,
And things all strange to mortal sight.
But in the afterward of years
It is a more familiar place—
A home unhurt by sighs or tears,
Where waiteth many a well-known face.
With passing months it comes more near.
It grows more real day by day;
Not strange or cold, but very dear—
The glad homeland not far away,
Where none are sick, or poor, or lone,
The place where we shall find our own.
And as we think of all we knew,
Who there have met to part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home, too,
With all the strife and trouble o'er.
(1377)

Heaven, Disbelief in—See Answer, A Soft.

HEAVEN, FRIENDS IN

Rev. John White Chadwick, who has now joined "the choir invisible," wrote of the friends who had gone before in this poem:

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it, each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, O, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Tho they are here no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
  Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
  Wherever they may fare;
They can not be where God is not,
  On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
  Our God, for evermore. (1378)

Heaven, Getting to—See Obligation to the Church.

Heaven Open—See Looking Up.

HEAVEN OUR HOME

When King Khama came from Bechuanaland to England he was constantly asking "Where is Africa?" No matter how fascinating were the sights, his heart turned always homeward. So the Christian in the midst of all life's distractions may remember that here he has no continuing city—heaven is his home. (Text.) (1379)

Heavenly Mail Facilities—See Children's Religious Ideas.

Heavenly Treasures — See Treasures Laid Up.

HEAVENLY VISITORS

Observations of falling stars have been used to determine roughly the average number of meteorites which attempt to pierce the earth's atmosphere during each twenty-four hours. Dr. Schmidt, of Athens, from observations made during seventeen years, found that the mean hourly number of luminous meteors visible on a clear, moonless night by one observer was fourteen, taking the time of observation from midnight to 1 A.M. It has been further experimentally shown that a large group of observers who might include the whole horizon in their observations would see about six times as many as are visible to one eye. Prof. H. A. Newton and others have calculated that, making all proper corrections, the number which might be visible over the whole earth would be a little greater than 10,000 times as many as could be seen at one place. From this we gather that not less than 20,000,000 luminous meteors fall upon our planet daily, each of which in a dark clear night would present us with the well-known phenomenon of a shooting-star. This number, however, by no means represents the total number of minute meteorites that enter our atmosphere, because many entirely invisible to the naked eye are often seen in telescopes. It has been calculated that the number of meteorites, if these were included, would be increased at least twentyfold; this would give us 400,000,000 of meteorites falling in the earth's atmosphere daily.—J. Norman Lockyer, *Harper's Magazine.* (1380)

Heavens, The—See Privilege.

Height—See Giants and Dwarfs; Upward Look.

Height Abolishing Burdens—See Weight Diminished by Ascent.

HEIGHTS

The mind of Christ places and keeps us on the heights, lifting our consciousness from the seen to the unseen, and opening all our little restricted nature to the joyous rhythm of the universal life. What cowards we are when dominated by the seen. We dare not affirm anything beyond the reach of the eye, the sound of the ear, the touch of the finger-tips. But the beauties we see are only the reflection of the beauties that are, like Pluto's artizans in the cave, catching only the reflected light from the realm above, the music we hear, the merest jingle of the melodies divine, the things we touch, the superficial, mechanical, material side of reality. Why can't we believe that the unseen things which can be detected from the heights are those that are worth while, because the abiding, the eternal? Only on the heights can we dominate bodily conditions.—Robert MacDonald. (1381)

Heights, In the—See Confidence.

HEIGHTS, LIVING ON

On the heights above the vega of Granada there rises the great palace of the Alhambra. In the lower stories there are the menial offices of domestic use. Above them are the living rooms, the guest chambers, the halls of the Moorish kings; and far above them all rises the great red tower into which the Moslem kings could ascend to look upward to the stars and downward on the valley, green with trees and beautiful with cities.

So God has made our lives. The lower stories serving the needs of our material life, the higher ones of intellect and affection, where we live in the joys of thought and friendship; but high above them all rises the great watch-tower of the soul in which the noise and toils of earth are lost in the great stillness of the heights, and earth's mysteries and sorrows are interpreted by the higher providence of God.—F. F. SHANNON. (1382)

HEIGHTS, PRESSING TOWARD

The peaks of some mountains are always enveloped in morning mists. They shut down on the climber like a sky of lead beyond which neither rift in the clouds or ray of sunlight is visible. The expansive view is excluded and self is left, humanly speaking, alone in the gloom. But if he presses forward, keeping onward and upward, the light of the eastern sun will soon flood him with light.

In the world we are often confused by the mountain mists. Then is the time to press forward, in the faith that we shall see the rays of the rising Son of righteousness dispel the clouds and light breaking forth. (Text.) (1383)

Heights, Striving for the—See GAIN THROUGH LOSS.

Hell, Threatened—See SINNERS AND GOD.

HELP FOR THE HELPLESS

During the South African war a manager of a mine on the lonely veldt did his best to discover and help the wounded British soldiers in the neighborhood of his home. When night came on the manager had to give up his weary search. But he determined to let the soldiers know of the refuge which his house was ready to afford. So he sat down to his little piano and played incessantly, "God Save the Queen." Through the night, while his fingers were numbed with the cold, he played the British national anthem, risking death at the hands of the enemies if they had heard him. And one by one the wounded soldiers struggled toward the friendly roof and lay down in the safe refuge of his home. It was a beautiful version of the Savior's call to tired and tempted men and women: "Come unto me, and rest." (Text.) (1384)

HELP ONE ANOTHER

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,
As they settled down in their fleecy bed,
  "One of us here would never be felt,
  One of us here would quickly melt;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a splendid drift there'll be."

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to its fellow leaves one day;
  "The sun would wither me here alone,
  Long enough ere the day is gone;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be."

"Help one another," the dew-drop cried,
Seeing another drop close to its side;
  "The warm south wind would dry me away,
  And I should be gone ere noon to-day;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And we'll make a brook and run to the sea."

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain close at hand;
  "The wind may carry me over the sea,
  And then, oh, what will become of me?
But, come, my brother, give me your hand,
We'll build a mountain and then we'll stand."

  And so the snowflakes grew to drifts;
    The grains of sand to a mountain;
  The leaves became a summer shade;
    The dew-drops fed a fountain.

—*Source Unidentified.*
(1385)

HELP, TIMELY APPEAL FOR

In the days of the United States Christian Commission, at a time when help was needed, a dinner was being served at Saratoga. Mr. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, a leader in the work, rose at table and announced, "I have news from Charleston!" Instantly all was silent. Then he added, "I have a dispatch from the commanding officer at Hilton Head, saying, 'For God's sake, send us ice for our wounded soldiers! Will the boarders at Saratoga respond?'" "We will! We will! We will!" rang out in chorus. Soon a purse of $3,200 was raised and forwarded to the seat of war.

Help can always be secured if we know the time and place and way of asking. (1386)

HELP, UNEXPECTED

Two men walking across a little park in Washington (says Ida N. Tarbell) saw Mr. Lincoln just ahead of them meet a crippled soldier who was in a towering rage, cursing the Government from the President down. Mr. Lincoln asked what was the matter. "Matter," snapt the soldier; "I'm just out of a rebel prison. I've been discharged and

I can't get my money." Mr. Lincoln asked for the soldier's papers, saying that he had been a lawyer and perhaps could help him. The two gentlemen stept behind some shrubbery and waited. The President took the papers from the soldier, examined them, wrote a line on the back, and told him to carry them to the chief clerk at the War Department. After Mr. Lincoln had passed on, the gentlemen asked the soldier if he knew who had been talking to him. "Some ugly old fellow who pretends to be a lawyer," was the answer. On looking at the note written on the back of the papers, the soldier discovered that he had been cursing "Abe" Lincoln to his face. He found a request to the chief clerk to examine the papers and, if correct, to see that the soldier was given his pay, signed A. Lincoln. (1387)

HELP UNRECOGNIZED

A night of terror and danger, because of their ignorance, was spent by the crew of a vessel off the coast of New Jersey.

Just before dark a bark was discovered drifting helplessly, and soon struck her bows so that she was made fast on a bar, and in momentary danger of going down.

A line was shot over the rigging of the wreck by a life-saving crew, but the sailors did not understand that it was a line connecting them with the shore, that they might seize and escape. All signs failed to make them understand this. So all night the bark lay with the big waves dashing over it, while the crew, drenched and shivering and terrified, shouted for help.

In the morning they discovered how unnecessarily they had suffered, and how all night there was a line right within reach by which they might have been saved.—*Evangelical Messenger.* (1388)

Helpers, Humble—See SUPPLIES, BRINGING UP.

HELPERS, UNSEEN

Wireless ships suggest the value of our unseen helpers. Life is a sea, and men are mariners. As long as the sea is smooth we do not give much thought to our helpers in the unseen. But smooth sea, rough sea, or no sea, the helpers are there, waiting to be called. And behind them all stands the eternal Christ, dispatching his cosmic soldiers, even as the Roman centurion commanded his legions.—F. F. SHANNON. (1389)

HELPFULNESS

Susan Coolidge puts into verse some suggestive questions upon opportunities to be helpful:

If you were toiling up a weary hill,
  Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,
Straining each nerve untiringly and still
  Stumbling and losing foothold here and there,
And each one passing by would do so much
  As give one upward life and go his way,
Would not the slight reiterated touch
  Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

If you were breasting a keen wind which tost
  And buffeted and chilled you as you strove,
Till baffled and bewildered quite, you lost
  The power to see the way, and aim and move,
And one, if only for a moment's space,
  Gave you a shelter from the bitter blast,
Would you not find it easier to face
  The storm again when the brief rest was past? (1390)

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and to give
  A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
  Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
  The right against a single envious strain,
My life, tho bare
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair
  To us of earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
  Is bidding cloud give way to sun and shine;
And 'twill be well
If on that day of days the angels tell
  Of me, "She did her best for one of Thine." (Text.) (1391)

The Koran tells of an angel who was sent from heaven to earth to do two things. One was to save King Solomon from doing some wrong thing to which he was inclined; and the other was to help a tiny yellow ant carry its load. (Text.) (1392)

See INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE; LABOR, OPPORTUNITY FOR.

HELPFULNESS AMONG BIRDS

Mr. John Lewis Childs tells in the *Auk* an instance of a shrike he shot in Florida. The bird flew and tried to alight in a tree, but was unable to do so and fell to the ground. As Mr. Childs approached to capture him, the bird struggled up and fluttered away with difficulty, uttering a cry of distress. Immediately another of his kind darted out of a tree, flew to his wounded companion, and circled about him and underneath him, buoying him up as he was about to sink to the ground. These tactics were repeated continually, the birds rising higher and flying farther away till they had gone nearly out of sight and safely lodged in the top of a tall pine-tree.—Olive Thorne Miller, "The Bird Our Brother." (1393)

Helpfulness as Testimony—See Witness of Service.

HELPFULNESS, HAPPINESS IN

"Guess who was the happiest child I saw to-day," said father, taking his two little boys on his knees.

"Well," said Jim slowly, "it was a very rich little boy, with lots and lots of sweets and cakes." "No," said father. "He wasn't rich; he had no sweets and no cakes. What do you guess, Joe?" "He was a pretty big boy," said Joe, "and he was riding a big, high bicycle." "No," said father. "He wasn't big, and he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses, so I'll have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day; and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty were they. The drover took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to a great pump, to water them. But one poor old ewe was too tired to get to the trough, and fell down on the hot, dusty stones. Then I saw my little man, ragged and dirty and tousled, spring out from the crowd of urchins who were watching the drove, fill his hat and carry it—one, two three—oh, as many as six times! to the poor, suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest."

"Did the sheep say, 'Thank you,' father?" asked Jim gravely. "I didn't hear it," answered father. "But the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blest thing it is to help what needs helping." (1394)

HELPS THAT HINDER

Richard I, third Duke of Normandy, became involved in long and arduous wars with the King of France, which compelled him to call in the aid of more Northmen from the Baltic. His new allies, in the end, gave him as much trouble as the old enemy, with whom they came to help William I, his predecessor, contend; and he found it very hard to get them away. He wanted at length to make peace with the French king, and to have them leave his dominions; but they said: "That was not what we came for."

There are helps that become hindrances, and aids that are embarrassing in the end. (1395)

Hereafter and Here—See Exclusion from Heaven.

HEREDITY

With regard to the inheritance of handwriting there can be no doubt. Instances of close resemblances between the writings of the members of one and the same family will readily occur to every one. A particular slope in the writing or a mode of looping the letters, or of forming certain words may be passed on for several generations, especially when they originate from a man or woman of pronounced individuality. (Text.)—C. Ainsworth Mitchell, *Knowledge and Scientific News.* (1396)

See Transmission.

HEREDITY, CONQUERING

How many people are kept back because of an unfortunate family history! The son of the notorious bandit, Jesse James, some time ago carried off the highest honor, *summa cum laude,* in the Kansas City Law School. Judge Silas Porter, of the Supreme Court of Kansas, delivered the address on the occasion.

For years young James has been the only support of his widowed mother. He has worked in a packing-house, attended a cigar-stand, and has done all sorts of things to secure an education and make his way in the world; and at last he has succeeded in overcoming the handicap of his fearful inheritance.

His success ought to be a great encouragement to the unfortunate boys and girls whose fathers or mothers have disgraced them and placed them at cruel odds with the world.—*Success,* (1397)

Heredity of Drink—See DRINK, HERITAGE OF.

Heroes, Missionary—See MISSIONS.

HEROISM

The newspapers tell us that the colored regiments continue to come in for praises for their good work at Santiago, and they seem to have as good a sense of humor as an Irishman:

The Rough Riders were in a bad position on San Juan Hill at one time, and it is generally admitted that they could not have held their position but for the splendid charge of the Ninth Cavalry to their support. After the worst of the fighting was over a rough rider, finding himself near one of the colored troopers, walked up and grasped his hand, saying: "We've got you fellows to thank for getting us out of a bad hole." "Dat's all right, boss," said the negro, with a broad grin. "Dat's all right. It's all in de fam'ly. We call ouahselves de colored rough riders!" (Text.) (1398)

In the long watch before Santiago the terror of our great battleships was the two Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers, those swift, fiendish sharks of the sea, engines of death and destruction, and yet, when the great battle came, it was the unprotected *Gloucester,* a converted yacht, the former plaything and pleasure-boat of a summer vacation, which, without hesitation or turning, attacked these demons of the sea and sunk them both. I have always thought it the most heroic and gallant individual instance of fighting daring in the war. It was as if some light-clad youth, with no defense but his sword, threw himself into the arena with armored gladiators and by his dash and spirit laid them low. And yet who has given a sword or spread a feast to that purest flame of chivalrous heroism, Richard Wainwright?—HON. JOHN D. LONG. (1399)

William H. Edwards, a 'longshoreman, twenty-five years old, who forgot race prejudice in his anxiety to be of service to his fellow men, was awarded a silver medal by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission and also $1,000 to be applied to the purchase of a home.

While the *Arcadia,* a freight steamer, plying between Hamburg and Philadelphia, was being unloaded in June, 1908, an explosion in the cargo occurred. Most of the stevedores working below decks were knocked down and bruised, some being burned. Many of the workers deserted the ship. Smoke and flames came from the hatches. Cries of the injured below decks came to the party of men waiting on deck.

Edwards volunteered to attempt the rescue of the imprisoned men. Tying a rope to a lighter, he slid into the burning hold, but could find nothing. Hearing groans he deserted his guide-rope and bending low searched in the direction of the cries of pain. After a long search he located Lucius Hubbard, a negro. Bearing the unconscious and injured workman to the open hatch, he had him hoisted to the deck and safety, following himself when assured there was no other person in the burning vessel. (1400)

The following dispatch from Mankato, Minn., is given by the Baltimore *Sun:*

With one foot cut off and his legs mangled, Rudolph Elmquist, an eighteen-year-old railroad operator, crawled a mile to his operating station and sounded a warning to Mankato, which saved probably one hundred lives.

Elmquist tried Friday night to get on the evening freight-train caboose for Mankato, where he boarded. He slipt and fell beneath the wheels. The freight crew saw him fall and feared he had been hurt. The train stopt about a mile away and began to back up to investigate.

The St. Paul passenger train was nearly due and the track was supposed to be clear for it. As one side of the curved track is along a high embankment and river, a disastrous crash was imminent.

Elmquist saw the train backing up the track and tried, waving his arms, to stop it. Failing to find him in the night, the freight crew prepared to go forward again.

Elmquist again tried to attract attention, but in vain. He then began dragging himself over the grass along the track to his station and reached his key about half an hour later, suffering torture.

He wired the Great Western operator at Mankato: "My foot is cut off and No. 271 is coming back to pick me up. She will have to have help against No. 142, which is due at Mankato in a few minutes."

Then he fainted and fell across his desk. He was hurried to a hospital, where it was said both legs would have to be amputated. (1401)

See GRATITUDE; LOST, CRY OF THE; RESCUE.

Heroism, Domestic—See DOMESTIC HEROISM.

Heroism in Disaster—See COMPENSATIONS OF PROVIDENCE.

HEROISM IN FICTION

There is not a mine, not a railroad, not a steamship line, not a life-saving station in America or Europe, not a city in America or Europe, that has not illustrated in its history the capacity of human nature promptly to do and dare and die. And these deeds are done as modestly, as instinctively, as frequently as they were in the days of the Civil War when thousands on both sides faced each other in a battle whose issue, whether victory or defeat, put not a cent into any soldier's pocket; when victory stood for no more booty or beauty than defeat. And since this is so; since our plain American common people are easily capable of heroic action and chivalric conduct, why do writers like Howells persist in picturing us a people whose average life and soul are represented by dudes and dolls, by selfish or silly men and women; by knaves with a vast retinue of fools and tools? The everyday heroism of the plain common people of America is a rebuke to Howells for his low figures, and a justification of the school of fiction that fills its pages with men and women that stand for noble aspirations and inspiration. The story of high endeavor is all that keeps the world's eye on the stars.—Portland *Oregonian*. (1402)

Heroism, Missionary—See MISSIONARY CALL.

HEROISM, MODEST

Bicycle Policeman Ajax Whitman, the strong man of the department, did a stunt on the new Queensboro Bridge, New York, that those who saw will never forget, and the feat is vouched for by a large crowd who witnessed the bike cop's job.

Thomas Jones, of No. 102 Fourth Avenue, and Charles Schoener went over to the bridge to string lines of flags from the various towers. Both men are steeplejacks.

Jones went up the north tower of the bridge and Schoener the south. The men used their little steeplejack seats and pulled themselves up. They had rigged their ropes and pulleys and were preparing to pass a line from one to the other to string the flags across to their respective towers when Schoener saw Jones suddenly go limp in his seat at the top of the tower flagpole, fall forward against it and hang there.

"What's wrong?" called Schoener.

"I'm gradually going," was all Jones could call back.

Schoener slid down his flagpole as fast as he could, all the time calling for help.

Down on the roadway below the towers Whitman was walking along with his wheel. He looked up when he heard Schoener yelling and then he spotted Jones, who sagged forward in his seat like a lifeless man. Whitman dropt the bicycle and ran to the little spiral stairway that leads from the roadway to the top of the tower. Meantime, a large crowd had been attracted by the flagman's peril. All vehicles at work on the bridge were stopt and people were running in all directions trying to devise some means of being of use. Whitman suddenly came out at the top of the tower.

Just as Whitman appeared in sight the seat in which Jones was sitting became loosened and as the seat started to go downward the decorator lost his balance and shot out of the seat head downward. Whitman braced himself against the foot of the flagpole and held out his arms. Jones' limp body shot down and the big policeman acted as a net. The body fell just across Ajax's big arms, and then both men went over in a heap as Jones' weight carried the policeman from his stand against the foot of the pole.

Jones was unconscious and when the two men fell to the narrow flooring at the top of the tower he slipt from Whitman's grasp and rolled toward the edge, over the river. Whitman made a desperate grab, got hold of Jones' coat and held fast. Others below then regained their wits and ran up with Schoener and pulled the unconscious man back on the tower platform.

As for Whitman, if it hadn't been that everybody stopt work to watch the accident and so blocked the bridge no report would have been made, but Whitman had to account for the block of vehicles on the roadway and he did so by stating that "an accident to a decorator caused a ten minutes' block of traffic on the Queensboro Bridge." (1403)

HEROISM RECOGNIZED

Pausing for a moment in its legislative activities, January, 1909, the House of Representatives listened to a eulogy of John R. Binns, the Marconi operator aboard the steamship *Republic*, who remained at his post following her collision with the *Florida*.

Binns sat in his darkened cabin on the *Republic* as long as there was power to be had from the generators.

Mr. Boutell, of Illinois, amid loud applause, said that throughout the whole critical period, "there was one silent actor in the tragedy whose name should be immortalized." He specifically mentioned Binns by name, and in conclusion said:

"Binns has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells in many who are doing the quiet, unnoticed tasks of life. Is it not an inspiration for all of us to feel that there are heroes for every emergency and that in human life no danger is so great that some 'Jack' Binns is not ready to face it?" (1404)

HEROISM, VOLUNTARY

S. D. Gordon, in "The Sychar Revival," gives an incident several times paralleled in the histories of warfare:

There is a simple story told about the time when the British were putting down a rebellion among the Ashanti tribes on the west coast of Africa. One morning the officer in command came to speak to the soldiers as they were drilling on the level stretch of land. He said, "Soldiers, I have a dangerous enterprise to-day. I need so many men. Every man that goes may lose his life. It is as serious as that. I am telling you frankly. I could draft you, but I don't want to. I would like to ask for volunteers. I want those who will volunteer for Her Majesty's sake to advance a pace." They were drawn up in a straight line, and thinking the men might be influenced by his look he swung on his heel, and off, then back again and looked. The line stood as straight as before. His eye flashed fire. "What, not a single man to volunteer?" Then a fellow standing at the end of the line next to him saluted and said, modestly, "If you please, sir, every man has advanced one pace." (1405)

HIDDEN DANGERS

There is a little instrument used in war called a caltrop, named from a kind of thistle. It consists of a small bar of iron, with several sharp points projecting from it one or two inches each way. If these instruments are thrown upon the ground at random, one of the points must necessarily be upward, and the horses that tread upon them are lamed and disabled at once. History tells that Darius caused caltrops to be scattered in the grass and along the roads, wherever the army of Alexander would be likely to approach his troops on the field of battle. (1406)

Hidden, The, Exposed—See DETECTION.

HIDDEN VALUES

In an effort to locate a diamond ring valued at $450, which an elephant had swallowed while being fed peanuts, three expert X-ray operators and four elephant-trainers worked a whole day photographing by the X-ray process the entire interior of the elephant. In making the pictures, the largest X-ray machine ever made was used.

There were made eighteen plates in all to get a complete diagram of the elephant's interior. The ring was found in the beast's stomach.—*The Electrician and Mechanic.* (1407)

High Prices Responsible—See DETECTION.

HIGHER CRITICISM

What if Moses did not write the Pentateuch? What if it were written by another man named Moses? When a child is hungry, it is not interested in a dispute whether John Smith or James Smith planted the apple-tree. What it wants is the apple, because it is hungry. The patient has suffered a grievous accident, and the surgeon must operate. In that hour ether must be used, or the heart will not survive the agony. In such a critical moment, who cares whether Dr. Morton or Dr. Simpson discovered the saving remedy? It is ease from pain that the feeble heart demands. Your friend is in trouble in Europe, and you must send him a cable of relief. The English people claim that two Englishmen laid the Atlantic cable, and that Cyrus Field was only their American agent, occupying a very subordinate place, while Americans say that Mr. Field was the father of the Atlantic cable. When an emergency comes, and the child is in trouble in a foreign land, the father does not care to dispute over the precedency of inventors. What he wants to do is to send a message under the sea. Don't dispute over the Bible, therefore, but use the Bible. He who analyzes a flower must lose the sweet rose. When a pilgrim is crossing the desert, one handful of wheat for hunger is worth a bushel of diamonds. Remember the use and purpose for which the Bible was written. It is a guide to right living, it shows the path to God's throne.—N. D. HILLIS. (1408)

HIGHER LAW, THE

It is told of the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, that soon after he was assigned to duty as midshipman, his vessel was wrecked off the coast of Denmark. The Admiral commanding resolved to save the young man, and ordered him to take charge of the first boat which put off from the doomed ship. The Grand Duke disdained safety thus bought and declined. "My duty is here," he said to the admiral, "and I must be the last to leave the ship." "Do you not understand, sir," exclaimed the admiral, "that you are under my command? And do you dare refuse obedience to my orders?" "I know my duty," answered the midshipman, "and I will obey any orders you may see fit to give me, except an order to leave the ship, where my duty now commands me to remain." The admiral gave up his point and Alexis was the last man to leave the ship, and after landing, was promptly ordered under arrest for disobedience of orders. He submitted without a murmur. The admiral sent dispatches to the Emperor detailing the affair, and the Emperor wrote: "I approve your having placed the midshipman under arrest for disobedience, and I bless my boy for having disobeyed." (Text.) (1409)

See DECEPTION JUSTIFIED.

HIGHER LIFE

Verestchagin, the famous Russian artist, once painted a picture above the clouds. He climbed to the top of one of the Himalaya Mountains, and lived amid the snow and ice, where the colorings were gorgeous in beauty. There he portrayed the mighty peaks and the beauty of the morning clouds as no other artist has ever done.

Elevation of life has much to do with vision of soul. (1410)

Higher, Survival of the—See GOOD VICTORIOUS.

HIGHER, THE

There is an old Dutch picture of a little child who is dropping from his hands a beautiful toy. Looking at the painting, one is surprized to see the plaything so carelessly abandoned; until, following the child's eye to the corner of the picture, one sees a lovely white dove flying down into the child's outstretched hands.

That is the way it will be with all of us as soon as we actually begin to see the pure beauties and joys of the higher life. All our silly playthings will be allowed to fall out of our hands. We shall let go of fashion and luxury, and idle dissipation, and proud ambition, and greed for gain, and desire for men's applause and for advancement in the world, and we shall stretch out our hands for the things that are best worth having. Those are the things which will stay with us. They will give something of their nature to our lives, and will ennoble everything they touch. (Text.) (1411)

Highways—See PATHS, KEEPING ONE'S OWN.

HISTORY AND MUSIC CORRELATED

How closely our own history and our songs are connected! One can not properly teach our "Star-spangled Banner" without going quite into detail and telling the thrilling incidents surrounding its creation. No wedding of poetry and music has ever been made under more inspiring circumstances. It was caught up in the camps, sung around the bivouac-fires, and whistled in the streets. When peace was declared and the soldiers went back to their homes, they carried this song in their hearts, as the most precious souvenir of the War of 1812. Then there are other patriotic songs, all one with our history. Boys, as a rule, prefer these songs, and will sing them with a hearty zest. I think they must appreciate the feeling of the young major in a Confederate uniform, who said: "Boys, if we'd had your songs, we'd have licked you out of your boots! Who couldn't have marched and fought with such songs?"—ELIZABETH CASTERTON, "Journal of the National Educational Association," 1905. (1412)

HOLDING THEIR OWN

Two tired tourists were tramping in Switzerland. They were on the way to Interlaken, where they proposed to dine and pass the night. Late in the afternoon, when hunger and fatigue began to make walking unpleasant, they accosted a farmer.

"How far is it," they asked, "to Interlaken?"

"Two miles," was the reply.

They walked hopefully on. A half hour passed. Interlaken was not yet in sight. So, seeing another farmer in a field, they shouted to him:

"Are we near Interlaken?"

"Keep straight forward," the farmer shouted back; "it's just two miles."

The tired, hungry tourists trudged on again. Another half-hour passed, and still no sign of Interlaken.

"Is Interlaken very far from here?" they asked a third farmer.

"No, gentlemen," said the farmer, "it is only two miles."

Then the tourists looked at one another, and the younger sighed and exclaimed:

"Well, thank goodness, we're holding our own, anyhow."—Cleveland *Leader*. (1413)

Holystoning—See DRUDGERY.

HOMAGE

When Rollo, the Dane, made his treaty with Charles the Simple, of France, by which he became a Christian and won Giselle, a daughter of Charles, for his wife, one of the ceremonies to be performed was to do homage. This was to kneel, clasp hands with the king, and kiss his foot, which was covered with an elegantly-fashioned slipper on such occasions—all in token of submission. But the proud Rollo did all save kissing the foot. No remonstrance, urgency or persuasion could induce him to consent to it.

On the slipper which the pope of Rome for hundreds of years has worn on certain state occasions, and which the kneeling suppliant kisses, is embroidered a cross, the sacred symbol of the divine Redeemer's sufferings and death. (Text.)

But true homage is not ceremony, it is the attitude of the soul toward one who is greater. (1414)

HOMAGE TO CHRIST

The following story is told of England's Queen:

When Queen Victoria was but a girl they went to instruct her in matters of court etiquette. "You are to go to hear 'the Messiah' to-morrow night, and when they sing through the oratorio and come to the hallelujah chorus, we will all rise, but you are the Queen; sit still." So when they came to the hallelujah chorus the Englishmen sprang to their feet and cheered, while the Queen sat; but when they came to the place where they sang, "And King of kings and Lord of lords," she rose and bowed her head. That was at the beginning of her reign.

But when she came almost to the end of her reign, and Canon Farrar was preaching on the second coming of Christ, she sent for him to enter the Queen's box, and when he came in, Her Majesty said:

"Dr. Farrar, I wish that the Savior might come while I am still upon the throne, because," she said, "I should like to take the crown of England and lay it at His feet." (Text.) (1415)

HOME

Lamar Fontaine describes graphically the effect upon contending armies of the strains of "Home, Sweet Home":

Just before "taps" every band, on both sides, sent the strains of that immortal song, "Home, Sweet Home," in soul-stirring notes out on the wings of the night, quivering and reverberating, with endless echoes from hill, dale, and valley—and answered by a thousand brass instruments, bass and kettle-drums, and more than a hundred thousand living throats. It was a time and scene never to be forgotten, for in that hour Yank and Reb were kin, and the horrors of war, the groans of the dead and dying upon the bleak, wind-swept field of death at our very feet were forgotten, and the whole armies of the gray and blue were wafted back to the quiet fireside of mother and father, wife and babes, far, far from the bloody, corpse-strewn plain beneath us.—"My Life and My Lectures." (1416)

How few people go into raptures over home. Helen T. Churchill did at least in this poem:

One spot alone on earth
Is fair to me—
There centers all the mirth,
There I would be.
There, only there, God's sunlight pierces through
And all the heaven paints with stainless blue.

You praise this land as fair,
Its streams, its bow'rs;
The common weeds are there
As rarest flow'rs—
The fields Elysian. Ah, why should we roam?
One spot alone enchants—we call it home!
(Text.)—*The Woman's Home Companion.*

See Heaven Our Home. (1417)

HOME ATMOSPHERE

The atmosphere of a home expresses a clearly defined reality. The atmosphere is the spirit of the house, emanating from the deep well of the subconscious mind of the homekeeper. God has created no more gracious figure in His great world than that of the wife and mother, who gives to the very place of her abode her own quiet, buoyant, soothing spirit. What she is in the unsounded deeps of her being will appear in time in the house where she dwells and in the faces of the little children that look up to her. On the other hand, the home of the card-club woman and the home of the gad-about! Who does not know them and shudder at the thought? Their atmosphere is that of restlessness and spiritual poverty. Wo betide her children and her husband; for she can not give them, after their day of temptations and vexation, that by which they are renewed, the spirit of peace and quiet confidence in good.—Robert MacDonald. (1418)

HOME, CHOICE OF A

An English swallow once selected a strange resting-place. At Corton, Lowestoft, England, a naturalist discovered a swallow's nest with young birds in it on the revolving part of the machinery of a common windmill.

The particular spot chosen was the "wallomer," the outer edge of one of the wheels. The revolutions averaged thirty a minute, and the naturalist estimated that in that time the nest traveled about one hundred and eighty feet. The young birds would certainly be experienced travelers before they left such a nest.

The mother bird, when sitting, usually traveled tail foremost, and when she entered or left the mill she had to make use of the hole through which the laying shaft projected. To do this it was necessary for her to dodge the sails, which were, of course, hung close to the wall of the mill.

When the creaking and shaking of the machinery of a windmill is taken into account, one can hardly fail to be struck with the peculiar taste of the bird that chose such an apparently uncongenial spot in which to rear her young.—*Harper's Weekly.* (1419)

Home Discipline—See Family Religion.

HOME, FOUNDATION OF THE REPUBLIC

Judge Ben B. Lindsey who has secured many things for the children during the last ten years, such as playgrounds, detention schools, public baths, probation system, summer outings, fresh-air camps, etc., says in the *Survey:*

What began to loom upon me almost to oppress me, was the injustice in our social and economic system that made most of these palliatives necessary. I began to see more than I ever saw in my life how the foundation of the republic is the home, and the hope of the republic is in the child that comes from the home, and that there can be no real protection, no real justice for the child, until justice is done the home. More than through books I saw through the tears and misfortunes of these children, the defects and injustice in our social, political and economic conditions, and I have to thank the child for my education. After ten years I owe more to the children than they owe to me. They have helped me be a better man, and, I am sure, a more useful and serviceable one. I had learned to love to work with them and for them in the boys' clubs, the recreation centers, through the court and probation work and in other ways, and when I began to see, as I thought I saw, some of the causes of poverty, misfortune, misery, and crime, I began to question myself. Could I help do real justice to the child unless I could help smash some of these causes that were smashing the homes, crippling the parents and robbing the child of his birthright? (1420)

HOME LIGHTS

The light of the home is indeed glorious. We think of the lighting of the lamps at eventime and find, in the coming of that artificial day which sets the light in the window, a sign of defiance to the night, as if it were a great triumph of human intelligence. It is, indeed, a triumph. The thought of sending on the heels of the day another day which keeps off the darkness of night shows how well man has mastered the forces around him. The spiritual light within the home, however, is greater than this—the kindliness of husband and wife toward each other and toward the children, the light on the faces of the home circle, this is a more precious gleam than any which shines from star or sun.—Francis J. McConnell. (1421)

HOME, LONGING FOR

Come away! come away! you can hear them calling, calling,
Calling us to come to them, and roam no more,
Over there beyond the ridges and the land that lies between us,
There's an old song calling us to come!

Come away! come away! for the scenes we leave behind us
Are barren for the lights of home and a flame that's young forever;
And the lonely trees around us creak the warning of the night-wind,
That love and all the dreams of love are away beyond the mountains,
The songs that call for us to-night, they have called for men before us,
And the winds that blow the message, they have blown ten thousand years;
But this will end our wander-time, for we know the joy that waits us
In the strangeness of home-coming, and a faithful woman's eyes.
Come away! come away; there is nothing now to cheer us—
Nothing now to comfort us, but love's road home:
Over there beyond the darkness there's a window gleams to greet us,
And a warm hearth waits for us within.
—Edward Arlington Robinson, "The Wilderness." (1422)

Home Privacy—See Privacy, Lack of.

HOME, THE OLD AND NEW

The old home, with its family-room, evening-lamp, regular life, and community of interests, has given place to a home in which the family are all together for the first time in the day at the evening meal, and then only for a brief hour, after which they scatter to their several engagements. A little boy was asked by a neighbor, as his father was leaving the house one morning, who that gentleman was, and he replied: "Oh, I don't know; he's the man who stays here nights." This might well be a leaf from the actual home life in our cities. In some cases fathers and mothers too seldom see their children. Business claims their daylight hours; committee, board, or lodge meetings claim their evenings; and so the fathers are unavoidably, as it would seem, away from home. The church and sundry organizations for social service or self-improvement leave the mothers little time for their own needy but uncomplaining households. The children have their own friends and social life, in which the parents have all too small a place and influence.—George B. Stewart, "Journal of the Religious Education Association," 1903. (1423)

HOME VALUES

"American art-students," says Mr. L. Scott Dabo, a writer in *The Arena,* "make a mistake when they seek an 'artistic atmosphere' in Europe. To go abroad in search of beauty betrays soul poverty. The American who fails to find beauty in American landscape or artistic atmosphere among his fellow students, will never find either abroad, whatever he may induce himself to think. After the student has been thoroughly formed at home and merged into the artist, and not before, will he be capable of appreciating at its true value what the rest of the world has to offer." (1424)

HOME WHERE THE HEART IS

The following story is told of Hiram Powers, the sculptor:

Hiram Powers for thirty years wrought in Florence, Italy, away from his native land. Here he produced the "Liberty" which surmounts the Capitol at Washington, and such idealizations as "The Massachusetts Puritan," and "The California Pioneer." When asked once how he could keep so closely in touch with American life, tho he had been away from his native land so long, he replied, "I have never been out of touch with America itself. I have eaten and slept in Italy for thirty-odd years, but I have never lived anywhere but in the United States."

As the sculptor lived in the United States while working in Italy, so it is possible for the Christian to be a citizen of heaven while staying and working here on earth. (Text.) (1425)

HOMELESS

Joseph H. Choate tells the story of how he was approached one wet, wintry night on one of London's lonely streets by a policeman.

"I say, old chap," called the "bobby," "what are you doing walking about in this beastly weather? Better go home."

"I have no home," replied Mr. Choate. "I am the American ambassador."

This story is repeated in a pamphlet issued by the American Embassy Association, whose purpose is to promote and encourage the acquisition by the United States of permanent homes for its ambassadors in foreign capitals. (1426)

HOMESICKNESS

A young Swedish girl was very homesick. "You ought to be contented, and not fret for your old home, Ina," said her mistress, as she looked at the dim eyes of the girl. "You are earning good wages, your work is light, every one is kind to you, and you have plenty of friends here."

"Yas'm," said the girl; "but it is not the place where I do be that makes me vera homesick; it is the place where I don't be." (Text.)—Louis Albert Banks. (1427)

HOMING INSTINCT, THE

The soul's instinct toward the immortal life is like the instinct of these wasps:

Fabre, the wonderful French observer of wasps, experimented on them in regard to the matter of finding and knowing their holes, by carrying them away shut up in a dark box to the center of a village three kilometers from the nesting-ground, and releasing them after being kept all night in the dark boxes. These wasps when released in the busy town, certainly a place never visited by them before, immediately mounted vertically to above the roofs and then instantly and energetically flew south, which was the direction of their holes. Nine separate wasps, released one at a time, did this without a moment's hesitation, and the next day Fabre found them all at work again at their hole-digging. He knew them by two spots of white paint he had put on each one. —Vernon L. Kellogg, "Insect Stories." (1428)

HONESTY

A merchant prince once pointed out a clerk in his employ to a friend, and said, "That young man is my banker. He alone has entire control of my finances. He could abscond with a hundred thousand dollars without my preventing it." Seeing the friend's evident disapproval at so great trust in one man, he continued, "I would trust him as I would my minister. He is absolutely honest; he could not steal." And there are thousands of such men who have passed beyond temptation because of the ingrained, undisturbed integrity, acquired by a reverence for right and an early resolution to be true.—James T. White, "Character Lessons." (1429)

See Bargain Discountenanced; Christian Honesty.

HONESTY IN BUSINESS

The story is told of a young merchant who, beginning business some fifty years ago, overheard one day a clerk's misrepresenting the quality of some merchandise. He was instantly reprimanded and the article was unsold. The clerk resigned his position at once, and told his employer that the man who did business that way could not last long. But the merchant did last, and but lately died the possessor of the largest wealth ever gathered in a single lifetime.—Noah Hunt Schenck. (1430)

HONESTY, INTERMITTENT

In his "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier," Dr. T. L. Tennell tells of an escort of two villainous-looking Afghans who had him in charge in turning back to Bannee from a journey across the frontier. They had paid him the greatest attention and brought him safely home. When he offered to reward them for their good conduct in guarding him and his belongings, they repelled the offer with a show of indignation, adding that to accept money from a guest would be to break their best traditions. But next morning, after he had entertained them generously overnight, and sent them off with many expressions of appreciation of their faithfulness, he found that they had decamped with all his best clothes. Their honesty did not survive the night. (1431)

HONESTY REWARDED

A merchant required an additional clerk and advertised for a boy. The first boy that answered was ushered into a vacant room, and told to sit in a particular chair and wait. Looking around, he saw upon the floor, just by the chair, a one-dollar bill, folded closely, as tho it had been inadvertently dropt. He picked up the bill, and satisfying his conscience that "finding is having," even tho on another's premises, he put it into his pocket. Almost immediately the merchant came in, and after a few questions, dismissed the boy as not satisfactory. The next boy was seated in the same chair, and he also saw a one-dollar bill lying in the same manner beside him; but he picked it up and laid it on the table. The merchant entered, and after some questions, pointed to the bill and asked where it came from. The boy said he saw it on the floor and put it where it would be safe. The merchant said, "As it did not appear to belong to any one, why did you not keep it?" The boy replied, "Because it did not belong to me." "My boy," said the merchant, "you have chosen the road that inevitably leads to business success. The boy before you chose the wrong one. But how did you learn that this was the right path?" The boy answered, "My mother made me promise never, under any circumstances, to take what did not belong to me; and I promised." Later in life this boy became Secretary of the Treasury.—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (1432)

Honesty, Simulated—See PRETENSE OF VIRTUE.

HONOR

When Regulus was sent by the Carthaginians, whose prisoner he was, to Rome, with a convoy of ambassadors to sue for peace, it was on condition that he should return to his prison if peace was not effected. He took an oath to do so. When he appeared at Rome he urged the senators to persevere in the war and not to agree to the exchange of prisoners. That advice involved his return to captivity. The senators, and even the chief priest, held that as his oath was wrested from him by force, he was not bound to go. "Have you resolved to dishonor me?" asked Regulus. "I am not ignorant that tortures and death are preparing for me; but what are these to the shame of an infamous action, or the wounds of a guilty mind? Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return. It is my duty to go. Let the gods take care of the rest." Regulus accordingly returned to Carthage and was tortured to death. (1433)

If one is possest of a delicate sense of honor it is not necessary to bind him with promises to keep personal matters confidential:

A New England school-teacher maintained an intimate friendship and spent much time with the poet Tennyson during his later years. One evening, when the two were thus together, Tennyson said that he would depart from his custom and narrate a personal experience; but he had suffered a good deal from repetitions of his tales by those to whom he had told them, and he would be obliged to ask his friend never to repeat what he was about to hear.

The American smoked on for a few seconds while Tennyson waited for the promise, and then he said, "My lord, in my country a gentleman would never make that request of another gentleman." "H-h-m!" said the poet, and looked out of eyes that wondered if the quiet smoker opposite knew how much he'd said. Then he told the story.—*Harper's Weekly.* (1434)

See MONEY NO TEMPTATION.

HONOR AMONG BOYS

Two boys, John and William, both about the age of twelve, had a dispute over a game of ball, when John said that such action was mean and dishonest, upon which William immediately called him a liar, and they began to fight. They were not quarrelsome boys; they were serious and studious, but were boys of spirit and held high ideas of honor and uprightness. The teacher, who was a man of strong character, and a sturdy disciplinarian, came promptly upon the scene and separated the combatants, and sent both boys to their seats. The breach of school discipline had been flagrant, and all expected that severe punishment would be meted out to the boys. But nothing was said until just before school was dismissed, when the teacher called the boys before him and said, "Do you think you did right in engaging in this fight?" To which both boys said they did, and that they would fight one another again upon the first opportunity. After some reflection, the teacher turned to John and said, "John, will you agree never to mention this subject until William mentions it first?" John replied, "Yes, but I will lick him good if he ever does." The teacher turned to William and asked the same question, to which he replied, "I will not start it, but if John does I will lick him." The teacher then said, "I think you are both honorable and trustworthy boys, and I am going to depend upon you to keep your word of honor, and not renew this fight until the other begins it. Now John, you take William by the hand, and tell him that you will never mention this subject unless he first speaks of it; but if he does, you will lick him." The boys joined hands, and John told it over to William, and then William told it over to John. The solemnity with which the proceeding was conducted all the way through made a deep impression on the entire school, who felt it to be a very sacred thing between the two boys, and that it should never be even hinted at. This was a lesson in courage, self-respect, obedience, fidelity and self-control to the whole school, and it resulted in a lifelong friendship between the two boys.—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (1435)

HONOR, EXAMPLE OF

Horace B. Claflin, before he was twenty-one, had bought out his father's grocery business. Intoxicating liquors were at that time considered an indespensable part of the grocery equipment; but the young merchant, as soon as he came into possession, emptied the wine-casks into the street. Later on he engaged in the dry-goods business, a large portion of which was in the slave-holding States; and when anti-slavery principles involved a business loss to Northern merchants, Claflin announced himself an uncompromising opponent of slavery. Such a stand and the Civil War coming on cut off his resources and revenues, and he was forced to suspend. He asked from his creditors an extension of time on a basis of seventy per cent of his indebtedness; but soon after resuming business Claflin paid off his extended paper long before maturity, and also the thirty per cent which had been unconditionally released, not only paying the entire amount of his indebtedness but also paying interest on the debt.—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (1436)

Honor in Failure—See OBLIGATIONS, MEETING.

HONOR, THE ROAD TO

In one of his great debates on American taxation, Edmund Burke once paused to say, with regard to the consequence of the course he was pursuing: "I know the map of England as well as the noble lord or any other person, and I know the road I take is not the road to preferment." But he took it, nevertheless.

The end of the right road is never obscurity or ingratitude or obloquy. It is the smile and welcome of God. Even here on the earth, the man who does right comes to his own. Of the men of his age in England, Burke is now among the most honored and will be among the longest remembered. (1437)

Honoring Mother—See LOVE, FILIAL.

Honors for Negro Girl—See NEGRO EXCELLING.

HONOR'S ROLL-CALL

In a Decoration-day address Thomas Wentworth Higginson said:

The great French soldier, de Latour d'Auvergne, was the hero of many battles, but remained by his own choice in the ranks. Napoleon gave him a sword and the official title "The First Grenadier of France." When he was killed, the Emperor ordered that his heart should be intrusted to the keeping of his regiment—that his name should be called at every roll-call, and that his next comrade should make answer, "Dead upon the field of honor." In our memories are the names of many heroes; we treasure all their hearts in this consecrated ground, and when the name of each is called, we answer in flowers, "Dead upon the field of honor." (1438)

HOPE

Have hope! Tho clouds environ round,
  And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;
  No night but hath its morn.

—SCHILLER.

(1439)

The world has no time and no use for the man who has no time and no use for hope. A gentleman on being asked to contribute to the erection of a monument replied: "Not a dollar; I am ready to contribute toward building monuments to those who make us hope, but I will not give a dollar to help perpetuate the memory and influence of those who live to make us despair."—JOHN E. ADAMS. (1440)

Hope was the one thing that remained in Pandora's box. While it remains men may courageously face life and the future.

When Alexander the Great crossed into Asia, he gave away almost all his belongings to his friends. One of his captains asked him, "Sire, what do you keep for yourself?" "I keep hope," was the answer of the king. (Text.) (1441)

HOPE DEFERRED

Once there was a woman whose harmless madness was to believe herself to be a bride, and on the eve of her wedding. Waking up in the morning, she asked for a white dress, and a bride's crown; smiling, she adorned herself. "To-day he will come," she said. In the evening sadness overmastered her, after the idle waiting; she then took off her white dress. But the following morning, with the dawn, her confidence returned. "It is for to-day," she said. And her life passed in this tenacious, altho ever-deceiving, certitude—taking off her gown of hope, only to put it on again." (Text.) (1442)

HOPE ENERGIZES

Hope is energy. The provisions have failed; the boat leaks, the seas rise, strength is gone, and intolerable thirst alone remains. But, upon the horizon there rise the masts and then the hull of the liner. Hope at once energizes. With the vestige of remaining strength, the distress signal is hoisted, it is seen; it is answered, the steamer's course is changed, and rescue is at hand.—JOHN E. ADAMS. (1443)

Hope, Imparting—See SICK, MIRROR AN AID TO THE.

Hope Revived—See EXTREMITY NOT FINAL.

HOPELESS FEAR

Is there not an Eastern apologue which tells how the Angel of Pestilence was questioned as to the ten thousand victims he had slain? And did he not answer, "Nay, Lord, I took but a thousand; the rest were slain by my friend Panic." How many, too, have sunk into the deep waters of the black river and been floated on to the ocean of eternity, for very paralysis of hope when the evil hour was upon them and they had just wetted their feet on the brink! They could, and they would have stept back to the solid shore; but they had no courage for the attempt, no energy to strike out to the land. The waters closed over their bowed head, and they sobbed away their breath in the very supineness of terror, the very lethargy of hopeless fear. Death is like everything else—a foe to be fought, a wild beast to be kept at bay. They who contend with most spirit live the greater number of days. The will to live and the determination not to die make the most efficacious antidote against the poison of the "lethal dart." The hopelessness of fear is that poison itself.—E. LYNN LINTON—*The Forum.* (1444)

Horizons, Short—See AVERAGE LIFE.

Horoscopy—See BIRTH CEREMONIES.

HOSPITALITY, ABUSE OF

The writer, when a boy, was invited with all the other members of his class to a picnic at the home of one of his companions, who was very poor, and whose widowed mother supported herself and her son from a small apple orchard. After spending the afternoon in boyish sports, the class was invited into the orchard to have some apples. With generous hospitality the host invited the boys to help themselves; but to his amazement, the boys, who were all from homes of refinement and supposed to be well brought up, began an orgy of unrestrained apple-eating, and after gorging themselves with all they could possibly eat, stript the trees in wanton waste, just taking a bite here and there and destroyed barrels of apples. The poor boy host could not conceal that this waste was an unlooked-for financial loss. It was an intemperate indulgence and abuse of hospitality that was contemptible.—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (1445)

HOSPITALITY IN CHURCH

Some years ago a young man came from the West to Pittsburg as a student. He did not know a solitary human being in either of the "Twin Cities." At his boarding-house he was asked where he thought of going to church. He mentioned the place he had chosen, not because he knew anybody there but because it was near at hand. "Well," the questioner replied, "they will soon freeze you out from that congregation." "I'll give them a chance to welcome me, anyway," was the rejoinder. "I don't believe they are as cold as you think."

The next Sunday morning found the student waiting in the vestibule for an usher to show him a seat. All of them were busy at the time, and the young man waited—did not run out of the door—just waited until some one had had a fair chance to notice him. After a while he felt a little squeeze of his arm from somebody behind. He turned and was confronted by a rather stout gentleman of strong but kindly features. There was but one word of inquiry—"Stranger?" "Yes, sir," the young man replied. "Come with me to my seat." "Stranger" obeyed. Shortly after two ladies entered the same pew. Not a word was spoken until after the benediction. Then the stout gentleman uttered another interrogatory word, "Student?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Come and take dinner with me." (Aside: "What's your name?") "This lady is my mother, and this, my sister. Here, let me introduce you to one of our elders, and here comes the pastor, Dr. Cox. Say, Mr. Shelly (a deacon), come over here; here's a new friend I have just found; we want him to get acquainted. Now, let's start for home." (On the way): "Sing?" "A little—not very much—just enough, I guess." "Come up to our mission Sunday school after dinner and help us, will you? I am superintendent." "Sure."

That day was the beginning of three years of happy acquaintance and helpful social intercourse with as cordial a congregation as ever assembled in any church.—H. H. Stiles, *Christian Observer.* (1446)

HOSPITALITY IN OLD TIMES

The Rev. Asa Bullard tells this incident illustrating the hospitality expected of the parish minister in former days:

The clergyman's house, in those days, was indeed regarded as the minister's tavern. It was open to all clergymen. Now and then a minister would be found who would call on a perfect stranger for hospitality, giving very strange reasons. One who had been traveling in Maine called on a pastor of one of the large churches in Massachusetts for entertainment during the night; and he gave as a reason for taking such liberty that "he met his brother one day, as they both stopt at the same trough to water their horses." (Text.)—"Incidents in a Busy Life." (1447)

Hospitals, The Utility of—See Charity, Logic of.

Hospitals, Walking—See Talking and Sickness.

Host's Adaptation—See Tact.

House Bookkeeping—See Balance, A Loose.

Housecleaning—See Dust and Violets.

Household, Head of the—See China and America Compared.

HOUSE OF THE SOUL

This body is my house—it is not I;
Herein I sojourn till, in some far sky
I lease a fairer dwelling, built to last
Till all the carpentry of time is past.
—Unidentified.
(1448)

HOUSE, THE MORTAL

When John Quincy Adams was eighty years old he met in the streets of Boston an old friend, who shook his trembling hand, and said:

"Good-morning! And how is John Quincy Adams to-day?"

"Thank you," was the ex-President's answer; "John Quincy Adams himself is well, sir; quite well, I thank you. But the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and the seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon; but he himself is quite well, sir; quite well."

It was not long afterward that he had his second and fatal stroke of paralysis.

"This is the last of earth," he said. "I am content." (Text.) (1449)

Human Companionship Slighted—See Animals, Absurd Fondness for.

HUMAN FACTOR, THE

It is not on the fertility of the soil, it is not on the mildness of the atmosphere, that the prosperity of nations chiefly depends. Slavery and superstition can make Campania a land of beggars, and can change the plain of Enna into a desert. Nor is it beyond the power of human intelligence and energy, developed by civil and spiritual freedom, to turn sterile rocks and pestilential marshes into cities and gardens.—Macaulay. (1450)

Human Life Lengthening—See Longevity Increasing.

Human Means—See Evangelization.

HUMAN NATURE, INSECURITY OF

On certain parts of the English coast calamitous landslips occur from time to time. Massive cliffs rise far above the level of the sea and seem solidly socketed into the earth below. But these rest, through some geological "fault," on sharply inclined planes of clay. The moisture trickling through the cliffs in course of time tells on the slippery substance below till this becomes like the greased way down which a ship is launched. The day comes when the whole cliff, with its hundreds of feet of buttresses, slides bodily down, crashing to the rocks or into the water. Our human nature has in it a moral stratum of irresolution on which it is not safe to build our character. We must go down to the rock-bed of decision and must rest on the foundation of conviction that can not be shaken. Let us see to it that conviction of truth is formed within us. (Text.) (1451)

HUMAN NATURE MUCH ALIKE

Charles Somerville, writing of the lower strata of society, that he calls the "underworld," says:

Its inhabitants are not so altogether different from you and me. More wilful in their weaknesses, certainly, they are; more hysterical in their hilarities; blinder in their loves and bitterer in their hatreds; supinely subject to all emotions, good or bad, undoubtedly. . . . I remember so well the first time I saw a burglar in flesh and blood. His black mask was off, his revolver was in the possession of the police; he had just been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment and was saying good-by to his wife and three little children. He was wholly like any other grief-stricken human being. His sob was the same. He was a sandy-haired man with rather large, foolish blue eyes. It was hard to imagine those same large blue eyes looking very terrible, even behind a black mask. (Text.) (1452)

HUMAN PASSION

A teacher abandons her class of boys after some particularly disappointing outbreak, and in the utterance of her despair of doing more for them, discloses her wounded pride which resents such humbling. The reformer who has carried an election only to find the city slipping back into the old ways of corruption, becomes a common scold in his chagrin that all his labor counts for nothing, while his adversaries laugh at his impotence. And now and then a minister flings himself out of the pulpit, storming at the failure of the church, because his plans are balked and his self-denial goes unappreciated. In all this zeal for God that cries for judgment, there is so much of human passion eager for a personal vindication.—"Monday Club, Sermons on the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1904." (1453)

HUMAN TRAITS IN BIRDS

Our domestic birds often manifest symptoms of passions, whims, and moral aberrations, clearly analogous to those of their biped proprietors; and in the higher animals those manifestations become so unmistakable that a student of moral zoology is often tempted to indorse the view of that schoolgirl who defined a monkey as "a very small boy with a tail." According to Arthur Schopenhauer's theory of moral evolution, the conscious prestige of our species first reveals itself in the emotions of headstrong volition that makes a little baby stamp its feet and strike down its fist, "commanding violently before it could form anything like a clear conception of its own wants. Untutored barbarians," he adds, "are apt to indulge in similar methods of self-assertion, and, in settling a controversy, prefer menacing gestures to rational explanations. That tendency, however, is not confined to infants and savages. In his controversies with his cage-mate (a female spaniel), my pet Cutch will lay hold of the dog's tail and enforce his theories with a peremptory pull that never fails to provoke a rough-and-tumble fight; but, long after the dog has relapsed into sullen silence, her antagonist will shake the cage with resounding blows, and every now and then steal a look at the bystanders, to invite their attention to his 'best method of dealing with heretics.' "—Felix Oswald, *Popular Science Monthly.* (1454)

HUMAN TRAITS IN DISASTER

Commenting on the great Johnstown flood, Julian Hawthorne wrote:

We know, despite all deprecation, that the heights and depths of humanity can not be overstated. One man rides hand in hand with death for the sake of the lives of his fellow men. Another mutilates the sacred hand of the infant for the sake of its gold ring. A mother intrusts her children, one after the other, to the flood, hoping the reeling plank may save them, but believing that, whether or not, they are safe with God. In the midst of the kingdom of death, another mother brings a new life into the world. An officer of the guard profanes the awful day with maudlin drunkenness. A population sees the accumulation of lifetimes, and half its own members, annihilated in one desperate hour, and it is silent because silence is the only complete expression of misery. And over all the continent, upon converging lines, are journeying the tangible proof of sympathy from a nation which hastens to acknowledge the indestructible brotherhood of man. (1455)

HUMANE SENTIMENT

An incident showing the growth of the humane sentiment is told in connection with the recent Paris flood. Upon one occasion great crowds gathered on the banks of the Seine at a point where what appeared to be a man, but which turned out to be a pig, that had been carried out of its sty by the flood, was making a struggle for life. After humane bystanders had manned a boat, rescued the animal, and brought it to shore, one woman declared she could not think of allowing it to be saved from drowning only to be butchered, and offered to purchase it from its owner for $38. After securing the animal, the problem was to get it to its new quarters, and this she solved by buying a collar, to which she attached a rope to be used as a leader. In her promenade as a pig-leader she was assisted by a great crowd, who jested and jeered, and finally the pig was installed in his new home. Our forefathers who engaged in pig-sticking by way of sport would doubtless be amazed if told that the time would ever come when people in a flood-plagued city would not only rescue a drowning pig, but save it from the butcher's knife. —*Vogue.* (1456)

Humble Helpers—See INTERDEPENDENCE.

Humble Helpers Remembered—See NEGRO "MAMMY" REMEMBERED.

HUMBLE WORK

One of Beethoven's most famous concertos was suggested to the composer as he heard repeated knocks in the stillness of the night at the door of a neighbor. The concerto begins with four soft taps of the drum —an instrument which is raised in this work to the rare dignity of a solo instrument. Again and again the four beats are heard throughout the music, making a wonderful effect. God uses even the humblest player in His orchestra for some solo work. A man who can only play a drum can be made valuable in the music of the world. Let us be ready to do what He bids us, modest and obscure as our part may be, and thus we shall help on the harmonies of heaven. (Text.) (1457)

HUMDRUM DEVELOPMENT

The Rev. Charles Stelzle writes this lesson from the experience of the yard engineer:

"Go ahead; that'll do; back up; a little more. That'll do." A yard crowded full of freight-cars that needed to be shifted and shunted—this is the work and the vision that daily greet the "driver" of the switch-engine. He is shut off from the scenery and the romance which the engineer of the lightning express is supposed to enjoy. He sees little besides the waving arms or the swinging lantern of the switchman. He hears little besides the screaming of slipping wheels, the bumping of freight-cars, the hissing of the escaping steam and the monotonous voice of his fireman repeating the orders signaled from his side of the cab.

But how typical of life it all is. There is no one entirely free from the humdrum and the monotone. And this seems to be well, for drudgery is one of life's greatest teachers. The humdrum duties of life develop character. It is because we have certain duties to perform every day, in spite of headache, heartache and weariness, that we lay the foundation of character. (1458)

Humiliation—See BARGAIN-MAKING; TIMIDITY.

Humiliation, Light in—See LIGHT IN HUMILIATION.

HUMILITY

Dr. Franklin, writing to a friend, says:

The last time I saw your father he received me in his study, and, at my departure, showed me a shorter way out of his house, through a narrow passage, crossed by a beam overhead. We were talking as we withdrew, and I, turning partly toward him, he suddenly cried, "Stoop! stoop!" I did not know what he meant till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man that never failed to impart instruction, and on this occasion said, "You are young, and have to go through the world; stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps." This advice, thus beat into my head, has been of singular service to me, and I have often thought of it when I have seen pride mortified and men brought low by carrying their heads too high. (Text.) (1459)

True exaltation is always accompanied by corresponding humility. Truly great souls never rise in conscious self-aggrandizement. They sink in self-esteem and are bowed low under a sense of responsibility in proportion to the splendor of their achievements.

In the Alps the eagle soars up higher and higher till its figure is a mere speck in the zenith. Among the mountains is a lake in whose bosom is a perfect reflection of the dome of the heavens. The traveler in these regions, standing by the lake, sees everything above mirrored in the lake. The flight of the eagle higher than the mountain-tops, as reflected in the lake, seems to be a descent lower and lower. The higher the flight the deeper the bird seems to be diving downward. (Text.) (1460)

On the tomb of Copernicus is a figure of himself standing with folded hands before a crucifix. In the background are a globe and compass. Near the left arm is a skull, and under the right arm, written in Latin: "I crave not the grace which Paul received, nor the favor with which Thou didst indulge Peter; that alone which Thou bestowedst upon the thief on the cross—that alone do I entreat." (Text.) (1461)

Emerson points out the necessity of humility to any wholly approvable character in the following story:

Among the nuns in a convent not far from Rome, one had appeared who laid claim to certain rare gifts of inspiration and prophecy, and the abbess advised the holy father at Rome of the wonderful powers shown by her novice. The Pope did not well know what to make of these new claims, and St. Philip Neri, a wise devout man of the Church, coming in from a journey one day, he consulted him. Philip undertook to visit the nun, and ascertain her character. He threw himself on his mule, all travel-soiled as he was, and hastened through the mud and more to the distant convent. He told the abbess the Pope's wishes and begged her to summon the nun. The nun was sent for, and, as soon as she came into the apartment, Philip stretched out his leg, all bespattered with mud, and desired her to draw off his boots. The young nun, who had become the object of much attention and respect, drew back with anger, and refused the office. Philip ran out-of-doors, mounted his mule, and returned instantly to the Pope. "Give yourself no uneasiness, Holy Father, any longer; here is no miracle, for here is no humility." (Text.) (1462)

See Modesty.

HUMILITY OF A SCIENTIST

Ten years before his death, Agassiz, wishing to illustrate the laborious and slow results of scientific research, said: "I have devoted my whole life to the study of nature, and yet a single sentence may express all that I have done. I have shown that there is a correspondence between the succession of fishes in geological times and the different stages of their growth in the egg—that is all." Here speaks the scientist, with that humility which characterizes the true student of nature. But let me follow with his prouder outlook for such toil: "It is given to no mortal man to predict what may be the result of any discovery in the realm of nature. When the electric current was discovered, what was it? A curiosity. When the first electric machine was invented, to what use was it put? To make puppets dance for the amusement of children; but should our work have no other result than this—to know that certain facts in nature are thus and not otherwise, their causes were such and no other—this result in itself is good enough and great enough since the end of his aim, his glory, is the knowledge of the truth."—Julia S. Visher, *The Christian Register.* (1463)

HUMOR

Humor dwells with sanity,
  Truth, and common sense.
Humor is humanity,
  Sympathy intense.

Humor always laughs with you,
Never at you; she
Loves the fun that's sweet and true
And of malice free.

Paints the picture of the fad,
Folly of the day,
As it is, the good and bad,
In a kindly way.

There behind her smiling mien,
In her twinkling eyes,
Purpose true is ever seen,
Seriousness lies.

—John Kendrick Bangs, *Putnam's Monthly*. (1464)

HUMOR AND GENEROSITY

In his "Reminiscences" of the late Sir Henry Irving, says the London Academy, Joseph Hatton gives an anecdote which shows the great actor in the role of a humorist:

A widow of an old Lyceum servant applied to him for some sort of occupation about the theater, whereby she might earn a living. Irving appealed to Loveday, the manager.

"There is absolutely no vacancy of any kind," said Loveday. "Can't you give her a job to look after the theater cats? I think we've too many mice about, not to mention rats." "No," said Loveday, "there are two women already on that job." "Hum, ha, let me see," said Irving, reflectively, then suddenly brightening with an idea. "Very well, then, give her the job of looking after the two women who are looking after the cats." The widow was at once engaged on the permanent staff of the theater. (1465)

HUMOR, LACK OF

Rev. W. H. Fitchett points out the lack of humor in Susannah Wesley, the mother of John Wesley:

The only charge which can be fairly urged against Susannah Wesley is that she had no sense of humor. The very names of the children prove the complete absence of any sense of the ridiculous in either the rector of Epworth or his wife. One daughter was cruelly labeled Mehetabel; a second, Jedidah. Mrs. Susannah Wesley's theological performances while yet in short dresses prove her want of humor. A girl of thirteen, who took herself solemnly enough to undertake the settlement of "the whole question betwixt dissent and the Church" must have been of an unsmiling and owl-like gravity. Now, humor has many wholesome offices. It acts like a salt to the intellect, and keeps it sweet. It enables its owner to see the relative sizes of things. It gives an exquisite tact, a dainty lightness of touch to the intellectual powers. And Mrs. Wesley visibly lacked any rich endowment of that fine grace.—"Wesley and His Century." (1466)

HUMOR OVERDONE

In the "War Reminiscences" of General Carl Schurtz, he relates a conversation which he had with the then famous Thomas Corwin, one of the great orators of his day, but one whose oratory had come to be regarded as chiefly remarkable for its display of humor. As General Schurtz rose to leave Mr. Corwin, at the close of the interview, the latter said to him:

I want to say something personal to you. At Allegheny City I heard you speak, and I noticed that you can crack a joke and make people laugh if you try. I want to say to you, young man, if you have any such faculty, don't cultivate it. I know how great the temptation is, and I have yielded to it. One of the most dangerous things to a public man is to become known as a jester. People will go to hear such a man, and then they will be disappointed if he talks to them seriously. They will hardly listen to the best things he offers them. They will want to hear the buffoon, and are dissatisfied if the buffoon talks sober sense. That has been my lot. Look at my career! I am an old man now. There has always been a great deal more in Tom Corwin than he got credit for. But he did not get credit because it was always expected that Tom Corwin would make people laugh. That has been my curse. I have long felt it, but too late to get rid of the old reputation and to build up a new one. Take my example as a warning. (Text.) (1467)

Humor, Sense of—See Retrieved Situation.

HUNGER, ENDURING

General Morgan, on one occasion, in discussing the fighting qualities of the soldiers of different nations, came to the conclusion that in many respects they were about the same, with one notable exception. "After all," he said, "for the possession of the ideal quality of the soldier, for the grand essential, give me the Dutchman—he starves well."—DONALD SAGE MACKAY. (1468)

Hurry—See HASTE WITHOUT SELF-CONTROL.

Husband and Wife—See MARRIAGE RELATIONS IN THE EAST.

HUSBAND AND WIFE, RELATIONS BETWEEN

We hold certain views with regard to what is proper between husband and wife. Those views are not held by the nations in general, and missionaries need to be very particular about offending. For instance, a husband goes away, and when he returns from his tour and gets into the yard, the usual Oriental crowd follows. His wife rushes out to greet him, and very naturally they kiss. Like Judas, they are betraying the cause by that act, because it is most unseemly to do such a thing as that openly in certain countries. A missionary friend from Central Africa tells of a tribe that he had labored to influence and had partially succeeded. When he was leaving for further touring and was sending his wife back home, he kissed her. Immediately the two hundred men present burst into long and uncontrollable laughter, not because it was new to them—for they kiss on both cheeks—but because no man ever thought of doing so in public. My friend lost more respect in a second than he had won for himself by his laborious cultivation of the strange tribe.—H. P. BEACH, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (1469)

HUSBANDRY, SPIRITUAL

The orange men in California sent an expert all over Europe to find an enemy of the scale that was destroying the fruit-trees of California. One day, in Spain, he found a tiny creature which he named the lady-bird. It has a sharp lancet that it thrusts into each insect. It goes over the tree with inconceivable rapidity. When it finds the scale under the bark it thrusts the sword down, and now the lady-bird is working together with the husbandman, amid the prune- and orange-trees of California. Cockleburs are foes of corn, but a hoe has a sharp edge. Ye are God's harvest field. Hate is a weed, envy and jealousy are sharp thorns. Selfishness is a poison vine. Surliness is a fungus growth; lurking evil is the deadly night-shade. But love is a rose, joy is like a tiger-lily; peace is the modest arbutus. Contentment is a sweet vine that grows over the door of the house of man's soul. Honesty and industry are the goodly shocks and sheaves; these homely virtues are food to the hungry. God is a husbandman.—N. D. HILLIS. (1470)

Husband's Disloyalty—See SALOON EFFECTS.

Hygienic Conditions—See HEALTH, ECONOMICS OF.

HYMN, A GOOD

The occasion of the hymn, "Just as I am without one plea," by Charlotte Elliott, and perhaps her masterpiece, is full of interest as interpreting its spiritual significance to the soul hesitating in its penitent approach to Jesus. Dr. Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, was staying at her father's house, and addressing himself to Miss Elliott, who was a stranger to personal religion, on this vital subject, the young lady resented it, notwithstanding that the clergyman introduced the matter in his gentlest manner. Upon reflection, however, she relented, and with real concern, added: "You speak of coming to Jesus, but how? I am not fit to come." "Come just as you are," said Dr. Malan. (Text.) (1471)

HYMN, AN EFFECTIVE

It is told of John B. Gough how, seated one Sabbath in a church service, a strange man was ushered into the pew at his side. Conceiving a strong dislike for the man from his mottled face and twitching limbs and mumbled sounds, Mr. Gough eyed his seat-mate, when, during the organ interlude in singing the hymn, "Just as I am without one plea," the stranger leaned toward him and asked how the next verse began. "Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind," answered Mr. Gough. "That's it," sobbed the man, "I'm blind—God help me," and he made an effort to join in the singing. Said Mr. Gough, in telling the incident, "After that the poor paralytic's singing was as sweet to me as a Beethoven symphony." (1472)

Hymn-making—See CHALLENGE.

HYPNOTISM AND CRIME

Hypnotism as an aid to crime has been variously discust in France from both the medical and the legal side, with the general conclusion that legislation is needed to cover the most palpable employment of it. The fact that a hypnotized subject can take and execute a criminal suggestion made by another, and yet be really innocent of any immoral intent, is beyond all doubt; and this fact has led observers to the conclusion that the blame must rest upon the giver of the suggestion. An additional precaution which the true originator of the crime might take would be to give a suggestion forbidding the subject to reveal to any one the name of the suggester or the fact of the suggestion. On the contrary, he was to say and feel that the act was committed of his own accord. This complicated the legal aspect of the question very seriously; but further experiments have shown that the instigator of the crime would not be so entirely safe, after all. M. Jules Liegeois, who has studied most carefully the legal aspects of hypnotism, suggested to a lady subject that she take a pistol and shoot a certain Mr. O. She acted out the suggestion perfectly, not knowing that the load was a blank cartridge. When again hypnotized, she admitted the crime and defended her action. Another gentleman now gave her the suggestions (1) that when the instigator of the crime enters the room she should go to sleep for two minutes; (2) on awakening, she should fix her eyes upon the man constantly until allowed to desist; (3) she should then stand in front of him and attempt to conceal him. When M. Liegeois entered the room, she fell asleep, and did all that was asked of her, thus revealing the instigator, tho told by him not to do so. Professor Bernheim induced a subject to steal, and forbade him to mention that he had been told to do it. The patient said he stole because the idea occurred to him, but, when told to go up to the true criminal and say, "Please sing me the 'Marseillaise,'" he did so. It seems, then, that the subject will do nothing that he has been categorically forbidden to do, but that he will succumb to an indirect mode of revealing the true instigator of the crime. This certainly aids the courts, but it is a question how far it will be of service when the true criminal is not present, and whether additional suggestions in the first instance will not considerably interfere with the reliability of later testimony. Its further development will be watched with great interest by all students of the scientific aspects of mental phenomena.—*Science.*

(1473)

HYPOCRISY

LITTLE WILLIE—Say, pa, what is a hypocrite?

PA—A hypocrite, my son, is a man who publicly thanks Providence for his success, then gets mad every time anybody insinuates that he isn't mainly responsible for it himself.—*Tit-Bits.* (1474)

When one proceeds after the fashion of certain processions, that take one step back every time they take two forward, what is there astonishing if he does not cover any appreciable distance? But man has the silly childishness to believe that what he does at certain hours and without the pale of that part of his life which is known, does not count. He flatters himself that the assets alone will figure in the final reckoning; that what he puts openly in the balance will be weighed, but that what he secretly withdraws will not be deducted. Like that merchant, at once pious and crafty, who, on Sunday closed his shop, but received his patrons through a side door, he honors God publicly, and, in secret, betrays Him. (Text.)—CHARLES WAGNER, "The Gospel of Life." (1475)

Hypocrisy in Prayer—See DIPLOMACY, COWARDLY.

I

ICE BEAUTY

If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice-storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen dew-drops, and the whole tree sparkles cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence!—SAMUEL L. CLEMENS. (1476)

Icebergs—See GRAVITATION AND ICEBERGS.

IDEAL, DEVOTION TO AN

"It is not our aim to shine in the art of acting; that would be presumptuous and ridiculous in simple country people; but it must be the earnest desire of each one to try and represent worthily this most holy mystery."

Thus spoke Pastor Daisenberger in his sermon to the peasant actors of Ober-Ammergau before the production of the Passion Play in 1870. In these simple, devout words of their minister, Archdeacon Farrar found the echo of the deeply religious feeling which animates the peasants of the Bavarian village, to which so many of the sordid outer world have thronged. There is no taint of commercialism nor worldly ambition, we are assured, in the hearts of these peasant actors. Time and again have they refused lucrative offers to produce their historic drama elsewhere; and they do not, it is said, yield to the temptation to extort money from the tourists who invariably flock to witness the performance. Even the recent floods have given proof how they can bear adversity. (1477)

See TYPES, DISTINCT.

IDEAL, THE

A certain congregation could not find a pastor. They knew what they wanted. He must be a sound and able theologian, a literary man, up in science, polished to the last degree, good-looking, genial, a mixer, sympathetic, a hustler, not heady, humble minded, etc. A visiting minister, who knows them, told this story:

"A certain gentleman came to a horse-dealer and gave the following order: 'I want a young horse with spirit and speed in him—something I'd like to drive myself for my wives and daughters. He must be entirely without blemish and work in single or double harness. He must be a perfect carriage-horse, and also good under the saddle, with several gaits. And he must be absolutely afraid of nothing.'

"'Ah, I see—I see,' replied the dealer. 'You want a hoss without a speck on him; mettlesome, but gentle; young, but easily governed; guaranteed not to shy at anything; perfect any way you want to use him, in single or double harness, or as a saddle-hoss, with all the gaits.'

"'Yes, yes,' interrupted the gentleman, 'that's what I want exactly.'

"'My friend,' answered the dealer, 'there ain't no sich hoss!'"

The congregation doubtless caught the point.—*Presbyterian of the South.* (1478)

See BEING BEFORE DOING.

IDEAL, THE, ATTEMPTED

Delos was a small but very celebrated island near the center of the Egean Sea. It was a sacred island, devoted to religious rites, and all contention, and violence, and, so far as possible, all suffering and death, were excluded from it. The sick were removed from it; the dead were not buried there; armed ships and armed men laid aside their hostility to each other when they approached it. All was an enchanting picture of peace and happiness upon its shores. In the center of the island was a large natural fountain, from which issued a fertilizing stream; a populous city stood near the port, and the whole island was adorned with temples and palaces of magnificence.

Such an island might our world be were it not for sin and its ravages; were war no more, and were the Fountain of Life permitted to water it. (Text.) (1479)

Idealism and the Practical Life—See PRACTICAL, THE.

IDEALS

What should we do in this world of ours,
Were it not for the dreams ahead?
For thorns are mixed with the blooming flowers,
No matter which path we tread.
And each of us has his golden goal,
Stretching far into the years;
And ever he climbs with a hopeful soul,
With alternate smiles and tears.

To some it's a dream of high estate,
To some it's a dream of wealth,
To some it's a dream of a truce with fate
In a constant search for health.

To some it's a dream of home and wife,
To some it's a crown above;
The dreams ahead are what make each life—
The dreams—and faith—and love! (1480)

See ASPIRATION.

IDEALS AND PROGRESS

The Israelites were urged by the voice of God at the Red Sea to go forward. But they were not left without inspiring motives. There was a "promised land," and to the hope of this Moses could appeal.

Man has not reached a very high life until he can look on to future achievement and blessing, and find in these his highest incentive to go on. (1481)

Ideas Arousing Genius—See AROUSEMENT BY A THOUGHT.

Ideas, Great, Honored—See MONUMENTS, MEANING OF.

IDEAS GUIDING ACTIONS

Logical ideas are like keys which are shaping with reference to opening a lock. Pike, separated by a glass partition from the fish upon which they ordinarily prey, will—so it is said—butt their heads against the glass until it is literally beaten into them that they can not get at their food. Animals learn (when they learn at all) by a "cut and try" method; by doing at random first one thing and another thing and then preserving the things that happen to succeed. Action directed consciously by ideas—by suggested meanings accepted for the sake of experimenting with them—is the sole alternative both to bull-headed stupidity and to learning bought from that dear teacher—chance experience.—JOHN DEWEY, "How We Think." (1482)

IDEAS, POWER OF

The soul, which vivifies, moves, and supports the body, is a more potent substance than the hard bones and heavy flesh which it vitalizes. A ten-pound weight falling on your head affects you unpleasantly as substance, much more so than a leaf of the New Testament, if dropt in the same direction; but there is a way in which a page of the New Testament may fall upon a nation and split it, or infuse itself into its bulk and give it strength and permanence. We should be careful, therefore, what test we adopt in order to decide the relative stability of things.

Every house, workshop, church, schoolroom, atheneum, theater, is the representative of an opinion. What the eye sees of them is built of bricks, iron, wood, and mortar by carpenters, smiths, and masons; but the seed from which they grew and the forces by which they are upheld are ideas, affections, conceptions of utility, sentiments of worship. Strike these out of a people's mind and heart, and its homes, temples, colleges, and art-rooms fall away, like the trunk of the oak when its life-power is smitten, and only the bald, sandy surface of savage life remains.—THOMAS STARR KING. (1483)

Ideas, Worthless—See DISAPPOINTMENT.

IDENTIFICATION

Here is an imitation of Jesus that is worth while. Of Himself He said: "He calleth His own sheep by name":

Mr. Wanamaker always remembers the men, women, and children of Bethany (Sunday-school and church) in his absences. He carries a little book in which are written the names and addresses of the 1,100 members of the brotherhood, nearly all the 5,400 Sunday-school children, and nearly all of the 3,600 members of the church. These names are arranged alphabetically, and each day when he is traveling he sits down with his book and, beginning the first day with the letter A, utters each name aloud and repeats to himself the individual circumstances of each in which prayer and help are otherwise needed. He continues this daily until he has exhausted the list. His idea in doing this is to recall to his mental vision the face of each. "And thus," said the one who told me this, "no wonder Mr. Wanamaker knows us all by name, calls us all by our first names —Tom and Harry and Jim—and remembers the particular troubles or joys of each." (Text.)—*The Christian Herald.* (1484)

Identification, Descriptive—See INDIVIDUALITY.

IDENTIFICATION MARKS

There are men as well as garments whom it would be difficult to identify if they were to be (morally) cleansed.

In foreign countries some strange methods are adopted for identifying the contents of the wash-tub. In some parts of France linen is defaced with the whole name and address of the laundry stamped upon it, and an additional geometrical design to indicate the owner of the property. In Bavaria every patron of the wash-tub has a number stamped in large characters on his linen. In Bulgaria every laundry has a large number of stamps engraved with designs, and in Russia the laundries mark linen with threads worked in arrow shapes. In some Russian towns the police periodically issue regulations for laundries. In Odessa books of marks are furnished annually to the laundry proprietors, and these marks and no others can be used to identify them.—Albany *Journal.* (1485)

IDLENESS

Says George S. Hilliard:

The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul, and the train of idleness is borne up by all the vices. I remember a satirical poem in which the devil is represented as fishing for men and adapting his bait to the taste and temperament of his prey; but the idler, he said, pleased him most, because he bit the naked hook. (1486)

Killing time? I would as soon think of cutting an angel's throat that I met on God's highway, coming straight from His throne. Pleasure-mongering! Somebody to entertain them! As if life were a cheese and men were maggots boring in it! Are there not thousands of foreigners asking to be taught? Are not the Spaniards knocking at our door, asking us to organize for them a school of morals, a Bible school, a school of religion, a school of patriotism, on Sunday afternoon? Are there not social settlements that ask for hundreds of workers and teachers? How would it look if a regiment of soldiers at a critical moment at Gettysburg had sat down on the grass and looked for a cool tree and paid some man to come in with a jew's-harp and play to them, while the struggle for liberty went on? (Text.)—N. D. HILLIS. (1487)

Idol-worship—See FETISHISM.

Idols Destroyed — See RENUNCIATION, COMPLETE.

IDOLS IN CHRISTIAN SERVICE

Havelock, the English general in India, once held a wonderful prayer-meeting in the idol temple at Rangoon. In the hand of each of the idol gods that lined the sides of the great apartment, his men put a torch, and by the light of these torches in the idols' hands they held their worship. (1488)

IGNORANCE

The contrast between heathen and civilized men is indicated by this incident:

"Why did we not think of heating the hard stuff," the natives exclaimed when they saw the welding of iron, "instead of beating it with stones?" (1489)

However wise a man may himself be, he does well to guard himself against the ignorance of others:

Ah Wing Lee was walking down the street the other morning when a dog ran up behind him, yelping and barking horribly. The end of the Celestial's pigtail rose in the breeze as he leapt aside in great alarm.

A benevolent passer-by, seeing the terror painted upon the yellow countenance, hastened to pat him reassuringly on the shoulder.

"Come, come, my friend, you need not be afraid. The dog won't hurt you. Don't you know the old proverb, 'A barking dog never bites?' Surely you—"

"That's all velly good," interrupted Ah Wing doubtfully; "you knowee ploverb and me knowee ploverb, but do the dog knowee ploverb?" (Text.) (1490)

Stauber, the Lutheran minister who first ministered to the five villages in the Swiss mountains, which he afterward persuaded Oberlin to take as his parish, tells this incident to show the character of the people:

The Ban de la Roche, as you may know, is on a spur of the Vosges Mountains about twelve leagues from Strasburg. The people are very wild and ignorant. When I (Monsieur Stauber) first went there I visited the only school. A number of children were gathered together in a miserable cottage. As I entered I heard an appalling noise of scuffling, quarreling, and shouting.

"'Silence, children, silence!' I cried. 'Where is your master?' One of the children pointed to a little old man who was lying on a bed in the corner of the room.

"'Are you the master of this school?' said I, in some dismay.

"'Yes, I be the master, sir—I be.'

"'Humph! But don't you teach the children anything?'

"'No! I don't teach the children nothing—for a good reason.'

"'It must be a very good reason, indeed. What is it, my friend?'

"'Well, I don't know nothing myself, sir; so how am I to teach?'

"'But, my good friend, why did they send you here, then?'

"'Because, sir, I be too old to take care of the pigs?'" (1491)

An English army officer and a foreign missionary met on an ocean steamer. The army officer contemptuously said he had lived in India thirty years and had never seen a native Christian. Shortly afterward, he recited with gusto his success in tiger-hunting, declaring that he had killed no less than nine tigers. "Pardon me," said the missionary, "did I understand you to say that you have killed nine tigers in India?" "Yes, sir," pompously replied the colonel. "Now that is remarkable," replied the missionary, "for I have lived in India thirty years and have never seen a tiger." "Perhaps, sir," sneered the colonel, "you didn't go where the tigers were." "Precisely," was the bland answer of the missionary, "and may not that have been the reason why you never saw any native converts?" (1492)

An Italian tailor living at West Hoboken, N. J., appeared before Judge Carey and made application for citizenship. He told the judge he had been in this country twenty-two years.

"Do you know who Abraham Lincoln was?" asked Judge Carey.

"No, I don't know who he was."

"You don't know who Abraham Lincoln was?" repeated the judge.

"No; does he live in West Hoboken?" asked the applicant.

"He is dead," said Judge Carey.

"Well, I never heard of him," continued the Italian. "Was he a tailor?"

The judge advised him to go home and study up on history and geography, and said: "No man who does not know who Abraham Lincoln was is fit to enjoy the privilege of American citizenship."

When asked to name six of the United States, he answered, "New Jersey, New York, Boston, West Hoboken, Union Hill, and Hoboken." (1493)

One day recently a hard-working woman, the wife of a New York tailor in a small way, went out to market. In her hurry she left the apartment door ajar. Moreover, she forgot to replace, under the mattress, the red-flannel bag in which she and her husband kept their savings of fifteen years—some diamonds, a gold watch, and $1,400 cash.

Only a quarter of an hour later she came back—but the red-flannel savings-bank was gone. At last reports the police detectives had not recovered the money.

The pity of such a loss is more than personal. It is a national calamity. The vague distrust of all banks follows the popular ignorance of the difference in nature between a business man's bank and a true savings-bank. Ignorance was the root of this small tragedy.—*Review of Reviews.* (1494)

Many of us are as foolish as a poor immigrant who was discovered walking on the tracks of the Lehigh Valley Railroad in New Jersey. On his back he carried a huge package containing household utensils, as well as clothes. He seemed tired, tho he trudged sturdily on. He had not, however, acquired the veteran tramp's skill in walking on the ties, and his journey was evidently telling on his physical powers more than the same distance by the roadway would have done. An agent stopt him and ordered him off the track, telling him that he was liable to arrest for trespass, besides incurring the risk of being killed by a train.

The man, who was a Hungarian, demurred, and produced a railroad ticket, good from Jersey City to Scranton, Pa. The agent looked at him in amazement, and asked why he was walking when he might ride. The Hungarian replied that he thought the ticket gave him only the privilege of walking over the road. His right was explained to him, and the tired man delightedly boarded the first train that stopt. (Text.)—LOUIS ALBERT BANKS. (1495)

See CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION; FEAR.

IGNORANCE, DIETARY

The untrained housekeeper is responsible for the sheer waste of one-fifth of the average salary—wasted because she does not know how to buy her foods, in quantity or quality; because she has not known what kind of foods to give to produce the best results; because, as a bargain-hunter, she is the cause of the great quantities of "material just like the goods, but at a cheaper price" which flood our markets and lack durability.

No man would employ a purchasing agent who did not know the materials he was to buy; yet woman, with the greatest purchasing power, goes at it without knowledge.

We find that the majority of young men in the universities who go wrong are of those who live in boarding-houses where landladies know little of the choosing and preparing of foods. An inadequate lunch is followed by hunger during the middle of the afternoon, with the resultant glass of beer to satisfy the appetite for the time being. (1496)

IGNORANCE, DISADVANTAGE OF

Frederick of Prussia had a great mania for enlisting gigantic soldiers into the Royal Guards, and paid an enormous bounty to his recruiting officers for getting them. One day the recruiting sergeant chanced to espy a Hibernian who was at least seven feet high. He accosted him in English and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of a military life and a large bounty so delighted Patrick that he at once consented.

"But unless you can speak German the king will not give you so much."

"Oh, be jabbers," said the Irishman; "sure it's I that don't know a word of German."

"But," said the sergeant, "I know you can learn in a short time. The king knows every man in the guards. As soon as he sees you he will ride up and ask you how old you are; you will say, 'twenty-seven years'; next, how long you have been in the service; you must reply, 'three weeks'; finally, if you are provided with clothes and rations; you answer, 'both.'"

Pat soon learned to pronounce his answers, but never dreamed of learning the questions.

In three weeks he appeared before the king in review. His Majesty rode up to him. Paddy stept forward with "present arms!"

"How long have you been in the service," said the king.

"Twenty-seven years," said the Irishman.

"How old are you?" asked his Majesty.

"Three weeks," said the Irishman.

"Am I or you a fool?" roared the king.

"Both," replied Patrick, who was instantly taken to the guard-house, but pardoned by the king after he understood the facts of the case.—*Judge's Magazine.* (1497)

IGNORANCE, HUMILIATION OF

An incident in a trial for a capital offense, in Nashville, Tenn., is thus spoken of in a news item:

A splendid, clean-looking young man was under examination and Mr. Fitzhugh, of Memphis, of the prosecution, got to the point of asking him which newspapers he had read at the time of the Carmack killing. The talesman had testified that he was thirty-one years old, a farmer, and the father of three children. His answers had been bright and his face sparkled with intelligence. But he hesitated when the interrogation concerning the newspapers was put to him.

"I haven't read any about it in the newspapers. We don't take any newspapers in our house. I—I kain't read and I kain't write, but I can farm. I never got the show to go to school but two or three days in all my life."

A blush mantled his cheeks and for an instant there was a glistening in his eyes, then, throwing back his head, he left the witness-stand and marched out of the court-room, his expression of defiance silencing the laughter of the unthinking ones in the crowd. And this was only one of more than a score of examples of illiteracy.

How many a life is thus handicapped. It is not a commendation of parenthood that the child should thus be distinguished against in this age of widespread learning. On the other hand, all honor is to be given to the man who through diligent application in after life is able to surmount the difficulty of scanty knowledge. (1498)

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

It is sometimes best not to alarm persons in peril by revealing the danger, as is illustrated by the Rev. Asa Bullard in the following incident:

On our way down the Ohio River one day, in a thunder-shower, my brother requested me to remind him on reaching Cincinnati to reveal a secret to me. That secret was, as I learned on reaching the city, that we were then sitting directly over several casks, not of whisky, but of gunpowder! He was acquainted with some of the officials of the steamer, and tho it was unlawful to carry that article on the boat, they had told him of the fact. When asked why he had seated himself in such a dangerous place, his reply was that "if the boat should be struck by lightning, or if for any cause the powder should be exploded, we were probably as safe there as we should be in any part of the steamer."—"Incidents in a Busy Life." (1499)

Ignorance Mystified—See ENLIGHTENMENT.

Ignorance of Money—See MONEY, IGNORANCE OF.

IGNORANCE OF ORIGIN AND DESTINY

We know no more of our beginning and end, of what preceded the one and will round off the other, than King Alfred did. "Our life," said he to his nobles one evening, as they were sitting beside the great fireplace, "is something that is bounded by impenetrable obscurity. A little bird flies from the darkness of the outside night into the brightness of this room, flutters a minute or two in the warmth and light, and then flies through the opposite window into the night once more." Nearly two thousand years have gone by since Alfred delivered himself of this fable, but the centuries have brought us no new wisdom.—San Francisco *Chronicle.* (1500)

See UNKNOWN REALITIES.

IGNORANCE, PALLIATIONS OF

In "Gloria Christi," we read the following:

The change in methods inaugurated by modern medicine in Syria is shown by an anecdote. It is said that once when Dr. Jesup was visiting Beirut, a native doctor asked him for an American newspaper. He secured it, and some days after came back for another. "What do you do with them?" asked Mr. Jesup. "Oh," he said, "I tear them in pieces, soak them in water, and feed them in oil to my patients. It cures them all right!"

The palliatives of ignorance everywhere abound. As they are in medicine, so they are in morals. (1501)

IGNORANCE, THE COST OF

The tree-butcher ruined many valuable shade-trees last fall (1909) and it is hoped that he will find steady employment at some other kind of work before spring arrives. Shade-trees are usually pruned by some one temporarily out of employment. His only qualification is the possession of an ax and saw. He needs work, so he finds some property owner who has some nice shade-trees and importunes him to have them cut back. The owner consents. The axman is to receive so much for the job and the wood the limbs make. The workingman at once sees that it is to his advantage to cut the limbs off close to the trunk of the tree, because he can complete the job quicker with no dangerous climbing, and by so doing he gets more wood. Consequently, the tree is ruined. Shade-trees should be trimmed up when young, so the top will be at least twelve feet above the walk. After this all that is necessary is to cut out the dead and superfluous branches. —CHARLES C. DEAM, Secretary Board of Forestry. (1502)

ILLITERACY

While a policeman was covering his beat near Delaware Avenue and Dickinson Street, says the Philadelphia *Times,* he came across a dead dog.

Taking out his book and pencil, he wrote the following:

"Dead dog at Delaware Avenue and Dick ——" and stopt.

Picking up the dog by its tail, the policeman carried it to Tasker Street, where he dropt it. Here he took his pencil and book out again and wrote:

"Dead dog at Delaware Avenue and Tasker Street."

A passer-by asked the policeman what made him carry the dog to Tasker Street, to which he replied:

"Well, I couldn't spell Dickinson, so I took the cur a square down to an easier street." (1503)

ILL-FORTUNE BECOMING GOOD-FORTUNE

An Australian miner had reached the very last of his resources without finding a speck of gold, and there was nothing for him to do but to turn back on the morrow, while a mouthful of food was left, and retrace his steps as best he might do to the nearest port. He flung down his tools in despair that last night, and staggered over the two or three miles of desert to the camp-fire. Next morning, early, after a great deal of sleep and very little food, he braced himself up to go back for his tools, knowing that they might bring the price of a meal or two when it came to the last. As he stumbled back that hot morning the way seemed very long, for his heart was too heavy to carry. At last he saw his wheelbarrow and pick standing upon the flat plain a little way off, and was wearily dragging on toward them, when he caught his toe against a stone deeply embedded in the sand, and fell down. This was the last straw that broke the camel's back. He lay there and curst his luck bitterly, to think that he should nearly break his toe against the only stone in the whole district after all his failure to find gold. He felt like a passionate child who kicks and breaks the thing which has hurt him, and he had to beat that stone before he could feel quiet. It was too firm in the sand for his hands to get it up; so in his rage he dug it up with his pick, intending to smash it; but it would not smash, for it was solid gold, and nearly as big as a baby's head. (Text.)—Louis Albert Banks. (1504)

ILL LUCK

There was a man during the reign of Kaiser Otho, who wore puffed breeches. Puffed breeches then were filled with flour, and when the wearer of the breeches sat down on a seat he sat down on a nail, and the nail tore the breeches and the rent emitted three pecks of flour. Why he should have sat down at that particular time, and in that particular place, is a mystery; and why there should have been a nail there, is to me an inscrutable mystery; but there is the fact, and the sufferer I consider an ill-used man.—George Dawson. (1505)

ILL-PAID WORK

Generally, good, useful work, whether of the hand or head, is either ill-paid, or not paid at all. I don't say it should be so, but it always is so. People, as a rule, only pay for being amused or being cheated, not for being served. Five thousand a year to your talker, and a shilling a day to your fighter, digger, and thinker, is the rule. None of the best head work in art, literature, or science is ever paid for. How much do you think Homer got for his "Iliad?" or Dante for his "Paradise?" Only bitter bread and salt, and going up and down other people's stairs. In science, the man who discovered the telescope, and first saw heaven, was paid with a dungeon; the man who invented the microscope, and first saw earth, died of starvation, driven from his home. Baruch, the scribe, did not get a penny a line for writing Jeremiah's second roll for him, I fancy; and St. Stephen did not get bishop's pay for that long sermon of his to the Pharisees; nothing but stones. For, indeed, that is the world-father's proper payment.—John Ruskin. (1506)

ILLUMINATION

The *Railway and Locomotive Engineering* says:

Some of the principal requirements of a locomotive headlight are that the light from it shall be powerful enough to illuminate the track far enough ahead to permit of an emergency stop; that the light shall not be so brilliant as to cause temporary blindness or bewilderment in those upon whom it falls; that in the matter of signal observance it must not alter or modify the colors of the lesser lights which come into its field, and that it shall be as effective a form of light as can be devised for foggy or snowy weather. (1507)

When Moses returned from communion with God his face shone so brightly that a veil was needed. There was another transfiguration which is the result not of glory reflected but of grace transfused. "Be ye transformed (lit. transfigured) by the renewing of your mind," says the apostle.

The visitor to the beautiful church of St. Paul without the walls at Rome is sure to be asked by the sacristans to notice the wonderful columns of pure alabaster which are among the splendors of that edifice. The guide brings a lighted taper which he places behind one of these massive pillars. The translucent alabaster immediately glows with the light that seems to play all through it with lambent effulgence. The solid mass glorifies the flame, as the flame illumines the solid substance. (Text.) (1508)

See Light.

ILLUSION, SPIRITUAL

Worldly men on first coming into the spiritual life often misjudge the values and dimensions of Christian realities. Only long Christian experience enables men to get the right perspective of Christian realities.

If you have always lived in valleys or near the sea level, then you have always been viewing distant objects through a dusty or vaporous atmosphere. If you should go to a mountainous region or an elevated plateau, you would suffer great illusion as to distances. As you would still have the mental standards of the lowlands, very distant objects would seem to be quite near. You would travel all day to reach a mountain that seems but an hour's walk away. (1509)

ILLUSIONS, MORAL

A celebrated naturalist tells us that one day he saw a bird drowning in a lake, and he felt sure that the bird had mistaken the water for the sky; it was a bright, transparent day, the clear, calm lake reflected the sky and the whole landscape in its depths, and the bird, not discerning that the world below it was a world of shadows, was betrayed to its doom. So all the glories of the upper world appear inverted in the world of evil. The lofty, the pure, the beautiful, the bright, are all seductively reflected in the depths of Satan; they are exaggerated there, they are seen in surpassing magnitude and splendor; error seems some nobler truth, disobedience some larger liberty, forbidden things seem the sweetest flowers and mellowest fruits of paradise.—W. L. Watkinson, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (1510)

ILLUSIONS, OPTICAL

On the chalk downs of Wiltshire, in sight of the town of Westbury, there appears a great white horse, which presumably marks the sight of one of the battles between Alfred the Great and the Danes. As you look at that white horse upon the hill from the road approaching it it is perfectly drawn—it is so accurate that I doubt if any painter of a horse could improve upon it; but some time ago when I was in that neighborhood, I went up to the white horse to see it on the spot. There I found that this cutting in the green turf which revealed the chalk below was so extensive that if I walked round the outline, I could cover about a mile, and the shape as it lay along the slope of the hill had no resemblance to a horse whatever. Like the long shadows cast by the setting sun, its sprawling limbs went down the hill, and were so much greater than the width of the body that you could not have told in walking over it that the artist—for an artist he was—who designed it could possibly intend to be drawing a horse; that perfect horse upon the hillside, to the traveler approaching from Westbury, appeared to have no existence at all—it was a great perspective drawing upon the hill, which, when seen close at hand, did not even suggest a horse's form. Taking that as an illustration, does it not often strike you how the whole pageant of earth and sky, which delights our eye, is just as unreal as the scenery of the stage? Those clouds that drape the setting sun, and form lofty mountains and shimmering seas, making a landscape in the sky so beautiful that no painter on earth could reproduce it; those clouds that charm us with their beauty, if we were in the midst of them, would be merely like the drenching rain of an April day, without beauty, without charm. And those starry heavens which are to us all of the earth a subject of endless delight because of their beauty and their incomparable grandeur, are not in the least what they appear.—Robert F. Horton, *Christian World Pulpit.* (1511)

The other day I came across the letter which Galileo wrote to Kepler, when he was afraid to publish the discoveries which had been made by the first telescope, and he uses this extraordinary language: "Fearing the fate of our master Copernicus, who, altho he has earned immortal fame among a few, yet, by an infinite number, so only can the number of fools be measured, is hissed and derided." It was a peril in the seventeenth century even to say what those starry heavens are. They have no relation at all to the objects that we see. That little group of the Pleiades, which look like fireflies hung in a net in the sky, in which a very keen eye can perceive seven distinct stars, is really a group of between 400 and 500 suns, many of them larger than our own. And that genial sun himself, whose light we love, which gives to our planet its life, its warmth and its joy—if we could approach it would terrify us the more we approached it—a mighty mass of incandescent matter so awful that the imagination dare hardly entertain the reality of what it is. It may be said, however, that while these distant objects of the universe possibly mislead us, our eyes at any rate can trust the things which are close at hand. But that is quite a delusion, too. The matter which is close at hand, and which our fathers thirty years ago treated as the one certainty in the world, is a complete illusion. I took up in my hand some time ago a few grains of dried mud from a river-bed. To all appearance they were like grains of gunpowder, but they were put under the microscope, and there to my amazement every one of these tiny grains was a shell, as beautiful and as perfect in form as a nautilus sailing upon the sea. Not only does the matter we see delude us, but the delusion is greater from the fact of what we do not see. Now, the physicist seriously tells us he is using the strict language of science, and not the language of a fairy tale, when he says that all the matter we touch, including our own bodies, is made up of molecules, and the molecule is made up of atoms, an atom far too minute for the eye to see; and yet that atom, of which all matter is built up, is itself composed of electrons, so minute that they dart with inconceivable velocity from end to end of that tiny atom like a mouse in a great cathedral—such is the proportion of the electron to the atom.—Robert F. Horton, *The Christian World Pulpit.* (1512)

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CANDLES

Mr. Spurgeon had occasion, some time ago, says the Hartford *Courant*, to speak to a company of theological students on the importance of using illustrations in preaching. A student observed that they found it difficult to get illustrations, whereupon Mr. Spurgeon remarked that illustrations enough might be found in a tallow candle. This was regarded as an extravagance of speech, whereupon the great preacher prepared a lecture to show what might be illustrated by candles. In delivering his lecture he used candles of various sizes and colors, together with lanterns and other suitable apparatus. A nicely japanned but shut-up box filled with fine unused candles illustrated an idle and spiritless church. Several colossal and highly-colored but unlit candles were shown, and with them a tiny rushlight shining as best it could. The big, handsome, unlit candles might be archbishops or doctors of divinity, or other persons of culture without piety, and the bright rushlight might be some poor boy in a workshop whose life is beautiful. Mr. Spurgeon showed an unlighted candle in a splendid silver candlestick, and then a brightly burning one stuck in a ginger-beer bottle. He showed what a few people might do by combining their good efforts, by exhibiting the combined light of twelve candles. The folly of trying to light a candle with the extinguisher still on was shown, and the dark-lantern illustrated the care of people who make no effort to let their light shine before men. The lecturer then placed a candle under a bushel, and afterward placed the bushel-measure under the candle—the point of which was obvious. In snuffing a candle he extinguished it, and remarked that Christians often did a like mischief by unwise rebukes and criticisms. The folly of burning the candle at both ends was illustrated. The last illustration was a number of lighted candles of various hues placed together on one stand, representing the Church's true diversity in unity, all the different branches burning from one stem, and for one purpose. Some one in the audience asked if the "dips" did not give the best light, whereupon Mr. Spurgeon said he was not sure of that, and thought many of the "dips" would be the better for another dipping.

The man of genius can find illustrations in common things—sermons in stones or in candles. Every preacher should work these mines of natural analogies. (1513)

ILLUSTRATIONS IN PREACHING

A good illustration is the most powerful "motor" ever invented; it will drag a whole congregation which has drifted into infinite space back again to earth in a twinkling. It comes like a sweet sea-breeze blowing in through the church windows on a hot Sunday, and relaxing the feverish tension of crowded worship.—MACKAY SMITH, *Harper's Magazine.* (1514)

ILLUSTRATIONS, STRIKING

Colonel Zell, at the time when Grant was up for the Presidency, and when the Democratic watchword was, "Anything to beat Grant," was addressing an enthusiastic meeting of Republicans, when a Democrat sang out, "It's easy talkin', colonel; but we'll show you something next fall." The colonel was a great admirer of Grant. He at once wheeled about and with uplifted hands, hair bristling, and eyes flashing fire, cried out: "Build a worm-fence 'round a winter supply of summer weather; catch a thunderbolt in a bladder; break a hurricane to harness; hang out the ocean on a grapevine to dry; but never, sir, never for a moment delude yourself with the idea that you can beat Grant."—*Chambers's Journal.* (1515)

Image in the Soul—See RESTORING GOD'S IMAGE.

IMAGE OF GOD REPRODUCED

Star photography is one of the most refined and delicate of the arts of modern science. Two factors enter into the production of the photo. It is the star which makes the picture, but the artist-astronomer is essential also. He has to expose the sensitive plate and to direct the telescope to the star, and the star by its light does the rest.

So when the gaze of the soul is set on God, He reproduces His own likeness by His own light. It is ours to point the telescope; His to paint the picture. (Text.) (1516)

Imagery—See EVANGELIZATION.

IMAGERY OF THE MIND

Thought is an artist painting its pictures on the mind, so producing its imagery on the walls of one's immortal nature. If evil, the mind becomes a mystic shrine painted with such figures as were found in some of the chambers of Pompeii, where excavators had to cover up the pictures because they were so foul. If good, the mind is like the cells in the convent of San Marco, at Florence, where Fra Angelico's holy genius had painted on the bare walls angel imaginings and celestial faces. (Text.) (1517)

IMAGINATION

Pure and noble imaginings become a power for good. A healthy imagination is a well-spring of pure pleasure, and by reading and keeping our eyes open to the world we store our minds with pictures which will in after life bring great satisfaction. George William Curtis says: "One man goes 4,000 miles to see Italy, and does not see it, he is so short-sighted. Another is so far-sighted that he stays in his room, and sees more than Italy." We should train our observing faculties to see all of the beauty that lies about us, even to those finer tints, which it is said only the artist's eye discerns—"the light that never was on sea or land."—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (1518)

See DREAMS; PANIC THROUGH FEAR.

IMAGINATION CAUSING DEATH

The *British and Colonial Druggist* discust the death of a young woman at Hackney under circumstances in which a certain insect powder largely figured. As the powder appeared by Dr. Tidy's experiment to be perfectly harmless, the suggestion was not unnaturally made that the deceased, who was possibly of a hysterical, highly imaginative turn of mind, took the powder in the full belief that by its means her death might be accomplished. The writer of the article, we think wrongly, brings forward two remarkable instances of what may be regarded as practical jokes with melancholy terminations. In the case of the convict delivered up to the scientist for the purpose of a psychological experiment (the man was strapped to a table and blindfolded, ostensibly to be bled to death; a siphon containing water was placed near his head and the fluid was allowed to trickle audibly into a vessel below it, at the same time that a trifling scratch with a needle was inflicted on the culprit's neck; it is said that death occurred at the end of six minutes), fear must have played no inconsiderable share in the fatal result, and we do not know whether all the vital organs were in a sound condition, tho they were presumably so. The old story of the case of a college porter is also one in point. The students entrap him into a room at night, a mock inquiry was held, and the punishment of death by decapitation decreed for his want of consideration to the students. It is small wonder that, under the dominion of fear and belief in the earnestness of his tormentors, the sight of an ax and a block, with subsequent blindfolding and necessary genuflexion, a smart rap with a wet towel on the back of his neck should have been followed by the picking up of a corpse.—*Lancet.* (1519)

A Sioux Indian, who had lost a relative by death, vowed to kill the first living thing he met. This was once not an uncommon practise among our Indians. Issuing from his lodge, he chanced to meet a missionary—a man much beloved by all, from whom this Indian had received many favors. Unwilling, but bound by his vow, he shot his benefactor as he passed. Indian usage did not sanction a bloody retribution on the murderer, since the obligation of his vow was recognized by all. The shaman, however, upbraided him for his act, and pronounced his doom, saying: "You will die within the year." The Indian, tho apparently a well man at the time, was seized by a wasting disease, and actually did die within the specified time, a victim to his own superstitious imagination.—H. W. HENSHAW, *The Youth's Companion.* (1520)

IMAGINATION, LURE OF

A certain legend relates that one of the Piscayan mountains is accurst, and that Satan dwells there. The grass is withered, a sinister hue rests upon everything, the sounds are mournful, the mountain stands a dark fantom in the midst of bedecked nature. But this is not the method of evil. The mountain up which the devil took our Master, and up which he takes us, is bathed in purple; in its rocks gleam jewels, its dust is the dust of gold, in its clefts spring flowers, and from its crest is seen the vision of kingdoms and the glory of them. Things, principles, maxims, amusements, relationships, creeds, ideals, utterly base and vile, are through the power of imagination purged into the lily's whiteness, perfumed with the violet, steeped in the color of the rose. We are never invited to sin; the things which have ruined generations are prest upon us as nature, freedom, spirit, knowledge, gallantry, beauty, love, and we are deceived through the legerdemain of passion and fancy. (Text.)—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (1521)

IMITATION

Some men try to imitate good character as precious stones are imitated, according to this description:

The trade in artificial precious stones has become quite important, and the manufacture of them has reached a considerable degree of perfection. The products of some of the shops would almost deceive an expert, but the test of hardness is still infallible. The beautiful "French paste," from which imitation diamonds are made, is a kind of glass with a mixture of oxide of lead. The more of the latter the brighter the stone, but also the softer, and this is a serious defect. The imitation stones are now so perfectly made and are so satisfactory to those who are not very particular, that their influence begins to be felt in the market for real stones. By careful selection of the ingredients and skill and attention in manipulation, the luster, color, fire and water of the choicest stones are, to the eyes of laymen, fully reproduced.—*Popular Science Monthly.* (1522)

Imitation, as we see it in man, seems to extend over a wider range of action and production than in any other animal. It is not confined, as in the monkeys, to the production of like attitudes or bodily acts; it is not confined, as in the birds, to the imitation of sounds; it includes all alike, and is characterized, furthermore, by conscious pleasure in the doing. Every one who has observed children knows the keen delight with which they first perceive the likeness between two things; that to recognize in a picture a thing which they have actually seen is a distinct enjoyment; that in the same way the second telling of a story, or the second playing of a game, seems to give an additional and independent pleasure to the child. And so with ignorant people when they look at pictures, the great, if not the only source of pleasure seems to be the detecting of the likeness to something they know. After the artists of Greece and Rome had reached their highest levels and done their best work, the critic of art found in the exactness of the likeness one of the highest, perhaps the highest element of excellence. The birds that flew to the grapes of Zeuxis, the horse that neighed to the painted horse of Apelles, the painted curtain of Parasius that deceived Zeuxis himself—these seemed to Pliny, and, I suppose, to the ancient world generally, to be the highest tributes to the excellence of the artists.—Lord Justice FRY, *Contemporary Review.* (1523)

Our evil deeds as well as our good ones will be imitated, often to our own undoing as in the following incident:

The *Green Bag* tells of an experience which Nathaniel Whitmore, a prominent Maine lawyer, had with a student who was graduated from his office. When Mr. Whitmore was past sixty this young man started practise in a neighboring town; and the older lawyer gave him charge, as agent, of certain property situated in the town where his former clerk was practising. Everything was drawn up in legal form, and the young man fulfilled his duties most satisfactorily. The rents came regularly, together with full accounts of repairs, which were much less than formerly; tenants were satisfied; the property never paid so well before, and Mr. Whitmore was well pleased. Then came a brief letter stating that the property had been sold for taxes. Dumfounded, Mr. Whitmore hastened to his agent to demand what this meant. "How does this happen that I am sold out for taxes?" he asked. "There was nothing in the agreement about taxes," explained the young man, handing to his former client the signed agreement. "Had taxes been mentioned, I should have paid them." "Who bought the houses?" the elder man asked, with a shade of amusement in his tone, as a light began to dawn on his mind. "I did," replied the young man, modestly. "The devil you did! Where did you learn that trick?" asked Mr. Whitmore, now fully comprehending the situation. "In your office," came the answer, in the same modest voice. "I look out for a poor client, but a rich lawyer can look out for himself." The two men shook hands and changed the subject. (1524)

A beautiful statue once stood in the market-place of an Italian city. It was the statue of a Greek slave-girl. It represented the slave as tidy and well drest. A ragged, uncombed little street child, coming across the statue in her play, stopt and gazed at it in admiration. She was captivated by it. She gazed long and lovingly. Moved by a sudden impulse, she went home and washed her face and combed her hair. Another day she stopt again before the statue and admired it, and she got a new idea. Next day her tattered clothes were washed and mended. Each time she looked at the statue she found something in its beauties until she was a transformed child.

The history of the Christian religion has been a continuous record of men transformed by contemplation of the great Example. (Text.) (1525)

See Christ Inviting Men; Example, Power of.

IMITATION DISAPPROVED

It is no use to try to get another man's style, or to imitate the wit or the mannerisms of another writer. The late Mr. Carlyle, for example, did, in my judgment, a considerable mischief in his day because he led everybody to write after the style of his "French Revolution," and it became pretty tedious. They got over it after a time, however. But it was not a good thing. Let every man write in his own style, taking care only not to be led into any affectation, but to be perfectly clear, perfectly simple.—Charles A. Dana. (1526)

IMITATION OF GOD

For the Father of all sends sun and rain
  On the good and ill and shows that we,
  If we would his perfect children be,
Must love not only the good and kind,
  Must teach not only the true and wise,
But patience must open the eyes of the blind
  And love must conquer her enemies.
  (Text.)—Charles William Pearson,
"A Threefold Cord."
(1527)

IMITATION OF NATURE

How far the manual and technical arts of human life owe their suggestion and origin to imitation is a point which, so far as I know, has not been fully considered. That the first canoe was made in imitation of a rotten tree which had served as a ferry-boat; that the first pillar was constructed in the likeness of an erect tree; that the Gothic arch was made to represent the over-reaching boughs in some forest glade; that the triglyph in the Doric frieze represents the ends of the cross-beams which rested on the architrave—all this seems very probable, and suggests that further investigation might show that to a great degree imitation of the objects of nature, or of earlier structures, underlies all the various arts and products of human labor.—Lord Justice Fry, *Contemporary Review.* (1528)

See Nature a Model.

IMMANENCE OF GOD

But where shall we look for the highest, the most complete and perfect revelation of God that the human mind is capable of grasping? Grant the truth there is in all the symbols which the imagination of men has produced. The earth is like the little ball you can hold in your hand. The solar system is like the revolving electric lights in the Museum of Natural History. The infinite and eternal energy is like the sun radiating light and heat and life upon the earth. He is like the flaming fire which consumes the evil and purifies the good. He is like the wind and like the ocean and like the most beautiful statue that art can produce. More than that. God is not only like all these symbols; He is in the symbols. God is in the solar system, the very life and soul of the universe. God is in the fire that consumes and purifies. God is in the flower and the bird and the beast.—Frank O. Hall. (1529)

The immanence of God is illustrated in these lines from an unidentified source:

"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through.
"We've heard from of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue.
The wise ones speak of an infinite sea,
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"
The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sung and balanced on sunny wings;
And this was its song: "I see the light,
I look on a world of beautiful things;
But flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air."
(1530)

Immensity of Space Reveals God—See Converted by the Comet.

Immigrant Savings—See Prosperity as an Advertisement.

IMMIGRATION

There is an ominous side to immigration, but there are alleviating facts. One of these was thus referred to by Bishop Warren of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

A while ago I was in a small country village in New England. For the first time in my life I looked upon a Methodist Episcopal church, once filled with happy worshipers, but now closed and abandoned. The population of the entire township was declining, and tho a few of the last remaining Methodists had added their help to the older and stronger Congregational church, even this was looking into the future with fear and trembling. Many of the native stock had died or moved away, and "foreigners were creeping in." I got a boy to guide me to where one of these foreigners—a Finlander—lived. It was a neatly painted home, with a fine garden and an acre of land, all paid for, and occupied by the Finn and his son. All the foreigners in the village were Finns and there were of them just six men and four women. Of the latter, two were wives of two of the men and two were young women serving in American families. And what sort of people were they? One of the six men, I was told, was a lay preacher and, as Sunday services were a long way off and quite irregular, this little homeless community of ten dreaded and shunned immigrants were maintaining a weekly prayer-meeting! (Text.) (1531)

The total immigration to the United States for 1909 was 751,786. The net gain in foreign population was 718,433. The comparative immigration from the leading countries of the world for three years is shown in the following table:

RACE OR PEOPLE	1909	1908	1907
Italians, North-South.	190,398	135,247	294,061
Polish	77,565	68,105	138,033
German	58,534	73,038	92,936
Hebrew.	57,551	103,387	149,182
English	39,021	49,056	51,126
Scandinavian	34,996	32,789	53,425
Irish	31,185	36,427	38,706
Magyar.	28,704	24,378	60,071
Slovak	22,586	16,170	42,041
Greek.	20,262	28,808	46,283
Croatian and Slovanian. . . .	20,181	20,472	47,826
French	19,423	12,881	9,392
Scotch	16,446	17,014	20,516
Ruthenian	15,808	12,361	24,081
Mexican	15,591	5,682	91
Lithuanian	15,254	13,720	25,884
Finnish	11,687	6,746	14,860
Russian.	10,038	17,111	16,807
Japanese	3,275	16,418	30,824

The reader sees at once that more immigrants came from Italy than from any other country. In fact, the immigrants from Germany, England, Ireland, Scotland, France and Scandinavia numbered altogether 198,630, while those from Italy alone were 190,398. Of these Italian immigrants 25,150 (in 1908, 24,700 and in 1907, 51,564) came from northern Italy and 165,248 (in 1908, 110,547 and in 1907, 242,497) from southern Italy.

Of the total 751,786 immigrants, 220,865 or .9.4 per cent, declared that the State of New York was their intended place of residence (of Hebrews 60.2 per cent., of Italians 39.9 per cent., of Poles 23.8 per cent). (1532)

IMMORTALITY

The heart of man hears the call and feels the attraction of life beyond, as the woodland brook hears the call of the distant sea and hastens on to meet it. (1533)

The fadeless hope of everlasting life is thus exprest by St. John Adcock:

I, that had life ere I was born
Into this world of dark and light,
Waking as one who wakes at morn
From dreams of night.

I am as old as heaven and earth;
But sleep is death without decay,
And since each morn renews my birth
I am no older than the day.

Old tho my outward form appears,
Tho it at last outworn shall lie,
This that is servile to the years,
This is not I.

I, who outwear the form I take,
When I put off this garb of flesh,
Still in immortal youth shall wake
And somewhere clothe my life afresh.

(Text.)—*The Monthly Review.* (1534)

When the late Dr. Reese, of Swansea, preached the last time in North Wales, a friend said to him—one of those who are always reminding people that they are getting old: "You are whitening fast, Dr. Reese." The old gentleman did not say anything then, but when he got to the pulpit he referred to it and said: "There is a wee white flower that comes up through the earth at this season of the year. Sometimes it comes up through the snow and frost; but we are glad to see the snow-drop, because it proclaims that the winter is over and that the summer is at hand. A friend reminded me last night that I was whitening fast. But heed not that, brother; it is to me proof that my winter will soon be over; that I shall have done presently with the cold east winds and the frosts of earth, and that my summer, my eternal summer, is at hand." (Text.)—VYRNWY MORGAN, "The Cambro-American Pulpit." (1535)

James T. White is the author of the following lines, entitled "A Sea Shell." They appeared in the New York *Tribune:*

Imprisoned in the shell
Are echoes of the far-off ocean's roar.
May not our hopes of immortality,
That deep within us dwell—
Instinctive to the soul, and more and more
Insistent to the heart—may not they be
Soul-echoes of the swell
That ceaseless beats on an eternal shore?

(1536)

IMMORTALITY, A SYMBOL OF

This apostrophe to a butterfly was written by Alice Freeman Palmer:

I hold you at last in my hand,
Exquisite child of the air;
Can I ever understand
How you grew to be so fair?

You came to this linden-tree
To taste its delicious sweet,
I sitting here in the shadow and shine
Playing around its feet.

Now I hold you fast in my hand,
You marvelous butterfly,
Till you help me to understand
The eternal mystery.

From that creeping thing in the dust
To this shining bliss in the blue!
God, give me courage to trust
I can break my chrysalis, too!

(1537)

IMMORTALITY, EVIDENCE OF

Man, who builds bridges, sails ships, fights battles for liberty, erects cathedrals, writes hymns and prayers, founds homes, is given a little handful of thirty or forty years. Nor can the bulk of the elephant above man's size ever explain the two hundred years given to some Jumbo munching hay, or the three thousand years given to some tree that is dead, inert and voiceless. The architect builds a marble palace for centuries, stores it with art treasures, that all the generations may throng in and out, feeding the eye and feasting the hunger for beauty, in form and color. But God spent millions of years upon this body, fearfully and wonderfully made, storing the soul's temple with intellect, memory and judgment, with conscience, affections and moral sentiments. And did He build this soul that goes laughing, weeping, inventing, praying, through life, for that goal named a black hole in the ground?—N. D. Hillis. (1538)

IMMORTALITY, FEELING OF

Living on the surface of the earth sense impressions constrain us to regard the earth as flat and still, and the sun and other heavenly bodies as moving across the heavens above our heads. But astronomers know that by long watching of the heavenly bodies an observer comes often to feel the motion and sense the rotundity of the earth.

So of the man who will live in the spiritual altitudes. He reasonably believed before in the future life, but all his impressions have been earthly, materialistic. But on the higher level he actually "lays hold on the powers of an endless life." (1539)

IMMORTALITY, INTIMATIONS OF

Eugene Field is the author of this:

Upon the mountain height, far from the sea,
I found a shell;
And to my listening ear the lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came the shell upon that mountain height?
Ah, who can say?
Whether there dropt by some too careless hand,
Or whether there cast when ocean swept the land,
Ere the eternal had ordained the day.

Strange, was it not! Far from its native deep,
One song it sang—
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,
Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide,
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain height
Sings of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away—
So do I ever, wandering where I may,
Sing, O my home! sing, O my home! of thee. (Text.) (1540)

A solemn murmur in its soul
Tells of the world to be,
As travelers hear the billows roll,
Before they reach the sea. (1541)

IMMORTALITY OF INFLUENCE

Richard Watson Gilder writes this verse about a dead poet:

I read that, in his sleep, the poet died
Ere the day broke;
In a new dawn, as rose earth's crimson tide,
His spirit woke.

Yet still with us his golden spirit stayed,
On the same page
That told his end, his living verse I read—
His lyric rage.

Behold! I thought, they call him cold in death;
But hither turn,
See where his soul, a glorious, flaming breath,
Doth pulse and burn.

This is the poet's triumph, his high doom!
After life's stress—
For him the silent, dark, o'ershadowing tomb
Is shadowless.

And this the miracle and mystery—
In that he gives
His soul away, magnificently free,
By this he lives. (Text.)
—*The Outlook.* (1542)

IMMORTALITY, PROOF OF

"Proof," asks the Soul, "that that which is shall be?
That which was not, persist eternally?
Faith fails before the mortal mystery."

Yet more miraculous miracle were this:
The mortal, dreaming immortality;
The finite, framing forth infinity;
The shallow, lightly plumbing the abyss;
Ephemeral lips, creating with a kiss;
The transcient eye, fixt on eternity! (Text.)
—Grace Ellery Channing, *The Century.* (1543)

Immunity from Colds—See Vitality Low.

IMMUNITY FROM DISEASE

The island of Barbados, in the West Indies, is remarkably free from malaria, and this immunity from a disease which is so common in the tropics has been attributed to a species of fish that inhabits the waters of that island, and whose chief food is the larvæ of the mosquito. These fish are tiny minnows, never exceeding an inch and a half in length, and are generally known as "millions," altho they bear a most impressive scientific name. They belong to the family of "top minnows," feeding on the surface of the water, and their diminutive size enables them to swim over lily-pads and similar vegetation, which is covered only by a thin film of water, and there feast upon mosquito larvæ and other insects.

These fish thrive in stagnant or running water, and whether it is fresh or brackish appears to have no effect upon them. The minnows will swim up stream against a strong current and then enter the smaller rivulets, thus distributing themselves over an entire water system. The young of these fish are not hatched from eggs, but are born alive.

The Panama Canal Commission has decided to employ these minnows in the fight to rid the Isthmus of the malarial mosquito, and has imported a great quantity of the little fish. There are mosquito-eating fish in the Panama waters, but they are not sufficiently numerous to be of much value. However, a systematic stocking of the lakes and streams in the Canal Zone with the "millions" from Barbados should act as a severe check on the mosquito population of Panama, and indirectly aid in stamping out malaria.—*Harper's Weekly.* (1544)

See Disease, Exemption from.

Immutability — See Individuality of Germs.

IMPARTIALITY

Lieut. Edmund Blaney, of the Atlantic Avenue police station, Brooklyn, who locked up his son brought in on the charge of fighting, is to be commended for his determination that his own shall be treated no better than others. It is a gratifying instance of the absence of "pull" and a delightful example of paternal willingness to see that punishment is meted out when it should be. Lieutenant Blaney could have let his fighting son, a man of twenty-three, and the other prisoner go upon their promise to appear in court, and no one would have taken exception to such a display of fatherly interest, but he preferred the Spartan attitude. The public need not expect this rule to be generally followed, for not many parents have the firmness to deal out the same degree of severe treatment to their own offspring as to those of others. A not to be overlooked feature of the case is the evident reduction of the young man's opinion of his ability to violate the law and escape the consequences. He thought, or said, that he could not be arrested because he was an officer's son. That was yesterday. To-day he is wiser and it is hoped a slightly better citizen from a forced realization that ordinances are intended for all alike.—Brooklyn *Standard Union.* (1545)

Impartiality of God—See Privilege.

IMPATIENCE

Victor Hugo pictures a man who is so maddened by failure and misfortune that he resolves on suicide. He is at the end of his resources, and he capitulates to death. No sooner has he committed suicide than the postman drops a letter in at his door which contains the information that a distant relative has left him a large fortune. If he had waited but one hour longer! For want of patience he lost all! (1546)

Sergeant Cotton in his book "A Voice from Waterloo," tells us what Wellington thought Napoleon ought to have done:

Napoleon never had so fine an army as at Waterloo. He was certainly wrong in attacking at all. He might have played again the same defensive game in the French territory which he had played so admirably the year before; that campaign of 1814 I consider the very finest he ever made. He might have given us great trouble and had many chances in his favor. But the fact is he never in his life had patience for a defensive war. (1547)

IMPATIENCE OF REFORMERS

The besetting sin of the reformer is his impatience. The world must be redeemed at once. "The trouble seems to be," said Theodore Parker of the anti-slavery cause, "that

God is not in a hurry, and I am." "If my scheme is not sufficient to redeem society," said a labor leader not long ago, "what is yours?" as tho every self-respecting man must have some panacea of social salvation. The fact is, however, that a time like ours, whose symptoms are so complex and serious, is no time for social panaceas. As one of the most observant of American students of society has remarked: "When I hear a man bring forward a solution of the social question, I move to adjourn." Jesus proposes no surgical operation which at one stroke can save the world. He offers no assurance that the tares of the world shall be exterminated by one sweep of the scythe. He adds faith to patience.—Francis Greenwood Peabody, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association," 1904. (1548)

IMPERFECTION IN NATURE

It is constantly felt by thoughtful minds that nothing is complete in this universe. We wait for perfection and can not know it in this life or in this world.

In the world of flowers there are three primary colors, of which many broken shades form a countless number of secondary tints. But the scientific botanist points out a remarkable fact: many flowers are of compound colors. Some are red and blue; some are red and yellow; some are blue and yellow; but there never has been such a thing as a plant whose flowers burst into all three of the primary tints. Roses are red in various shades, and yellow also in many shades. But that is all; no florist has ever been able to produce a really blue rose. The same fact applies to the chrysanthemum; it may be red in some shade or other, or it may be yellow in a whole range of alternative tints; but the vain dream of the Japanese is to find the fabled "blue chrysanthemum." A great fortune would await any one who could produce by his art a blue rose or a blue chrysanthemum. Nature denies to flowers the ability to range through the whole gamut of the colors of the rainbow. (1549)

IMPERFECTION, MAN'S

Upon all man's works we write one word —imperfect. Full as our world is of the beautiful and the useful, it also holds much of immaturity, wreckage and failure. The scientist insists that there is not one perfect leaf in the forest, not a red rose but holds some blemish, not a cluster or bunch but has suffered some injury. The winters chill the roots, untimely frosts bite the seed, rude storms strain the boughs. What Nature offers man is not perfection, but enough of use and beauty to satisfy to-day's hunger, and to allure man to something better. Dwelling, therefore, under skies that oft are unfriendly, we perceive that even man's best work shares in imperfection. His trains jump the track, his bridges break, his ships sink, rust destroys his tools, fire smites his factories, epidemics shorten his life. His fine arts are elective, representing the selection of the best elements carried up to the ideal conditions, and yet even man's arts represent many forms of injury. All the treasure-houses of the world fail to show one statue that is perfect. The Winged Victory is without a head, the Venus di Milo is without arms, the Minerva has a black stain on the forehead, while only the torso of Jupiter remains, all else having gone.—N. D. Hillis. (1550)

Imperfection, Value of—See Diverse Influences.

IMPERFECTIONS CORRECTED

Some years ago I visited Albany, N. Y., when the Capitol was not finished. I saw men at work, apparently, removing stones from the wall on one side. When I asked about it, a workman said: "When that wall was erected they were unable to get granite of the right quality and color to complete the architect's design. In order that the work might not be delayed, some blocks of wood were used temporarily. Now they have the quality and color of granite required, and are taking out those wooden blocks and replacing them with granite." The Capitol was being built up, after the fashion of the architect's ideal.

So it is to day with us. In the temple, our character, which is His dwelling-place, there are faulty stones. As we come to a clearer knowledge of the person of Jesus we perceive these imperfections and replace them with alabaster hewn from the Rock of Ages, "carved as the angels carved their crowns in the fadeless days of June." If we are living up to the requirements of our profession, we are thus being built up in Him, continually approaching the ideal of the Master architect. (Text.)—H. G. Furbay. (1551)

Imperfections in Character—See DIVERSE INFLUENCES.

Imperviousness — See EVIL, REPELLENCE OF.

Impoliteness—See POLITENESS.

Importance, not Size—See WORK DESPISED.

IMPOSSIBLE, ACHIEVING WHAT SEEMED

Hon. Richmond P. Hobson gives his impressions of army achievements as he recalls his prison experiences in a Spanish fortress, and has this to say:

From my prison window in Santiago, which was but little in the rear of the Spanish line of entrenchments, I saw the Spaniards fortifying the city for twenty days. I watched them with critical interest. I saw them bring up guns from the ships and place them. Then I saw our men come up and drive the Spaniards into those entrenchments, and when they had driven them into the entrenchments I saw them go on and try to take the entrenchments themselves. It looked to be an impossible thing, but as yet the artillery was silent. The men came on up the hill and the artillery opened, and my heart sank when I saw that it was flanking artillery. For a moment the American fire ceased as tho the enemy's guns had been a signal. "Now, then," said I to myself, "this is the place where the individuality of the soldier will appear, for each man there knows that he is just as likely as any other man to be struck with that shrapnel." None of them had ever been under fire before; they could not be put to a harder test; but how did they respond to it? Instantly after the lull a more rapid fire set in, and a more rapid rush of men up to the trenches. In spite of flanking artillery we had taken those fortified trenches with unsupported infantry—a thing that army experts the world over said could not be done. (1552)

IMPOSSIBLE, NOTHING

At the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument, when it appeared that an accident was imminent by the surging of the crowds against the speakers' platform, Webster requested the people to kindly move back. A man in the crowd answered back: "It is impossible!" Thereupon the great Massachusetts statesman cried out: "Impossible! Impossible! Nothing is impossible on Bunker Hill!"—CHARLES E. LOCKE. (1553)

IMPRECATION IN PSALMS

Said one Unitarian minister to another, about the time when the breaking out of our Civil War exposed the wickedness of its instigators: "I never before felt so much like swearing." "Well," was the reply, "I felt as you do; but I turned to the Old Testament, and picked out one of good old David's imprecatory Psalms. I read it twice aloud, and since then I have felt much better." (1554)

IMPRESS

I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day,
And as my fingers prest it still,
It moved and yielded to my will.

I came again when days were past;
The bit of clay was hard at last,
The form I gave it still it bore,
But I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay,
And gently formed it day by day,
And molded it with power and art—
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years were gone;
He was a man I looked upon;
He still that early impress wore,
And I could change him never more.
(Text) (1555)

IMPRESSION BY PRACTISE

A native Korean, who was told to memorize the entire Sermon on the Mount, did so with remarkable exactness. When asked how he accomplished it, he said: "My teacher told me to learn it with my heart as well as with my memory, so I hit on this plan. I would try to memorize a verse, and then find a heathen neighbor of mine and practise it on him. I found the verse would stick after I had done that, and I couldn't forget a word of it." (1556)

IMPRESSIONS

On almost any sea beach you may see lying together smooth white pebbles, and ragged sponges, both drying in the sun and waiting the return of the tide. But when the tide comes and strikes the pebbles not a drop of the water enters them, thousands of years they have rolled up and down there, wearing smoother and growing more impervious all the time. But at the first touch of the incoming tide the sponges drink themselves full.

There is the same difference in men. Tides of spiritual influence flow around some men and they keep growing harder—the same tides fill and transform others. (1557)

See TESTIMONY OF NATURE.

IMPRESSIONS, EARLY

The things children most quickly note and in which they take most interest may indicate their bent of mind and help parents and instructors to shape their education along lines of least resistance. Thus R. H. Haweis says:

"Long before I had ever touched a violin I was fascinated with its appearance. In driving to town as a child—when, standing up in the carriage, I could just look out of the window—certain fiddle-shops hung with mighty rows of violoncellos attracted my attention. I had dreams of these large editions —these patriarchs of the violin, as they seemed to me. I compared them in my mind with the smaller tenors and violins. I dreamed about their brown, big, dusty bodies and affable good-natured-looking heads and grinning faces. These violin shops were the great points watched for on each journey up to London from Norwood, where I spent my early days." (1558)

Impressions Permanent—See TEACHERS' FUNCTION, THE.

Impression, Vivid — See REMINDER, SEVERE.

IMPRISONED LIVES

In the Persian desert the sad sight may be seen of brick pillars in which many an unfortunate victim has been walled up alive, as a horrible method of inflicting capital punishment. Some awful tales of cruelties perpetrated here are told. The victim is put into the pillar, which is half built up in readiness, then, if merciful, the executioner will cement quickly up to the face, when death comes speedily; but sometimes the torture is prolonged, and the inmate has been heard groaning and calling for water for three days.

How many lives are walled lives—built around and bricked in by torturing limitations that suffocate joy and hope, and are no more than a lingering death! (1559)

IMPROVED CONDITIONS

In a district of Glasgow where the death-rate used to be forty in a thousand, sanitation has brought it down to twenty-eight, and it has been brought down to seventeen or eighteen in some parts of London. Boston reduced its death-rate from thirty-one to twenty, and Croydon, Eng., from twenty-eight to thirteen. Even the friction-match has had its share in prolonging life. "Doubtless many a fatal pneumonia and pleurisy has been contracted when the luckless householder's fire had died out overnight, and he was struggling with flint, steel and tinder-box." In London during the last century nearly two hundred thousand persons perished of smallpox. Macaulay says that a person without a pitted face was the exception. But, thanks largely to vaccination, in a recent year there were only fourteen cases of smallpox among New York's inhabitants, and in the German army, where vaccination is compulsory, the dread disease has been eradicated. The production of pure water by distillation has done much to abolish alimentary diseases among sailors at sea, and lime-juice defends them from scurvy. When the first emigrant ships went out to Australia, one-third of the passengers perished on the voyage, but when the ship-owners were forced to alter their terms and receive pay only for those they landed safely, the death-rate became smaller than when these same persons were living upon shore. In Queen Elizabeth's time, one in two thousand of her London subjects was murdered annually. At the same rate there would be 2,500 murders every year in London now, whereas the number is no more than twelve. This is what the lighter street and a more efficient police have done for the British metropolis. Facts like these are a most wholesome and agreeable corrective for the lament over the departure of the "good old times," so much affected by the cynic and the pessimist.—Boston *Journal*. (1560)

IMPROVEMENT

He came to my desk with a quivering lip,
The lesson was done—
"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he said,
"I have spoiled this one."
In place of the leaf so stained and blotted,
I gave him a new one all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled—
"Do better now, my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering soul,
The old year was done—
"Dear Father, hast Thou a new leaf for me,
I have spoiled this one?"
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled—
"Do better now, my child."
(1561)

We can all help make the world better, as suggested by Annie Aldrich in these verses:

Make the world a little better as you go;
And be thoughtful of the kind of seed you sow;
Try to make some pathway bright
As you strive to do the right,
Making the world a little better as you go.

Make the world a little better as you go;
You may help to soothe some fellow-creature's wo;
You can make some burden light,
As you try with all your might
To make the world a little better as you go.

Make the world a little better as you go;
As you meet your brother going to and fro,
You may lend a friendly hand,
Lift the fallen! Help them stand!
Make the world a little better as you go.
(1562)

If Christian methods of felling the tree of evil had advanced as far as the art of tree-cutting described below, we should soon be rid of bad institutions and tendencies:

"It is reported in the German press," says *Forestry and Irrigation,* "that successful experiments have been made in various forests of France in cutting trees by means of electricity. A platinum wire is heated to a white heat by an electric current and used like a saw. In this manner the tree is felled much easier and quicker than in the old way, no sawdust is produced, and the slight carbonization caused by the hot wire acts as a preservative of the wood. The new method is said to require only one-eighth of the time consumed by the old sawing process." (1563)

Some day we shall be wise enough to utilize the hint suggested in the extract, by caring as much at least for improving the human race as we now care for improving our domestic animals:

A. Ogerodnikoff, a wealthy Russian dealer in furs in Vladivostok, while visiting San Francisco, told an interesting story of experiments made by his cousin, Rachatnikoff, who has been devoting himself for years to the propagation of a beautiful race of people. Ogerodnikoff, according to the press reports, said:

"Years ago Rachatnikoff attracted to his estate especially handsome men and girls of more than usual beauty by offering free land to forty or fifty men carefully picked from among a large number of applicants and selecting for them as wives fine-looking young women from different parts of Russia. This selected colony has flourished beyond all expectation, and over a hundred children have been raised from these unions.

"These children are so pretty as to make the Rachatnikoff estate famous." (Text.)
(1564)

Improvement, Material — See ADVANCEMENT, RAPID.

Improvement Meeting With Disfavor— See SAFETY VALVES.

IMPROVING TIME

One of the most important books on British ornithology is Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne." This work is made up of the jottings and notes of the author concerning the animals he saw in his daily walks through the woods and fields in the immediate vicinity of his little country parish, which he seldom left. (Text.)
(1565)

IMPUDENCE, BRAZEN

Unblushing assurance in rascality is not a new thing in the world.

A firm of shady outside London brokers was prosecuted for swindling, says *Every-*

body's. In acquitting them, the court, with great severity, said:

"There is not sufficient evidence to convict you, but if any one wishes to know my opinion of you I hope that you will refer to me."

Next day the firm's advertisement appeared in every available medium, with the following well displayed: "Reference as to probity, by special permission, the Lord Chief Justice of England." (1566)

Impulsiveness—See SUSPICION.

IMPURE THOUGHTS

A man went to his friend and asked the loan of a barrel. "Certainly," was the reply, "if you will bring it back uninjured." The man used the barrel to hold brandy until he could get certain bottles from the factory, when he filled them and returned the barrel to his friend. But the barrel smelled of brandy, and the owner sent it back with the request that it be cleansed. Boiling water was poured into the barrel, but it still smelled of brandy. Acids and disinfectants were put in, but the smell of the brandy could not be removed. It was left out in the rain, but all to no purpose; the smell of the brandy still remained. So it is with impure thoughts; when they are once admitted they remain and taint the whole life.—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (1567)

IMPURITIES

Should not men be as careful of the moral atmosphere of their lives as of the air in their rooms?

Mr. John Aitken, a well-known investigator of the atmosphere, made a series of experiments on the number of dust particles in ordinary air. His results show that outside air, after a wet night, contained 521,000 dust particles per cubic inch; outside air in fair weather contained 2,119,000 particles in the same space; that near the ceiling contained 88,346,000 particles per cubic inch. The air collected over a Bunsen flame contained no less than 489,000,000 particles per cubic inch. The numbers for a room were got with gas burning in the room, and at a height of four feet from the floor. These figures, tho not absolute, show how important is the influence of a gas-jet on the air we breathe, and the necessity for good ventilation in apartments. Mr. Aitken remarks that there seem to be as many dust particles in a cubic inch of air in a room at night when gas is burning as there are inhabitants in Great Britain, and that in three cubic inches of the gases from a Bunsen flame there are as many particles as there are people in the world.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.* (1568)

Impurities, Atmospheric—See SOOT.

Impurities Tested—See TESTS.

INADEQUACY OF NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGIONS

Dr. H. O. Dwight was telling us of a voyage that he took in the Levant with a Turkish official; and as they sat down in the cabin at the dinner table the Turkish official, inviting Dr. Dwight to drink with him, said: "You may think it strange that I, a Mohammedan, should ask you, a Christian, to drink with me, when wine-drinking is forbidden by our religion. I will tell you how I dare to do this thing." He filled his glass, and held it up, looking at the beautiful color of it, and said: "Now, if I say that it is right to drink this wine, I deny God's commandments to men, and He would punish me in hell for the blasphemy. But I take up this glass, admitting that God has commanded me not to drink it, and that I sin in drinking it. Then I drink it off, so casting myself on the mercy of God. For our religion lets me know that God is too merciful to punish me for doing anything which I wish to do, when I humbly admit that to do it breaks His commandments." His religion furnished this pasha with no moral restraints or power for true character.—ROBERT E. SPEER, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (1569)

Inattention Overcome—See RANK, OBSEQUIOUSNESS TO.

Inborn, The—See INNATE, THE.

Incantation — See BIRTH CEREMONIES; EXORCISM.

Incense—See OFFERINGS, EXTRAVAGANT.

Incentive—See HEAVEN.

INCENTIVES

The most interesting chapel in Italy is the *Santa Maria Novella,* in Florence. In this edifice is a famous picture. On the right-hand side is a female figure with three children at her knee; she is holding in one hand a little rod, and in the other a golden apple; and she is pointing to an exceedingly narrow door.

Yes, the gate of life is narrow, and rod and apple—chastisement and reward—are necessary incentives urging entrance. (Text.) (1570)

INCERTITUDE

The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* is responsible for the following story from Washington:

"Jadam," said Major McDowell, the clerk of the House of Representatives, to J. Adam Bede, of Minnesota, yesterday, "that was a fine speech you made to-day, a fine speech." "Yes, I thought it was a pretty good speech," Mr. Bede assented modestly. "It was an extremely fine speech. It was logical and had wit in it, and was delivered with great declamatory effect. I listened to it with much pleasure." "I am glad you liked it," chirruped Mr. Bede. "Indeed I did," the Major continued, "and now, if it *is* betraying no confidence, I'd like to ask you a question." "Why, my dear Major," exclaimed Bede, "of course I shall be glad to do anything I can for you. Go ahead." 'Well, Jadam," and the Major put a fatherly hand on Bede's shoulder. "I wish you would tell me which side of the question you are really on." (1571)

The representative of an English newspaper, sent some time since to Ireland to move about and learn by personal observation the real political mind of the people there, reported on his return that he had been everywhere and talked with all sorts, and that as nearly as he could make out the attitude of the Irish might be stated about thus: "They don't know what they want—and they are bound to have it."—Joseph H. Twichell. (1572)

See Duality.

Incitement—See Inspiration, Sources of.

INCITEMENT

Very much of human discontent arises from first hearing our wrongs described by others:

Rufus Choate, the American lawyer, defended a blacksmith whose creditor had seized some iron that a friend had lent him to assist in the business after a bankruptcy. The seizure of the iron was said to have been made harshly. Choate thus described it: "He arrested the arm of industry as it fell toward the anvil; he put out the breath of his bellows; he extinguished the fire upon his hearthstone. Like pirates in a gale at sea, his enemies swept everything by the board, leaving, gentlemen of the jury, not so much—not so much as a horseshoe to nail upon the door-post to keep the witches off." The blacksmith, sitting behind, was seen to have tears in his eyes at this description, and a friend noticing it, said: "Why, Tom, what's the matter with you? What are you blubbering about?" "I had no idea," said Tom in a whisper, "that I had been so abominably ab-ab bused." (Text.)—Croake James, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (1573)

See Inspiration.

Incitement to Evil—See Responsibility Evaded.

INCONSISTENCY

An anonymous writer in *The Independent* tells the following story as illustrating Mr. Hearst's belief that "money will buy the fruit of any man's work":

Some time ago a young writer applied to him for employment on his New York newspaper, and was engaged to fill a position which would become vacant at the end of a week, but in the interval the fact came to the attention of a university professor who had always taken an interest in his advancement.

"I am sorry," said the good man, "that you should have chosen that particular school of journalism for your professional start." And he proceeded to descant upon the responsibility a journalist owed to society, the influence of one educated youth's example upon others of his class, the tone a writer inevitably took from the character of the journals he worked for, etc. "And your untarnished sense of self-respect, my young friend," he concluded, "will be worth more to you, when you reach my time of life, than all the salaries an unprincipled employer can pour into your purse."

So imprest was the neophyte with this lecture in morals that he called upon Mr. Hearst the next morning and announced that he had changed his mind about accepting the proffered position. The editor scanned his face shrewdly, and then inquired the reason. After much hesitancy the young man told him the whole story, and started to leave.

"Ah," said Mr. Hearst. "Be seated a moment, please!" And, turning to his secretary, he added: "Write a letter at once to Professor X. Y., present my compliments, and say that I should be pleased to receive from him a signed article of five hundred words—subject and treatment to be of his own choosing—for the editorial page of next Sunday's paper. Inclose check for $250.

"Now," he remarked, with a cynical smile, as he bade his caller good-by, "you can see for yourself what comes of that."

He did. The Sunday issue contained a signed article, which gave the paper the reflection of a good man's fame, and spread the influence of his example among other university professors, and—did what to his self-respect?—all at the rate of fifty cents per word! (Text.) (1574)

See INJUSTICE.

INCONSPICUOUS WORKERS

Most of this world's work is done by the people who will never be known. To every worthy worker, however, a mede of credit is due, and sometimes it finds recognition, as in the instance here recorded:

An officer who was at West Point a generation ago tells of the influence Miss Susan Warner had on the boys of the Academy in the '70's and '80's. "The Wide, Wide World," by Miss Warner, was a popular book then with the cadets' mothers, who would urge their sons to visit Constitution Island and write home a description of the author. So many boys would visit the Island. Every Sunday afternoon the Warner sisters would send their man-of-all-work in a boat to the Point to bring over a load of cadets. The boys would gather around Miss Susan as she sat on the lawn and listen to her read the Scriptures and explain them in a bright, cheerful view of religion and life. After the talks would come a treat of tea and home-made gingerbread. She was very delicate and frail and often her talks would completely exhaust her. She kept up correspondence with many of the visiting cadets long after they had become distinguished officers. Her last letter to one just before her death had a pathos known only to her cadet friends. It read: "I no longer have the strength to cross the river to meet the boys, and the superintendent we now have will not allow them to come to me, so my usefulness with them seems to be at an end." (1575)

Incorruptible, The—See PURITY.

Increase by Civilization—See CONSERVATION.

Increasing and Decreasing—See SELF-ESTIMATE.

INCREDULITY

Dr. W. H. Thomson, in his book on "What is Physical Life," says that "once, while talking to a roomful of the naturally bright people of a town in Mount Hermon about the achievements of Western civilization, I happened to tell a toothless old man present that in our country we had skilled persons who could make for him an entirely new set of teeth. Glancing round the room, I noticed some listeners stroking their beards in a fashion which I knew meant that I was telling a preposterous yarn. Fortunately I had with me an elderly Scotch friend who had a set of false teeth, and on explaining the situation to him, he forthwith opened his mouth and pulled the whole set out. The Arabs jumped to their feet in fright, not sure but he might start to unscrew his head next, for had any of their venerated ancestors ever seen such an uncanny performance with teeth? They afterward said that never would they have believed this if they had not seen it." (1576)

See CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION.

INDECISION

When the King of Sparta had crossed the Hellespont and was about to march through Thrace, he sent to the people in the different regions, asking them whether he should march through their country as a friend or as an enemy. "By all means as a friend," said most of the regions; but the King of Macedon replied, "I will take time to consider it." "Then," said the King of Sparta, "Let him consider it, but meantime we march, we march." (Text.) (1577)

See SENTIMENT, MIXED.

Indestructibility of Man—See MAN INDESTRUCTIBLE.

INDIA, MEDICAL OPPORTUNITIES IN

I wish it were possible for me to give you some idea of the amount of suffering and misery there is in India to-day; but I fear that I can not do it, for you have seldom been where you could not obtain the services of a good physician in time of need, or even be taken to a hospital, if it were desirable. But there are millions of people in India who have no such resources as that. Shall I tell you of a man who came to our hospital some time ago suffering from a cataract in one eye? He was an intelligent man, well educated, and he wanted to save his eyesight. He employed some of the native doctors to treat the eye, and when he came to us he said that he thought he had had at least twenty-five pounds of medicine put in his eye. That sounded like such a large story that we asked for the particulars, and I think he was about right. It was all to no purpose, however, so that he changed doctors and got a new remedy that was guaranteed. They opened his eye and sifted it full of pounded glass. If you have ever had a cinder in your eye, perhaps you can to some small extent imagine the agonies which that man endured before he came to us. That is not an uncommon case, and frequently when I go into the dispensary in the morning I find there mothers with their little children. They hold them out to me in their arms and say, "Won't you look at this child's eyes?" I say, "Well, mother, what is the matter with the eyes?" "Oh, about two or three weeks ago the child's eyes were red and it cried a little bit, and we tried to open them to see what was the matter, but the child made so much fuss we couldn't do anything. Now, they have been shut so long that we are afraid there is something the matter; we want you to look and see." I open those eyelids with my fingers; I know what I am going to see. The front part of the eyeball is gone—sloughed away, rotted out just in those few days. A few simple remedies, a little cleanliness at the proper time, would have saved those eyes, but often I have to say to those mothers, "Your child is blind for life." There are many thousands of such little children in India to-day sitting by the side of the road waiting for the coppers which the passer-by will fling to them, and which they must find by feeling around in the dust. It is a very common practise on the part of the native physicians to apply as a counter-irritant to the surface of the body a material which burns like a red-hot iron; and if you have burned your finger recently, you can imagine how it would be to be burned in stripes from the nape of your neck right down to your heels, or to have patterns worked on your body with that fiery material. If you have suffered recently from such a simple ailment as a toothache, imagine a land without any dentists or other means to relieve that ache. The tooth must ache in India, until nature brings its own remedy, and the tooth drops out.—A. S. Wilson, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906.

(1578)

Indian, The—See Conservation.

Indian, The Word of an—See Promise, an Indian's.

INDIANS, AMERICAN

"The 'noble' red man of traditional lore was usually a very low-bred, dirty savage, uninteresting except for his blood-thirstiness and capacity for rum and mischief." What education, mostly under government supervision, has been able to do with the Indian is shown in the extract:

Supt. Friedman of the Carlisle Indian School remarks that thirty years have elapsed since the first group of eighty-two Sioux Indians from the Pine Ridge and Rosebud Reservations of South Dakota arrived at Carlisle, Penn., to receive the benefit of a civilized education. Out of this beginning an elaborate system of Indian schools has grown, including 167 day-schools, 88 reservation boarding schools and 26 non-reservation schools, so that to-day 25,777 Indian students are being educated under the Government's immediate patronage, at a cost for the fiscal year 1909 of $4,008,825. The students in the contract schools and missions swell this total to 30,630. The Carlisle school, the largest of all, has an enrolment of 1,132, which is not much below the enrolment of Princeton College.—New York *Times*.

(1579)

Indians' Receptiveness to the Gospel—See Father, Our.

INDICATOR, AN INSECT

One of the simplest of barometers is a spider's web. When there is a prospect of rain or wind the spider shortens the filaments from which its web is suspended and leaves things in this state as long as the weather is variable. If the insect elongates its thread it is a sign of fine calm weather, the duration of which may be judged of by the length to which the threads are let out. If the spider remains inactive it is a sign of rain; but if, on the contrary, it keeps at work during the rain the latter will not last long, and will be followed by fine weather. Other observations have taught that the spider makes changes in its web every twenty-four hours, and that if such changes are made in the evening, just before sunset, the night will be clear and beautiful.—*La Nature.* (1580)

Indifference—See BALLOT, A DUTY.

Indifference to Strangers—See CONFIDENCE.

INDIFFERENCE TO THE GOOD

Zion's Herald prints this significant poem:

People tell the story yet,
With the pathos of regret,
How along the streets one day,
Unawares from far away,
Angels passed with gifts for need,
And no mortal gave them heed.
They had cheer for those who weep,
They had light for shadows deep,
Balm for broken hearts they bore,
Rest, deep rest, a boundless store;
But the people, so they say,
Went the old blind human way,—
Fed the quack and hailed the clown
When the angels came to town.

It has been and will be so:
Angels come and angels go,
Opportunity and Light,
'Twixt the morning and the night,
With their messages divine
To your little world and mine.
And we wonder why we heard
Not a whisper of their word,
Caught no glimpse of finer grace
In the passing form and face;
That our ears were dull as stones
To the thrill of spirit tones,
And we looked not up, but down,
When the angels came to town.

(1581)

INDIFFERENTISM

A German professor of theology is reported to have said in lecturing to his students on the existence of God, that while the doctrine, no doubt, was an important one, it was so difficult and perplexed that it was not advisable to take too certain a position upon it, as many were disposed to do. There were those, he remarked, who were wont in the most unqualified way to affirm that there was a God. There were others who, with equal immoderation, committed themselves to the opposite proposition—that there was no God. The philosophical mind, he added, will look for the truth somewhere between these extremes.—JOSEPH H. TWICHELL. (1582)

INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE

I met, the other day, a learned judge who told me that for more than twenty years he had met every winter, in his own library, once a week, a club of his neighbors, men and women, who came, and came gladly, that he might guide them in the study of history. "And all those people," said he, laughing—there are three or four hundred of them now, scattered over the world—"they all know what to read, and how to read it." You see that village is another place because that one man lived there.—EDWARD EVERETT HALE. (1583)

Individual Initiative—See NEED, MEETING CHILDREN'S.

Individual, Seeking the—See PERSONAL EVANGELISM.

Individual Value—See COLLECTIVE LABOR.

INDIVIDUAL, VALUE OF THE

This fine verse is from Canon Farrar:

"I am only one,
But I am one.
I can not do everything,
But I can do something,
What I can do
I ought to do
And what I ought to do
By the grace of God I will do."
(Text.) (1584)

Individualism—See INITIATIVE.

INDIVIDUALISM, EXCESSIVE

Haydon, the painter, was an ill-used man; but it was purely his own fault. He would paint high art when people did not want it—would paint acres of hooked-nosed Romans, and bore the public with Dentatus, Scipio and Co., when they wanted something else. He was like a man taking beautiful pebbles to market when people wanted eggs, and telling that they ought not to want eggs, because they led to carnality and had a nasty and disgusting connection with bacon. But people would not have it—eggs they wanted, and eggs they would have, how beautiful soever the pebbles might be. So with Haydon. He persisted that the people ought to have what they did not want, and he went from a prison to a lunatic asylum, and died a suicide.—George Dawson. (1585)

INDIVIDUALITY

Rembrandt paints all in a shadow, and Claude Lorraine in sunny light. Petrarch frames with cunning skill his chiming sonnets, and Dante portrays with majestic hand, that makes the page almost tingle with fire, his vision of the future. Shakespeare, with a well-nigh prescient intelligence, interprets the secrets of history and of life, and reads the courses of the future in the past, and Milton rolls, from beneath the great arches of his religious and cathedral-like soul, its sublime oratorios. And the copiousness of experience, the variety, affluence, multiformity of life, as it exists upon earth and arrests our attention, is derived altogether, in the ultimate analysis, from this personal constitution of each individual.—Richard S. Storrs. (1586)

Jesus said of the Good Shepherd, "He calleth his own sheep by name." We have each his own personal marks, and are never lost in the mass of humanity.

An inspector of police and, in general, every person unfamiliar with the application of the "verbal portrait," tho possessing the photograph of an individual, will pass by that individual without recognition, if the photograph is a few years old or if the general appearance has been altered by a gain or loss of flesh, or by a change in the beard or the hair or even the clothes. On the other hand, descriptive identification, which means an accurate description of the immovable parts of the face (forehead, nose, ears, etc.), enables those who are sufficiently familiar with the method to identify a person with certainty, not only with the aid of a photograph, but also simply by means of a printed description of those characteristics of the person in question which are out of the ordinary. (Text.)—L. Ramakers, *The Scientific American.* (1587)

No rainbow that paints its arch upon the cloud, no river that courses like liquid silver through emerald banks, no sunset that opens its deeps of splendor, with domes of sapphire and pinnacles of chrysolite, hath any such beauty to him who surveys it as the poem or discourse which speaks the peace, or the triumphing hope, of another human soul. For forever is it true that the life in each stands apart from the life in every other. It hath its center, tho not its cause, within itself; is full-orbed in each; commingled with that of no other being; as separate in each, and as purely individual, as if there were no other besides it in existence!—Richard S. Storrs. (1588)

Students of social phenomena must allow for the personal equation. Men are certainly as individual as birds:

Every bird sings his own song; no two sing exactly alike, . . . the song of every singer is unique. There are, of course, similarities in the songs of birds of the same species. . . . For lack of intimate acquaintance with the music of a particular bird, we think he sings just like the next one. Why! do all roosters have the same crow? No; any farmer knows better than this. . . . Every individual sings his own song. (1589)

See Originality; Personal Element.

INDIVIDUALITY IN INTERPRETATION

On the question as to how far it is permissible for the actor's own personality to enter into his interpretation of Shakespearian characters, Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree said:

"Certain it is that while the actor's self-suppression is among the most essential factors of success in his art, so also his own individuality, his own personality—in a word, his humanity—are all-important. I mean, you can not imagine a characterless person playing the great characters of Shakespeare. You say: 'Oh, it doesn't matter! Shakespeare has taken care of all that!' 'Yes,' I reply, 'but it requires individuality to interpret individuality—power, force, character, to realize the creations of the master brain.' Nothing else than individuality will make the humanity of these characters stand out sharp and clear from the mass of humanities grouped behind it." (Text.) — *The Fortnightly Review.* (1590)

Individuality in Nature—See Animism.

INDIVIDUALITY OF GERMS

Change is stamped upon life, but according to science, the opposite also is true. Life, in its minutest subdivisions, is true to itself. It knows no variation nor shadow of turning. Dr. Stirling remarks concerning protoplasm:

> Here are several thousand pieces of protoplasm; analysis can detect no difference in them. They are to us, let us say, as they are to Mr. Huxley, identical in power, in form, and in substance; and yet on all these several thousand little bits of apparently indistinguishable matter an element of difference so pervading and so persistent has been imprest, that of them all, not one is interchangeable with another! Each seed feeds its own kind. The protoplasm of the gnat will no more grow into the fly than it will grow into an elephant. Protoplasm is protoplasm; yes, but man's protoplasm is man's protoplasm, and the mushroom's the mushroom's. (1591)

INDIVIDUALS, GOD'S CARE OVER

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was in Washington and brought a case of need before a distinguished Senator, who excused himself, writing that he was so taken up with matters of wide public interest that he could not look after individual cases. Mrs. Howe wrote in her note-book that "at last accounts the Lord God Almighty had not attained to that eminence." (Text.)—Franklin Noble, "Sermons in Illustration." (1592)

Indolence Forerunner of Dishonesty—See Dishonesty.

INDORSEMENT

Old Gorgon, apropos of letters of introduction, hands out a whole string of neat conclusions. "Giving a note of introduction is simply lending your name with a man as collateral, and if he's no good you can't have the satisfaction of redeeming your indorsement even; and you're discredited. . . . I reckon that the devil invented the habit of indorsing notes and giving letters to catch the fellows he couldn't reach with whisky and gambling." — George Horace Lorimer, "Old Gorgon Graham." (1593)

Industrial Church Training—See Practise and Industrial Training.

INDUSTRIAL TRAINING

The boy utterly unable, even if he were studious, to keep up in book knowledge and percentage with the brighter boys, becomes discouraged, dull, and moody. Let him go to the work-room for an hour and find that he can make a box or plane a rough piece of board as well as the brighter scholar, nay, very likely better than his brighter neighbor, and you have given him an impulse of self-respect that is of untold benefit to him when he goes back to his studies. He will be a brighter and better boy for finding out something that he can do well.—*American Magazine.* (1594)

INDUSTRY AND LONGEVITY

Capt. Robert McCulloch, who was elected president of the United Railways Company at the age of sixty-seven, was asked recently why he does not retire and live comfortably on his income. As general manager of the $90,000,000 corporation, Captain McCulloch is frequently at his office at 5 A.M. and remains until late in the evening.

"I had a friend once," said Captain McCulloch, answering the inquiry, "who started in life in a very modest way. He sold railway supplies, and to help him along I bought some of his goods. Eventually he branched out, became the general manager of a railway-supply house, and in time got rich.

"I met him two weeks before his fiftieth birthday. He told me he had acquired a competency, having several hundred thousand dollars invested in gilt-edged securities, besides his magnificent home in Chicago, and that on his fiftieth birthday he was going to retire and enjoy life.

"Just a year later I received his funeral notice. If he had kept on working like I have, he would be living yet. Work is necessary to enjoyment, good health, and length of days. That's why I don't quit. I prefer to live a while longer, and know I would die if I quit."—St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.* (1595)

INDUSTRY OF BEES

It is estimated that, to collect one pound of honey, 62,000 heads of clover must be deprived of their nectar, necessitating 3,750,000 visits from bees. It would seem from this that the reputation of the wonderful little insect for industry has not been overrated. Wax is a substance secreted by the bees, and is analogous to the fat of higher animals. To produce a single pound of wax, the bees must consume from fifteen to twenty pounds of honey. This expensive substance is used by the thrifty little insects with the greatest economy. (Text.)—*Public Opinion.* (1596)

INDUSTRY OF BIRDS

"Our hours," said a nature student, "are nothing to the birds. Why, some birds work in the summer nineteen hours a day. Indefatigably they clear the crops of insects.

"The thrush gets up at 2:30 every summer morning. He rolls up his sleeves, and falls to work at once, and he never stops until 9:30 at night. A clean nineteen hours. During that time he feeds his voracious young two hundred and six times.

"The blackbird starts work at the same time as the thrush, but he 'lays off' earlier. His whistle blows at 7:30, and during his seventeen-hour day he sets about one hundred meals before his kiddies.

"The titmouse is up and about at three in the morning and his stopping time is nine at night. A fast worker, the titmouse is said to feed his young four hundred and seventeen meals—meals of caterpillar mainly—in the long, hard, hot day."—*Green's Fruit Grower.* (1597)

INDUSTRY VERSUS IDLENESS

There was a great painter named Hogarth, who painted a series of pictures. The first of the series shows two lads starting in life as apprentices under the same master. They are about the same age, are equally clever, and have the same prospect of getting on. Yet in the other pictures, one apprentice, whose name is Tom Idle, is shown to neglect his work for bad company of every kind, gradually sinking from idleness into every crime. The other apprentice, Frank Goodchild, is depicted as always industrious and attentive to his business, and becoming prosperous and rich. Another picture shows that Tom has sunk into poverty and misery; another picture shows that Frank has become a great merchant. One of the last pictures shows Tom in the hands of the constables, brought before Alderman Goodchild, who is now high sheriff, and who is pained and distrest in recognizing his old fellow apprentice in the prisoner at the bar.—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (1598)

INEBRIETY, INCURABLE

Is the drunkard curable? Dr. Gill, a British expert, in a recent report says that mental recoveries in a considerable number never go beyond a certain point, and he classes nearly 50 per cent of his patients as higher-grade imbeciles, while many others are weak-minded and unable to work — perhaps congenital neurasthenics. He goes on to say:

Even in the smaller number classed as normal men, the mental recovery is very slow, so that the advertised methods of quick cure are fallacious. Notwithstanding the fact that men of great or average intelligence might be afflicted, most of our inebriates are congenital defectives—even the drunken genius is a warped mental specimen. The inebriety is a result of their condition and not a cause. How dishonest, then, it is, to hold out the promise of cure, as many of the sanatoriums do! The present trend of thought among lawmakers is in the direction of the confinement of inebriates for life, and it seems to be founded on sound pathologic findings. (1599)

INEQUALITIES

Twenty little maidens
  Sighing at a hop,
Wishing twenty fellows
  Would come there to stop.

Twenty dapper clerklings
  Sitting in a row,
Dipping pens in ink-stands,
  Much would like to go.

Ah! this world's an odd one,
  Things don't even up;
When we want a quartful,
  We only get a cup. (1600)

Inexperience Reenforced—See ENCOURAGEMENT.

INFANTICIDE IN CHINA

Missionaries see little bodies floating upon the scum of the ponds or thrown out by the roadside and half-eaten by the wolfish dogs. It is not necessary to open the little bundle of matting lying by the side of the city wall to know what it contains. Shanghai has its hexagonal tower into which their bodies can be cast. Nanking has its temple to which may be brought any little dead body which the parents care not to bury themselves. (1601)

INFIDELITY ANSWERED

While Ingersoll was still living, in answer to an inquiry by some of his students as to whether the arguments of Ingersoll are unanswerable, a college president answered them in the *Andover Review* as follows:

An infidel is an abnormal growth, and nature feels funny once in a while and creates a freak, *e.g.*, the living skeleton; the fat woman, the two-headed girl. So there is about one infidel to a million sane men. The most of these noisy fellows are amateur infidels. They talk Ingersoll in fair weather and pray themselves hoarse every time it thunders. A well-developed case of cholera morbus will knock their infidelity out of them, and leave them in a cold sweat like a china dog in an ice-house. I know them. The most of them are like the boy who runs away from home, and comes back to stay with his father nights. Then, again, boys, take a look around you when you invest another fifty cents to hear Ingersoll talk on "liberty," and compare the crowd with the kind of people you find in almost any church. Is it the odor of sanctity you smell? Hardly, boys, hardly. But you can eat peanuts there, and choke on the shells, while you applaud the funny jokes about heaven where you know in your hearts your dear mother is; or hear the humble Nazarene ridiculed, who, you think, and always will think, gave a home to your weary old father when he left the earth. (1602)

INFIDELITY REPULSIVE

The nurse who waited upon Voltaire, the French infidel, during his last hours, was requested a few months later to attend another infidel in the same city. Her answer was, "I would not wait upon another infidel for all the gold of Paris." All infidelity is repulsive. (Text.) (1603)

Infinitesimal, The—See Little Things.

Infirmity, Blind to—See Considerateness.

INFLUENCE

A little clock in a jeweler's window in a certain Western town stopt one day for half an hour, at fifteen minutes of nine. School-children, noticing the time, stopt to play; people hurrying to the train, looking at the clock, began to walk leisurely; professional men, after a look at the clock, stopt to chat a minute with one another; working men and women noted the time and lingered a little longer in the sunshine, and all were half an hour late because one small clock stopt. Never had these people known how much they had depended upon that clock till it had led them astray.

Many are thus unconsciously depending upon the influence of Christians; you may think you have no influence, but you can not go wrong in one little act without leading others astray.—Seattle *Churchman*. (1604)

See Individual Influence; Mother's Influence.

INFLUENCE, BAD

As these wild cattle mentioned below soon demoralize the domestic herds, so one or two wild youths may draw away many others from safe paths.

Much has been written lately about wild horses infesting certain mountain ranges of the West and menacing the interest of stockmen. A report from a district in the Shasta National Forest of California states that wild cattle have become a nuisance.

These animals are the descendants of domestic cattle, but having run without restraint for several generations, have become as wild as deer. Stockmen will not apply for ranges infested by these cattle, since tame cattle soon adopt the habits of their wild relatives and become equally as unmanageable. It is impossible to gather young stock in the fall, which have run with these animals even for a season.

The majority of the stockmen desire to shoot them, but certain mountain-dwellers claim them, and shoot an occasional one for winter beef. The forest officers will, in conjunction with the stockmen interested, investigate the matter, and decide upon some plan of ridding the forests of this pest. (1605)

INFLUENCE, CORRUPT

An American traction-owner, visiting St. Petersburg, was imprest with the inadequacy of the horse-car service and employed engineers to work out a modern system. Failing to make an impression on the local officials, he had abandoned the plan when he fell in with a clever Russian who assured him that his ignorance of the ways of the country was responsible for the failure, and offered to engineer the deal for a part interest in the company. The first step was to purchase, for several thousand rubles, the sympathy and support of a certain *danseuse* of the capital. Everything went smoothly and Witte, the Czar's Prime Minister, finally wrote a report recommending the scheme, and the Czar endorsed on the document: "I approve this in every particular." Thereupon an American rival attempted to blackmail the successful franchise-holder. When the man refused to be held up the rival set various influences at work. A few days later Plehve handed the Emperor a report condemning the traction scheme and favoring its annulment, across which Nicholas wrote: "I approve this report in every particular." Horse-cars still operate in St. Petersburg. (Text.) (1606)

INFLUENCE, ENDURING

Whitefield's influence resembles the gale sweeping over the surface of the sea. The effect is instant, and visible to every sense. But of Wesley's work the true symbol is the coral reef, built up slowly, and cell by cell, in the sea depths, over which the soil forms, and on which great cities will rise and unborn nations will live. The one stirred the surface; the other built up from the depths, built deeply, and built for all time.—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (1607)

See GREATNESS APPRECIATED.

INFLUENCE OF SONG

It was sunset, and a number of girls, some of whom were Sunday-school teachers, were singing at their work in a certain factory Bishop Doane's verses beginning,

"Softly now the light of day,"

to the tune of "Holley," when a Christian woman who was visiting the factory was shown the singing girls through an opened door. On being told that the singing was now a regular custom with the girls, she asked, "Has it made a difference?" Said the superintendent who was escorting her around, "There is seldom any quarreling or coarse joking among them now." (1608)

INFLUENCE, PERSONAL

Embury was one of a group of Irish-German emigrants to the United States in 1764. He settled in New York, but lacked courage to begin religious work there, and by a natural and inevitable reaction his own religious life began to die. Another party of these German-Irish emigrants, from the same neighborhood, landed in New York the next year. Among them was Barbara Heck, a peasant woman of courageous character and an earnest Methodist. Her zeal kindled in womanly vehemence when she found the first party of emigrants had practically forgotten their Methodism. A familiar but doubtful story relates how she went into a room one day where Embury and his companions were playing cards. She seized the pack, threw it into the fire, and cried to Embury: "You must preach to us or we shall all go to hell together; and God will require our blood at your hands." "I can not preach," stammered the rebuked man, "for I have neither chapel nor congregation." "Preach in your own house," answered Barbara Heck, "and to our own company." And so the first Methodist sermon in America was preached under a private roof and to a congregation of five persons.—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (1609)

INFLUENCE, PERVERTING

The Carnegie Institute has built and fitted out the auxiliary steamer *Carnegie* to investigate the magnetic phenomena of the earth. The ship was specially designed so as to contain less than six hundred pounds of steel or iron, which would tend to deflect her compasses and interfere with the accuracy of her magnetic instruments. What is not built of wood is made of Victor vanadium bronze.

It would aid men in the guidance of their lives if, in a similar way, they could eliminate from the mind and character all those elements that pervert the will and affections toward evil. (1610)

INFLUENCE, POSTHUMOUS

The good or ill of a man's life has the habit of following after him, even tho his efforts have ceased in death. The power of influence which visibly abides is illustrated by a writer who describes the tracks of ships at sea being visible by the smooth wakes of oil they leave behind them, long after they have disappeared:

I have frequently seen such tracks as Franklin observed out at sea, and have climbed to the masthead in order to sight the ship that produced them without seeing her. Several of such smooth, shining tracks have been observed at the same time, but no ship visible, and this in places where no sail has been seen for days before or after. (1611)

It is being said by many that the present prohibition condition in Georgia is due largely to the work of Sam Jones. He died October, 1906. Thinking that he was out of the way, the liquor men of Bartow County, in June of the following year, determined to call a new election under the local option law. It seemed to them that they could now win with Sam Jones eliminated. The anti-liquors also went to work and did all they could, but were not overconfident of victory. The result was astonishing. The vote, approximately, was eighty-five for the liquor men and 1,686 "for Sam Jones and prohibition." His name had been mounted on the ballots, and it had worked like magic. This news gave courage to other counties and one after another banished liquor, till the whole State shook off the monster. Is there anywhere a more striking example of the influence of the good man who keeps pegging away? A good life can never die. (Text.) (1612)

Influence, Unconscious—See CONSISTENCY.

INFLUENCE, UNNOTICED

Wesley declares that he owed his conversion to the teaching of Peter Bohler. What, then, exactly was that teaching? Bohler did unconsciously the supreme work of his life during these few days in London and at Oxford when he was conversing with Wesley. The humble-minded Moravian, wise only in spiritual science, touches Wesley—and then vanishes! But he helped to change the religious history of England, little as he himself dreamed of it.—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (1613)

Influences—See ENVIRONMENT.

Information, Misleading—See HOLDING THEIR OWN.

Information, The Passion for—See BOOK-STUDY.

INGENUITY

To enlist rats in the construction of telephone systems may sound empirical to the electrical engineer, but the familiar pest has been found a valuable assistant in this work. To stimulate, however, it is necessary to introduce his traditional enemy, the ferret. Then the process is simple. The subterranean tubes for the reception of the cables having been laid, a rat is let loose at the starting-point. Having run a little way, a trained ferret, with a string to his leg, is turned in after him. The tubes run into manholes at intervals, and the rat, furtively glancing back, sees the glaring eyes of his archfoe rapidly approaching. By the end of the section of tube the rat is either overtaken or falls into the manhole, and then another rat is requisitioned to run the next block. At the end of each section the string is removed from the ferret's leg, and a small rope, which is then attached to the other end of the string, is hauled through.—*Sound Waves.* (1614)

During some recent investigations of spider life a Washington scientist gained some interesting knowledge concerning the ingenuity of a spider.

It had become necessary in the course of the experiment to employ a basin wherein a stick was fastened upright like a mast. Enough water was placed in the basin to convert the little stick into the only point of safety for the spider.

The spider was placed on the mast. As soon as he was fairly isolated he anxiously commenced to run to find the mainland. He would scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run around the stick to try the other side, and then run back to the top.

As it very soon became plain to the spider that his position was an extremely delicate one, he sat down to think it over. Suddenly he seemed to have an idea. Up he went, like a rocket, to the top of the mast, where he began a series of gymnastics. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned round many times. By this time he was thoroughly excited, much to the perplexity of the scientist, who began to wonder what the spider had discovered. Finally, it was apparent that the clever little fellow had found that the draft of air caused by an open window would carry a line ashore whereby he could escape from his perilous position.

Accordingly he pushed out a thread that went floating in the air, and lengthened and lengthened until at last it caught on a nearby table. Then the ingenious spider hauled on his rope till it was tight, struck it several times to ascertain whether it was strong enough to hold his weight, and then walked ashore. The scientist decided that he was entitled to his liberty.—*Harper's Weekly.* (1615)

Haydn and Mozart were great friends. When either had composed a masterpiece, the other was invited to the house of the composer to enjoy the first sweetness. The following story is from *The Boy's World:*

It chanced to be Haydn's turn, and Mozart came full of expectation. Contrary to custom, Haydn invited his guest to give his interpretation of the theme instead of playing it over himself. Much pleased at the compliment, Mozart played brilliantly, for the work was beautiful and his musician's soul was stirred. Suddenly he halted and looked across the piano at his friend.

"There's a mistake here," he said, "a passage written for three hands would be impossible for a soloist. Of course, those notes must come out.

"Oh!" said Haydn, quietly, "I can play it."

Mozart laughed. "My friend, you have not three hands."

"Perhaps not," answered Haydn, with a quiet smile. "Nevertheless, I contend that I can play the passage, otherwise I would not have written it."

"A challenge!" cried Mozart. "Prove your word."

He yielded his place at the piano.

His excitement rose as Haydn reached the disputed passage, when, to his amazement, the composer brought his nose to the keyboard, and the notes rang out clear and true. (1616)

INGRATITUDE

On the plains and along the broad bottoms of the Missouri River are the colonies—often a community of many members, with villages of wide extent—of the American marmots, or prairie-dogs. Merry, cheery, chipper little fellows these gregarious villagers sit on the mound above or beside the open door that leads to their comfortable subterranean dwellings, and hold converse in short not unmusical barks, each greeting his neighbor and rejoicing in the sunshine. But into the sanctity of the home which he and his have constructed with much labor, the burrowing owl comes, uninvited, and becomes a tenant with a life lease, without so much as "by your leave"; and one of the most atrocious results of this swindling arrangement is that the dog (a strict vegetarian) finds that the owl, whose young shares the nest with the infant marmots, feeds upon them and rears its young upon the bodies of the children of its victimized landlord.—Mrs. M. J. Gorton, *Popular Science News.* (1617)

INHERITED PECULIARITIES

No study is more fascinating than the study of the laws of heredity. When a baby is born almost the first question is, "Whom does he resemble?" For months and years friends peer into the child's face to discover, if possible, the family likeness. It has its mother's eyes or its father's mouth. If no marked resemblance can be found, the comment is, "How singular that this child is unlike every one in the family." Resemblance is strange, but the absence of it is more strange. A physical feature appears and reappears for generations. A delicate ear, looking like a translucent shell, is exactly reproduced. In some instances a generation is skipt, and then the likeness comes out again. A faded portrait or a medallion two hundred years old is brought to light, and in it you see the young man who stands by your side looking at it. Appetite for strong drink is found to exist in a whole family. Many a son inherits from his father tastes which almost inevitably produce the habit of intemperance. One of the most fearful woes of drunkenness is that it is entailed, and may become more terrible in the son than it was in the father. Strong animal passions predominate in some families, so that the sins of the fathers are repeated in the sons and grandsons. The expressions "good blood," and "bad blood," bear testimony to these well-known laws. In view of these facts, the questions we ask are in substance the questions of the disciples, "Where does the responsibility rest? Is there any blame? Is there any release? What does the religion of Jesus Christ say to these undeniable facts? Can it do anything to change them?" Upon us, as we are, with our natural and inherited characteristics, Christ performs His saving work. And it is matter of common observation, as undeniable as the facts of which we have been thinking, that those who truly become the servants of Christ are changed in this very respect, that they obtain genuine control over their inherited faults.—George Harris, *Andover Review.* (1618)

Inharmony—See Duality.

Inhumanity—See Animals, Absurd Fondness for; Slave Trade, Atrocities of.

INITIATIVE

Charlotte Perkins Stetson writes of an experience in the following lines:

It takes great strength to train
To modern service your ancestral brain;
To lift the weight of the unnumbered years
Of dead men's habits, methods, and ideas;
To hold that back with one hand, and support
With the other the weak steps of the new thought.
It takes great strength to bring your life up square
With your accepted thought and hold it there;
Resisting the inertia that drags back
From new attempts to the old habit's track.
It is so easy to drift back, to sink;
So hard to live abreast of what you think.

But the best courage man has ever shown
Is daring to cut loose and think alone.
Dark are the unlit chambers of clear space
Where light shines back from no reflecting face.
Our sun's wide glare, our heaven's shining blue,
We owe to fog and dust they fumble through;
And our rich wisdom that we treasure so
Shines from the thousand things that we don't know.
But to think new—it takes a courage grim
As led Columbus over the world's rim.
To think it cost some courage. And to go—
Try it. It takes every power you know.
(1619)

INITIATIVE, LACK OF

That which is recorded of the telephone girl below is true of great numbers of both sexes in every walk of life. Patients in hospitals soon learn that "trained" nurses will never willingly do anything outside the routine of their directions, which they take mostly from the bulletin-boards. It is said of some physicians that they would prefer that their patients should die regularly rather than get well under an unaccredited practitioner.

A Philadelphia telephone girl refused to make connection with the Fire Department because the man at the other end of the line had not the necessary nickel to put in the slot. At the Earlswood Idiot Asylum, England, we saw several idiots who had been trained to "self-support under direction," but they had no power of self-reliance; indeed, the superintendent informed us that up to that time there had been quite a number who could automatically do things after much training, but only three in the history of the institution (which was then comparatively young) had been trained to be self-reliant. A reasonable amount of common sense ought to be required of telephone girls or men. This girl's stupid blunder nearly cost a life. (1620)

INJUDICIOUS KINDNESS

Men ought not only to be kind and friendly, but to be judicious in the way they manifest their regard.

At the camp-fire and dinner of the Eleventh Army Corps in New York recently, Gen. James Grant Wilson, as reported in *Tobacco,* told how General Grant became the inveterate smoker that he was. He said that after the Fort Donelson fight the newspapers all over the North were filled with the story of how the silent captain had fought that fight with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. "Up to that time," said General Wilson, "General Grant never smoked more than two cigars a day in his life. When the people of the North found that their commander evidently liked cigars, loyal souls from every great Northern city sent in cigars to Grant's headquarters until he had piled up in his tent 20,000 cigars. He felt that it would not be polite to return them or to give them away, so the only thing to do was to smoke them. That was the beginning of it, and it ended with the smoking of something like a bunch of cigars every day." (1621)

Injurious, The, Made Valuable—See Profit from Pests.

INJURY TO SELF

John Chrysostom, from a little town in the Taurus Mountains named Cucusus, to which he had been banished by Arcadius, addrest a treatise to Olympias entitled, "None Can Hurt a Man Who Will Not Hurt Himself." Later, dying from cruel exposure, the last moments of this holy man were spent in praising God and admonishing his companions, and his last words were, "I have never been hurt, because I have not hurt myself." (Text.) (1622)

INJUSTICE

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, in *The Survey,* tells of a visit he made to a refined and lovely home in a large city in the East:

The people in that home were wealthy, and undoubtedly sincere in their self-righteousness; and in the happiness they found in the little charities they provided for the children of the workers in the mills and mines near by. The fathers earned $1.50 a day, worked long hours, shared all the hazards of their employment. My ten years' experience in juvenile court work compelled me to admit that the powers that made valuable the stocks and bonds whence the wealth of this home came would be arrayed against any measure in the Legislature that would do economic justice to the parents of these children. It seemed strange to me that our kind-hearted, wealthy family, with morning prayers and regular church attendance, could not see something in the teaching of the Master beyond the kind of charity I have mentioned. I could not help but find a real meaning in some of the platitudes; "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none"; "Bear ye one another's burdens"; "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil"; "Thy kingdom come—on earth." How much was there of the real doing of the word? How well was it understood? (1623)

A California paper recently said:

Eight years in prison for stealing eight copper cents from an Oakland store was the punishment dealt out to George Gron, who with a companion entered the store. Gron pleaded guilty. This sentence is in startling contrast to a year and a half given to J. Dalzell Brown, who wrecked the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company and robbed 1,200 depositors of nearly $9,000,000. Brown was tried only on one count, and he is now in charge of a deputy, enjoying the holidays because of his promise to give testimony against others in the bank wreck. All the other indictments against Brown have been dismist. (1624)

See WOMEN, INJUSTICE TO.

Innate Receptivity to Evil—See DISEASE, CAUSES OF.

INNATE, THE

As in the case of the little girl mentioned below, we have to guard, not alone against the acts of evil men, but against what is in the men themselves:

"Come on! come on!" said a gentleman to a little girl at whom a dog had been barking furiously. "Come on! he's quiet now."

"Ah, but," said the little girl, "the barks are in him still." (1625)

INNER LIFE

I was lately in a grove where a number of large sycamores were shedding their bark; at least three layers of the bark showed plainly, the coarse outer bark brown, but this shed in large spots or blotches, exposing the white inner bark, so well known in this great tree; but this also was peeling up, and falling here and there, and showing the clear, green inmost bark of the tree; the outer layers ripening, drying, dying, and falling off, but the inmost bark strengthening and renewing itself day by day.

But I was imprest with the fresh, wholesome look of these sycamores. Many trees of that name seem dying; not so those where the decaying outer bark was loosening and dropping, while the fresh young inner bark was coming out to take its place. I never saw healthier trees. They certainly were not hide-bound. I believe the quick dropping of the old bark gave the vigorous inner bark a chance to come out and strengthen, just as we know trials and afflictions often bring out the inner life in beauty and strength—FRANKLIN NOBLE, "Sermons in Illustration." (1626)

Inner Strength — See REPUTATION AND CHARACTER.

INNER VALUES

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.
—LONGFELLOW.
(1627)

Innocence—See CIRCUMSTANCES.

INOCULATION

Jesus taught that human lives can be redeemed from sterility to fruitfulness, by an infusion of diverse life. Why should not this principle be even more valuable in morals than in nature?

"To inoculate sterile ground and make it bring forth fruit in abundance is one of the latest achievements of American science," says G. H. Grosvenor in *The National Geographic Magazine.* "Some of man's most dread diseases—smallpox, diphtheria, plague, rabies—have been vanquished by inoculation, and now inoculation is to cure soil that has been worn out and make it fertile and productive again. The germs that bring fertility are mailed by the Department of Agriculture in a small package like a yeast-cake. The cake contains millions of dried germs. The farmer who receives the cake drops it into a barrel of clean water; the germs are revived and soon turns the water to a milky white. Seeds of clover, peas, alfalfa, or other leguminous plants that are then soaked in this milky preparation are endowed with marvelous strength. Land on which, for instance, the farmer with constant toil had obtained alfalfa only a few inches high, when planted with these inoculated seeds will produce alfalfa several feet high and so rich that the farmer does not recognize his crop." (Text.) (1628)

INSANITY

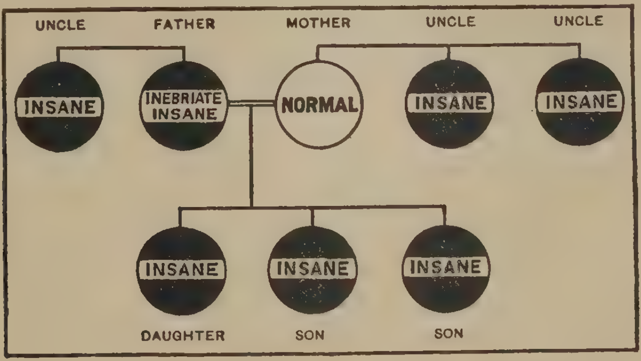
Felix was so crazed by sin as to be incapable of judging of Paul's sanity. Here is an analogy from nature:

The abominable Mexican plant known as the loco-weed has the peculiar property of making irrational both men and beasts who partake of it. Horses and cattle out on the prairies after grazing upon it go crazy, and a "locoed" pony will perform all kinds of queer antics. It is said that if a man comes under its spell he never regains his senses, the insanity produced by it being incurable. It is said that the loss of mind of the ill-fated Carlotta was no doubt due to the fact that some enemy drugged her with a preparation of loco, altho history has it that she went insane by reason of her husband's execution. (1629)

See Concert, Lack of.

INSANITY CURED

An instance of a family of insane dependents illustrates the operation of stress and strain to render a psychopathic family helpless and make it dependent upon the State. This family consists of an inebriate father who married a normal woman with two insane brothers. The father has an insane brother. From this union sprang three children, all of whom have been insane from time to time, and who alternated in residence at a State hospital as committed insane patients, joined at intervals by their uncles, and once by their father. The superintendent of the hospital retained the father in custody until he could put him in good condition, mentally, morally and physically, and discharged him in such form that for the first time in the recollection of the family he has been sober, industrious and kind. He has paid off a mortgage on the farm and is putting money in the bank. The conditions of this family are shown in above chart.



The two sons are working and there is an atmosphere of peace and happiness in the home. Two uncles remained under care, but all the members of one household are out of the hospital. If a wise hospital superintendent can solve such a difficult problem, the result can be duplicated in many instances by field physicians working in consonance with after-care people. Actual prophylactic work will be impossible under close medical and lay organization, and definite results be reached. The discharged patient will return to fewer difficulties. The improved environment will produce fewer patients.—ALBERT W. FERRIS. (1630)

INSANITY, STATISTICS OF

The United States Census gives the following facts about insanity in the United States:

Total Insane:
1890 In hospitals 74,028. Total 106,485.
1906 In hospitals 150,151. (Total not given).
1903 Males in Hospital 78,523
Females 71,628
Hospitals:
Public, 226; private, 102.

Twenty-two and one-half per cent. of the insane were persons in some out of door occupation and 16 per cent. in manufacturing or some indoor occupation, but the proportion in each case to the whole number respectively so employed is not given.

The percentage proportioned to population of whites is greater than of blacks. None of the insane reported were under twelve years of age. (1631)

Inscrutability of God—See GOD'S INSCRUTABILITY.

INSECT, A MODEL

Mark Isambard Brunel, the great engineer, was standing one day, about three-quarters of a century ago, in a ship-yard watching the movements of an animal known as the *Teredo navales*—in English, the naval wood-worm—when a brilliant thought suddenly occurred to him. He saw that this creature bored its way into the piece of wood upon which it was operating by means of a very extraordinary mechanical apparatus. Looking at the animal attentively through a microscope, he found that it was covered in front with a pair of valvular shells; that with its foot as a purchase, it communicated a rotary motion and a forward impulse to the valves, which, acting upon the wood like a gimlet, penetrated its substance; and that as the particles of wood were loosened, they passed through a fissure in the foot and thence through the body of the borer to its mouth, where they were expelled. "Here," said Brunel to himself, "is the sort of thing I want. Can I reproduce it in artificial form?" He forthwith set to work, and the final result of his labors, after many failures, was the famous boring-shield with which the Thames tunnel was excavated. This story was told by Brunel himself, and there is no reason to doubt its truth. The keen observer can draw useful lessons from the humblest of the works of God.—New York *Ledger.* (1632)

INSECTS OF REMOTE TIMES

Discoveries in the coal-mines of central France have furnished by far the greatest advance that has ever been made in our knowledge of the insects which inhabited the world millions of years, as geologists believe, before the time when man made his appearance upon the earth. In that wonderful age when the carboniferous plants, whose remains constitute the coal-beds of to-day, were alive and flourishing, the air and the soil were animated by the presence of flies, grasshoppers, cockroaches, dragon-flies, spiders, locusts, and scores of other species which exist but slightly changed at the present time. But the insects of those remote times attained a gigantic size, some of the dragon-flies measuring two feet from tip to tip of their expanded wings. The remains of these insects have been marvelously preserved in the strata of coal and rock.—*Harper's Weekly.* (1633)

Insecurity—See HUMAN NATURE, INSECURITY OF.

INSENSITIVENESS TO BEAUTY

I remember walking at night with a good fellow by the side of a transparent sea; nothing was heard but the eternal murmur of the restless waters on the pebbles; a full moon was making a path of heavenly splendor across the waves. It was a night of supernatural beauty—a night in whose silence all the voices of the universe were speaking to the soul. His complaint was that there was no band. (Text.) (1634)

Insignificance—See RESOURCES, GOD'S.

INSINCERITY

There is no place where human nature can be studied to better advantage, or public opinion be more quickly ascertained, than in the office of a railroad president. It helps the railway president if he is also a politician and a man of the world. The experience tends to cynicism and cultivates the theory which gives too great prominence to the influence of association and point of view in fixing creeds, faiths, churchmanship and partizanship. The visitor always tried to make the president believe that he came for some other purpose than the real object of his mission. Why men believe they can succeed better in what they seek by this sort of fraud, is a mystery. The most curious exhibit is the man of many millions, who pretends that he wishes to consult you in regard to investments in the securities of your company, and ends by asking for a pass.—CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW. (1635)

Inspection, Careful Food—See BUYING, GOOD.

INSPIRATION

The following lines on "Inspiration" were penned by Bishop Doane, of Albany, N. Y.:

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision;
In heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,
With our lives uncarved before us;
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives, that angel vision. (1636)

Inspiration from Things Done—See ABILITY, GAGE OF.

INSPIRATION OF EVENTS

On the 19th of April, 1861, some of the enthusiastic Southern sympathizers of Baltimore, driven frantic by the passage of Northern troops through the city for the invasion of the South, attacked the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts volunteers with bricks and stones as they marched along Pratt Street to take the train at Camden Station for Washington. The soldiers, who were fully armed with Springfield rifles, fired upon the citizens, killing several and wounding many others, some of whom had taken no part in the affray, but were merely distant spectators.

When this news was flashed around the land, it reached a young Baltimorean, a professor in Poydras College at Pointe Coupée, one hundred and twenty miles above New Orleans. His heart fired with patriotic enthusiasm and the great thoughts that surged through his mind kept him awake all night. At dawn he sat down at his desk and wrote "Maryland, My Maryland." It was first published in the New Orleans *Delta*. In a few weeks it was copied by all the leading newspapers of the South, and James R. Randall, like Byron, awoke one morning and found himself famous. (1637)

INSPIRATION, SOURCE OF

A soul that is sensitive to truth is easily excited to emotion and incited to effort. Haydn, it is said, had his musical genius aroused by the brilliancy of a diamond ring he wore, the gift of Frederick the Great.

We confer a greater blessing on our fellow men when by any act, or even by any look, we draw out what is in them, than when we bestow any gift or favor upon them. (1638)

The famous operatic composers had different methods of getting inspiration for their immortal compositions. One could not write the score unless he had a cat upon his shoulders. There are in his symphonies suggestions of an orchestra which every one of us born in the country recognizes as the familiar strain of a summer's night; another could stir his genius best at the billiard-table, and in his refrains is heard the rattling fire of the ivory balls; while a third, by walks in the woods and communing with nature, transferred to the orchestra and chorus the sublime secrets of creation.—CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW. (1639)

INSTABILITY

Society is curst with young men and women who are driven and tossed by every wind. I would as soon think of anchoring an ocean-liner to a fog-bank instead of a rock as to anchor a reform, a useful club, a great movement or church to their lives and leadership.—N. D. HILLIS. (1640)

INSTINCT

Man is gifted with the supreme endowment of reason. This marks humanity off from all the rest of the animal creation. But the Creator institutes a law of compensation. There are certain powers and faculties in inferior creatures which have never been evolved in man, and which are plainly evidences of supernatural power applied for the benefit of beings denied the prerogative of reason.

How does it come about that if a salmon is taken when only a few months old from its native fjord on the coast of Norway, and marked and then sent into the sea again, it may, after traversing the ocean for thousands of miles, be found again the next year in that same fjord? It has returned without fail to its birthplace. The reason is that God gave it a miraculous guide-book called instinct. How comes it that when, in a beehive, the temperature rises so that the wax might melt, every tenth bee glues its feet down to the board, and fans with its wings at a tremendous velocity as long as may be necessary? It is because God gave this little creature the same infallible guide-book. How is it that the same pairs of swallows return all the way from Africa to rear a fresh family in the same old nests under the eaves? It is because that same miraculous instinct led them unerringly. (Text.) (1641)

INSTINCT ADAPTED TO EMERGENCY

In guarding against evils should we not be as fertile in expedients to adapt our defense to the kind of weapons we possess as some cattle are:

The plainsmen on Western cattle-ranches have called attention to an illustration of the adaptability of animal instinct to emergencies.

The cattle of former days were of the long-horned kind. When the herd was threatened with an attack by wolves, the calves were placed in the middle of the bunch and the older animals formed themselves into a solid phalanx about them, all facing outward.

The cattle of to-day are largely hornless. If, as occasionally happens still, the herd is attacked by wolves, the calves are guarded as before, but the herd faces in instead of out. Their hoofs, not their horns, are now their weapons. (1642)

Instinct of Animals—See Faith Better Than Sight.

Instinct of Insects—See Shelter.

INSTINCT, THE HOMING

A well-known minister of Austin, Texas, retells a story which was related to him by a friend living in Lawrence, Massachusetts:

"He raised a dog, crossed with hound and pointer, and littered in Lawrence. When a year old he took the young dog to Boston, got on board of a sailing-vessel, went by sea and river to Bangor, Maine, drove forty miles into the woods at Cleveland's Camp and hunted there two weeks, the dog proving to be a great success for quick, fast runs and returns to camp.

"After the hunting was over and while on his back trip to Bangor, the dog jumped from the wagon into the bushes, having heard or smelled a deer, and went off on a hot chase. The boats ran only once in two weeks, so that, much as he valued the dog, it was necessary to go on. He took the boat at Bangor, returned by river and sea to Boston and back to Lawrence. About two weeks afterward the dog crawled into his yard, footsore and half-starved, but safe at home and glad to get back." (Text.)—*Harper's Weekly.* (1643)

See Direction, Sense of.

Instruction—See Food and Exercise.

INSTRUMENTS

When Saladin looked at the sword of Richard the Lion-Hearted, he wondered that a blade so ordinary should have wrought such mighty deeds. The English King bared his arm and said: "It was not the sword that did these things; it was the arm of Richard." (1644)

INSTRUMENTS, IMPORTANCE OF GOOD

Dr. Z. F. Vaughn, well known in medical and scientific circles, has perfected a process for tempering to the hardness of steel the ductile metals, gold, silver and copper. Already Dr. Vaughn is manufacturing a large number of gold-bladed scalpels, probes, hypodermic and suture needles and other surgical instruments. These are replacing similar articles of steel.

The sharp edge of a gold blade is almost perfectly smooth; that of steel, no matter how fine the edge, is rough and saw-like. Because it is porous, the steel blade has never made a perfect surgical instrument. In the meshes of that metal may be hidden the infinitesimal germs of a virulent disease, or there may be a rust spot so tiny that it could not be discerned by the surgeon, but which might be sufficient seriously to poison the tissues in which the knife makes a wound, resulting in blood-poisoning that would cause death. In gold, being dense, this danger does not exist, and gold does not rust.

Besides, the gold blade divides evenly the flesh or tissue which it cuts; the steel blade really saws or tears its way through. Therefore, even when there is no infection, the wound made with a steel instrument does not heal nearly so readily as that made with gold. Another feature of a gold blade is that the wound which it makes leaves no scar. (1645)

INSULATION

In 1846 Werner Siemens, of Berlin, discovered the non-conducting properties of gutta-percha. He coated several miles of copper wire with gutta-percha, and submerged it in the Rhine from Deutz to Cologne. Electric communication was thus established beneath the water from shore to shore. In 1850 a submarine cable was laid across the English Channel from Dover to Cape Grisnez. It consisted of a half-inch copper wire covered with nothing but gutta-percha, and loaded with lead to keep it down. The communication was perfect for a day, and then the wire refused to act. The electrical engineers were unable to explain the facts. At last the mystery was dissipated by a fisherman. A French fisherman set his trawl off Cape Grisnez. When he hauled it in, he picked up the submerged cable, from which he cut off a piece. This piece he carried in triumph to Bologne, where he exhibited it as a specimen of rare seaweed with its center filled with gold. The ignorant man had mistaken the copper wire for gold, but unwittingly he had served the electricians. They saw from the accident that it was not sufficient perfectly to insulate the cable, but that it must also be protected. In 1851 there was laid across the Channel a cable twenty-four miles long, consisting of four copper wires, insulated by gutta-percha, covered with tarred yarn, and protected by an outer covering of galvanized iron wires. That submarine cable proved a success, and ocean telegraphy became possible through an accident which compelled invention.—*Youth's Companion.* (1646)

INTEGRITY

Stephen V. White, a New York financier, became involved and only able to pay thirty-five cents on the dollar. His character for honesty and integrity was so established that his creditors gave him an absolute, legal release from an indebtedness of almost a million. Within about a year he repaid principal and interest.—James T. White, "Character Lessons." (1647)

INTEGRITY, EVIDENCE OF

Samuel Appleton, when twenty-eight years old, began the business of cotton manufacturing. He was incapable of anything indirect or underhand. He knew but one way of speaking, and that was to speak the truth. As an evidence of the way in which he was regarded: when a note purporting to be signed by him was pronounced by him a forgery, altho no one was able to distinguish one handwriting from the other, the jury found a verdict in his favor, because they were quite sure that Mr. Appleton would not dispute the payment except upon the certainty of his not making it.—James T. White, "Character Lessons." (1648)

Intelligence—See Knowledge Values.

INTELLIGENCE, ANIMAL

One of the many delusions engendered by our human self-conceit and habit of considering the world as only such as we know it from our human point of view, is that of supposing human intelligence to be the only kind of intelligence in existence. The fact is, that what we call the lower animals have special intelligence of their own as far transcending our intelligence as our peculiar reasoning intelligence exceeds theirs. We are as incapable of following the track of a friend by the smell of his footsteps as a dog is of writing a metaphysical treatise. (Text.) —W. Mattieu Williams, "Science in Short Chapters." (1649)

Intelligence in Creation—See Design in Nature.

Intelligence in Rooks—See ENEMIES, AVOIDING.

INTELLIGENCE IN SOLDIERS

The American Army is regarded as formidable because "its bayonets think." That they thought and acted to some purpose was shown in many exigencies of the Civil war, as the following, told by Gen. Carl Schurz:

One of General Butler's staff-officers told me a little story which illustrates the character of our volunteer regiments. When our troops took possession of Annapolis, there was but one locomotive in the railroad shop, and that locomotive had been partly taken to pieces by the "rebel sympathizers" of the place, in order to make it unfit for use. A volunteer regiment was drawn up in line, and men who thought themselves able to repair a locomotive were called for. A dozen or more privates stept forward, and one of them exclaimed: "Why, that locomotive was built in my shop!" In a short time the locomotive was again in working order. (1650)

Intelligence in Storks—See FAMILY OFFENSE IN STORKS.

INTELLIGENCE OUTDOING IGNORANCE

In Togoland there is a large tree which is worshiped by all the inhabitants as a god named Azago. He is the giver of children, and crops, and all blessings. No one is permitted to eat fresh yams until the priest of Azago announces that the god has partaken of them. A dreadful fatality will follow such a disobedience. One year a pupil in a mission school ate a yam before the appointed time, and his distracted parents looked for his death and for all calamities to come—but the boy prospered and grew fat, and none of his kindred died. The next year all the children of that mission school ate yams before permission was given by the priest of Azago, and none perished. The people wanted also to eat, but the priest warned them that the God of the mission schools was greater than Azago, so the mission children could eat yams with impunity, but not so the general populace. But from that time the power of the superstition declined, and recently when one of the priests died the elders decided to forsake Azago and serve the living, true God. (Text.) (1651)

INTEMPERANCE

Lilla N. Cushman furnished to the Chicago *Sun* a bit of verse for possible blackboard use on the wine glass:

There's danger in the glass! Beware
lest it enslaves. They who have drained
it find, alas! too often, early graves.
It sparkles to allure, with its rich, ruby
light; there is no antidote or cure,
only its course to fight. It changes
men to brutes; makes women bow
their head; fills homes with an-
guish, want, disputes, and takes
from children bread. Then
dash the glass away, and
from the serpent flee;
drink pure, cold water
day
by
day,
and
walk
God's footstool free.

(Text.)
(1652)

"Will alcohol dissolve sugar?"

"It will," replied Old Soak; "it will dissolve gold and brick houses, and horses, and happiness, and love and everything else worth having." (Text.)—Houston *Post*. (1653)

See BEER, EFFECT OF; DRINK, DRUNKENNESS; EVIDENCE, LIVING; INEBRIETY, INCURABLE; SIDE, CHOOSING THE RIGHT.

INTEMPERANCE IN OLD DAYS

When wooden ship-building was the staple trade of the river Wear, in England, says an English exchange, when an extra-sized ship was launched all the day-schools in the town got a holiday. It was on these occasions that the ship-builders provided an unlimited supply of beer to all comers, and it was a recognized rule of Wearside that members of the churches or chapel were privileged to get drunk without losing their membership. (1654)

In medieval times the farmers brewed good brown ale and took it to the churchyard in barrels, which were tapped on the spot. The neighbors then said to one another: "Come hither; there be a church-ale toward yonder." They paid for the beer, and the rector's churchwarden kept the tale of incoming moneys. Easter-ales, Whitsun-ales, church-ales, even bride-ales to help a penniless marriage—all were merry meetings in churchyard or church which all the inhabitants were bidden to attend at a charge of one penny. Tho they had grown to unruly revels, they were not finally supprest till the time of the Commonwealth.—EDWARD GILLIAT, "Heroes of Modern Crusades." (1655)

INTEMPERANCE IN SONS

Rev. W. F. Crafts says:

Recently, in a New England manufacturing city, we noted a change that bodes no good for business or politics or religion. We found that the old men who founded and developed the mills were all total abstainers and had been from youth, but their sons, who were succeeding to these great responsibilities, had nearly all of them come back from college with drinking habits. (1656)

Intemperate Living—See LONGEVITY ACCOUNTED FOR.

INTENSITY

In the concluding chapters of Ellen Terry's memoirs (*McClure's Magazine*), she writes of the last days of Henry Irving. The doctor had warned Irving not to play "The Bells" again after an illness that attacked him in the spring of 1905. He saw the "terrible emotional strain 'The Bells' put upon Henry"—how he never could play the part of *Matthias* "on his head," as he could *Louis XI*, for example. Miss Terry goes on in words almost implying that *Matthias* killed him. We read:

"Every time he heard the sound of bells, the throbbing of his heart must have nearly killed him. He used always to turn quite white—there was no trick about it. It was imagination acting physically on the body.

"His death as *Matthias*—the death of a strong, robust man—was different from all his other stage deaths. He did really almost die—he imagined his death with such horrible intensity. His eyes would disappear upward, his face grow gray, his limbs cold.

"No wonder, then, that the first time that the Wolverhampton doctor's warning was disregarded, and Henry played 'The Bells,' at Bradford, his heart could not stand the strain. Within twenty-four hours of his death as *Matthias*, he was dead." (1657)

INTENTION

While "we have this treasure in earthen vessels" we can never fully manifest the best that is in us. Benjamin R. Bulkeley tells us in the following verse that God knows how much better we intend than we can do:

There was never a song that was sung by thee,
But a sweeter one was meant to be.
There was never a deed that was grandly done,
But a greater was meant by some earnest one,
For the sweetest voice can never impart
The song that trembles within the heart.

And the brain and the hand can never quite do
The thing that the soul has fondly in view.
And hence are the tears and the burdens of pain,
For the shining goals are never to gain,
But enough that a God can hear and see
The song and the deed that were meant to be. (1658)

Interception—See INTERRUPTION.

Intercession—See SACRIFICIAL MEDIATION.

INTERDEPENDENCE

Every great newspaper periodically announces its dependence upon immature, half-grown boys, whose nimble steps and strident voices secure its circulation. The brain which forges the editorial, the skill which administers the counting-room, however great, imposing, or commanding, must doff its hat of necessity to the barefooted newsboy and confess its obligation to him in his obscurity for its chance to reach its constituency.—NEHEMIAH BOYNTON. (1659)

See SOLIDARITY; SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Interest in Religious Education—See ADAPTING THE BIBLE.

Interest, Intense—See BOOK, INFLUENCE OF A.

INTEREST, SIGNIFICANT

I have often been appealed to by friends, who said: "Can't you take this young man and give him employment?" Then I will watch that young man for a month or so and see what it is that he takes up in the morning. If he takes up the newspaper and turns to the political part of the paper, and is interested in that, why that is a good symptom of his intellectual tendencies; but if, instead of that, he takes up a magazine and sits down to read a love story, why you can not make a newspaper man out of him.—CHARLES A. DANA. (1660)

Interests, The Functioning of — See ATROPHY.

Internationalism—See STATESMANSHIP.

Interpretation and Individuality—See INDIVIDUALITY IN INTERPRETATION.

INTERPRETATION BY EXPERIENCE

A little boy who was born blind had an operation performed which enabled him to see. His mother led him out into the fields, and uncovered his eyes for the first time, and let him look upon the sky and trees and grass and flowers. "Oh, mother!" he cried, "why didn't you tell me it was so beautiful?" "I tried to tell you, dear," was her answer, "but you could not understand me."

So it is sometimes with great verses in the Bible. When we read them first or commit them to memory, we do not understand, but after, when they fit the heart life and our eyes are opened, we wonder at the beauty of them.—PHEBE PALMER. (1661)

Interpretation by Love—See LOVE, INTERPRETATION BY.

INTERRUPTION

It is to be feared that much of the force of God's spirit is cut off by the world's atmosphere before it reaches a soul that is immersed in worldliness:

The greatest difficulty in arriving at a correct conception of the amount of heat received from the sun lies in the fact that all such measures must be made at the earth's surface. Before reaching the apparatus the sun's rays pass through many miles of atmosphere; the heat and light are absorbed and only a small portion of the original energy of the rays actually reaches the surface and becomes effective in heating the water of our apparatus.—CHARLES LANE POOR, "The Solar System." (1662)

In "One Word More" Browning tells us that Dante "once prepared to paint an angel"; but "certain people of importance" broke in upon him, and so, much to the poet's and the world's regret, we can never see that angel he might have wrought.

Perhaps the very serious power of interruptions, and what we may call their irreligiousness, has been too little appreciated. Florence Nightingale recognized the possible harm done to an invalid by making any abrupt change in his condition. "You may suffocate him by giving him his food suddenly; but, if you rub his lips gently with a spoon, and thus attract his attention, he will swallow the food with perfect safety. Thus it is with the brain." Miss Nightingale adds acutely, "I have never known persons who exposed themselves for years to constant interruption who did not muddle away their intellects by it at last." (1663)

See HAPPINESS.

INTERVENTION, DIVINE

A large number of Russian criminals were standing in the courtyard of their prison, chained together, and about starting for their long journey to Siberia. Among them was one Christian Stundist, sharing their banishment because he had spoken to his fellow workmen about the faith in Christ he profest. His fellow prisoners were jeering him about it, saying: "You are no better off than we. You are wearing the bracelets (handcuffs) as we do; if your God is of any use to you, why doesn't he knock off your chains and set you free?" The man reverently replied, "If the Lord will He can set me free even now; and tho my hands are chained my heart is free." At that moment his name was called; a paper had just been received granting him a full pardon. He was then told to stand aside; his chains were struck off. At the same time the prison gates were thrown open and all the rest of the convicts filed out, the Stundist remaining behind with permission to return to his family and friends. It is said the prisoners were perfectly awestricken with what they had witnessed. Unknown to the Stundist, a Christian lady had obtained his pardon, and God had ordered its arrival at the critical moment. (1664)

But for the divine vigilance, an unseen Helper, what youth but would go down! In every hour when Achilles is about to be overborne by the number and strength of his enemies, Homer makes some goddess appear to lift a shield above the hero for protection. Again and again Thetis stands between her son and the enemy. Of your youth, how true it is that God hath interfered in your behalf!—N. D. HILLIS. (1665)

INTIMACY WITH CHRIST

When the great artist, Sir Alma-Tadema, was painting his "Heliogabalus," which made a sensation during its exhibition at the British Royal Academy, and in which roses are a prominent feature, he was in the habit of receiving from Italy a fresh box of roses twice a week, so that he literally and actually had a new model for every individual blossom.

If the painter must live in close and delicate touch with nature, much more must the messenger of Christ abide in direct communion with the Savior if he would catch the virtue, the color and the aroma of celestial things. (Text.) (1666)

INTOLERANCE

We should be thankful that such conditions as those described below no longer exist:

No religious meetings outside the ordinary services of the Church could be held without a license under the Toleration Act; and those taking part in such meetings, in order to secure the right to hold them, had to register themselves as Dissenters. This law extended to America, and so the first Methodist Church in the United States was adorned with that very unecclesiastical bit of architecture—a chimney. When a Methodist church was built it had to disguise itself as a house in order to secure the right to exist.—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (1667)

In a dark wood where wild beasts lived there once lay a man's boot. How it came there, I can not say, for no man had been there—at least the wild beasts had not seen one in all their lives. But there the boot was, and when the beasts saw it they all came round to find out what it was. Such a thing was quite new to them; but they were not much at a loss for all that.

"Well, there is no doubt as to what it is, I say," said the bear.

"Oh, of course not," said the wolf and the goat and all the beasts and birds in one breath.

"Of course," said the bear, "it is the rind of some kind of fruit off a tree—the fruit of the cork, I should say. This is cork, it is plain to see," and he showed the sole of the boot.

"Oh, just hear him! just hear him!" cried all the beasts and birds.

"It is not that at all," said the wolf, with a glance of scorn at the bear. "Of course it is some kind of nest. Look; here is the hole for the bird to go in at, and here is the deep part for the eggs and young ones to be safe. No doubt at all, of course not!"

"Oh, oh!" cried the bear and the goat and all the birds and beasts, "just hear what he says! It is not that at all."

"I should think not," said the goat. "It is quite a plain case. Look at this long root," and he showed the string at the side of the boot. "It is the root of a plant, of course."

"Not a bit of it," cried the wolf and the bear; "not a bit of it. A root? How can you say so? It is not that, we can all see."

"If I might speak," said an old owl, who sat in a tree near, "I think I can tell you what it is. I have been in a land where there are more of such things than you could count. It is a man's boot."

"A what?" cried all the beasts and birds. "What is a man? and what is a boot?"

"A man," said the owl, "is a thing with two legs that can walk and eat and talk, like us; but he can do much more than we can."

"Pooh, pooh!" cried they all.

"That can't be true," said the beasts. "How can a thing with two legs do more than we can, who have four? It is false, of course."

"Of course it is if they have no wings," said the birds.

"Well," went on the owl, "they have no wings, and yet it is true. And they can make things like this, and they call them boots and put them on their feet."

"Oh, oh!" cried all the beasts and birds at once. "How can you? For shame. Fie on you! That is not true, of course. It can not be."

"A likely story!" said the bear.

"Can do more than we can?" said the wolf.

"Wear things on their feet?" cried they all. "On the face of it your story is not true. We know that such things are not worn on the feet. How could they be?"

"Of course they could not," said the bear; "it is false."

"It must be false," cried all the birds and beasts. "You must leave the wood," they said to the owl. "What you say can not be true. You are not fit to live with us. You have said what you know is false. It must be, of course."

And they chased the poor old owl out of

the wood, and would not let him come back.

"It is true for all that," said the owl.

And so it was.—*The Nursery.* (1668)

INTRODUCTIONS

Some introductions to sermons, speeches, articles, etc., would gain if they were made as brief as the speech of this mayor:

"Long introductions when a man has a speech to make are a bore," said former Senator John C. Spooner, according to *The Saturday Evening Post.* "I have had all kinds, but the most satisfactory one in my career was that of a German mayor of a small town in my State, Wisconsin.

"I was to make a political address, and the opera-house was crowded. When it came time to begin, the mayor got up.

"'Mine friends,' he said, 'I have asked been to introduce Senator Spooner, who is to make a speech, yes. Vell, I haf dit so, und he vill now do so.'" (1669)

Intruders—See Ingratitude.

Intrusion—See Trivial Causes.

INTUITION

What is true in music, according to R. H. Haweis, is equally true of all intuitive processes:

To accompany well you must not only be a good musician, but you must be mesmeric, sympathetic, intuitive. You must know what I want before I tell you; you must feel which way my spirit sets, for the motions of the soul are swift as an angel's flight. I can not pause in those quick and subtle transitions of emotion, fancy, passion, to tell you a secret; if it is not yours already, you are unworthy of it. Your finishing lessons in music can do nothing for you. Your case is hopeless. You have not enough music in you to know that you are a failure. (1670)

INTUITIVE JUDGMENT

Mill cites the following case, which is worth noting as an instance of the extreme delicacy and accuracy to which may be developed this power of sizing up the significant factors of a situation. A Scotch manufacturer procured from England, at a high rate of wages, a working dyer famous for producing very fine colors, with the view of teaching to his other workmen the same skill. The workman came; but his method of proportioning the ingredients, in which lay the secret of the effects he produced, was by taking them up in handfuls, while the common method was to weigh them. The manufacturer sought to make him turn his handling system into an equivalent weighing system, that the general principles of his peculiar mode of proceeding might be ascertained. This, however, the man found himself quite unable to do, and could therefore impart his own skill to nobody. He had, from individual cases of his own experience, established a connection in his mind between fine effects of color and tactual perceptions in handling his dyeing materials; and from these perceptions he could, in any particular case, infer the means to be employed and the effects which would be produced.—John Dewey, "How We Think." (1671)

Invention—See Ambition.

Invention and Employment—See Value of One Man.

Inventions—See Labor-saving Devices.

Inventions, Worthless—See Disappointment.

Inventive Possibilities—See Future Possibilities.

INVESTMENT RETURN

The Rev. John F. Goucher established many vernacular Christian schools in the villages of India.

An American traveler in northern India, strolling on the platform when the train had come to a standstill, saw a native who drew near, eyed him closely, then fell before him, clasped him about the ankles, and beating his feet with his head, cried, "I am your servant, and you are my savior!"

The traveler bade the man get up and say what he had to say. The native at length exprest himself: "You are Dr. Goucher, of America, are you not? All that I am and have I owe to you. Hearing that you were traveling through on this train, I walked more than twenty miles just to see your train pass. Now God has let me look into your face."

Thousands of young Indians in the northwest provinces of India call themselves "Goucher Boys," and look upon a man in distant America, whom they have never seen, as their friend and emancipator.—William T. Ellis, "Men and Missions." (1672)

INVESTMENT, SAFE

One of the Copes had but just written his check for $50 for some local charity, when a messenger announced the wreck of an East Indiaman belonging to the firm, and that the ship and cargo were a total loss. Another check for $500 was substituted at once, and given to the agent of the hospital with the remark: "What I have God gave me, and before it all goes, I had better put some of it where it can never be lost." (Text.)—NOAH HUNT SCHENCK. (1673)

Invisible, Answers from the—See UNSEEN, RESPONSE FROM THE.

INVISIBLE, POTENCY OF THE

Material forces called battle-ships bulk larger, but the invisible spiritual forces go farther, last longer and make cannon seem contemptible and paltry. In cold countries men sometimes build palaces of ice for some public function. In the hour when beautiful women and brilliant military bands assemble for a winter festival, the water, manifest in blocks of ice, seems very imposing. But would you know the real power of water, wait until it becomes invisible. Then lift your eyes to the western sunset, where colors of gold and rose are revealed by this invisible vapor; watch the rain-drop redden in the purple flow of grape and the crimson drops of pomegranate, or see it tossed by a harvester in sheaves of grain. Then, in what water does through its invisible workings, do we know its place in nature and its contributions to man's happiness. (Text.)—N. D. HILLIS. (1674)

INVISIBLE, THE, MADE VISIBLE

On the brightest and sunniest day, millions of tons of black charcoal in an invisible condition are floating in the air. Millions of plants are at the same time restoring it to visible form by the chemical processes going on in the tiny laboratory of every leaf that expands in the sunshine. In the course of time the leaf or the wood it elaborates by its delicate alchemy, may be burned; and this cycle of change may go on indefinitely, the matter becoming visible and invisible again and again. (Text.)—*Popular Science News.* (1675)

In chemical operations, whether natural or artificial, matter is often "lost to sight"; but the veriest tyro has learned, as one of the fundamental axioms of science, that it can never be actually lost or destroyed. In its manifold mutations it often disappears from our vision; but it reappears, or can be made to reappear, as palpable to our senses as before. If a piece of silver be put into nitric acid, a clear and colorless liquid, it is rapidly dissolved, and we "see it no more." The solution may be mixed with water, and apparently no effect is produced. Thus, in a pail of water we may dissolve fifty dollars' worth of silver, not a particle of which can be seen. Not even the chemist, unless he should apply certain tests to detect its presence, would, by merely looking at the liquid, guess what hidden wealth it contained. Other metals, as we know, can be treated in similar ways with the same result. When charcoal and many other substances are burned, they disappear as completely, no visible ashes even being left from the combustion. In fact, every material, which is visible can, by certain treatment, be rendered invisible. Matter which in one state or condition is perfectly opaque, and will not permit a ray of light to pass through it, will in another form become perfectly transparent. The cause of this wonderful change in matter is utterly inexplicable.—*Popular Science News.* (1676)

The progress of science is fast bringing the hitherto invisible universe into man's view.

Unofficial announcement has been made at Boston that Prof. H. C. Ernst, of the Harvard medical school, has discovered a new method of photographing bacteria, which makes it possible to watch the life of disease germs, to watch the effect of medicine upon them and to see new facts as to the form which has heretofore been clouded in mystery. The Ernst method consists in the use of ultra-violet rays of the spectrum which are invisible to the eye. Under the present method no picture of germs is made until they are colored by chemicals. (1677)

Invitation—See HELP FOR THE HELPLESS.

Inward Rectification—See TRANSFORMATION BY RENEWING.

IRONY OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The fact is that the Carlyles habitually addrest one another with irony. It is no uncommon thing between intimates: it is rather a sign of the security of the affection which unites them. But if, by some unhappy accident, a third person who has no sense of humor hears this gay clash of keen words, and puts them down in dull print, and goes on to point out in his dull fashion that they do not sound affectionate, and are phrases by no means in common use among excellent married persons of average intellects, it is easy to see that the worst sort of mischief may readily be wrought.—W. J. DAWSON, "The Makers of English Prose." (1678)

IRRATIONAL LAWS

The law of imprisonment for debt, which existed so long in England, the land of freedom, whereby a creditor enforced payment of debt by imprisoning his debtor for unlimited periods, is perhaps the most irrational that ever existed. The purposeless cruelty of imprisonment for debt was demonstrated in 1792, when a woman died in Devon jail, after forty-five years' imprisonment, for a debt of £19. And when the Thatched House Society set to work to ransom honest debtors by paying their debts, they, in twenty years, released 12,590 at a cost of 45 shillings per head. (Text.)—CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (1679)

Irresolution—See HUMAN NATURE, INSECURITY OF.

IRRESPONSIBILITY

The spectacle of a $100,000,000 "trust" unable to get hay for its horses on credit was seen recently in Sault Ste. Marie, where the Consolidated Lake Superior Company went into liquidation. The liquidation resulted from the failure of the directors of this big concern to raise $5,000,000 to pay a loan from the Speyer syndicate.

"Here is a corporation which was paying seven per cent dividends, and which began two or three years ago with a capital of $102,000,000, so destitute of liquid assets or working capital that it can not pay a loan of $5,000,000, for which its very existence was pawned. Nothing appears to be left.

Lake Superior Consolidated, like all the other trusts, was organized under the Connecticut corporation act, which, like that of West Virginia, New Jersey, Delaware, and other States, was expressly drawn to relieve all concerned of responsibility. No one was responsible for anything in the prospectus. No one could be held, in the promotion or direction, for any statements, promises, or representations. The sidewalk vender is more responsible for the razors and remedies that he sells in the flare of his gasoline lamp than the promoters or directors of an American trust to which millions of dollars flow.—New York *American.* (1680)

IRRETRIEVABLE, THE

The people of Florence sent their great poet, Dante, into exile. He went into Ravenna, there died, and there was buried. After his death, Florence recognized how great this exiled son of hers had been, and begged his body from Ravenna, and could not get it. Ravenna would not part with it. Florence might have had it had she asked Dante to come back. (1681)

Irreverent Laughter — See LAUGHTER, PERILS OF.

IRRIGATION

Long have I waited their coming, the men of the far-lying mist-hills
Gathered about their fires and under the kindly rains.
Not to the blazing sweep of Thy desert, O Lord, have they turned them;
Evermore back to the mist-hills, back to the rain-kissed plains.

Long through the ages I waited the children of men, but they came not;
Only God's silent centuries holding their watch sublime.
Gaunt and wrinkled and gray was the withering face of Thy desert:
All in Thine own good time; O Lord, in Thine own good time.

Lo! Thou hast spoken the word, and Thy children come bringing the waters
Loosed from their mountain keep in the thrall of each sentinel hill.
Lord, Thou hast made me young and fair at Thine own waters' healing,
Pleasing and fair to mankind in the flood of Thy bountiful will.

Wherefore in joy now Thy children come, flying exultant and eager;
Now is thine ancient earth remade by Thy powerful word.
Lord, unto Thee be the glory! Thine is the bloom of the desert.
Hasten, O men of the mist-hills! Welcome, ye sons of the Lord! (Text.)

—McCREADY SYKES, *The Atlantic Monthly.* (1682)

Isolation, Fatal—See RESOURCES, EXHAUSTED.

Issue, A Consequential—See CONSEQUENCES.

J

JARS, DAILY

It is not often the great strokes of misfortune that break men down, but the daily wear and tear of small troubles. An editor writes thus:

A huge cart-wheel lies in the gutter near our office. The cart itself has been pulled with difficulty out of the way of the trolley cars. An axle has broken. And that axle! It is fully four inches in diameter and was originally forged of soundest steel. But as you look at the fragments of it wedged in the overturned hub you discover a peculiar condition. "The steel has been crystallized," the mechanic would explain. No sudden strain broke it, no tremendous wrench twisted the spindle from the beam. The ruin was wrought by the constant small jars of daily traffic. Rumbling over stones, bumping over crossings, scraping against curbs threw the atoms of steel in the axle out of cohesive harmony. Then came the one jar, no heavier than the others, that sent the load of coal into the street. (1683)

Jester, The—See HUMOR OVERDONE.

JESTING COMMENDED

It is wise to laugh, and Joe Miller is right when he says that the gravest beast is an ass, and the gravest man is a fool. This opinion of the famous jester is in accord with Plato, who is reported to have remarked to his friends, when their social enjoyment was occasionally intruded upon by the approach of some sedate wiseacre, "Silence, my friends, let us be wise now, for a fool is coming." Other notable characters, if not themselves witty, have sought relief from the strain of serious employment by a laugh and innocent merriment. Philip of Macedon, Sylla, the Roman dictator, Queen Elizabeth, and our own Abraham Lincoln, keenly enjoyed a good joke, while Julius Cæsar, Tacitus, Erasmus, and Lord Bacon compiled jest-books. So there is high authority for jesting, and a jest is merely petrified laughter—a laugh congealed into words, so as to be passed from mouth to mouth and handed down to further generations.—EDMUND KIRKE, *North American Review.* (1684)

JESTS, OLD

To Hierocles, who lived in the sixth century, is attributed a book called "Asteia," which contains twenty-one jests, the most of which are now alive, and passing themselves off as "real, original Jacobs." Among them is the man who would not venture into the water until he had learned to swim; the man whose horse died just as he had taught it to live without eating; the other who stood before the mirror with his eyes shut, to see how he looked when asleep; the other who apologized for a negligence by saying, "I never received the letter you wrote me"; the other who kept a crow expressly to satisfy himself if the creature did live to the age of two hundred years; and the old philosopher who carried a brick about as a specimen of the house he desired to sell. But, older than Hierocles—old as Horace—is the stupid fellow who, wanting to cross a stream, sat down upon the bank to wait for all the water to run by. The French king who said, "After me, the deluge," was thought to be original, but the phrase is found in the Greek of two thousand years ago; as is also the proverb, "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip," which was the appropriate inscription upon the drinking cup of a rich Greek. Every one knows the lady who insists that her age is but thirty, and whose friend asserts that he believes her, because he has heard her say so "any time these ten years." Bacon, in his "Apothegms," asserts that the same anecdote is told of Cicero.—EDMUND KIRKE, *North American Review.* (1685)

Jesus All Right—See CHRIST APPROVED.

Jesus as a Character-builder—See CHARACTER-BUILDING.

JESUS AS COMPANION

A missionary riding on horseback through one of the cotton States of the South came upon an old tumble-down cabin in the doorway of which stood a poor crippled negress. Her back was bent nearly double with years of hard work and her face was deeply wrinkled and her hair was white, but her two eyes were as bright as two stars. The man called out cheerily, "Good-morning, Auntie—living here all alone?" "Jes me n' Jesus, Massa," she replied with a bright smile. The missionary dismounted and went in for a little visit with her—and he said as he was riding away, and looked back for a last glimpse of the happy old saint, "It seemed as if he could see the form of one like unto the Son of God" standing by her side in the doorway of the poor little cabin. (1686)

Jesus as Guide—See GUIDE, THE PERFECT.

Jesus, Canceler of Sin—See CHRIST DESTROYER OF SIN.

Jesus Crowned with Thorns — See CHRIST'S FACE.

JESUS, GREATNESS OF

Recently a flower was exhibited that was grown in a cellar by acetylene gas. But let no man be anxious. The summer's sun is not seriously threatened by acetylene! The scientist knows that there is a large amount of condensed sunshine stored away in the acetylene that was released. There are a few soldiers of supreme genius that divide honors. There are a few poets of the first order of greatness. There are a few statesmen of equal rank. But Jesus is alone, one star, shining down upon the little hills.—N. D. HILLIS. (1687)

Dinocrates, a Macedonian architect, once proposed to carve Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander—the left hand to hold a city of 10,000 population, and the right hand to be a basin to receive the perpetual flow of the mountain and give it to the sea below. Jesus, a mightier architect, is carving all humanity into a kingdom that, like a stone cut out of the mountain without hands, shall fill the whole earth. (1688)

JESUS, SECOND COMING OF

In Venice stands a very beautiful monument, a pyramid of marble, in which lie the mortal remains of a little child. By the door stands a sculptured angel resting one hand on the door-latch, and holding in the other hand a trumpet, and himself peering intently into the distant heaven; while carved upon the door is the inscription: "Till He Comes."

Such a monument is the institution of the Lord's Supper. Such an expectancy is appropriate to the soul. Such a lesson of patient waiting is not amiss. Such a readiness to respond to the last call were becoming even to the busy. (Text.) (1689)

JESUS, SUPREMACY OF

On Chinese Gordon's monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, proud England has inscribed this epitaph, "Who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, and his heart to God." Well may old England gather young England about the monument of her dead hero who gave Jesus Christ supremacy over both life and relations. Henry George and Cardinal Manning were talking together. "I love men because Jesus loved them," said the Cardinal. "And I love Jesus because he loved men," was Mr. George's quick reply. It does not matter which way you go to it, only that you do actually go to the real love of men. This kind of Christianity is not outgrown; this kind has not yet been tried.—WM. F. McDOWELL, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (1690)

"Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness"—See CHRIST'S FACE.

Jesus Would Have Done, Just as—See GENEROSITY, CHRISTIAN.

Jewel, The Sympathetic—See SYMPATHY.

Journalism—See CLASSICS, STUDY OF.

Journey of Life—See SOUL QUERIES.

JOURNEY TO HEAVEN

Our highest aspiration must wait. We are here to get through the world. Life is a road where we camp for a night on a journey to the golden gate and the setting sun; a traveler who sets up his tent at dark does not plant corn or put out a grape-vine, if when the morning comes he expects to pull his tent down and march on. Men are born upon the shore of one ocean; by traveling lightly and never losing a moment, and marching bravely on, through forest, over desert, mountain and river, the traveler can reach the other ocean in time to catch the little boat that slips out into the dark, and sails out of sight with God alone. But the traveler must not expect to plant harvests and grow vineyards while out upon his march. Yonder lie the happy hills of God. There no winter falls, there the summer sheds its warmth always upon the violet beds. There youth is perfect and beauty is eternal. There every ambition will be perfected, every dream realized, every hope turned to fruition, and the soul is a tree waving its fruit and casting down its purple vintage at the feet of the God of the summer. (Text.)—N. D. Hillis. (1691)

JOY

John Kendrick Bangs, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, writes an ideal note:

To-day, whatever may annoy
The word for me is joy, just simple joy;
The joy of life;
The joy of children and of wife;
The joy of bright blue skies;
The joy of rain; the glad surprize
Of twinkling stars that shine at night;
The joy of wingéd things upon their flight;
The joy of noon-day, and the tried
True joyousness of eventide;
The joy of labor, and of mirth;
The joy of air, and sea, and earth—
The countless joys that ever flow from Him
Whose vast beneficence doth dim
The lustrous light of day,
And lavish gifts divine upon our way.
Whate'er there be of sorrow
I'll put off till to-morrow,
And when to-morrow comes, why then
'Twill be to-day and joy again! (Text.)

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(1692)

So take joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows; aye,
Or weeding in the sacred hours of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad—
Joy is the grace we say to God. (Text.)
—Jean Ingelow. (1693)

JOY AFTER GRIEF

I had a sorrow, and I wept salt tears
One winter night, and heavy beat the rain;
At dawn came frost, and on my window-pane
Each drop like fairy lacework now appears.

So shall my grief perchance become a pleasure;
Yes, tears maybe are jewels hearts would keep,
For in another life we'll wake from sleep,
And light shall sparkle from our new-found treasure.
—Beatrix L. Tollemache.
(1694)

JOY AND SORROW

"Joy and sorrow are contemporaneous experiences in the same Christian consciousness," says Dr. Cruddylan Jones. In the Straits of Gibraltar is a double current, the stream flowing back again from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. This phenomenon is analogous to the double current in the life of every believer. (Text.) (1695)

Judge, a Considerate—See Probation.

Judged by the Sun—See Tests.

Judging—See Cynic Rebuked.

JUDGING, CARE IN

A traveler in North Carolina saw an old colored man sitting in a chair in his garden, hoeing. The traveler laughed. He thought it was a case of monumental laziness. But he happened to look back as he laughed, and he saw a pair of crutches lying on the ground by the old man's chair. At once what made him seem ridiculous before made him seem heroic now.

When disposed to criticize, remember human infirmities. (Text.) (1696)

JUDGING FROM FACTS

We must not judge any act without knowing the facts of the case. "See that man! He has sat on the bank all the morning throwing pebble after pebble into the water. How lazy he must be!" "Is this a fair judgment?" I inquire. And at the end of a warm discussion, I tell my pupils how Turner, the artist, did that to watch the surface of the water in motion and learn how to paint its sheen and color. "A child is walking quietly along the sidewalk. Suddenly a rough-looking man seizes her and pushes her into the gutter. Is he cruel?" Of course every one answers yes, at first. But no—a mass of ice is about to fall from the roof above the child's head. Her assaulter turns out to be her protector.

In teaching, of course, every good teacher passes from examples to principles. Through such examples as these we elicit the fact that we can judge no act on sight, for every act is open to a good or a bad interpretation. The eager energy members of my class show in pointing out possible good motives for acts that at first sight look selfish makes me feel sure that they will not in later life condemn unheard. "The special part of this ethics course which stands out in my mind as important," writes one of my pupils, "is that on right and wrong judgments. It makes me realize how little right we have to judge people from appearances. There are so many sides of people's characters that we don't half consider or appreciate."—Ella Lyman Cabot, "Proceedings of the National Education Association," 1909. (1697)

JUDGMENT DAY

A traveler in Tennessee came across an aged negro seated in front of his cabin door basking in the sunshine.

"He could have walked right on the stage for an Uncle Tom part without a line of make-up" says the traveler. "He must have been eighty years of age."

"Good-morning, uncle," said the traveler.

"Mornin', sah! Mornin'," said the aged one. Then he added, "Be you the gentleman over yonder from New York?"

Being told that such was the case, the old darky said, "Do you mind telling me something that has been botherin' my old haid? I have got a grandson—he runs on the Pullman cyars—and he done tells me that up thar in New York you-all burn up youah folks when they die. He is a powerful liar, and I don't believe him."

"Yes," replied the other, "that is the truth in some cases. We call it cremation."

"Well, you suttenly surprize me," said the negro, and then he paused as if in deep reflection. Finally he said, "You-all know I am a Baptist. I believe in the resurrection and the life everlastin' and the comin' of the Angel Gabriel and the blowin' of that great horn, and Lawdy me, how am they evah goin' to find them folks on that great mawnin'?"

It was too great a task for an off-hand answer, and the suggestion was made that the aged one consult his minister. Again the negro fell into a brown study, and then he raised his head and his eyes twinkled merrily, and he said in a soft voice:

"Meanin' no offense, sah, but from what Ah have heard about New York, I kinder calculate they is a lot of them New York people that doan' wanter be found on that mornin'."—*Cosmopolitan.* (1698)

JUDGMENT DELAYED

A certain farmer, who was an infidel, sent to the editor of a weekly newspaper the following letter:

"Sir—I have been trying an experiment. I have a field of Indian corn, which I plowed on Sunday. I planted it on Sunday. I did all the cultivating which it received on Sunday. I gathered the crop on Sunday, and on Sunday hauled it to my barn; and I find that I have more corn per acre than has been gathered by any of my neighbors during this October."

What a triumphant sneer lay behind these words of the skeptic! But one thinks the light faded from his eyes as he read the sentence which the editor appended to his letter: "N. B.—God does not always settle His accounts in October!" (1699)

Judgment Dependent on Position—See Point of View.

JUDGMENT, FAULTY

When President Roosevelt was in Idaho, shortly after the publication of his book, "The Winning of the West," he entered a book-store one day and saw a copy of his book lying on the counter. "Who is this author, Roosevelt?" he asked the proprietor. "Oh, he is a ranch-driver up in the cattle country," was the answer. "Indeed," said Mr. Roosevelt, "and what do you think of his book?" "Waal," said the dealer, thoughtfully, "I've always had the idea that I'd like to meet that author and tell him that if he'd stuck to running ranches, and not tried to write books, he'd cut a heap bigger figure at his trade, and been a bigger man."

The ranchman's judgment was doubtless defective, but it is often well to see ourselves as others see us. (1700)

JUDGMENT, GRADUAL

Gibbon wrote and we speak of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and Maspero has written a magnificent volume on "The Passing of the Ancient Empires." Gradual degeneracy is the cause and precursor of final collapse.

After a violent gale one night a great tree was found lying across the pathway in the park where through long years it had been developing a noble growth. Nothing but a splintered stump remained standing. Examination showed there had been another development besides that of its stately beauty. For it was rotten to the core, because of the secret workings of a multitude of little insects which for generations had lived and multiplied. Judgment was not passed on that tree by the sudden gale, but went forth from the very moment that the first insect nested within its bark. (1701)

JUDGMENT, LACK OF

"I will never forget my first experience in the hospital work," said Chief Surgeon Millar, of the Central Emergency Hospital, San Francisco. "There was a green nurse in the detention ward and we had a very violent case in there—a man in the worst stage of delirium tremens. I was awakened in the middle of the night by the head nurse, who requested me to come at once to the patient. When I got there I found him raving and very violent, with the new nurse scared out of her wits. I said:

"'Why did you let him go so far? I left you some medicine to give him as soon as he got delirious.'

"'Yes, doctor,' she replied; 'but you told me to give that to him if he saw any more snakes, and this time he was seeing blue dogs with pink tails.'"—San Francisco *Call*. (1702)

JUDGMENTS, INDISCRIMINATE

It is to be feared that many verdicts against our fellow men are as indiscriminate as that of the juryman in the following extract:

A lawyer once asked a man who had at various times sat on several juries, "Who influenced you most—the lawyers, the witnesses, or the judge?" He expected to get some useful and interesting information from so experienced a juryman.

This was the man's reply: "I tell yer, sir, 'ow I makes up my mind. I'm a plain man, and a reasonin' man, and I ain't influenced by anything the lawyers say, nor by what the witnesses say—no, nor by what the judge says. I just looks at the man in the dock, and I says, 'If he ain't done nothing, why's he there?' And I brings 'em all in guilty." (1703)

JUNK

The Rev. William Barnes Lower writes this telling illustration:

The dredging-machines at work deepening the channel of the Delaware River are bringing to the surface all kinds of junk and implements lost or thrown overboard from ships. All kinds of tools, brass and copper are being found and sold as junk.

Every life carries with it, some more, some less, a lot of worthless junk—old superstitions from which it is hard to break away, old prejudices that have hindered the progress of the soul and should have been thrown overboard long ago. Superstition is the greatest burden in the world. The imaginary, scarecrow superstitions of many homes is the worthless junk, that is a dead weight to its spiritual and intellectual progress. Superstition is the disturber of many homes. Very often superstition parades itself under the guise of religion. Superstition is the one swing of the pendulum, skepticism believes nothing. Prejudice always arises through inexperience of the world and ignorance of mankind. In any life it is as worthless as old junk. (1704)

Just Punishment—See Boys Adjusting Their Troubles.

JUSTICE

Over on the further side, in the shallow eddy, the pool was troubled a second, then there rose from it a wee sunfish, not more than three inches long, rose from it tail first and began balancing across the pool surface toward me, on his head. His tail quivered in the air, and I could see his freckles growing in the yellow transparency of his skin; yet, tho I watched with wide eyes, he was two-thirds the way across the pool toward me before I noticed beneath him the tip of the nose and the wicked little dark eye of a water-snake. At sight of him the demoiselles should have shrieked and flown away, but they made no move. I, however, indignant, arose, and seizing broken fragments of rock was about to lacerate him, and lose his prey, when I quite suddenly thought better of it. Had not I a few days before come down stream to the deep pool above and carried off a string of perch, sunfish, pouts, and an eel? Had not the water-snake also a right to his dinner?—Winthrop Packard, "Wild Pastures." (1705)

Some of the early settlers of this country bargained with the Indians that for each fish-hook given, they were to give as much land as a bullock's hide would cover. But the settlers cut the hide into thin strips, and made it cover a large area. William Penn, when he first came to Pennsylvania, bargained with the Indians that he would give a certain number of articles for as much land as a man could walk around in a certain time. The man covered so much more ground than the Indians believed he would, that they became dissatisfied and threatening. But Penn said to them, "You agreed to this way of measuring." His companions wished to force the carrying out of this agreement, but Penn replied that that would be wrong toward these simple children of the prairie; he asked them what they thought would be right, and they simply demanded a few more rolls of cloth, to which Penn agreed. Not only was war averted, but the Indians were pleased with the fair and just spirit shown by the strangers, and became their friends.—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (1706)

The story is told of a boy whose mother gave him some food to feed the chickens and little ducks. While feeding them he noticed that the ducks were scooping in nearly all the food. He saw that their large bills gave them a decided advantage and this he did not like. It did not exactly square with his notion of justice, so he got hold of a knife with a good edge to it, and just as fast as he could catch the ducklings he cut down their bills to match the size of that of the chicks. (1707)

JUSTICE BY MAJORITY

Mr. Justice Perrot was a servile political judge, whose power of discrimination was well measured by the celebrated way in which he summed up to the jury in a case of a disputed watercourse, at Exeter Assizes. He concluded thus: "Gentlemen, there are fifteen witnesses who swear that the watercourse used to flow in a ditch on the north side of the hedge. On the other hand, gentlemen, there are nine witnesses who swear that the watercourse used to flow on the south side of the hedge. Now, gentlemen, if you subtract nine from fifteen, there remain six witnesses wholly uncontradicted, and I recommend you to give your verdict accordingly, for the party who called those six witnesses."—CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (1708)

JUSTICE DELAYED

A case that has been on Chicago court dockets for almost twenty years was brought to light, and an effort made to hasten the progress of the wheels of justice in its disposal. The case is a damage suit of the survivors of victims of the *Tioga* steamer explosion July 11, 1890. Since it was started the original lawyers on both sides have died. The *Tioga* was moored in the Chicago River, between Washington and Randolph streets, when the explosion occurred, resulting in an estimate of thirty deaths.

The suit was filed in the Circuit Court, but was transferred to the United States District Court. Technical pleas and hearing of evidence before a master in chancery have consumed the years of litigation. (1709)

As I passed down through India I saw two little rice-fields side by side. One was green and growing; the other was dead and dry. I looked for the cause. The great lake was full of water. There was no lack there. Into the one the living water was flowing, for the channel was open. The other was choked. Brother, is your life green and growing, fruitful and joyful, or barren and dry because the channel is choked?—G. S. EDDY, "Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions," 1910. (1710)

JUSTICE, ETERNAL

Nations change their names, their boundaries, their creeds and their languages. The altars of yesterday are but the curios of to-day. The temples that have been raised to the worships that have now disappeared from the face of the earth but move our wonder that beliefs so simple and so transparent should have nerved the minds of men to raise such marvels of architecture. But tho creeds and dynasties and languages are ephemeral, the principles of justice are eternal; and this Government, founded and built upon them, will, I believe, last to the end of time.—WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN. (1711)

JUVENILE COURT EXPERIENCE

Judge Ben Lindsey, who has been made famous by his remarkable work in the Juvenile Court of Denver, tells the following in *The Survey:*

A heart-broken mother whose child was becoming dependent can tell her own story: "My husband, judge, is a good man; he was steady at his employment as structural ironworker until recently. Now he is neglecting his home and his work. As soon as he quits work he goes down to the gambling-house and there he is being ruined. He used to go to mass with me on Sunday, and he was so good and loving to us all. Now he is indifferent, gloomy and melancholy. I am without clothes and the children have no shoes. He has gambled away two hundred dollars of the money that belongs to his union, for he was highly respected and elected its treasurer. I gave him fifty dollars to pay the chattel mortgage on our furniture, and I did not know that he had gambled it away until the chattel-mortgage man came and threatened to take the stove and furniture out of the house. I went to police headquarters and they were rude and insulting to me. But one of the officers came up to me and whispered confidentially to me that if I would go to the Juvenile Court they might help me out of my troubles."

Of course the "big business" men who commercialize political parties had little concern about their part in the ruin of that home and in the dependency and delinquency of that child. I sent for their political partner, the gambler who conducted the hell that was burning up that home. He admitted it all. I told him I would make a noise if he did not pay back that money to the poor mother. He paid it back. It would have been useless to talk about arrest and prosecution, for the public officials of that period would do neither. (1712)

K

KEENNESS

The poets have celebrated the perfection of the Oriental steel; and it is recognized as the finest by Moore, Byron, Scott, Southey and many others. I have even heard a young advocate of the lost arts find an argument in Byron's "Sennacherib," from the fact that the mail of the warriors in that one short night had rusted before the trembling Jews stole out in the morning to behold the terrible work of the Lord. Scott, in his "Tales of the Crusaders,"—for Sir Walter was curious in his love of the lost arts—describes a meeting between Richard Coeur de Lion and Saladin. Saladin asks Richard to show him the wonderful strength for which he is famous, and the Norman monarch responds by severing a bar of iron which lies on the floor of his tent. Saladin says, "I can not do that"; but he takes an eider-down pillow from the sofa, and, drawing his keen blade across it, it falls in two pieces. Richard says, "This is the black art; it is magic; it is the devil; you can not cut that which has no resistance"; and Saladin, to show him that such is not the case, takes a scarf from his shoulders, which is so light that it almost floats in the air, and, tossing it up, severs it before it can descend. George Thompson told me he saw a man in Calcutta throw a handful of floss-silk into the air, and a Hindu sever it into pieces with his saber.—WENDELL PHILLIPS. (1713)

Keenness from Use—See PRACTISE.

KEY-NOTE OF LIFE

In tuning a piano the artist strikes his tuning-fork on a hard surface and holds it to his ear while at the same time he strikes the A key on the keyboard. Then he tightens or loosens the string until the key and the fork correspond. From this he proceeds to harmonize all the other keys.

For the harmony of human life we have One who furnishes the key-note. When we tune our life up to His all its chords become consonant. (1714)

KEYS, FALSE

The notion that alcohol may do good because, for a moment, it seems to do good, was well answered by a physician's response to a man who was somewhat too much given to the pleasures of the table. This man had said to the doctor:

"What do you think of the influence of alcohol on the digestion, doctor?"

"I think that its influence is bad," said the physician.

"But a little whisky taken just before a meal is the only key that will open my appetite, doctor."

"I don't believe in opening things with false keys, sir!" answered the other.

Nor is alcohol the only false key in common use. Pretension, misrepresentation, any means not adapted to the desired end—all are false keys and must fail. (1715)

Kind Looks—See FACE, AN INVITING.

KIND WORDS, VALUE OF

The influence exercised by kind words from certain people can not be measured. I have in mind a retiring, modest man, singular in aspect and manner, who every Sunday visited the house of a friend where the head of the family, a superior man of great position, always bade him "Good-evening," and kindly asked after his health. His simple words were so valued by this lonely man that when his friend died and he could no longer receive his kindly greeting, he left his employment and the city, dying in his turn of sorrow, in some obscure and unknown place where he had sought refuge.—Dora Melegari, "Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy." (1716)

KINDLINESS, SENSE OF

Few people possess the kindly sense of the French abbe mentioned in the memoirs of Madame Vig'ee de Brun, the celebrated portrait-painter of the last century. This gentleman was, unfortunately, extremely deformed, and, playing at cards with him, Madame de Brun was so struck by his strange figure that she inadvertently hummed a few bars of a tune called "The Hunchback." Immediately recollecting herself, she stopt in confusion, whereupon the abbe turned to her with a kindly smile, "My dear madame, continue your tune. I assure you it does not offend me in the least; the association is so natural a one, that I believe it would have occurred to me in your place."—London *Evening Standard.* (1717)

KINDNESS

Several passengers on a hot day in June entered the train on the Columbia and Augusta Railroad. Among them were several young college boys who were on the way home from their summer vacation. They were stylish, well-drest lads, and were gay and happy, as boys usually are who have put books aside.

A party of merry girls already occupied the car, and in a little time the train seemed flooded with youth and sunshine. A very lean woman, with an ample lunch-basket, divided her time between eating chicken and boiled eggs and fanning vigorously with a turkey-tail fan, while a stout man in the corner mopped his face with a red bandanna, and remarked, by way of emphasis, "Hot, very hot!"

The girls and boys took in every incident, laughing and tittering all the while. Just across the aisle, opposite the boy, sat a woman holding a baby. A pale, tired, despairing look was on her face, and her eyes were full of suffering. The little one was fretful and cried piteously, but the young mother was too exhausted to try to quiet the baby.

"Oh, just listen to that young one. I think crying babies ought to be put out of the cars," one of the girls said pertly.

"Yes, my head begins to ache," said another, while the boys laughed; and the louder the child cried, the more merriment it caused among the young people; while the lean woman and the fat man scowled and complained.

"I do not see any cause for ridicule," said Fred Weston, as he arose; and to the amazement of all the passengers, he crossed to where the woman sat, and with a courteous bow, extended his arms. "Please let me hold your baby a while," he said; "I have a little sister just her age and she loves me dearly. You look so tired, ma'am."

The child opened wide her big brown eyes and gazed into the handsome, bright face of the boy, as without hesitation she sprang forward into the outstretched arms. She ceased crying, and her lips puckered into a plaintive sob. (1718)

A poor boy was taken from the poorhouse into the home of a farmer, a just man, who dealt justly by the boy; but, somehow, he never gave him any help, and the boy moped along hopelessly. One day a visitor came to that farmer, and as the orphan boy brought around his horse the visitor said a kind word that made the boy open his heart a little. "I see," said the stranger, as he was mounting to go, "you have a pretty hard time; but keep a good heart and you will come out all right. I have noticed that a boy that has a great shock of red hair and a large nose and a freckled face, if he keeps a good heart, always comes out right." It was the first kind word, but it made the boy and the man he grew to be, who told the story. The law can not put a man in the right way when he finds himself wrong, but sometimes a kind word can.—Franklin Noble, "Sermons in Illustration." (1719)

Henry Clay was at one time considerably distrest by a large debt due to the bank. Some of his friends heard of it, and quietly raised the money and paid off the entire indebtedness, without notifying Mr. Clay. In utter ignorance of what had been going on, he went to the bank one day, and addressing the cashier, said, "I have called to see you in reference to that debt of mine to the bank."

"You don't owe us anything," was the reply.

Mr. Clay looked inquiringly, and said: "You don't understand me. I came to see you about that debt which I am owing the bank."

"You don't owe us anything."

"Why! how am I to understand you?"

"A number of your friends have contributed and paid off that debt, and you do not owe this bank one dollar."

Tears rushed to Mr. Clay's eyes, and, unable to speak, he turned and walked out of the bank. (1720)

In my journal of Friday evening, July 3, 1863, I made the following note, "At eight o'clock this morning hundreds of rebels were seen standing on their fortifications. Both armies laid down their arms. About noon I went with part of my company (H. 33d Wis.) near the enemy's fort, which was hardly more than 200 yards from our line, and there the blue and the gray chatted pleasantly for a full hour. The meeting was so unrestrained and amicable as to make the scene exceedingly interesting and touching as well. My boys gave the contents of their haversacks to the rebels whom they had been fighting for nearly forty days and nights, and the defenders of the city deeply appreciated the kindness."—NICHOLAS SMITH, "Grant, the Man of Mystery." (1721)

See FRIEND, A TRUE; PRESERVATION; TRAINING CHILDREN.

KINDNESS OF THE POOR

A touching story of how the poor help one another comes from one of the Claremont Crusaders. A man, destitute and homeless, had been found by him shivering on the Thames embankment. He gave him a ticket which would provide a night's shelter at Medland Hall. An hour or two later the man ran up to the Crusader. "I have just done a job," he said, "for which I earned sixpence. Take this ticket back. It will help some other chap." (1722)

Kindness, Oil of—See LUBRICATION, EFFECTIVE; SUNSHINE.

Kindness Rewarded—See RECOMPENSE FOR KINDNESS.

KINDNESS STIMULATING DEVOTION

In Mrs. Pickett's memoirs of her husband, General George E. Pickett, of the Confederate Army, she relates this incident:

As my Soldier was riding toward Sailor's Creek, a woman ran out of a house and handed him something to eat. He carried it in his hand as he rode on. Presently he came upon a soldier lying behind a log, and spoke to him. The man looked up, revealing a boyish face, scarcely more than a child's—thin and pale.

"What's the matter?" asked my Soldier.

"I'm starving, General," the boy replied. "I couldn't help it. I couldn't keep up, so I just lay down here to die."

"Take this," handing the boy his luncheon; "and when you have eaten it and rested, go on back home. It would only waste another life for you to go on."

The boy took the food eagerly, but replied:

"No, Marse George. If I get strength enough to go at all, I'll follow you to the last."

He did, for he was killed a few days later at Sailor's Creek. (1723)

KINDNESS, THE POWER OF

"Provo Canyon" is one of those grandly picturesque mountain ravines which abound in Utah. In the solitude and sublimity of this cañon a mountaineer named W. W. Ferguson lived a hermit's life. In the winter months his log-cabin was, in consequence of the deep snow, shut entirely out from intercourse with human beings. But he was not companionless, this mountain man—for he made friends with the wild animals and birds. He was their friend and they grew fond of him. They learned to recognize his voice, and not to be afraid at his approach. They would eat food from his hands, the pigeons and magpies flying from afar when he called them—the little squirrels playing about him like tame kittens.

A year ago a New York gentleman, on a pleasure trip, called at Mr. Ferguson's cabin, and seeing the mountaineer with his bird and animal friends on such good terms, said:

"My friend, you have some power—some charm which these creatures obey. If you will tell me the secret I will give you a hundred dollars."

The hermit, smiling, assured the traveler that the only secret was the kindness with which he always treated them. "They have learned," he said, "that I am their friend, and I have never betrayed their friendship." (1724)

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

In the woods near Walden Pond, Henry D. Thoreau built a house. It was a surprize to the raccoons and squirrels in the woods.

But after a while the news went round that there was among them a man who would not do them any harm, and gradually they came closer and closer, and there grew to be a beautiful sympathy between him and the birds and animals. They would come at his call. On taking a squirrel from the tree, the little creature would refuse to leave him, and would hide in his pocket. A wood-mouse, whose hole was under his house, would first run over his shoes, and at last became so tame that it would run up his sleeve, and round the table when he was at dinner. Such communion between man and beast has hardly been equaled.—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (1725)

KINDNESS VIOLATING TRUTH

I am convinced that many glaring crimes and endless cankers of the soul are due to lack of the trained will to face the full light of truth, and even more to perplexed thinking. An Irishman in my city, to help a stupid friend, very kindly passed the civil service examination for him, swearing falsely, of course, and forging his friend's name. He was found out and sentenced, but the body of public opinion among his set excused and even commended him because his motives were kindly, and on being released from jail he was banqueted and reelected to the Legislature. I think there was real confusion of thought in this case, and that this confusion will continue to disgrace our political life until we can bring the growing generation to see that kindness to an individual is not to be put ahead of truth or of loyalty to the laws of the nation. —ELLA LYMAN CABOT, "Proceedings of the National Education Association," 1909. (1726)

KING, HONORING A

Apropos of the King's (Edward VII) visit to Biarritz, an incident is reported of a recent visit when his Majesty witnessed the arrival of cross-country competitors at Villa Machelon. Now, this villa belongs to a worthy and prosperous Biarritz butcher, who had been requested by the committee to place it at the King's disposal. The butcher's bosom friends held the view that it was absolutely indispensable that the master should do the honors of his villa to the King of England, his guest. So the butcher fetched out his Sunday suit, arranged his braces outside his knitted waistcoat which he invariably wears, stuck his hat over his ears, and, freely perspiring under the blazing sun, awaited his august visitor.

King Edward arrived and got down from his motor car. With fine scorn for the conventions, the butcher boldly walked up to his Majesty, tapped him on the shoulder and said in a drawling voice:

"Come in; don't stop in the sun; go up to the salon."

A friendly shove accompanied these words. The King grasped the situation at a glance, smiled and obeyed, leaving the butcher to chew proudly his penny havana on the doorstep. He had done the honors of his home, had seen and spoken to his guest, the King. (1727)

Kingdom of God Composite—See MOSAIC OF THE KINGDOM.

Kingdom of God Within—See LOYALTY.

KING'S KINDNESS

During one of King Edward's visits to Marienbad in Austria, this incident occurred:

A little girl of thirteen named Vera Caro, who has always had a great wish to see the King, was walking in the Kaiserstrasse, when she suddenly came face to face with his Majesty, who was seated on a bench. The little girl impulsively walked up to the King, and curtseying presented to him a few roses which she was carrying. The King took the flowers, shook hands with the child, and thanked her. His Majesty then requested Colonel Ponsonby to place the flowers in the carriage which was waiting near. The little girl, radiant with joy at the King's kindness, rushed home to inform her parents of her good fortune. (1728)

See LIKENESS OF GOD.

Kingship of Christ—See HOMAGE TO CHRIST.

KINSHIP

This poem has the ring of the right kind of sympathy. We do not know the author:

If you have a friend worth loving
  Love him, yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
  Tinge his brow with sunset glow—
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend, until he's dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
 Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
 Wait deserved praises long;
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
 By its humble, pleading tone,
Join in. Do not let the seeker
 Bow before his Lord alone;
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
 From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them, and by kindly sharing,
 Win your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When his brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
 Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying,
 For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh hath birth.

If your work is made more easy
 By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out bravely, truly,
 Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter, then, your germs of kindness,
 All enriching as you go;
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
 Who will make each germ to grow.
So, until the happy end,
Your life will never lack a friend. (1729)

Kissing in the East—See HUSBAND AND WIFE, RELATIONS BETWEEN.

KNOWING AND DOING

The Rev. W. L. Watkinson says:

I read the other day in a paper that a Hindu will pass an examination in science; he understands sanitary laws perfectly, but some way or other he never seems to understand how to apply them. He will go complacently into his own dirty compound and break every sanitary law of which he is theoretically master. But you need not go to India to find a thing of that kind. You will find many men in this country who know the Lord's will, but who never dream of doing it. (1730)

KNOWING BETTER

"I did the best I knew!" protested the dressmaker's apprentice sullenly, when she was sharply reprimanded for a piece of ill-judged work that ruined a valuable dress and vexed a valuable customer. "I don't see what she's blaming me for!"

"I'm not blaming you for doing the best you knew how!" said the employer, overhearing and turning on her crisply; "I'm blaming you for not knowing any better! You ought to—you've been here long enough. You mean well, but good intentions aren't enough to carry on the dressmaking business."

They are not enough in any business. It is an old proverb that good intentions pave a place of very disreputable character. "He meant well" is about the poorest thing one can say of a person, short of actual detraction; unless we except that other phrase of mild apology: "He did the best he knew how." Whenever you hear either of these you know at once that it is a case of failure on somebody's part to do the right thing at the right moment, and usually, if you look closely enough, there was fault behind the failure. To do the best we know how is not enough when we might know any better.—*Kind Words.* (1731)

KNOWLEDGE

Writing about Lincoln's life in the Indiana wilderness Mr. James Morgan, in his life of Abraham Lincoln, says:

One day a wagon broke down in the road, and the wife and two daughters of the owner stayed at the Lincolns' until it was repaired. "The woman had books," as Abraham recalled in later life, "and read us stories. They were the first I ever heard." There never had been a book or a newspaper in the house, and he never forgot the sight of those pages nor the woman who, by the chance of a breakdown on the road, opened to his mind the field of printed knowledge. (1732)

Knowledge, Ambition for—See MOTHER LOVE.

Knowledge a Necessity—See DIRECTIONS.

KNOWLEDGE APPLIED

At least one Riverhead (L. I.) little boy, Everett Brown, aged about twelve years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Brown, remembers to advantage some of the phisiology he has studied at school.

Saturday afternoon he and Frank Terry, about his own age, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Terry, went into the woods to build a hut or something of that kind, and the ax that the Terry lad was wielding cut a bad gash in one of his feet.

It bled profusely and the Brown lad was afraid his chum would bleed to death, so he quickly got the shoe off of the foot and bound his handkerchief tightly, closing the wound and largely stopping the flow of blood until the wounded boy was gotten home, which was some distance away.

"I learned that in my physiology," said the Brown boy when Mrs. Terry asked him how he thought of it.—Brooklyn *Eagle*. (1733)

KNOWLEDGE BY INDIRECTION

One minister builded better than he knew, and one hearer learned more than was meant on the following occasion:

The preacher was showing that shade and light are both necessary in differing conditions. Said he: "Roses, heliotropes and geraniums need lots of sunshine, while fuchsias thrive best in the shade." "Oh, doctor," said a good woman at the close, "I'm so grateful to you for your sermon this morning. I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias." (1734)

KNOWLEDGE, COMPARATIVE

A missionary's son, born on the field, was making his first visit to his parents' home in a small Ohio town. One day a neighbor burst into the yard with the great news, "The circus is coming!"

"What's a circus?" innocently inquired the young Korea-American.

"A circus! Don't you know what a circus is? Haven't you ever seen a circus?" And scorn passing words filled the Ohio lad's voice, as he eyed in boundless contempt this queer visitor.

The boy from Korea was stung to the quick, and he retorted: "Well, what of that? Did you ever see the Pacific Ocean? Were you ever on a warship? Did you ever see Hongkong? Did you ever see the diving boys at Colombo? Were you ever in India? Did you ever see the pyramids? What do you know about London?"

Vengeance was complete. The devotee of the circus was silenced. Before these bigger wonders his traveling tent show grew very small indeed. Similarly, the man who follows the trail of the missionary may lose his intimate contact with some of the inconsequentialities of the day's newspaper, but he will have big and abiding compensations. —WILLIAM T. ELLIS, "Men and Missions." (1735)

Knowledge in Action—See TEACHER, THE IDEAL AT WORK.

KNOWLEDGE, LIVING

Some one asked Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, why he continued to study for his pupils "as tho he should not have enough to give them." "It is not," was his reply, "because I fear I should not have enough to give them, but because I prefer that they should be supplied from a running stream rather than from a stagnant pool."

"Stagnant pools" have been the ruin of many men in many walks of life. (1736)

KNOWLEDGE, THIRST FOR

Thurlow Weed was so poor in boyhood that on a cold March day he had to wrap pieces of cloth about his bare feet in place of socks and shoes. Thus shod, he walked several miles in the wintry cold to borrow a history of the Reformation. (1737)

William Elbert Munsey was born upon a Virginia mountain farm, which was so poor that a disturbance could not be raised upon it, much less the articles of food which produce a thrifty physical manhood. After toiling in the field all day, he would carry wood upon his tired, youthful back for a mile, that his widowed mother and five brothers and sisters might have warmth from the evening fire; he went to school only twelve months in his life, but he ate the heart out of every book that came within his reach; while plowing he would keep his book at the end of the furrow, and when he had plowed a "round," he would talk with his tongueless companion for a few moments, "and then push on between the plow handles," the great thoughts ringing in his soul like the tolling of a cathedral bell.

Well, what kind of a man did he make? Let one who heard him deliver his famous lecture on "Man" answer the question: "The vast amount of scientific knowledge he had stored his mind with was truly amazing.

He spoke as if he had been a professor in every branch of science for a lifetime. Every technical term was at his tongue's end. Man was presented in spirit, soul and body as the most wonderful trichotomy of the universe; was analyzed, synthetized, exalted and glorified as the last and grandest work of God. He soared amid clouds and lightning and thunder and tempests; he was as familiar with anatomy as if he had been a Sir Charles Bell; with mental phenomena, as if he had been a John Locke; with mythology, as if he had been born a Greek and had lived in Greece a thousand years." At the conclusion of his sermons, congregations have been so "bewildered as to rise up in an unconscious way, facing each other, and not knowing for some moments whether to remain or leave the room." But how old was this wonderful man when he died? Just a little over forty years of age. Like David Livingstone in the African hut, William Elbert Munsey was found dead upon his knees by the side of his bed.—F. F. Shannon. (1738)

KNOWLEDGE THROUGH EXPERIENCE

A news item from Denver, Colorado, says:

Determined to learn at first hand where and how the homeless and shivering men live who slept on the street, E. A. Brown, cousin of President W. C. Brown, of the New York Central, and himself independently rich, has been haunting the railroad and stock-yards and the slums of Denver for weeks. Drest in shabby and threadbare clothes, he has mingled with the unemployed and shared their experiences. He will use this experience to aid in securing the establishment of a municipal lodging-house, which will shelter the homeless during the winter months.

This is the scientific method of the social student to-day. It was first, however, the method of Christ. "He came to seek and to save that which was lost." (Text.) (1739)

KNOWLEDGE, UNITY OF

The man who should know the true history of the bit of chalk which every carpenter carries about in his breeches pocket, tho ignorant of all other history, is likely, if he will think his knowledge out to its ultimate results, to have a truer, and, therefore, a better, conception of this wonderful universe, and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep-read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of nature. (Text.)—Thomas Henry Huxley. (1740)

KNOWLEDGE VALUES

All wealth is intelligence applied to raw material. The piece of paper cost half a farthing, but Tennyson's poem written thereupon made it worth a thousand dollars. Just as a little canvas, worth two or three francs, took on a value of $200,000 when Millet mixed the colors with his genius and spread them over the waiting cloth. Civilization is a height on which man climbs hand over hand up the golden rounds of wisdom and knowledge.—N. D. Hillis. (1741)

KONGO PIONEER MISSIONARY WORK

Up the Kongo we went. One day Mr. Lapsley, my comrade, was sick with fever. As we attempted to land, we saw women catching up their babies and running to the jungle and men getting arrows to shoot. I stood over Mr. Lapsley and called, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" and asked them if we could sleep there for the night. "To-morrow we go away," I said. "No. Go away; go away," they cried. So we started for the other side and landed on the sandy bank. We got out the tent and had Mr. Lapsley carefully moved into his bed. Walking up and down the river bank we could hear the excitement on the other side. At twelve o'clock at night it still was going on. At two in the morning, those people had not retired; nor had I. So we said, "In the morning something will happen." Coming outside early, as we looked across the river we saw one of their war canoes filled with men starting up-stream, and then another. I ran to the tent and said to Mr. Lapsley, "Those people are coming; what shall I do?" He was there sick with fever, with no chance of running away. He said, "There is nothing that we can do." He meant by this that the Master could do something. I came outside. They had started in our direction. I could hear their war-whoop. Just at this extremity a hippopotamus came. We shot him. Then the thought came, why not offer them this meat? They were crazy for meat. I waded in the water to my waist and beckoned to them, calling out: "Come this way, all of you. Don't be afraid." The nearest canoe approached me as I was wading in the water, and I surprized the first man by saying, "Leave your spear." The next canoe load that followed I turned the hippopotamus over to, and then they began with their long knives to cut it up and fight over it. I went into the tent and told Mr. Lapsley that we were saved. It was no surprize to that servant of God. He was so near to the Master always that he believed He would save us.—WILLIAM SHEPPARD, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (1742)

KOREA, WORK AMONG WOMEN IN

As I was going along a country road one day, I saw a woman going along with a hoe, and behind her was a man with a burden on his back; and this burden, as we drew closer, we saw to be the form of a baby. It was wrapt up according to the custom. They climbed the hill and put the burden on the ground, and the mother threw herself upon the dead form of the child and cried out her broken heart, while the father began to dig the grave. We tried to comfort her the best we could, but her grief seemed too deep, and she did not understand that Christ was the only one who could comfort her. The following Sunday I saw in our meeting one of our women who had been a Christian only about six months, a woman who had been told by her neighbors that if she became a Christian a very dangerous spirit would haunt her and bring calamity to her. She did not falter, but by and by her only child, a little girl, whom she dearly loved, was taken from her. This Sunday, as she stood with the tears streaming down her face, she told how the beautiful little girl had died, but that she did not grieve so much, because, as she said, "I am going to meet her there with Jesus." I could not but think of that other woman whom I saw heart-broken on the mountain-side just a few days before.—LULU E. FREY, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (1743)

See DAUGHTER'S ESTIMATED.

Korean, The, as a Giver—See GENEROSITY.

L

LABELS, MISLEADING

Not long ago this country woke up to the fact that with a good deal of our canned food we were not getting just what the colored label on the outside of the can led us to suppose. It was a shocking disillusionment to find that the label showed luscious peach jelly, when the inside of the can contained only some nicely prepared and flavored gelatine, quite innocent of any relation to peaches. The country at once had indigestion, and passed laws to keep the peaches and the labels in the neighborhood of the same can.

The labels on persons are also misleading, because one can see the label but not always the real person. The titles and degrees are supposed to be descriptive of the owner's brains, and sometimes they are; but they are not always accurate, and they never make brains. A university might confer a B.A. or an LL.D. on a lineal descendant of Balaam's beast of burden, and yet it would not make him wise.—JAMES M. STIFLER, "The Fighting Saint." (1744)

See ENVY GRATIFIED; NEW, THE.

LABOR

This song of labor is by Caroline A. Lord:

They are working, beneath the sun,
  In its red-hot, blinding glare,
In the dust from the toiling teams,
  In the noise of the thoroughfare
See them swing and bend, far down to the end
  With the rhythm of the strokes they bear.

The cords of the sinewy arms
  Stand out like the cable's twist;
No blow shall miss and no stroke shall fail
  From the grasp of the brawny fist,
As the shoulder swings when the pickax rings
  And the hand springs firm from the wrist.

Let the feet of the dainty shod
  Pass by on the other side,
Where the youth of the slender back and limb
  Stands watching—the listless-eyed;
While with sweat and with pain and the long day's strain
  These toil—and are satisfied. (1745)

Labor, A Hero of—See ENERGY INDOMITABLE.

LABOR, AVOIDING

"I like to sew where there is no thread in the machine, it runs so easily," said a little girl.

A good many people, I think, are pretty fond of running their machines without thread.

When I hear a boy talking very largely of the grand things he would do if he only could and if things and circumstances were only different, and then neglecting every daily duty and avoiding work and lessons, I think he is running his machine without any thread.

When I see a girl very sweet and pleasant abroad, ready to do anything for a stranger, and cross and disagreeable in her home, she, too, is running her machine without any thread.

Ah, this sewing without thread is very easy indeed, and the life machine will make a great buzzing! But labor, time, and force will in the end be far worse than lost.—*The Friend.* (1746)

LABOR BY PATIENTS

Patient labor at the Elgin State Hospital (Illinois) has become one of the most striking features in any of the seventeen charitable institutions of Illinois.

Fiscal Supervisor Whipp, of the State Board of Administration, has just returned from Elgin, where he has been investigating the construction of buildings of cement blocks veneered with granite.

Patients have already built a cold storage room and bath-house, and now are at work on a cottage for the acute insane. They make the veneered blocks in the basement of the institution in winter. The process itself is comparatively new. It has been employed no more than a year at Elgin, but has worked out with remarkable success—Boston *Journal.* (1747)

LABOR FOR THE COMMUNITY

The worker bee is never found loafing while the sun is shining. Their work is wholly for the hive; for the community that is, and they not infrequently work themselves to death gathering and carrying pollen, with which they load themselves down heavily.

The work of the truly unselfish life is a willingness to work, and even if need be, to die for the good of mankind. (1748)

LABOR IN VAIN

The Pyramids of Egypt are among the seven wonders of the world. Cheops, said to be the largest of them all, covers an area of over thirteen acres, is larger than Madison Square, New York, and twice the height of Trinity Church spire. It contains enough material to build a city as large as Washington, including all its public buildings. Four hundred thousand men were employed twenty years to build it. The purpose of its erection was that it might be the tomb of kings.

How much better would have been the result if all this labor had been spent to serve those who were alive and the then future generations. (1749)

LABOR, OPPORTUNITY FOR

The verses below carrying a helpful lesson, are by Ellen M. H. Gates:

If you can not on the ocean
  Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
  Laughing at the storms you meet
You can stand among the sailors,
  Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them,
  As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
  Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
  While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
  As they slowly pass along;
Tho they may forget the singer,
  They will not forget the song.

. . . . . .

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
  For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess—
  She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
  Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
  You can find it anywhere. (Text.)
(1750)

LABOR-SAVING DEVICES

I have heard old men say that the mere easy use of friction-matches saves every day for each active man and woman ten minutes of life. I think that is true. You are not old enough to remember the adventures of the boy called out of his bed in the morning to go and fetch a pan of coals from the next neighbor's. The lad tumbles into his clothes, plows through the snow, finds that Mrs.

Smith's luck has been better than his mother's, and the careful ashes of her hearth have preserved the vestal fire. A glowing brand is given him in his warming-pan, and he returns in triumph home. The alternative would have been to strike flint against steel, not to say against knuckles, till a reluctant spark fell on tinder equally reluctant, till this was fanned by careful breath till it would light a match which would light a candle. The journey to Mrs. Smith's was, on the whole, light in comparison. Does one trivial invention save twenty minutes a day in each household, ten minutes to a man, ten minutes to a woman? That is a saving for this nation of more than twice the amount of work which Cheops put upon his pyramid, and so much addition to the real resources of the world is made by that one invention.—Edward Everett Hale. (1751)

See Precaution.

Lad with Ready Answer—See Early Religion.

Lamb, The, Slain—See Christ the Lamb.

LANGUAGE, FORMATION OF

For three centuries after the battle of Hastings French was the language of the upper classes, of courts and schools and literature; yet so tenaciously did the common people cling to their own strong speech that in the end English absorbed almost the whole body of French words and became the language of the land. It was the welding of Saxon and French into one speech that produced the wealth of our modern English.—William J. Long, "English Literature." (1752)

Large-heartedness — See Friend, The Orphan's.

Larger, The, Extinguishing the Smaller—See Sunlight and Starlight.

LAST RESORT OF A WOMAN

"I am not Mrs. Nation; I have no hatchet; I am not crazy."

These words came from the lips of a Lewis woman, as she met her husband face to face in a hotel barroom the other evening, says the Lewis *Pilot*. They were directed to the bartender and the loungers, as the former handed the woman's husband a glass of whisky.

She continued: "That man has not done a day's work this winter, and I am worn out trying to support him and the rest of the family. I want to know if something can not be done to keep him from destroying his own life and starving his family?"

The woman was thin and pale. Her lips quivered as she spoke. Her frail body could hardly stand the strain of the unfamiliar environment. As she finished the little girl by her side burst into tears, the bartender took back the whisky, the abashed husband stood with bowed head, one by one the loungers left the room. Presently the bartender, gazing at the poor woman, solemnly vowed that the man should not drink at his bar again.

It was a pathetic scene; it was the last resort of a desperate woman. As she left the hotel with her husband and the little girl there was a lesson too painful for any pen to picture. (1753)

Last Words—See Death Compelling Sincerity.

LATENT POSSIBILITIES

Beauty of character may be evolved out of the most unpromising material which only seems fit to be flung forth and burned. If a child cries we should try to make it laugh; if we meet melancholy folk, we should seek to cheer them; if they have to live in contact with evil tempers, we must endeavor to sweeten them.

At certain seasons of the year some great conservatories are full of ugly plants, with terrible spines sticking out of great, fat, succulent, selfish-looking leaves. These plants are cacti. They wear only a frightful and repellent aspect. Yet they are favorites of the horticulturist. He waters them and nurtures them. And suddenly the whole place is ablaze with their unspeakable loveliness. They have burst into glorious efflorescence, and spectators come to look on them with joy and wonder. Many of them bloom, especially in the night. (1754)

See Possibilities, Latent.

LATIN AMERICA AND THE GOSPEL

There are inhabitants of three hundred towns in the Philippine Islands to-day who are stretching out their hands to America for Christian missionaries, and there is not a single person to go. Do they need us? I reply by telling you an incident. I sent a man named Nicholas Zamora, one of our preachers, out about four or five miles from the city. The man has a good voice; it is like a bell, and you can hear it four or five blocks. They were singing for about ten minutes, when a policeman came along and rushed the whole company off to jail. We have a saying in the Philippines that our converts do not have any backbone until they have been in jail about three times. They did not have any regular jail, using instead the lower floor in the policeman's house. When they arrived there, Nicholas said: "Well, we are here; I guess we might as well do something"; and they began to sing the first verse of "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The policeman came down-stairs and said that singing must cease, and went back up-stairs. Nicholas said, "I guess we might as well have the second verse," and they began to sing it. The policeman came down again in high dudgeon and berated them most vigorously; and having cooled off, he went up-stairs again. Nicholas said, "We will now have the third verse." The policeman came down again as they were starting in strongly on the third verse. This was too much for the policeman, who said in anger: "Get out of here, and go right back to America. I don't propose to have any psalm-singing Methodists in my jail."—J. L. McLaughlin, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (1755)

LAUGHING PLANT, A

Palgrave, in his work on Central and Eastern Arabia, mentions a plant whose seeds produce effects analogous to those of laughing-gas. The plant is a native of Arabia. A dwarf variety is found at Kasum, and another variety at Oman, which attains a height of from three to four feet, with woody stems, wide-spreading branches, and light green foliage. The flowers are produced in clusters and are yellow in color. The seed-pods contain two or three black seeds of the size and shape of a French bean. Their flavor is a little like that of opium, the taste is sweet, and the odor from them produces a sickening sensation and is slightly offensive. These seeds, when pulverized and taken in small doses, operate on a person in a very peculiar manner. He begins to laugh loudly and boisterously, and then sings, dances, and cuts up all kinds of fantastic capers. The effect continues about an hour, and the patient is extremely comical. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted individual falls into a deep sleep, which continues for an hour or more, and when he awakens, he is utterly unconscious that any such demonstrations have been made by him. —*Scientific American.* (1756)

LAUGHTER

Albert J. Beveridge, United States Senator from Indiana, believes that the direction of his career was completely changed by a careless laugh. A writer in *Success* quotes him as saying:

When I was a youth in Illinois I heard that the Congressman from our district intended to hold an examination to determine what young man he should appoint to West Point. I pitched in and studied hard for that examination, and found it easy when I came to take it. Most of the other fellows seemed to be still struggling with it when I had finished, and I was so confident that I had made few mistakes that I was in a pretty cheerful frame of mind. This is why I laughed when one of the strugglers asked a rather foolish question of the professor in charge. The latter evidently felt that the dignity of the occasion had been trifled with, for he scored one per cent against me. When the papers came to be corrected this loss caused me to fall one-fifth of one per cent below the boy who stood highest on the list. He is a captain in the army now, where I suppose I should be had it not been for that laugh. I believe in the power of cheerfulness. Looking back, I am rather glad that I laughed. (Text.) (1757)

LAUGHTER AS A VENT

It might be said of Lamb, as of Abraham Lincoln, "laughter was his vent"; if he had not laughed, he would have died of a frenzied brain or of a broken heart. With Lamb the maddest mood of frolic was a rebound from the blackest mood of melancholia; a fact which Carlyle, who did know Lamb's history, might have remembered before he used the phrase "diluted insanity," which, in view of that sad history, is nothing less than brutal.—W. J. Dawson, "The Makers of English Prose." (1758)

LAUGHTER, PERILS OF

There is certainly no harm in a good laugh, and truly it is not forbidden to a jester to speak the truth. Yet the laugh must have the right ring to it. Socrates laughed, and Voltaire laughed, as Thomas Erskine remarked; yet, as he said, what a difference in the laugh of the two! And the man who laughs all the time will not know what to do when the hour of weeping comes. The laughing philosopher is a very shallow philosopher or else a very shallow laugher. An awful gravity which comes from a man taking himself too seriously is a thing which irresistibly invites a tweaking of the nose; but a ridicule which beats and splashes on all sides and at all times, fixing its pasquinades nightly on the statues of our national heroes, smirking in the presence of names and thoughts that ought to be shrouded in sacred reverence, is one of the things that no right soul can abide.—*Christian Union.* (1759)

LAUGHTER, PROVOKING

The doctor who could not laugh and make me laugh I should put down for a half-educated man. It is one of the duties of the profession to hunt for the material of a joke on every corner. Most of them have so esteemed it. Garth, Rabelais, Abernethy, and a hundred or so more too near to be named, what genial, liver-shaking, heart-quickening, wit-waking worthies they were and are! To the son who loves her best, nature reveals most her tricks of workmanship. He knows there is a prize in every package of commonplace and sadness, and he can find it—not only the bit of fun shining to the eye of a connoisseur like an unset jewel, but the eccentricity, the resemblance, the revelation, countless signs and tokens of the evanescent, amusing, pathetic creature we call the human.—A. B. Ward, *Scribner's.* (1760)

LAUGHTER, VALUE OF

To what a dreary, dismal complexion should we all come at last, were all fun and cachinnation expunged from our solemn and scientific planet! Care would soon overwhelm us; the heart would corrode; the river of life would be like the lake of the dismal swamp; we should begin our career with a sigh, and end it with a groan; while cadaverous faces and words to the tune of "The Dead March in Saul," would make up the whole interlude of our existence. Hume, the historian, in examining a French manuscript containing accounts of some private disbursements of King Edward II of England, found, among others, one item of a crown paid to somebody for making the king laugh. Could one conceive of a wiser investment? Perhaps by paying one crown Edward saved another. "The most utterly lost of all days," says Chamfort, "is that on which you have not once laughed." Even that grimmest and most saturnine of men, who, tho he made others roar with merriment, was never known to smile, and who died "in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole" —Dean Swift—has called laughter "the most innocent of all diuretics." (Text.)—William Matthews, *Home Magazine.* (1761)

LAW AND GRACE

One of the notable figures in the history of the American Navy is that of Admiral Porter. Wise in counsel and daring in execution, he has left his impression very deep upon its development and traditions. At one time he was in command of the Naval Academy at Annapolis when the following incident occurred:

General Grant was on a visit to the Academy. As he stood watching the evolutions of the midshipmen, the general had his ever-present cigar in his mouth. The marine on duty walked up to the general and said, "General, I beg pardon, but it is against the rules to smoke in the academy." "All right," replied the general, and, with soldierly promptness, he proceeded to take the cigar from his mouth. At that instant Admiral Porter stept forward and said, "I abrogate that rule." (Text.) (1762)

LAW AND LOVE

A boisterous New-year's eve reveler, by the name of Downey, was arrested on a Third Avenue elevated train in New York City:

After listening to the testimony Magistrate Cornell decided that Downey's New-year's enthusiasm had been excessive, and that he must pay ten dollars to the city treasury. Downey had used all his available cash in celebrating, and he was about to be led to the court prison, when his wife, who had been tearfully listening to the evidence, fell in a faint. She was lifted up by Callahan, the policeman who arrested her husband, and who revived her and then inquired if she had any money with which to pay the fine.

"Not a penny," she replied, "and poor Jack will have to go to jail. He's such a good husband, too," and the little woman wept.

"I won't let him go to jail," said Callahan, and he drew a ten-dollar bill from his pocket and handed it to the clerk. Thereupon the Downeys fell on his neck and wept for joy. (1763)

Love is, in the spiritual world, what the powers of attraction, resulting in beautiful harmonies of combination and interrelation are seen to be in the physical. But the subject of the law which claims love from moral beings must freely accept its beneficent rule; while the crystal can not choose another finish for its angles, or the star select for itself a rule which will square it instead of rounding it.—RICHARD S. STORRS. (1764)

LAW ENFORCED

Violating a petty township ordinance on a hunting expedition on Long Island, his friends were indignant when Garibaldi was haled before a local magistrate, as described in a recent number of the *Century*. To the protests and condolences, the patriot replied: "No, friends, these officers of the law have done nothing more than their duty and I deserve the correction. The Americans make and enforce the laws proper to the regulating of their own communities, just as we hope some day to do with ours in Italy. (1765)

LAW FOR THE TRANSGRESSOR

In certain places we see regulations like these placarded: "No smoking allowed," "No betting allowed," "No swearing allowed"; and we perceive at once the kind of place we are in, and the kind of people who usually frequent them—that is sufficiently clear from the prohibitory legislation. We never think of putting up such regulations in a temple. So the commandments of Moses assume this to be a sinful world; they are addrest to sinners; there is in them the idiom of impeachment and condemnation.—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (1766)

Law, Help —See PROHIBITION AS A BENEFACTOR.

Law, Impartial Enforcement of—See IMPARTIALITY.

Law in Earlier Times—See PUNISHMENT, FORMER SEVERITY OF.

Law, Invariable—See GRAVITATION, LAW OF.

LAW, MORAL

We teach children that two and two are four, but not that it is wrong to tell lies as a bookkeeper. We teach them that fire burns, in science, but in morals we do not tell them that the boy who tries to satisfy his hunger for pleasure with sin, is one who eats red-hot coals when he is hungry. We tell the girl that hot water scalds, but we do not tell her that there are passions and pleasures through selfishness that blight the soul, and do not satisfy, just as scalding water and boiling oil, and carbolic acid will not satisfy thirst.—N. D. HILLIS. (1767)

Law More Than the Individual—See IMPARTIALITY.

LAW, NATURAL

The laws of matter are simply the mode in which matter in virtue of its constitution acts. Oxygen unites chemically with hydrogen, in certain proportions, under certain conditions, simply because of the qualities or attributes wherewith these two gases are invested. It is not the law which determines the combination, but the qualities which determine the law. These elements act as they act, simply because they are what they are. (1768)

LAW, OBEDIENCE TO

The world has no place in it for a lawless man. What we call liberty is really a form of obedience to law, and whatever you may achieve later in life will represent the discovery of law and the instant acceptance thereof. The Indian obeys one law—and can therefore swim the river. Obeying the law of fire, he achieves a canoe, hollowed out with the flame. Obeying the law of the wind, nature fills his sail, and releases him from bondage to the oar; obeying the law of steam, nature gives the man a ship. Obeying the law of electricity, his car doubles its speed. Obeying the law of the air, the man spreads his wings like a bird.—N. D. HILLIS. (1769)

Law Prohibiting Evil—See COCAINE RESTRICTIONS.

LAW, SEVERITY OF ANCIENT

On February 9, 1810, Romilly, the great reformer, obtained leave to bring in three bills to repeal the acts which punish with death the crimes of stealing privately in a shop goods of the value of five shillings, and of stealing to the amount of forty shillings in dwelling-houses or on board vessels of navigable rivers. In May that relating to shops was passed, the two others were opposed by the Government. But on May 30 the former bill was rejected by the House of Lords by a majority of 31 to 11. There were no less than seven bishops who voted for the old cruel law. These learned Christian gentlemen devoutly believed that transportation for life was not a sufficiently severe punishment for the offense of pilfering what is of five shillings' value (dollar and a quarter).—EDWARD GILLIAT, "Heroes of Modern Crusades." (1770)

Lawless Business Men—See MISERY AN EDUCATOR.

LAWLESSNESS

We see in the following incident how men who break law forfeit the right to secure the protection of the law:

A man in the preventive service on the south coast told this history to Mrs. Norton, the authoress. He said he had once been a smuggler. Desiring to reform he went to his smuggling companions and demanded his share (one-third) of the boat, as he wanted to leave the partnership. They refused, and laughed at his demand; tho he offered to refer the claim to an arbitrator, they only laughed the more. This exasperated him; so he went out one night and sawed off a third of the boat. This did him no good, but the expense to his companions would be more than his share if they had peaceably given it to him. Mrs. Norton made some comments on this method of redress, to which the man rejoined: "Yes, marm, but you see they darn't nor I darn't complain at law, 'cos it was a smuggling craft; and that's how it would always be, if there was no law, a man wud try and right hisself, and if he couldn't, he'd revenge hisself. That just it." (Text.)—CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (1771)

LAWLESSNESS, SPRINGS OF

It was recently my good fortune to be invited to talk to a club of Jewish boys. Among other matters I talked to them about law and lawlessness, and tried to show that the spirit of lawlessness, now so rife in this country, manifests itself at first in little ways. I reminded them of the wanton lawlessness of automobile drivers in exceeding speed limits, and then I sought to bring the illustration close home to them by asking if they ever saw a fellow at a ball-game, where scores of men were standing in line waiting for their turn to get a ticket, pass up to the head of the line and surreptitiously induce some friend there, or even a stranger, to buy a ticket for him, and thus take advantage of all those who had come before him. They all recognized the illustration. It is a very common incident in American life. Then I pointed out that such a proceeding is a rank violation of the law of courtesy and fair play, and that any one who would do that thing ruthlessly is sowing the seeds of lawlessness, and may some day expect to reap the consequences.—GEORGE W. COLEMAN, "Searchlights." (1772)

Laymen, Opportunities of—See PEW, IF I WERE IN THE.

LAZINESS, EXCUSE FOR

In the book of Proverbs is this verse: "The sluggard saith, 'There is a lion without; I shall be slain in the street.'" This means that a lazy man did not wish to go to work, and so pretended that there was a lion in the street, and offered as an excuse for not going to work that the lion in the street would kill him if he went out.

It is a fact that every lazy boy and every indolent girl has a lion; that is, some excuse for not doing what is asked. A daughter is told to do her piano practising and exclaims: "Oh, I can't! It is so cold in the parlor" (lazy man's lion). A son is asked to run to the store on an errand and answers that his shoe hurts his foot when he walks (lazy man's lion). On Sunday morning he can not go to church because it is rainy (lazy man's lion). He can not study his lessons because his eyes hurt him (lazy man's lion). She can not eat the crusts of her bread because her gums are sore (lazy man's lion). She can not get up in time for breakfast because her throat pains her (lazy man's lion).

Look out for the lazy man's lion, that foolish excuse for not doing what we should do!—E. H. BYINGTON, *Congregationalist.* (1773)

LEADERSHIP, FAITHFUL

Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley, in his Egyptian campaign against Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir, selected Lieutenant Rawson, of Queen Victoria's yacht, to lead his force over the desert sands by the light of the stars, so timing the silent march as to reach the point of assault at daybreak. March and assault were successful, but the poor lieutenant fell mortally wounded. Sir Garnet, learning of this, went over to the brave man, who, seeing his commander, said: "I led them straight, sir."

Happy the Christian guide who in death can make a similar claim. (Text.) (1774)

Leaf, The form of a—See CREATION, A WITNESS OF.

Leaners and Lifters—See LIFTERS AND LEANERS.

LEARNING BY EXAMPLE

Prof. Lloyd Morgan made some interesting experiments in the instincts of birds, by rearing chickens and wild fowl from an incubator, so that they never could have learned anything from their parents. He found that they needed to be taught almost everything necessary to the proper conduct of their lives—not only to distinguish what was good to eat, but even the very acts of eating and drinking. They showed no fear of the human race, and plainly did not understand the language of their own mother when he placed them near her. The mother-cluck of the hen had no meaning for the incubator chick, who nevertheless came promptly when he called. These experiments proved conclusively that young birds are taught—or learn by imitation, which is the same thing—to eat and drink, to understand their native tongue, to recognize and procure their food, and to fear mankind.—OLIVE THORNE MILLER, "The Bird Our Brother." (1775)

LEARNING PROCESS, THE

A young boy learns to play golf largely by taking the sticks as he has seen some one hold them and whacking at the ball in a haphazard fashion. Sometimes he hits it squarely, and then he gets a satisfaction that tends to impress on him the memory of the movement resulting in this satisfaction. He tries the next time to reproduce this feeling and to locate the point of difference, tho he is or may be conscious of none of these efforts on his part. He keeps trying and trying until he succeeds, noting meanwhile the ways other people stand, hold their clubs, and swing, and comparing them with his way. An old man, on the other hand, tries this method but makes no such progress. He is not free to establish a dozen new ways of getting a swing as the boy is. He has one or two already established ways of turning on his feet and of swinging his arms, but these unfortunately are not such as to help him in his golf. He must, therefore, not merely recognize and strive for the details of the right way, but he must more or less consciously break up the old ways. His chances are poor of success unless he is wisely directed; *i.e.*, taught.—STUART H. ROWE, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association," 1907. (1776)

Learning Transformed Into Life—See PRINCIPLES, MASTERING.

Leisure—See TIME, IMPROVING.

Lessons, Class—See ENCOURAGEMENT.

LETHARGY

In some parts of Africa the natives are attacked with "sleeping-sickness." The first symptom is drowsiness, and the following days and weeks drift past in sleep. The sleep grows deeper and heavier until the sufferer has passed out into the unknown, to the sleep that knows no waking.

Sleeping-sickness, in a moral sense, is a common disease in the world. It is often as fatal to activity and character as the dread plague of Africa is to the body. The temperature of the heart falls, the soul sleep deepens, God is forgotten, Christ forsaken. (Text.) (1777)

LETTER OF GOD

An incident is related of William Duncan, the "Apostle of Alaska":

One day soon after Mr. Duncan had arrived among the Indians there, a fine-looking old Indian chief, Neyashtodoh, one of the chiefs of the Kitlahns, who had three sons, called upon him. "I have heard that you have come here with the letter of God. Is that so? Have you the letter of God with you?" asked the chief. "I have," said Mr. Duncan. "Would you mind showing it to me?" "Certainly." Mr. Duncan placed a large Bible on the table. "This is God's Book." The Indian caressed it reverently. "Is God's letter for the Tsimsheans?" "Certainly. God sent this Book to your people, as well as to mine." "Does that Book give God's 'heart' to us?" "It does." "And are you going to tell the Indians that?" "I am." "It is good—it is good, chief," was the answer of Neyashtodoh. (1778)

LEVELING

"'Washing a hill away' is a process employed by a land-improvement company near Baltimore," says *Indoors and Out.* "The summit of a hill was to be lowered about nine feet. The operations covered an area fifteen hundred feet long and three hundred feet wide. From a stream near by water was forced at eighty pounds pressure through eight-inch pipes to a five-inch reducing nozzle and then against the wall of earth. This fell in cartloads every few minutes, and so thin was it, with the water added, as to be easily conveyed through pipes to an abandoned pond which the company wished to fill as a part of the improvement plans." (Text.)

The streams of Christian influence are leveling society by washing away human pride and building up the humble. (1779)

Levity—See Gravity.

LIAR EXPOSED

In a large factory in which were employed several hundred persons, one of the workmen, in wielding his hammer, carelessly allowed it to slip from his hand. It flew half way across the room, and struck a fellow workman in the left eye. The man averred that his eye was blinded by the blow, altho a careful examination failed to reveal any injury, there being not a scratch visible. He brought a suit in the courts for compensation for the loss of half of his eyesight, and refused all offers of compromise. Under the law, the owner of the factory was responsible for an injury resulting from an accident of this kind, and altho he believed that the man was shamming, and that the whole case was an attempt at swindling, he had about made up his mind that he would be compelled to pay the claim. The day of the trial arrived, and in open court an eminent occulist retained by the defense examined the alleged injured member, and gave it as his opinion that it was as good as the right eye. Upon the plaintiff's loud protest of his inability to see with his left eye, the occulist proved him a perjurer, and satisfied the court and jury of the falsity of his claim. And how do you suppose he did it? Why, simply by knowing that the colors green and red combined made black. He prepared a black card on which a few words were written with green ink. Then the plaintiff was ordered to put on a pair of spectacles with two different glasses, the one for the right eye being red and the one for the left eye consisting of ordinary glass. Then the card was handed him and he was ordered to read the writing on it. This he did without hesitation, and the cheat was at once exposed. The sound right eye, fitted with the red glass, was unable to distinguish the green writing on the black surface of the card, while the left eye, which he pretended was sightless, was the one with which the reading had to be done.—*Pottery Gazette.* (1780)

Liberality—See Generosity.

LIBERALITY IN RELIGION

Father Mathew was going among a large number of his temperance converts, signing the cross on their foreheads, when a man on his knees looked up and said, "Father, here am I, an Orangeman, kneeling to you, and you blessing me." "God bless you, my dear, I didn't care if you were a lemonman," said Father Mathew. (1781)

Liberty—See Freedom Chosen.

Liberty, A Spider's Struggle for—See Ingenuity.

LIBERTY, INDIVIDUAL

Throughout his life Milton, tho profoundly religious, held aloof from the strife of sects. In belief, he belonged to the extreme Puritans, called Separatists, Independents, Congregationalists, of which our Pilgrim Fathers are the great examples; but he refused to be bound by any creed or Church discipline:

"As ever in my great Task-Master's eye."

In this last line of one of his sonnets is found Milton's rejection of every form of outward religious authority in face of the supreme Puritan principle, the liberty of the individual soul before God.—William J. Long, "English Literature." (1782)

Liberty, Promoting—See Emancipation.

LIBERTY, SPIRITUAL

Madam Guyon, in the Bastile, speaks to us still of patience in suffering. The walls of her prison were nine feet thick and a narrow slit through the massive masonry admitted all the light that ever reached her. The cell was narrow and dirty with the mold of ages. Dreary and cold in winter and suffocating in summer. No privileges, no books, no recreations or employments. But here was born that blithe bird-song of her captivity:

"My cage confines me round:
Abroad I can not fly;
But tho my wings are closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls can not control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.
And in God's mighty will I find
The joy, the freedom of the mind."

(Text.)
(1783)

LIBERTY SYMBOLIZED

The other day I came down the East River on the steamer. I saw the Bartholdi statue, and my only comment on it, in voice or in thought, was upon its dingy appearance. I wondered that it had not been cleaned. When I sat in my house reading afterward, I came to an account of the ecstasy of an immigrant when first he saw the statue. It was to him the incarnation of all that he had hoped for. Its torch seemed to light his feet to the ways of peace and prosperity. It seemed to be calling a welcome from this land that is free. It seemed even to his devoted heart to be like the figure of the Christ beckoning him and promising him the liberty of a child of God. I wish it might be that we could never see it without similar emotion.—C. B. McAfee. (1784)

Liberty, Workers for—See Emancipation.

LIES IN BUSINESS

You, merchants, must not twine lies and sagacity with your threads in weaving, for every lie that is told in business is a rotten thread in the fabric, and tho it may look well when it first comes out of the loom, there will always be a hole there, first or last, when you come to wear it.—Henry Ward Beecher. (1785)

LIFE

A lady occupied a whole year in searching for and fitting the following lines from English and American poets. The whole reads almost as if written at one time and by one author:

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
—*Young*
Life's a short summer—man is but a flower;
—*Dr. Johnson*
By turns we catch the fatal breath and die
—*Pope*
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh!
—*Prior*
To be is better far than not to be,
—*Sewell*
Tho all man's life may seem a tragedy;
—*Spencer*
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb—
—*Daniel*
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
—*Raleigh*
Your fate is but the common fate of all,
—*Longfellow*
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
—*Southwell*
Nature to each allots his proper sphere.
—*Congreve*
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.
—*Churchill*
Custom does often reason overrule
—*Rochester*
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool;
—*Armstrong*
Live well—how long or short permit to heaven,
—*Milton*
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
—*Bailey*
Sin may be clasped so close we can not see its face;
—*French*
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
—*Somerville*
Then keep each passion down, however dear,
—*Thompson*
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear:
—*Byron*
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasures lay,
—*Smollett*
With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
—*Crabbe*
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;
—*Massinger*
We masters grow of all that we despise.
—*Crowley*
Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem.
—*Beattie*
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
—*Cowper*
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave—
—*Davenant*
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
—*Gray*
What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat.
—*Willis*
Only destructive to the brave and great.
—*Addison*
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
—*Dryden*
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
—*Quarles*
How long we live, not years but actions tell.
—*Watkins*
That man lives twice, who lives the first life well.
—*Herrick*
Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend.
—*Mason*
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
—*Hill*

The trust that's given guard, and to yourself
be just. —*Dana*
For live howe'er we may, yet die we must.
—*Shakespeare*
—*Good Housekeeping.* (1786)

As I passed down through India I saw two little rice-fields side by side. One was green and growing; the other was dead and dry. I looked for the cause. The great lake was full of water. There was no lack there. Into the one the living water was flowing, for the channel was open. The other was choked. Brother, is your life green and growing, fruitful and joyful, or barren and dry because the channel is choked?—G. S. Eddy, "Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions," 1910. (1787)

LIFE A CYCLE

An old man who was just one hundred and three years of age, recently died in Chester, England. Not long before his death he tried to get out of bed, and they said to him: "Father, where do you want to go? What do you want to do?" He answered, "Father is calling me to breakfast." He repeated it two or three times—"Father is calling me to breakfast." The old man had become a child again. He was in his little trundle-bed again hearing his father's voice up the stairway calling him to come to breakfast.

So when we have traveled around the circle of life, we get into the childhood of our old age, and hear the voices of the friends of our youth, which is one of the evidences of the belief that we shall hear those voices again. We would not thus recall them nor remember them if we were not to hear them again. (1788)

LIFE, A DEVOTED

Florence Nightingale, heroine of the Crimean War Nursing Service, as a child at Lea Hurst, was accustomed to minister to the sick poor, and it so happened that the clergyman of the parish was a man of considerable medical skill. Curiously enough, it was an animal that first turned her thoughts to nursing—the dog of her father's shepherd. Poor Cap's leg was thought to have been broken and he was about to be destroyed, when the girl, under the clergyman's direction, prepared a simple hot compress and soon had the delight of seeing her patient convalescent. The fame of this exploit spread abroad, and many an animal was brought to her to be healed; perhaps that was why she always advocated that sick people should have dumb pets about them if possible. As she grew older, the little girl who had instinctively bandaged her broken dolls in the most professional manner was allowed to attend to the wounds and ailments of real people, and this at a time when ambulance classes were unheard of, and when the only sick nurses available were ignorant and untrained women. Miss Florence did not find the ordinary life of a girl in society appealed to her. With characteristic decision she gave it up and spent the next few years in visiting hospitals in England, Ireland and Scotland. It is easy to see now that the great want of those days was trained women nurses, but it required exceptional intelligence—indeed, we might almost say, a touch of genius, to see it then in the late forties. The question was how to supply the need; characteristically again, Miss Nightingale began with herself. In 1851 she entered the Society of Sisters of Mercy, a Protestant institution at Kaiserverth on the Rhine, for training deaconesses or nursing sisters. Here she thoroughly qualified herself as a nurse, and on her return to London she devoted much time and money to the Governesses' Sanatorium in Harley Street.

The autumn of 1854 saw the beginning of the enterprise for which all this time she had been unconsciously preparing herself. The country was being horrified by the tidings which continually came home of the appalling mismanagement of the military hospitals in the Crimea. Our gallant soldiers were dying by hundreds for lack of the simplest and most elementary nursing. It seemed, as religious people say, a clear "call" to this country squire's daughter, and that very evening she wrote to Mr. Sidney Herbert (afterward Lord Herbert of Lea), the Secretary at War, and sketched her plan. At the very same time Mr. Herbert himself was writing to her to ask if she would organize and take out a company of nurses and the two letters crossed in the post. In October, 1854, Miss Nightingale started for the East with thirty-eight nurses in her command, some of whom were naturally nuns. The day after her arrival came the wounded from Balaklava, quickly followed by six hundred wounded from Inkerman and in a few months she had ten thousand poor fellows under her care. She did much more than organize; she would traverse at night, her little lamp in her hand, the four miles of crowded hospital wards and Longfellow's famous lines are no poetic fiction, many a dying man turned to kiss her shadow as it fell.

Miss Florence Nightingale was the first woman to receive the Order of Merit, the coveted distinction formerly reserved exclusively for men. She received the freedom of the City of London in 1908 and was a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.—Belfast (Ireland) *Telegram*. (1789)

LIFE, A NOBLE

I have seen at midnight the gleaming headlight of a giant locomotive, rushing onward through the darkness, heedless of danger and uncertainty, and I have thought the spectacle grand. I have seen the light come over the eastern hills in glory, driving the lazy darkness, like mist before a sea-born gale, till leaf and tree and blade of grass sparkled as myriad diamonds in the morning rays, and I have thought that it was grand. I have seen the lightning leap at midnight athwart the storm-swept sky, shivering over chaotic clouds, 'mid howling winds, till cloud and darkness and the shadow-haunted earth flashed into midday splendor, and I have known that it was grand. But the grandest thing, next to the radiance that flows from the Almighty's throne, is the light of a noble and beautiful life, shining in benediction upon the destines of men, and finding its home in the bosom of the everlasting God.—John Temple Graves. (1790)

LIFE A TREE

A Scandinavian allegory represents human life as a tree, the " Igdrasil," or the tree of existence, whose roots grow deep down in the soil of mystery; the trunk reaches above the clouds; its branches spread out over the globe. At the foot of it sit the Past, the Present and the Future, watering the roots. Its boughs spread out through all lands and all time; every leaf of the tree is a biography, every fiber a word, a thought or a deed; its boughs are the histories of nations; the rustle of it is the noise of human existence onward from of old; it grows amid the howling of the hurricane; it is the great tree of humanity. (1791)

LIFE A VOYAGE

Into this world we come like ships,
Launched from the docks and stocks and slips,
For fortune fair or fatal.
—Thomas Hood.

O Neptune! You may save me if you will; you may sink me if you will; but whatever happens I shall keep my rudder true.
—Seneca's "Pilot."

Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward sail unharmed;
The port, well worth the voyage, is near,
And every wave is charmed.
—R. W. Emerson.

Thou hast embarked; thou hast made the voyage; thou art come to shore; now land! (Text.) —Marcus Aurelius. (1792)

Life and Faith United—See Religion Allaying Fear.

LIFE, APPRECIATION OF

Many who carelessly declare this life to be of no desirable value discover how strongly they hold to it if by chance they seem in danger of losing it. Thus Rev. Asa Bullard writes:

My father had a blacksmith-shop; and sometimes when not called away on professional duties, he would do little jobs in his shop in the evening. One evening, when I was a little boy, I asked him to let me go with him and see him make nails.

He said I would get sleepy and cry to come back. I thought I shouldn't; and so was permitted to go with him. He fixt me a nice seat on the forge, where I could see him blow the bellows, heat the nail-rod red hot, and then hammer out the nails. It was real fun to watch him for some time.

By and by I began to grow tired and sleepy; and then I wished I was back at the house and in bed; but I did not dare to say anything about it. At length father looked up, and seeing that I was very sleepy and ready to cry, he asked:

"What is the matter, Asa?"

I said: "I wish I was never made!"

Father drew the hot nail-rod out of the fire and raised it as tho he was going to strike me, when I exclaimed:

"I don't want to be killed, now I am made!" Then, with a hearty laugh, he took me home to mother.—"Incidents in a Busy Life." (1793)

Life as Testimony—See Native Converts.

Life, Brevity of—See Brevity of Life.

LIFE CHEAP

Mard Bird, in "Persian Women and Their Creed," tells the following:

A Persian Haji's baby had convulsions and the parents brought it to the Mohammedan village teacher, who said the child was possest, and the only remedy for her disease was for them to buy a prayer of the exact length of the child, and strap it on her back. The child was so long that the cost of the prayer was five dollars, and the parents decided that a girl baby was not worth that much and took her home to die. (1794)

LIFE, CLINGING TO

They used to tell during the Civil War of a colonel who was ordered to assault a position which his regiment, when they had advanced far enough to get a good look at it, saw to be so impossible that they fell back and became immovable. Whereupon (so the story ran) the colonel, who took the same sense of the situation that his command did, yet must do his duty, called out in an ostensibly pleading and fervid voice: "Oh, don't give it up so! Forward again! Forward! Charge! Great heavens, men, do you want to live forever?"—Joseph H. Twichell. (1795)

LIFE, CONTINUED

A few years ago I was walking along the shore of the Susquehanna River, in Harrisburg, Pa., accompanied by the little boy of my friend, Dr. Hill. Night was fast closing down over the earth, when the little fellow looked up and said: "Brother Shannon, where does the river go to, when the night comes on?" I saw at once that the question was big with the wonder and mystery of a child's mind. He had just come from his own home; he saw men and women going home; he saw the birds flying to their homes in the trees, and he wondered if the river had a home, too. Of course, I could have answered that the river has its home in the sea, but I said: "My child, the river flows on just the same through the night as through the day." And men say: "Where does the soul go to when the night of death comes on?" The Master says: "It goes on just the same, thrilled with my joy, united with my destiny, and deathless in my life!"—F. F. Shannon. (1796)

LIFE, DESIRE FOR LONG

The enchanters of China promised the emperors of that country to find an elixir of long life that should efface the irreparable inroad of years. The astrologers and necromancers of the Middle Ages flattered themselves to have discovered the fountain of youth, in which a person had merely to bathe in order to recover his youth. All such dreams were long ago dispelled by the progress of science. Yet, in the heart of most men, there is such a desire to prolong their stay upon the earth that the art of living for a long time has not ceased to impassion a large number of persons who would be willing to endure all the evils of an indefinitely prolonged old age. We have several times had proof of this mania, which Dean Swift has so wittily stigmatized in his second voyage of Gulliver by showing in what a state of abjection the mortals of Laputa lived—those unfortunates who were condemned to survive their own selves through the loss of memory of what they had been. One of the perpetual secretaries of the Academy of Sciences has written a volume to prove that man should consider himself young up to eighty years of age. A noble Venetian named Cornaro spent twenty years in a scale-pan in order to ascertain what alimentary regimen was best adapted to him. We have known old men who, having learned that Mr. Chevreul had never drank anything but water, took the resolution to abstain wholly from wine, hoping in this way to exceed a hundred years. Fortunately, a rag-gatherer, who had reached the same age as the celebrated academician, spared them this sacrifice, by informing his confrére in longevity that he had never drank anything but wine.—*La Science Illustrée.* (1797)

Life, Fecundity of—See Propagation, Prolific.

LIFE, FEEDING THE

The Mississippi River, which empties its wealth of waters into the Gulf of Mexico, is fed by the Missouri, the Ohio, the Tennessee, the Red River, and indirectly the Allegheny and Monongahela, and the Yellowstone and the Platte. The Amazon River drains an area of two and a half million square miles, or the waters of more than a third of all the South American continent. The River Nile is almost equally enriched by tributaries.

But no river is more fed by confluent currents than is that of a life which draws to itself all resources of knowledge and grace. (Text.) (1798)

LIFE FROM DEATH

Clinton Scollard, in *The Outlook,* draws a lesson from the new-fallen snow:

The evanescent wonder of the snow
Is round about us, and as in a cloud—
A vestiture inviolate—we walk.
Earth seems bereft of song and shorn of sun,
A cloistral world. Even the lyric throat
Of the rapt brook is like a pulse-beat faint.
The wood—white architrave on architrave—
Is as a temple where the lips of prayer
Tremble upon the verge of utterance.
Hush! In the heart of this great gulf of sleep,
This void abysmal, may we not divine
The inscrutable Presence clothed about with dreams,
The immaculate Vision that is death yet life,
For out of death comes life: the twain are one! (Text.) (1799)

Life, Inward—See Character More than Clothing.

LIFE LEARNED FROM DEATH

Prof. G. Currie Martin draws this suggestive picture:

In the gallery at The Hague there hangs a wonderful picture by Rembrandt. When the visitor first looks at it the horror that it inspires seems too great to be borne, for there, in the very forefront of the canvas, so that the spectator imagines he could touch it, is the grim and ghastly form of a corpse lying livid and rigid upon the dissecting-table. To add still further to the sense of shrinking it evokes, the scalpel of the surgeon has been thrust into the flesh, and he is laying bare the muscles of the arm. But if the visitor has only patience and courage for a moment to overcome the first sense of repulsion, he will find that he goes away from an examination of the picture thinking no longer of death and its terror, but of life and its power. For the skill of the artist is shown in so presenting the great and eternal contrast between death and life that the latter triumphs. Above the figure of the corpse are grouped the faces of the great scientists and physicians who, as they listen to the words of the lecturer, are drinking in the new-found knowledge that is to make them the conquerors of disease, and those portraits are so wonderfully painted that the spectator finds himself ever afterward thinking of the power of life that they manifest and of the greatness of human knowledge that has wrested the secrets from death itself which make life more powerful and safe. (Text.) (1800)

Life-line, A—See Ingenuity.

LIFE-LINE HYMN

A speaker at one of Evan Roberts' remarkable revival services in Wales, was telling of a "vision" he had had, and of a voice which exhorted him to "Throw out the life-line," when instantly the listeners sang the whole hymn together.

Mr. Ufford, the author of the lines, once sang them at a watch-service in California, and there he told how the *Elsie Smith* was lost on Cape Cod in 1902, showing the very life-line that saved sixteen lives from the sea, and by chance one of the number was present at the service.

From a room, in a building hired for religious services in a Pennsylvania city, and where a series of revival meetings was being held, rang out, one night, the hymn, "Throw out the life-line," in the hearing, next door, of a convivial card-party. It was a sweet female voice, followed in the chorus by other and louder voices chiming in. The result was the merriment ceased as one of the members of the card-party remarked: "If what they're saying is right, then we're wrong," and the revelers broke up. An ex-member of that party is now an editor of a great city daily, and his fellows are all filling positions of responsibility. The life-line pulled them ashore.

In a Massachusetts city, twenty years ago, this hymn won to Christ a man who is now a prosperous manufacturer.

At a special service held at Gibraltar for the survivors of an emigrant ship that went ashore there during a storm, this hymn was sung with telling effect.

The story of that life-line is long enough and strong enough to tie up a large bundle of results wrought by it. (1801)

Life-material — See Material for a Great Life.

LIFE, NEW, FROM GOD

In London there dwells a man interested in rare and exotic plants. A friend who had been in the Amazon brought him home a rare tree. In the winter he keeps it in the hothouse, but when summer comes, he carries it into his garden. So beautiful is the bloom that he gave garden-parties that men might behold the wondrous flower. One summer's day he noticed a strange thing that set his pulses throbbing—a singular fruit had begun to set. Sending for an expert, they took counsel together. They knew that this was the only tree of the kind in Paris, and they could not understand from whence had come the pollen that had fertilized the plant. At length they published the story in the papers, and that story brought the explanation. A merchant wrote that years before he had brought to Marseilles a young plant from the Amazon. The pollen of that tree nearly four hundred miles away had been carried on the wings of the wind over hill and vale, and found out the blossom that awaited its coming.

And not otherwise is it with the soul. Because it is in His likeness, it shares with Him in those attributes named reason, wisdom, goodness, holiness and love. The soul waits. Without God it can do nothing. Its life is from afar. Expectant and full of longing, it hungers and thirsts, and desires His coming. That repentant youth, lying in the desert, with a stone for his pillow, waits, and then the light comes from God.—N. D HILLIS. (1802)

LIFE, ORIGIN OF

The old philosophers who held that all things originated in the sea were not far out of the way, if we are to believe some of the latest biological theories or speculations. That organic evolution began with marine creatures, Haeckel told us long ago. That sea-water is a particularly sympathetic medium for vital processes, has more lately been shown by Loeb in his experiments on the fertilization of the eggs of certain marine creatures. M. René Quinton, of the Laboratory of Pathologic Physiology of the College de France, has published a book, entitled "Sea-water as an Organic Medium," in which he asserts that as the cell itself has persisted in living organisms, being practically the same in the human body as in our earliest marine predecessors, so the conditions of its life closely reproduce those of primordial times. The cell in our own bodies is bathed in a fluid that closely resembles sea-water in chemical composition and that approximates in temperature to that of the ocean when life first appeared in it. (Text.) (1803)

LIFE, PASSION FOR

Ponce de Leon searched Florida for the spring of the elixir of life; thousands of alchemists have attempted to concoct it; innumerable patent medicines in every drugstore testify to the universal effort to prolong earthly existence; a miser will fling away his last piece of gold to save his life; lawyers will battle to the last device of law to save a client from execution if only to prolong his existence in a prison; and tho Bacon says "there is no passion so mean as that it can not mate and master the fear of death," he was speaking only of sudden and occasional passions. The rule is that passion to live outmasters all other passions.

What a word then is this of Jesus when He says, "I came that they might have life." (1804)

LIFE, PERSISTENCE OF

A spring of air never loses its elasticity; but it never gains an energy which it had not at first. Tho prest a thousand years under incumbent weights, the instant they are removed it reassumes its original volume; but it gathers no more from the long repose. But the life in the seed tends constantly toward development, into the stalk, the blossom and the fruit. As long as the seed remains perfect and vital, this tendency remains, inhering in it; so that three thousand years after it was shaken from the wheat-ear on the Nile, if planted it develops and brings forth fruit in English gardens.—RICHARD S. STORRS. (1805)

Life Pictures—See REALISM.

LIFE PROLONGED

"In the city of New York alone there are 150,000 people living to-day who would be dead if the mortality of fifty years ago still prevailed," says a writer in *The Booklover's Magazine*. "Popular opinion has scarcely yet come to realize what medical science has been doing in late years. People sicken and die, think the laity, and the efforts of the physician are just as futile as before the recent discoveries about which so much is said. This idea is, however, erroneous. I will venture to say there is scarcely an adult living to-day who has not experienced or will not experience an actual prolongation of life due to discoveries of the last fifty years." (1806)

LIFE PURPOSE

A story is told of Rubens that during his sojourn as ambassador to the Court of Philip in Spain, he was detected at work upon a painting by a courtier, who, not knowing much about his true fame, exclaimed in surprize, "What! does an ambassador to his Catholic Majesty amuse himself with painting pictures?" "No," replied Rubens, "the painter sometimes amuses himself with diplomacy."

The serious business of life is the producing of a good character; all else is pastime. (Text.) (1807)

These noble ambitions for a true life are put in verse by H. H. Barston:

To face each day of life
Nor flinch from any task;
To front the moment's strife
And only courage ask.
To be a man unawed
By aught but heaven's command;
Tho men revile or plaud,
To take a stand—and stand.

To fill my life with toil,
With God's free air and light;
To shun the things that spoil,
That hasten age and night;
To sweat beneath my hod,
Nor ask a better gift
From self or man or God
Than will and strength to lift.

To keep my spirit sweet
Tho head and hand be tired;
Each brother man to greet,
Nor leave him uninspired;
To keep my spirit fed
On God unceasingly,
That none may lack his bread
Who walk this way with me. (Text.)
(1808)

LIFE RECRUDESCENT

Edith M. Thomas is the author of the lines below, found in the *Canadian Presbyterian:*

The apple-tree said,
"You think I'm dead,"
"Because I have never a leaf to show,
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull, gray mosses over me grow;
But I'm alive in trunk and shoot,
The buds of next May
I fold away,
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I'm dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade,
But under the ground
I'm safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here,
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I'm dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own.
I never have died
But close I hide
In a plump seed that the wind has sown,
Patient I wait through the long winter hours.
You will see me again,
I shall laugh at you then
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."
(1809)

LIFE, RESPONSE OF

The touch of God upon men is not answered unless the soul be spiritually alive:

The sun shines down upon the dead twig that has fallen from the tree. All his rich and marvelous powers are exerted. He wraps it about with his mighty arms. He kisses it and bathes it in tides of summer warmth, and smiles upon it and beckons it to come—but it lies there a dead twig to the last. But a vine has peeped through the soil. The sun discovers it and whispers the secrets of the sky to its tiny quivering leaves, and out go the filmy tendrils, and up and up goes the loving plant, climbing the golden trellis of the sunbeam toward its lover, the sun.—John K. Willey. (1810)

LIFE-SAVING

Every man should try to be as alert and well prepared for helping and saving men as the steamers here described:

All Pacific mail-steamers are carefully protected by a rigid practise in fire and life-saving drills. At the tap of the bell, the crew spring to their places by boat and raft; each officer, with a pistol hung by his side, takes his station; and the precision and quickness with which it is all accompanied inspire the beholder with very comfortable feelings.

The life-drill is practised in case some one should fall overboard. Certain members of the crew are assigned to this duty, ready at any moment to throw out life-lines, buoys that strike a light when they hit the water, or man the emergency life-boat that is kept in position to be lowered instantly.—MARSHALL P. WILDER, "Smiling 'Round the World." (1811)

See KNOWLEDGE APPLIED.

Life-saving Attachment—See ECONOMY OF ENERGY.

LIFE-SAVING BY WIRELESS

The former sound liner *Kentucky* is at the bottom of the Atlantic at lat. 32.10, long. 76.30, which is more than a hundred miles off the South Carolina coast, south of Cape Hatteras. Her captain and crew of forty-six men are on their way to Key West on board the Mallory liner *Alamo*. It was the fourth rescue by wireless since that method of communication at sea has been in use. Called by the international distress signal, the *Alamo* reached the sinking vessel just as the electricity died and but an hour before she sank.

In the meantime her distress calls, heard throughout Atlantic coast waters and sent by W. G. Maginnis, wireless operator, had started speeding toward her the United States Government battleship *Louisiana*, on a speed trial in the vicinity, the cruiser *Birmingham* and the revenue cutters *Yamacraw* and *Seminole*.

When 150 miles off Sandy Hook, at the very outset of her long journey, she sprang a leak. By working hard at the pumps Captain Moore managed to get her into Newport News with sixteen inches of water in her hold. She was repaired and certified safe and sound by the United States inspector there and Lloyds. Luckily, this little wooden ship, packed tight with coal, had been installed with wireless before she left. The international distress call, S. O. S., set the sound waves jumping all over the coast and the Atlantic. The United States Government received the message at the same time that every sea-captain on the ocean got it. The *Alamo*, bound for Key West, got it at 11:30 and headed dead for the source at once. Later this came through the air:

"We are sinking. Our lat. is 32 deg. 10 min.; long., 76 deg. 30 min.

"KENTUCKY."

The *Alamo* was sixty-five miles off. She had made the run by 3:50 o'clock, when the *Kentucky* appeared in sight.

The boat was sinking rapidly and in half a gale the work of transferring the crew of the *Kentucky* by lifeboat was accomplished. As the last man was taken off only the superstructure was visible above the water. (1812)

LIFE, SELF-PROPAGATING

The yeast-plant is so small that it can be seen only under the microscope. Each yeast-plant consists of a closed sack or cell, containing a jelly-like liquid named "protoplasm." Under the microscope the yeast-plant is seen to change in form. Sometimes little swellings grow out, like knobs on a potato, and these will by and by separate themslves from the parent and become other yeast-plants. It is alive and growing.

"What we need," said McLeod, "is not life, (from galvanism), but the life of life"—Jesus himself. (Text.) (1813)

LIFE, SOURCE OF MAN'S

The goddess of the Greek mythology springs from the crest of the curling sea. The spirit of poetic and legendary lore is born of moonbeams playing upon fountains. The glittering elf of the household story leaps up on the shaft of the quivering flame. The meteor is invoked, or the morning-star, to give birth to new spirits; the sunset-sheen on distant hills is imagined to become incorporate in them; or the west wind, toying over banks of flowers, to drop their delicate life from its wings. But when God forms the life, in each conscious soul, and fills this with its strange and unsearchable powers, he creates it by a ministry diverse from all these, and as distantly removed as it is possible to conceive from its own unique nature, and its height of prerogative. He creates it by the ministry of these fleshly forms, which are authors, under Him, of a life that transcends them; a life not limited as they are by space, not subject as they are to material assaults, and not dependent as they are on shelter or on food.—Richard S. Storrs. (1814)

LIFE, SPENDING

A good life is never lost. It yields cumulative results. This rime expresses the truth:

A life spent with a purpose grand
  Has simply not been "spent";
It's really an investment, and
  Will yield a large per cent. (Text.)
(1815)

LIFE, THE SIMPLE

Washington loved the simple life of home and countryside, of friend and neighbor, of master and servant. "To make and sell a little flour annually," he wrote, "to repair houses going fast to ruin, to build one for the security of my papers of a public nature, will constitute employment for the few years I have to remain on this terrestrial globe." But he was still ready for the summons of duty, whether it was to put his shoulder to the wheel of a stranger's broken-down carriage on the roadside, to serve on the petty jury of his country, or to accept command of the army preparing to meet the French. Washington would never have identified effective citizenship with prominence. The citizen who was never mentioned in the newsletters might be quite as great as the general and President. At Ipswich, Mass., on one occasion, Mr. Cleaveland, the minister of the town, was presented to him. As he approached, hat in hand, Washington said, "Put on your hat, parson, and I will shake hands with you." "I can not wear my hat in your presence, general," said the minister, "when I think of what you have done for this country." "You did as much as I," said Washington. "No, no," protested the parson. "Yes," said Washington, "you did what you could, and I have done no more."—A. MacColl, *Northwestern Christian Advocate.* (1816)

Life, The Whole, the Test of Character—See Character, Unseen Places in.

LIFE, THE WINGED

The story is told of how the birds received their wings. Created originally without wings, they hopped about, until one day God said to them: "You are beautiful and hop finely and sing sweetly, but I want you to fly. Let me give you wings." At first they refused, saying that wings would be weights. Besides, they liked to hop. But at length they consented to receive wings and flew. (1817)

LIFE, USES OF

In this world we have but brief glimpses of the best and brightest things. Sunset splendors linger but a little while; spring blossoms are scattered by the winds while we watch their unfolding; and autumn leaves soon fade and fall and dissolve into forest mold; the dull landscape glows for a time with supernal splendor, giving us a foretaste of the glory that shall be revealed; the wind passes over it and it is gone. For the leaves there are other and higher uses than to enrobe the branches with autumnal tints. They live and die to serve God in the mysterious economy of life. It is so with human destiny; our noblest achievements seem to perish in a day, but no life of faithful service can be lost in the consummation of God's plan.—*The Living Church.* (1818)

LIFE AS AN ART

These verses are from a poem by John Kendrick Bangs in *The Century:*

He'd never heard of Phidias,
He'd never heard of Byron;
His tastes were not fastidious,
His soul was not aspirin':
But he could tell you what the birds were whisp'ring in the trees,
And he could find sweet music in the sounding of the seas,
And he could joy in wintry snows,
  And summer's sunny weather,
And tell you all the names of those
  Who frolic in the heather.

He nothing knew of sciences,
Of art, or eke of letters;
Nor of those strange appliances
That fill the world with debtors:
But happiness he knew right well; he knew from A to Z
The art of filling life with song, and others' souls with glee;
And he could joy in day and night,
  Heart full of pure thanksgiving—
I am not sure he was not right
  In using life for living. (1819)

LIFE, VALUE OF

There is a suggestive and saddening passage in Miss Ellen Terry's recent "Reminiscences." The great actress was talking to Sir Henry Irving, her old comrade on the stage, as he lay ill. "Do you ever think, as I do sometimes, what have you got out of life?" asked Miss Terry. "What have I got out of it?" said Irving, stroking his chin and smiling slightly, "Let me see—well, a good cigar, a good glass of wine, good friends."

And that summary satisfies many another. The pathetic futility of it all! Material things vanish, and then what remains? Life should be more rewarding than this. (Text.) (1820)

LIFE, VENERATION FOR

Powhatan Bouldin's "Home Reminiscences" has a story which shows John Randolph's peculiar veneration for growing things. The incident is related by a friend of Randolph's nephew:

When I was a boy I visited at Roanoke. The house was completely environed by trees and underwood, and seemed to be in a dense virgin forest. Mr. Randolph would not permit even a switch to be cut near the house.

Without being aware of this, one day I committed a serious trespass. My friend Tudor and I were roving about, when I, perceiving a straight young hickory about an inch thick, felled it. Tudor said that his uncle would be very angry, so I immediately went and informed him what I had ignorantly done, and exprest my regret. Mr. Randolph took the stick and looked pensively at it as if commiserating its fate. Then, gazing at me, he said:

"I would not have done this for fifty Spanish-milled dollars!"

I had seventy-five cents and had entertained some idea of offering it, but when I heard about the fifty dollars I was afraid of insulting him by such meager compensation.

"Did you want this for a cane?" asked Mr. Randolph. "No, sir." "No, you are not old enough to need a cane. Did you want it for any particular purpose?" "No, sir. I only saw that it was a pretty stick and thought I'd cut it." "We can be justified in taking animal life to furnish food or to remove a hurtful object. We can not be justified in taking even vegetable life without some useful object in view. Now, God Almighty planted this thing, and you have killed it without any adequate object. It would have grown into a large nut-tree and furnished food for many squirrels. I hope and believe you will never do so again." "Never, sir, never!" I cried.

He put the stick into a corner, and I escaped to Tudor. It was some time before I could cut a switch or fishing-rod without feeling I was doing some sort of violence to the vegetable kingdom. (1821)

Life versus Business—See Religion versus Business.

LIFE VERSUS CHURCH

The manner in which Wesley by his zeal was pushed outside of the Church of England limits is told thus by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett:

But these two features of that work—open-air preaching and the itinerant nature of his ministry—determined many things. They determined, for example, the general question of Wesley's relation to ecclesiastical order. For that order he had been, and still was, a zealot; but he was slowly learning that there were things more precious, as well as more urgent, than mere ecclesiastical use and wont. England was mapped out, for example, into parishes; and were these faint lines of ecclesiastical boundaries, drawn by human hands and guarding fancied human rights, to arrest such a work as Wesley was beginning? They were like films of cobweb drawn across a track of an earthquake! And many an ecclesiastical cobweb of the same kind had to be brushed aside to make room for the new religious life beginning to stir in Great Britain.—W. H. Fitchett, "Wesley and His Century." (1822)

LIFE, WASTING

Henley's brilliant epitaph on George Moreland sums up not only that artist's life, but no less the life of too many before and since:

He coined himself into guineas, and so, like the reckless and passionate spendthrift he was, he flung away his genius and his life in handfuls, till nothing else was left him but the silence and the decency of death. (1823)

LIFE, WATER OF

The *Scavatori* from Naples, some years ago, dug up from among the ruins of Pompeii an urn of bronze filled with pure water, sweet to the taste and unaltered in quality. It had lost none of its pristine excellence after centuries of time.

Jesus described Himself as living water, and after two thousand years this has lost none of its purity or strength. (1824)

LIFE WHAT WE MAKE IT

Life is what we make it. It varies in its prospect with the sort of eyes that see it. A writer remarks on this, as he takes his walk over the fields:

The laborer is coming along the road with his lumbering wagon; or the shepherd is standing by the gate of the field; or the game-keeper is out to see to his snares; and you say to the countryman, whichever you meet, how beautiful the country is when the red berries so thickly stud the hedge.

"Beautiful enough," he replies, "but it's no pleasant sight for us poor folk; it means we shall have a hard winter."

Because of this relation of the individual to the coloring of life, it behooves each one to make his own world beautiful and he will do so when his own life is in accord with truth. (Text.) (1825)

LIFE WORK, CHOOSING A

In a current book a college president tells this story:

A traveler in Japan says that one day as he stood on the quay in Tokyo waiting for a steamer, he excited the attention of a coolie doing the work of a stevedore, who knew he was an American. As the coolie went by with his load, in his pigeon English he said, "Come buy cargo?" By which he meant, "Are you in Japan on business?" The man shook his head. The second time the coolie passed, he again asked, "Come look and see?" By which he meant to ask if the American were a tourist seeing the country. Receiving a negative reply, the next time he passed he tried one more question. "Spec' die soon?" By which he meant to ask if the man was there for his health.

This the writer used to describe three different classes of people in the world. There is the young man who seems to be in the world for his health. They want to be coddled. There is the young man who seems to be in the world as a traveler. He wants to be amused. There are the young men who are in the world for business. They mean to do something and be somebody.—N. McGee Waters. (1826)

Life Yet to Be—See Future, The.

Life's Furrow—See Symbol of Life.

LIFE'S MELODY

A great pipe-organ has one or two thousand pipes. Some are twenty feet long, and large enough for a man to stand in, others are no bigger or longer than a common lead-pencil; some are made of wood, some of zinc, some of lead; and every one is set to make its own peculiar note. No pipe ever makes any other note than its own. But the organist is not limited to one tune. He can play any tune he may wish simply by changing the order of the notes which he sounds.

The laws of God's world are fixt; but on that great organ He is master, and it obeys His will; and rest assured that He it is that is playing the melody of your life.—James M. Stifler, "The Fighting Saint." (1827)

LIFE'S TURNING TIDE

Does the tide ever turn in the land of the dead?
Shall we stir at the kiss of the wave rolling back,
And lift, like the sea-weed, the death-draggled head,
And toss with life's flood, like the tangles of wrack?

We trust it is so; for the sea that God turns,
And sends flooding back into river and bay—
Is the sea more divine than the spirit that yearns?
And we will not believe that life's tide ebbs for aye.

—James Buckham, *Frank Leslie's.* (1828)

LIFTERS AND LEANERS

A prosperous member of a church in Scotland had been besought often by his pastor to give to the work of evangelizing the poor in Glasgow, but would always reply: "Na, I need it for mysel'." One night he dreamed that he was at the gate of heaven, which was only a few inches ajar. He tried to get in, but could not, and was in agony at his poor prospect. Just then the face of his minister appeared, who said: "Sandy, why stand ye glowering there? Why don't ye gae in?" "I can't; I am too large, and my pocketbook sticks out whichever way I turn." "Sandy," replied the minister, "think how mean ye have been to the Lord's poor, and ye will be small enough to go through the eye of a needle." Sandy awoke, and began to reduce both his pocketbook and his meanness by generously lifting forward the cause of his Lord.

We may depend upon it that it is the lifters and not the leaners who have the joy, and the peace, and the triumph of the Christian life.—LOUIS ALBERT BANKS. (1829)

LIGHT

The traveler to the heavenly country will often set in contrast to the conditions described below, the time and scene in which "they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light" and "the Lamb is the light thereof."

In any large city the small hours of the night, while most people are asleep, is the time when the bread is made and baked, the great newspapers printed, the food products, such as milk and vegetables, prepared and brought into the city. If we were obliged to dispense with our modern systems of illumination the world would be set back in its civilization beyond our power to imagine. (1830)

Jesus stated long ago the philosophy of the paragraph below when He said "Neither cometh to the light lest their evil deeds should be reproved" and "men love darkness . . . because their deeds are evil."

The municipality had better take the cue, less light, more crime, more light, less crime. There are still dark spots to be found at night within the city limits where a few powerful arcs would wield an immediate influence. It is easy to see that arc-lights are cheaper than police officers and a brightly lit city the greatest imaginable offset to criminality in any stage or form. (Text.)—*Electricity.* (1831)

An English writer has this to say about the phosphorescent light cast by the sea-fish called the smelt:

Anybody desirous of seeing the sort of light which it emits may do so very easily by purchasing an unwashed smelt from the fish-monger, and allowing it to dry with its natural slime upon it, then looking at it in the dark. A sole or almost any other fish will answer the purpose, but I name the smelt from having found it the most reliable in the course of my own experiments. It emits a dull, ghostly light, with very little penetrating power, which shows the shape of the fish, but casts no perceptible light on objects around.

Here the light is so dim that it gives no illumination beyond outlining the fish. Many men are like that. They have a little light, but it never shines beyond themselves. It merely outlines their own lives and sometimes scarcely that. (Text.) (1832)

It has been a long stride forward from producing light and heat by means of flint to producing it by matches. What would civilization do without matches? Few realize the immense labor, capital and material used to produce this tiny article of commerce. As a matter of fact, thousands of men are employed, millions of dollars invested and vast forests cut down to meet the demand in America of 700,000,000,000 a year. One plant alone on the Pacific coast covers 240 acres and uses 200,000 feet of sugar-pine and yellow-pine logs in a day. The odds and ends will not do. A constant search is in progress for large forests of perfect trees to meet the future need.

If such labor and pains are necessary to keep at hand the means of lighting that which at best is only a temporary flame, what should measure our diligence to keep our spiritual light burning? (Text.)
See SHINING AS LAMPS. (1833)

LIGHT AFTER NIGHT

Mary Elliot interprets the moral cheer of recurring dawn in these musical lines:

Dawn of the red, red sun in a bleak, abandoned sky
That the moon has lately left and the stars are fast forsaking—

The day is drawing the cloudy lids from his bloodshot eye,
And the world impatient stirs—a tired old sleeper, waking.

O most unwearying prophet, ever-returning morn!
Thou giv'st new life to a world grown old, and marred in making;
With ever an old faith lost, and ever a pang new-born,
But ever a new, new hope to hearts that were well-nigh breaking. (Text.)
—*The Metropolitan.*
(1834)

LIGHT AND ACTIVITY

Those who would glow with the brightness of a blest life can not so shine unless they are luminous with activity.

We are passing along a country road on a dark evening and are arrested by seeing luminous points in the herbage at the foot of a hedgerow or side of a lane. We find on investigation that the beautiful little lights are emitted by glowworms. At first sight these appear to be stationary, but we find by patient waiting and watching that the little creatures are slowly moving as they shine and that each glowworm ceases to emit its lovely gleam directly it stops moving. And in human life are not the bright lights of society, of the family, of the Church, those persons who are incessantly in action? The sluggard is too dull to shine; the energetic souls go sparkling on their way and charm as well as help. (Text.) (1835)

Light and Darkness—See Blind Guides.

LIGHT AS A CURE

Dr. Hasselbach, of Copenhagen, has become convinced that the light treatment is effective in heart disease and affections of the nervous system. Dr. Hasselbach, after experimenting on his own perfectly normal organs, next experimented on two doctors. Both of these were complete invalids, one suffering from angina pectoris and the other from a nervous affection of the heart. This treatment, which lasted in one case for a month and in the others for six weeks, resulted in enabling both doctors to resume their practise. (Text.) (1836)

Light, Attraction of—See Suicide Prevented.

LIGHT-BEARERS

Natural science has shown that the transmission of light to our globe is dependent on the luminous atmosphere surrounding the sun; and that light existed originally independent of the sun, and consisted of the undulations of a luminiferous ether. The latest theory maintains that the body of the sun is simply an irritant, having the property of setting the undulations of this ether into motion, but wholly devoid of light in itself.

Such a luminous atmosphere is the environment of one's life, and capable of being made the means of constituting each man a luminary to the world. (1837)

Annie Winsor Allen is the author of this cheering verse:

Bringers of hope to men,
Bearers of light.
Eager and radiant,
Glad in the right,
'Tis from these souls aglow
Man learns his path to know.
They as they onward go
Bear on the light.

What tho they fight to lose,
Facing the night!
Morning will find them still
Seeking the height.
What tho this stress and strain
Makes all their hopes seem vain!
They through the bitter pain
Bear on the light.

Brothers of all that live,
They aid us all.
May our hearts, touched with fire,
Leap to their call!
Their voices, clear and strong,
Ring like a rallying song,
"Upward against the wrong!
Bear on the light!" (1838)

LIGHT, BENEFITS OF

If we company with Him who said, "I am the light of the world," our moral natures will experience something corresponding to the physical benefits of light when it is applied in moderation.

Light acts as a stimulant to the bodies of men as well as of animals. The ability of the blood to carry through the system oxygen that is taken from the atmosphere during breathing is increased by exposure to light. The blood is assisted also, by the action of light on it, in giving off the carbonic-acid gas that the body has accumulated, and thus frees the system from the impurities out of the blood. (1839)

LIGHT, CHRISTIAN

A lighthouse called the Pharos was built at Alexandria, Egypt. It ascended 550 feet in the air and sent its light over the sea for a distance of 100 miles. Its purpose was as a memorial to King Ptolemy.

An upright character is a lighthouse to this storm-tossed world. (Text.) (1840)

LIGHT DEVELOPING BEAUTY

The human soul can only develop its full capacities when illumined. Light from without must call out the latent powers of the mind.

The sea-anemone is attractive only when light reaches them. In gloom or shadow they fold themselves up on their peduncles and look withered and repellent. In the sunshine that plays on the waters in their pools these strange creatures open out like blossoms expanding their petals. (Text.) (1841)

LIGHT, DIVINE

In the oxy-hydrogen lantern the operator first lights the hydrogen burner, and it burns like any other gas-light. Then he turns slowly upon it a little jet of oxygen, under which at first the flame seems dying down. But presently the lime candle kindles, and its flame, concentrated by the condensers to a small jet, begins to glow with a brilliancy that darkens everything else and can not be endured to look on. So in the movement of the world—in the "coming age"—there is high character and grand heroism, and as one studies it he sees that it is not Stephen's face that shone like an angel, or Moses' which had to be veiled, but the ineffable Spirit that shone out in them both. The power of the coming age is not the power of any man, but the power of the God who made all things, and whose glory here glows and burns brighter than the sun, bringing out the littlest worthiness of human character in the concentrated light of love.—FRANKLIN NOBLE, "Sermons in Illustration." (1842)

Light, Excess of—See ADVICE DISREGARDED.

LIGHT FOR RESCUE

The recently improved buoy is a remarkable device now in use in the life-saving service of the United States. By means of the signal lights, its position will always be known to those on shore and on the wreck. The green light moving toward the vessel mutely tells the shipwrecked passengers that help is at hand and encourages them to hold on until the buoy reaches them.

How many imperiled mariners on the sea of life are lost in the darkness because they see not the helping hand stretched out to save them. (1843)

LIGHT-GIVING

One of the first lessons that Jesus inculcated in the minds of His disciples who were to become His messengers, was that they should be lights in the midst of the moral and spiritual gloom.

A preacher one dark night lost his way in a corner of a strange neighborhood. Meeting a farm laborer and asking his way, he received for answer, "Follow that light and you will not have gone far before you hear the bells of the next village." (1844)

LIGHT, IMMORTAL

Richard Watson Gilder, who died in 1909, and whose dream is now reality, wrote this beautiful prayer:

O Thou the Lord and Maker of life and light!
Full heavy are the burdens that do weigh
Our spirits earthward, as through twilight gray
We journey to the end and rest of night;
Tho well we know to the deep inward sight,
Darkness is but Thy shadow, and the day
Where Thou art never dies, but sends its rays
Through the wide universe with restless might.

O Lord of Light, steep Thou our souls in Thee!
That when the daylight trembles into shade,
And falls the silence of mortality,
And all is done, we shall not be afraid,
But pass from light to light; from earth's dull gleam
Into the very heart and heaven of our dream.
(1845)

Light in Christ—See CHRIST THE LIGHT.

LIGHT IN HUMILIATION

In the neighborhood of Nice the hills are cut and seamed with remarkable gorges, among which are found deep holes known as "star wells." They are so called because of the belief that from their bottoms stars can be seen even in daylight. These abysses have been formed by the action of water. It is, often, only when looking up out of the deeps of our own humiliation that we can see the stars of hope shining in the sky. (1846)

LIGHT, INCREASING

The light to which you come at length in the railway tunnel, and before you reach the end of the tunnel, is the very same light exactly, as far as its nature is concerned, as the light into which you come at the end of the tunnel; and the light which shines from the end into the tunnel increases more and more from its first shining until you reach the full light at the end. So the wise man says that the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The light of the perfect day is the same as the light that shines in the path all along, and that began to shine even ere the sun was up. The lights are in nowise different except in degree.—Alexander Miller, "Heaven and Hell Here." (1847)

LIGHT, INJURY FROM

In a moral sense it is better to face the light than to have it shine on us indirectly.

Do not make the mistake of supposing that brilliant lights are harmless except when looked at directly. As a matter of fact they are even more dangerous when so placed as to shine into the eyes sidewise or from above, since the eye is less accustomed to receive bright light from such directions. In other words, light from such direction falls upon the outer parts of the surface of the retina, which, being less accustomed to receive bright light, are the more quickly injured by it. Cases are on record where persons working in the vicinity of bare lamps so placed have entirely lost the sight of one or both eyes.—*The Illuminating Engineer.* (1848)

LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Among the Tsimshean Indians of Alaska the following legend is current: "At first it was entirely dark. There was no light in the world. The people could see nothing, but were groping around in a continual night. Then the son of the heavenly chief came down to earth, and the people complained to him that it was so dark. He said he would help them, and then light came."

A faint reflection, all this, of the story of Him who is indeed the Light of the world. (Text.) (1849)

LIGHT PREVENTING CRIME

Many banks, stores, and warehouses turn on their lights at night, and leave their window-shutters wide open so that the entire interior may be seen by the policemen or watchman on the beat. This makes it possible to detect any change inside, or the presence of any one who might be bent on robbing. (Text.) (1850)

LIGHT, SAFETY IN

"Let your light shine." Do not go to places where your light will not shine. Sam P. Jones says: "Some years ago my father had two Irishmen digging a well for him. They went off on a drinking spree, after they had gotten the well about three-fourths done. They returned to finish up, but long experience and observation had taught them that what is known as 'fire-damp' or poisonous gases, sometimes accumulates in the bottom of a well. They came to the house and asked my mother for a bucket and a candle. They set the candle in the bottom of the bucket and lowered it slowly into the well, and the candle went out. Pat said, 'Ah, Jamie, there is death in that hole.' They got some pine brush, tied a rope to them and swished the well out with them. They again lowered the candle and it burned brightly clear to the bottom. And the Irishman said, 'The candle burns bright; she's safe now.'"—"Famous Stories of Sam P. Jones." (1851)

LIGHT, SOURCE OF

Light can not be seen. At great heights reached by aeronauts the heavens seem black, and the stars come out and twinkle against a background of jet. Yet this unfathomed deep of darkness is light and nothing but light. Whatever object the light falls upon shines; every object that produces it shines; but the light itself is not seen.

God is light. No man hath seen him at any time, but there is no glory that does not come from Him. No light shines on earth that did not come from heaven. Yet a man may sit by his little lamp and forget the sun and stars. (Text.) (1852)

LIGHT THAT CHEERS

The Rev. C. A. S. Dwight says:

"During a damp, foggy evening along the New England shore, a summer resident who had been skirting the beach in a row-boat, was struggling at the oars, trying to drive his litle craft through the waters despite the drag upon it of a heavy object towing on behind. It was a dismal evening, and he was tired and weary of his attempted task. But just when his depression was greatest he heard the voice of his little boy hailing him from the beach. Looking through the gloom he could discern the faint glow on the shore, while his boy called encouragingly, 'Papa, I'll cheer you with this lantern!' The heart of the father was gladdened, and his work after that seemed light, for so great is the power of loving sympathy that it illumines all shadows and lightens all tasks.

"I'll cheer you with this lantern!" We all of us hold in our hands some instrument of blessing, whether it be a lantern or not, by the use of which, if we are alert to note the changing necessities of those about us, we can every now and then cast a gladdening or directing ray over life's dark waters, or extend some other "help in time of need" to a troubled brother." (Text.) (1853)

LIKENESS OF GOD

King Edward of England was driving along a country road in Scotland one day when he overtook an old market-woman struggling under a load which was more than she could well manage. "You might take part of this in your carriage," she cried to the King whom she did not recognize. "Alas! my good woman," replied his Majesty with royal courtesy, "I'm very sorry, but I'm not going the same way. However, let me give you the portrait of my mother." "A lot of good that will do me," said the woman testily. "Take it all the same," said the King, smiling, and he put a sovereign, bearing Queen Victoria's effigy, in the palm of the astonished old peasant.

That is exactly what every kind deed or generous gift is, a likeness of our Father. It is just like Him. (1854)

Likeness to Christ—See FUTURE LIFE.

LIMITATION OF THE SENSES

Reasoning from the analogy of stretched strings and membranes, and of air vibrating in tubes, etc., we are justified in concluding that the smaller the drum or the tube the higher will be the note it produces when agitated, and the smaller and the more rapid the aerial wave to which it will respond. The drums of insect ears, and the tubes, etc., connected with them, are so minute that their world of sounds probably begins where ours ceases; that the sound which appears to us as continuous is to them a series of separated blows, just as vibrations of ten or twelve per second appear to us. We begin to hear such vibrations as continuous sounds when they amount to about thirty per second. The insect's continuous sound probably begins beyond three thousand. The bluebottle fly may thus enjoy a whole world of exquisite music of which we know nothing. (Text.) W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS, "Science in Short Chapters." (1855)

LIMITATIONS GLORIFIED

We are apt to chafe at restrictions of all kinds, but these may be disguised blessings. Oftener the narrower the outward sphere, the more valuable the outcome. The lenses of a telescope are narrow, but through them we read the story of the stars. Darwin in the earthworm saw wonders which he spent several years in investigating. The wise botanist does not gather all the flowers in the garden at once; he confines himself to single specimens. One of Murillo's finest pictures is in the Louvre at Paris. It shows us the interior of a convent kitchen; but doing the work there are not mortals in old dresses, but angels, white-winged and beautiful. One serenely puts the kettle on the fire to boil, and one is lifting up a pail of water with heavenly grace, and one is at the kitchen dresser reaching up for plates. As the painter puts it, all on the canvas are so busy, and working with such a will, and so refining the work as they do it, that somehow you forget that pans are pans and pots are pots, and only think of the angels, and how very natural and beautiful kitchen work is—just what the angels would do. (1856)

Lincoln and Children — See CHILDREN, LINCOLN'S REGARD FOR.

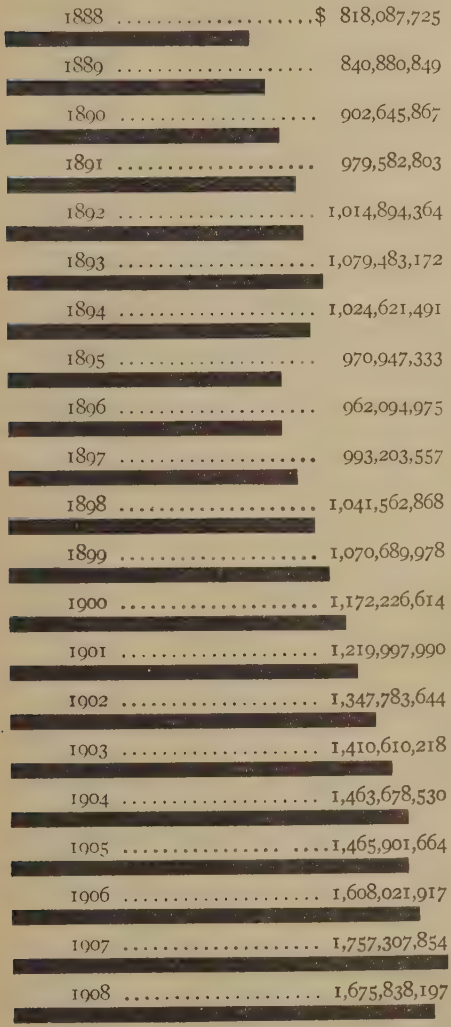
Lincoln Story—See GOOD FOR EVIL.

Lincoln's First Dollar—See MONEY, EARNING.

Liquor — See Money, How We Spend Our.

LIQUOR-TRAFFIC

The following chart shows the cost of intoxicating liquors consumed in the United States for twenty years, and the relative yearly increase. The chart is from the *American Prohibition Year-book:*



(1858)

LIQUOR REVENUE REFUSED

What a rebuke to this nation receiving millions of dollars annually from its revenue on liquors, is conveyed by the Queen of Madagascar when she says, "I can not consent, as your queen, to take a single penny of revenue from that which destroys the souls and bodies of my subjects." — *Congregationalist.* (1857)

LISTENING FOR SIGNALS

A news item, referring to the wreck of the *Republic,* and the hearing of the first wireless news of the disaster by the operator at the station on Nantucket Island, says:

Imagine a lonely island in the middle of winter, thereon a lonely Marconi station, therein a lonely Marconi operator, with his telephones glued to his head watching the break of day, thinking of his past and future, listening for any sign of life in his telephones. Imagine that man suddenly startled with a faint, very faint, call from a ship using the recognized distress signal, giving her position and calling for help. Slowly, all too slowly, came the cry for urgent aid, each call seemingly taking an hour's valuable time, yet in truth but a fraction of a second. Will he never sign? Who can it be? At last came the recognized code letters of the White Star *Republic,* and again the call for aid. With this information Operator Irwin, of the Marconi force at the station here, who was on duty at the time, immediately got the wires hot, knowing the revenue cutter *Acushnet* to be lying at Wood's Hole, and within one minute the captain was informed that his calls had been heard and aid was being rushed to him.

The soul attent to hear the world's signals that call for help should be ready to serve and save the lost and needy. (1859)

LITERALISM

"One of the stories of the 'road' that Mr. Joseph Jefferson delighted to tell grew out of an experience in an Indiana town, where he was presenting 'Rip Van Winkle,' many years ago.

"In the hotel where he stopt was an Irishman who was employed as a porter, but from the serious interest he took in the house he might have been clerk and proprietor rolled into one.

"At six in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping at his door. With slowly returning consciousness, he remembered that he had left no call on the night before, and naturally became indignant. His sleep was spoiled for the morning, so he arose and appeared before the clerk.

"'See here,' he demanded, 'why have I been called at this unearthly hour?'

"'I don't know," replied the clerk. 'I'll ask Mike.'

"The porter was summoned. 'Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?' he was asked.

"Taking the clerk by his coat-sleeve, the Irishman led him to one side. 'He was shnoring loike a horse, sir,' he explained, 'and I'd heered by the b'yes how onct he were after slapin' for twinty years, so, says I to myself, it's a coomin' on to him agin, an' it's yer juty to git the crayther out o' the house instantly!'" (1860)

See Knowledge by Indirection; Judgment, Lack of.

Literary Workman—See Acquisition.

LITERATURE AND MIND EXPANSION

When Coleridge was a boy of eight, his father on a starry night explained to him the size and number of the heavenly bodies with their vast movements. He looked for surprize and wonder in the boy. But the poet tells us that he felt no special wonder, because his mind, through long, happy days of reading fairy-stories, had grown accustomed to feelings of the vast, and to having criteria for belief other than those of his senses. Literature accustoms the mind to feelings of sublimity, wonder, intricacy, and the constant workings of higher laws. These are noble contributions to the religious consciousness.—William D. MacClintock, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association," 1904. (1861)

LITERATURE AS AN INSPIRATION

Literature is but one of the forms of art through which man's aspiration, his ideals, are revealed. The soul of man takes the hues of that which environs it. It is literature which inspires; not linguistics, rhetoric, and grammar, valuable as these may be for other purposes. Witness the tributes of Darwin and Mill to the power of imaginative literature; these men mourned the fact that other things deprived them of that great power of culture of the feelings which the love of literature brought. Barrie has said that a young man may be better employed than in going to college; but when there, he is unfortunate if he does not meet some one who sends his life off at a new angle. "One such professor," says he, "is the most any university may hope for in a single generation." He says, "When you looked into my mother's eyes, you knew why it was that God sent her into the world; it was to open the eyes of all who looked to beautiful thoughts, and that is the beginning and end of literature." After having opened the eyes of people to beautiful thoughts, we must be willing to wait, for moral results do not come immediately.—A. J. George, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association." (1862)

LITERATURE, CURRENT

Current literature is like a garden I once saw. Its proud owner led me through a maze of smooth-trodden paths, and pointed out a vast number of horticultural achievements. There were sixty-seven varieties of dahlias, there were more than a hundred kinds of roses, there were untold wonders which at last my weary brain refused to record. Finally I escaped, exhausted, and sought refuge on a hillside I knew, from which I could look across the billowing green of a great rye-field, and there, given up to the beauty of its manifold simplicity, I invited my soul.

It is even so with our reading. When I go into one of our public reading-rooms, and survey the serried ranks of magazines and the long shelves full of "Recent fiction, not to be taken out for more than five days"—nay, even when I look at the library tables of some of my friends—my brain grows sick and I long for my rye-field.—*The Outlook.* (1863)

Literature in Advertising—See Advertising.

Literature in Prisons — See Prison Literature.

Literature, Short-lived — See Evanescent Literature.

Little Deeds of Kindness—See Cheer, Signals of.

Little Evils—See Destructiveness.

LITTLE GIFTS

An Australian missionary was addressing a band of children on the needs of the people among whom he was working. A little one slipt a sixpence shyly into his hand with the request that he use it for something special. He bought with it a prayer-book, and gave it to a poor workhouse girl who had been sent from England to go into service on an Australian farm. She promised to read it faithfully. Several weeks later a rough-looking man came and asked him if he were the person who had given his servant a prayer-book. His wife was very ill and wanted to see him. Altho it was twenty miles inland, the clergyman went and ministered to the poor woman. A little while later the man came once more to the minister and said that he and his neighbors had built a little church and paid for it and wanted him to come and conduct services among them. Thus an entirely new work was opened as a result of the little child's sixpence. (1864)

See CHILD'S GIFT.

LITTLE SINS

And I am afraid of little sins because they grow so great. No one can tell whereunto sin will lead. The beginnings of sin are like the leakings of water from a mighty reservoir; first an innocent ooze, then a drip, then a tiny stream, then a larger vein, then a flood, and the rampart gives way and the town is swept to ruin. The habits of sin are like the habits of burglars, who sometimes take a little fellow and put him through a window too small for a man to enter, and the child must open the door for the burglar gang to pass. So with little sins; they creep in and open the door for larger to enter. A little sin is the thin edge of the wedge, and when once inserted it can be driven home till it splits and ruins the life.—A. H. C. MORSE. (1865)

I remember, when a lad, the so-called army-worms first swept across the fields. They went straight ahead, and moved like a mighty host with captains. They were little things, but when they were gone the fields looked as tho they had been swept by a fire. So a thousand little wrongs in the life can rob it of beauty as really as one great, blazing, public transgression. — A. H. C. MORSE. (1866)

I am afraid of little sins because they involve a great principle. You go into a bank with a check for $1,000, and in his hurry the clerk passes out $1,100, and you walk out of the bank with that sum. You agree with me, I suppose, that you do a dishonest thing—that you have stolen $100. Would it not be the same if your check called for $5, and he gave you $6 by mistake? You ride on a train to Boston, and by some oversight your ticket is not collected, and you ride back on that very same ticket. You agree with me that the thing is wrong. Is it not the same when you ride on a trolley car and elude the conductor, or slip past the gateman and enter the train? In either case the man is a thief.—A. H. C. MORSE. (1867)

LITTLE THINGS

We belong to a scheme of nature in which the chief factor is the infinitesimal. The composition of the elements depends on the multitudinous accretions of particles. We are most in danger when we overlook the power of mere atoms to affect us, and when we despise trivial causes of mischief.

A cathedral clock with its musical chimes suddenly stopt intoning its sacred and beautiful melodies. The cause was for a time a perplexity, as nothing could be discovered to have gone wrong with the machinery of the chimes. But at length it was found that a frail brown butterfly had become entangled in the wheelworks, and had brought to a complete standstill the clock and its chimes. (Text.) (1868)

Dr. S. P. Henson says:

What a multitude of threads make up a fringe; and yet how beautiful and costly when completed! And here is found a beauty of the real Christian life. There are not a few who may be willing upon rare and notable occasions to do or suffer some great thing, but the ten thousand little things of life are entirely beneath their notice, as they also suppose them to be beneath the notice of the Lord. (Text.) (1869)

See FAITH IN GOD.

Lives Corresponding to the Bible—See NATIVE CONVERTS.

LIVES THAT SHINE

Don't waste your time in longing
For bright, impossible things;
Don't sit supinely yearning
For the swiftness of angel wings;

Don't spurn to be a rushlight
  Because you are not a star;
But brighten some bit of darkness
  By shining just where you are.

There is need of the tiniest candle
  As well as the garish sun;
The humblest deed is ennobled
  When it is worthily done.
You may never be called to brighten
  The darkened regions afar;
So fill, for the day, your mission
  By shining just where you are.

Just where you are, my brother,
  Just where God bids you stand,
Tho down in the deepest shadow,
  Instead of the sunlit land;
You may carry a brightness with you
  That no gloom or darkness can mar,
For the light of a Christlike spirit
  Will be shining wherever you are.

(Text.)

(1870)

Living in the Faith of Jesus—See CHRIST, FAITH IN.

LIVING IN THE SHADOW

The second Duke of Wellington inherited a great talent for reticence from his father, and did not succeed to his title until he was forty-five. He had served in the army and in the House of Commons without making his mark in either save by conscientious attention to duty. In the House of Lords, however, shortly after taking his seat, he delivered a speech revealing such an intimate knowledge of public business, and of such luminous good sense, as to occasion surprize. Among those who congratulated him was "the candid friend" always present on such occasions. This "candid friend" explained to the duke that the latter had been generally regarded as a "colorless" man, and congratulated him on disproving the charge. The duke made a reply, applicable to many, saying, "If you had sat in the shade of a great tree for almost fifty years very likely people would have regarded you as colorless, too."

George V, like the second Duke of Wellington, has for almost half a century lived in the shadow of a great tree. From infancy up to his twenty-seventh year he was in the second rank of public interest. Not a negligible quantity, he yet could not be, while the Duke of Clarence lived, conspicuous. Moreover, he was wise to sink his royal personality in the discharge of his duty as a naval officer. The British have peculiar tastes and standards, and they do not altogether like to see a younger member of the royal family very conspicuous in public affairs. A "pushful" prince would be almost obnoxious to their traditions. A royal general or a royal admiral must not lead too much, or the old jealousy of militarism might crop out in the nation, which licenses the existence of its standing army only from year to year. Consequently George V, when Duke of York and subsequently when Prince of Wales, may have been called upon to dissemble, and he may yet demonstrate that his reputation as a colorless man is due to the public inability to understand what constitutes the spectrum of character.—Boston *Transcript.* (1871)

LIVING, STRENGTH FOR

There was a time when low on bended knee,
  With outstretched hand and wet uplifted eye
  I cried: O Father, teach me how to die,
And give me strength Death's awful face to see
And not to fear. Henceforth my prayer shall be;
  Help me to live. Stern life stalks by
  Relentless and inexorable, no cry
For help or pity moveth her as she
Gives to each one the burden of the day.
    Therefore, let us pray:
Give us the strength we need to live, O Lord.

—JULIA C. R. DORR.

(1872)

Living, The, as an Asset—See MOTIVE, MERCENARY.

LIVING THE GOSPEL

An American teacher was employed in Japan in a government school, on the understanding that during school hours he should not utter a word on the subject of Christianity. The engagement was faithfully kept, and he lived before his students the Christ life, but never spoke of it to them. Not a word was said to influence the young men committed to his care, but so beautiful was his character, and so blameless his example, that forty of the students without his knowledge, met in a grove and signed a secret covenant to abandon idolatry. Twenty-five of them entered the Kyoto Christian Training School and some of them are now preaching the gospel which their teacher unconsciously commended. (1873)

Loads—See Overloading.

LOADS, BALKING UNDER

This morning I saw a pair of horses which had evidently become discouraged by being hitched to loads that were too heavy for them. At the start they did their best to go forward; when the driver struck them with his whip they made an effort to pull; but one could see that their spirit had been broken; the long struggle with unequal burdens had caused them to lose their confidence and their grip, and after a while they ceased to make any effort to move.

I have often seen other horses loaded beyond their strength; but no matter how heavy their load, they would pull again and again with all their might, stretching to the utmost every muscle, nerve, and fiber in them; and, altho they could not start the load, they would never give up trying.

Everywhere in life we find people like those horses. Some have become discouraged by trying to carry too heavy a load, and finally give up the struggle. They spurt a little now and again, but there is no heart, no spirit in their effort. The buoyancy and cheer and enthusiasm have gone out of their lives. They have been tugging away over heavy loads so long that they have become disheartened. There is no more fight in them.

There are others who, no matter how heavy their load, will never cease in their efforts to go forward. They will try a thousand times with all their might and main; they will tug away until completely exhausted; they will gather their strength and try again and again without losing heart or courage. Nothing will daunt them, or induce them to give up the struggle. When everybody else lets go, they stick because they are made of winning material, the mettle which never gives up.—*Success.*

(1874)

LOCAL PRIDE

Augustine Burrell tells the following incident which goes to prove that things are great or small to men, according to very local points of view:

Bonnor, the Australian cricketer, told us that until that evening he had never heard of Dr. Johnson. Thereupon somebody was thoughtless enough to titter audibly. "Yes," added Bonnor, in heightened tones, and drawing himself proudly up, "and what is more, I come from a great country, where you might ride a horse sixty miles a day for three months, and never meet anybody who had."

(1875)

Location—See Sentiment Mixed.

Location in Animals — See Direction, Sense of.

LOCUSTS AS FOOD

In the East, as elsewhere, since the Biblical days of John's "locusts and honey," locusts have been deemed more or less edible. In Palestine to this day they are considered a luxury. The Jews fry them in sesame oil, sesame being the grain of which mention is made in the story of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," a favorite tale in the *Arabian Nights* entertainments.

In Arabia Petrea locusts are dried in the sun and then ground into a sort of flour for baking; and in Central Africa certain tribes employ locusts for making a thick brown soup.

In Madagascar they are baked in huge jars, fried in grease, and then mixed with rice, forming a dainty much affected by the dusky inhabitants of that big island.

The Algerians have a simpler method. They merely boil the locusts in water and salt them to the taste. The Arabians grind and bake the locusts as cakes, roast them in butter, or else crush them in a mixture of camel's cheese and dates.

Locusts are also eaten, in times of famine, in southern Russia, generally by the poorest of the poor, among whom the insects are smoked like fish. In the preparation of locusts for food the legs and wings are invariably detached.

It is said that, while the flavor of locusts is strangely disagreeable in the raw state, this flavor is readily disguised and even becomes agreeable when the insect is cooked. Some of the locust soups are, we are told, scarcely to be distinguished from beef broth; and when the little insects are fried in their own oil and slightly salted they take on a pleasing nutty flavor. (Text.)—*Harper's Weekly.*

(1876)

LONELINESS, PERILS OF

Recently a London pastor preached a sermon on the after-business occupations of young people, in which he said that from 6 to 11 P.M. was the danger zone for young folks who are employed during the day. Speaking of the mesmeric glitter of London, and the fascination of its so-called amusements, he made the assertion that he believed that the theaters and music-halls should be controlled by the churches.

The Sunday-school *Chronicle* sent an interviewer to ask him why he made this statement. His answer follows:

"First of all," said the pastor, "I have been so deeply imprest by the sense of awful loneliness which is experienced by young people coming to central London from the provinces. I know for a fact that scores of young men and women go to the bad because of the absolute friendlessness of their lives. Six months ago I spent two days at the Old Bailey Sessions House trying to snatch a girl of nineteen from prison. She came to London motherless and friendless, and was spoken to kindly by a young man in Oxford street. She appreciated the apparent sympathy which this stranger extended to her—well, the rest of the story of her downfall may be imagined. Many of these young people have nowhere to go after business hours but the music-hall or the public-house, and the things they take away from these places and retail in their houses of business are the questionable jokes which they have heard. So for these young people I plead for churches that are homes and amusements that are healthy."—*The Advance.* (1877)

Lonesomeness Abated—See REMINDERS.

LONGEVITY ACCOUNTED FOR

Senator Chauncey M. Depew, entertained at a dinner on the occasion of his seventy-sixth birthday, said:

Fifty-four years in public and semipublic life and upon the platform all over this country and in Europe for all sorts of objects in every department of human interest have given me a larger acquaintance than almost anybody living. The sum of observation and experience growing out of this opportunity is that granted normal conditions, no hereditary troubles, and barring accidents and plagues, the man who dies before seventy commits suicide. Mourning the loss of friends has led me to study the causes of their earlier departure. It could invariably be traced to intemperance in the broadest sense of that word; intemperance in eating, in drinking, in the gratification of desires, in work, and in irregularity of hours, crowning it all with unnecessary worry.—New York *Times.* (1878)

Longevity and Work—See INDUSTRY AND LONGEVITY.

LONGEVITY, EXAMPLE OF

One of the most extraordinary incidents in the whole record of longevity is reported from Pesth, in Hungary, where a beggar, aged eighty-four, tried to commit suicide by throwing himself into the Danube because he was no longer able to support his father and mother, who are one hundred and fifteen and one hundred and ten years old, respectively. When he told this story, after his rescue, it was laughed at, but a police inquiry showed it to be true. The family are Magyars from the extreme south of Hungary.—*Public Opinion.* (1879)

LONGEVITY INCREASING

"It is estimated," said Dr. Felton, the learned Georgia statesman, divine, and M.D., in an address before the graduating class of Atlanta Medical College, "that human life has increased twenty-five per cent in the past fifty years." The average human life in Rome under Cæsar was eighteen years; now it is forty. The average in France fifty years ago was twenty-eight; the mean duration in 1887 was forty-five and one-half years. In Geneva during the thirteenth century a generation played its part upon the stage and disappeared in fourteen years; now the drama requires forty years before the curtain falls. During the golden reign of good Queen Bess, in London and all the large cities of merry old England, fifty out of every 1,000 paid the last debt to nature early, which means instead of threescore-and-ten, they averaged but one score. Now, in the city of London, the average is forty-seven years.—Dr. TODD. (1880)

See IMPROVED CONDITIONS.

LONGEVITY, RECIPES FOR

A complete list of infallible prescriptions for the prolongation of human life would fill a voluminous book, and would include some decidedly curious specifics. "To what do you ascribe your hale old age?" the Emperor Augustus asked a centenarian whom he found wrestling in the palestra and bandying jokes with the young athletes. "*Intus mulso, foris oleo,*" said the old fellow. "Oil for the skin and mead (water and honey) for the inner man." Cardanus suggests that old age might be indefinitely postponed by a semifluid diet warmed (like mother's milk) to the exact temperature of the human system; and Voltaire accuses his rival Maupertuis of having hoped to attain a similar result by varnishing his hide with a sort of resinous paint (*un poix resineux*) that would prevent the vital strength from evaporating by exhalation. Robert Burton recommends "oil of unaphar and dormouse fat"; Paracelsus rectified spirits of alcohol; Horace, olives and marshmallows. Dr. Zimmerman, the medical adviser of Frederick the Great, sums up the "Art of Longevity" in the following words: "Temperate habits, outdoor exercise, and steady industry, sweetened by occasional festivals. (Text.) —FELIX OSWALD, *Bedford's Magazine.* (1881)

LONGING

The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

. . . .

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that it may be still—
Content with merely living;
But, would we learn that heart's full scope,
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize the longing.
—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
(1882)

Look, The Kind—See FACE, AN INVITING.

LOOKING BOTH UP AND DOWN

"Your way is dark," the angel said,
"Because you downward gaze,
Look up; the sun is overhead,
Look up and learn to praise."
I looked; I learned. Who looks above
Will find in heaven both light and love.

"Why upward gaze?" the angel said;
"Have you not learned to know
The light of God shines overhead
That men may work below?"
I learned. Who only looks above
May miss below the work of love,

And thus I learned the lessons twain:
The heart whose treasure is above
Will gladly turn to earth again
Because the heaven is love.
Yea, love that framed the starry height
Came down to earth and gave it light.
—BISHOP OF RIPON.
(1883)

LOOKING DOWN

It is usually the small-souled and narrow-minded man who can decry faults and failings with an eagle eye, but upon whom all the finer and grander qualities of humanity are lost. To him who ever walks with head bent and eyes on the ground the whole universe appears to be made of dust; but he who goes with head erect and eyes uplifted breathes the pure air and greets the rising sun, and forgets the dust that may be under his feet.—Philadelphia *Ledger*. (1884)

LOOKING UP

In the early days of Britain, when the Christian Cuthbert and his companions were driven from the bitter land to sea, and then were cast upon a dreary shore by a terrible storm, they cried, "No path is open for us; let us perish: we are driven from land to sea and from sea to land." And Cuthbert answered, "Have ye so little faith, my comrades?" and then lifting his eyes to heaven he prayed, "I thank Thee, Lord, that the way to heaven is still open."

When there is no other way to look for help, we may look up. (Text.)
(1885)

Loquacity—See VERBIAGE.

LORD'S PRAYER INTERPRETED

A friend tells us an anecdote of Booth, the tragedian:

Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity, and piety. The host, altho disapproving of theaters and theater-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company reseated in the drawing-room, some one requested Booth as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer. Booth exprest his willingness to do this, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned tremblingly upward, were wet with tears. And yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, till at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from white lips syllabled forth, "Our Father who art in heaven," etc., with a pathos and solemnity that thrilled all hearers. He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his rapt audience, till from a remote corner of the room a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman, their host, stept forward, with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand. "Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day from my boyhood to the present time I thought I had repeated the Lord's prayer; but I have never heard it—never." "You are right," replied Booth; "to read that prayer as it should be read has caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years; and I am far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production.—*The Millenarian.* (1886)

Losing and Saving—See MESSAGE, A TIMELY.

Loss and Gain—See COMPENSATION; DEPORTMENT; FAST LIVING.

LOSS AND PROFIT

It is said that the bursting of a pin in the driving-wheel of an engine in the Illinois Steel Company will cost the company $369,000, since the accident stopt the operation of the whole plant about six days and a half, and the loss involved by the stop was reckoned at about $40 a minute. This fable teaches that great business operations work both ways: where big profits are made big losses stand ready to overwhelm when something goes wrong. (1887)

Loss Creating Wealth—See DISCOVERY, ACCIDENTAL.

LOSS, GAIN IN

When Mahamoud, the conqueror of India, took the city of Gujarat, he proceeded, as his custom was, to destroy the idols. One of these, standing fifteen feet high, the attendant priests and devotees begged him to spare. But, deaf to their entreaties, he seized a hammer and smote the idol, when to his amazement from the shattered image there rained a shower of gems—pearls and diamonds—treasures of fabulous value hidden within it. (Text.) (1888)

Loss Through Disuse—See TALENTS, BURIED.

Lost and Won—See SUCCESS.

LOST CHORDS

How few of us have kept the early joy, and have continued in blest peace? Of course, you know the story of the lost chord? A woman, in the shadows of the twilight, when her heart was sad, gently touched the keys of a glorious organ. She did not know nor care what she was playing; her fingers lingered idly but caressingly upon the keys. Suddenly she struck a chord, and its wondrous melody as it filled the room was uplifting and transforming and heavenly.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
  Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on her fevered spirit
  With the touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
  Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
  From our discordant life.

It linked all perlexed meanings
  Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away in silence,
  As if it were loath to cease.

Something disturbed this woman and called her from the organ. As soon as possible she hurried back and began to play, but this divine chord was gone, and tho she kept on playing she could not bring it back again. (Text.)—CURTIS LEE LAWS. (1889)

LOST, CRY OF THE

A drover in Dakota promised to bring home from his cattle sale a doll for his little girl. He was caught in a blizzard, and night found him still miles from home. In the darkness he heard a cry, possibly of a child lost in the storm. He was thankful for the warm house that sheltered his own child, but he could not leave that cry off in the dark, tho he knew he was risking his life lingering. It was hard tracing the feeble cry, and when at last he found it it was not crying. He gathered it up under his big overcoat and struggled homeward, stumbling, nearly perishing, but at last fell in over his own threshold, with his own child saved in his arms.—FRANKLIN NOBLE, "Sermons in Illustration." (1890)

LOST, FINDING THE

Shortly before the death of Eugene Field a friend from one of the Southern States told him a pathetic story of a girl who had wandered away from her home in the country and taken refuge in a large city, with the usual results of that dangerous step:

Her old father mourned for the girl he had lost; but in his simplicity it never occurred to him to try to find her, for the world beyond the limits of his township was vast and forbidding. But word came to him one day that somebody had seen his daughter in the city, one hundred miles away, and with only that to guide him he went in search of her.

Once in the city, he shrank from the noise and confusion of the crowds. He waited until night, and then when the streets were comparatively deserted, he roamed up and down from one street to another, giving the peculiar cry he had always used when looking for a lost lamb—a cry the girl herself had heard and given many times in her better days. A policeman stopt the old man and warned him that he was disturbing the peace, whereupon the father told his story and said:

"She will come to me if she hears that cry."

The officer was moved by the old man's simplicity and earnestness, and offered to accompany him in his search. So on they went up and down the thoroughfares and into the most abandoned sections of the city, the farmer giving the plaintive cry and the officer leading the way that seemed the most promising of success.

And success did come. The girl heard the cry, recognized it, and intuitively felt that it was for her. She rushed into the street and straight to her father's arms. She confest the weariness and misery of her lot, and begged that he would take her back to the farm, where she might begin a new and better life. Together they left the city the next day. (Text.) (1891)

Lost, Not, but Gone Before—See EVIDENCE, PROVIDENTIAL.

LOST, SEEKING THE

Years ago when Charley Ross was kidnaped, his broken-hearted father declared: "I will search for my lost boy while life lasts. I will go up and down the earth, and look into the face of this child and that to see if it is my lost boy."

The great Father is engaged in a similar search; nor will He rest until the lost is found. (Text.) (1892)

The Arab Waziers have a tradition as to their origin:

A certain ancestor had two sons, Issa and Missa, which may mean Jesus and Moses. Missa was a shepherd, and one day a lamb wandered away and was not to be found. For three days and nights Missa sought it far and near through the jungle. On the fourth morning he found it in a distant valley, and instead of being angry with the lamb for straying and giving him all his pains and anxiety, he took it in his arms, prest it to his bosom, kissed it tenderly and carried it back to the flock. For this humane act God greatly blest Missa and made him progenitor of the Wazir tribe. (Text.) (1893)

Lot, Consulting the Bible by—See BIBLIOMANCY.

LOVE

To cease from egotistic ambition and learn love with a humble mind is the lesson of this verse by John G. Neehardt:

For my faith was the faith of dusk and riot,
  The faith of fevered blood and selfish lust;
Until I learned that love is cool and quiet
  And not akin to dust.

For once as in Apocalyptic vision,
  Above my smoking altars did I see
My god's face, veilless, ugly with derision—
  The shameless, magnified; projected—*Me!*

And I have left mine ancient fanes to crumble,
  And I have hurled my false gods from the sky;
I wish to grasp the joy of being humble,
  To build great love an altar ere I die.
(1894)

Love is not merely a sentiment. It will have its material expression if it is real. The following from Dr. W. T. Grenfell refers to the fishermen of the North Sea Coast:

The intense cold of winter, and the inadequacy of the warm clothes with which the men, and especially the boys, were unable to provide themselves, claimed attention, and warm hearts of Christian ladies told all over England were moved by the tales of this great need. Hundreds and thousands of warm mittens, helmets, mufflers, and guernseys have been sent out during these past years, and have been true messages of love.

"Look 'ere," said a grizzled skipper, pulling out three mufflers from his pocket, to three wild friends of his whom he was visiting, "look 'ere, will yer admit there's love in those mufflers? Yer see them ladies never see'd yer, nor never knowed yer, yet they jest sent me these mufflers for you. Well, then, how much more must Christ Jesus 'ave loved yer, when He give His life blood to save yer."

I have it from his own lips as well as one of theirs, that this was the beginning of leading those three men to God; and before he left the ship that night, they were trusting in Christ for pardon, and for strength to live as His children. (1895)

Joseph Dana Miller shows how love socializes the solitary soul:

God pity those who know not the touch of hands—
Who dwell from all their fellows far apart,
Who, isolated in unpeopled lands,
Know not a friend's communion, heart to heart!

But pity these—oh, pity these the more,
Who of the populous town a desert make,
Pent in a solitude upon whose shore
The tides of sweet compassion never break!

These are the dread Saharas we enclose
About our lives when love we put away;
Amid life's roses, not a scent of rose;
Amid the blossoming, nothing but decay.

But if 'tis love we search for, knowledge comes,
And love that passeth knowledge—God is there!
Who seek the love of hearts find in their homes
Peace at the threshold, angels on the stair.
(Text.)—*Munsey's Magazine.* (1896)

The old fable of the bar of iron as an illustration of the superior power of love will never be superseded.

The bar of iron lay across a log to be broken. "I can make it yield," boasted the hammer, "but at the first blow the hammer flew from its handle helpless to the ground. The ax followed proudly, "I can succeed." But after two or three strokes its edge was dulled without leaving any impression on the iron bar. "I, with my sharp teeth, will soon sever it," said the saw, with a confident air; only to have all its teeth broken in the task. At length a quiet, warm flame said, "Let me try, it may yield to me." And the little flame twined itself about the iron in a gentle, loving way, imparting an influence that finally made the strong bar yield and fall apart. (1897)

The power of love to draw out what is best in men is poetically exprest by L. M. Montgomery:

Upon the marsh mud, dank and foul,
A golden sunbeam softly fell,
And from the noisome depths arose
A lily miracle.

Upon a dark, bemired life
A gleam of human love was flung.
And lo, from that ungenial soil
A noble deed upsprung. (1898)

Upon the foundation of love a great work was done in Paris, France:

When Mr. McAll began his work he could utter but two sentences in the tongue of those workingmen. One was "God loves you," and the other, "I love you"; and upon those two, as pillars, the whole arch rests.—Pierson, "The Miracles of Missions." (1899)

See Prodigal, The.

LOVE A FINALITY

In his poem "Virgillia" Edwin Markham has these stanzas:

If this all is a dream, then perhaps our dreaming
Can touch life's height to a finer fire;
Who knows but the heavens and all their seeming,
Were made by the heart's desire?

One thing shines clear in the heart's own reason,
One lightning over the chasm runs—
That to turn from love is the world's one treason
That treads down all the suns,

So I go to the long adventure, lifting
My face to the far, mysterious goals,
To the last assize, to the final sifting
Of gods and stars and souls. (Text.)
—*The Cosmopolitan.*
(1900)

LOVE A HARMONIZER

Life's harmony must have its discords; but, as in music, pathos is tempered into pleasure by the pervading spirit of beauty, so are all life's sounds tempered by love.—George Henry Lewes. (1901)

Love, A Mother's—See Mother-love.

LOVE, A PROOF OF

We can not permanently benefit men until we are willing to get near to them. The Christian method of charity is illustrated in this incident in the career of a notable promoter of London city missions:

Love is not fastidious; her hands are as busy as her heart is full. He (Frank Crossley) found five dirty youngsters (their father a sot, their mother in the sick ward), and he burned their old clothes and clad them in clean ones, and then sent them to play with his own boy! Is it any wonder if both their father and mother were won?—Pierson, "The Miracles of Missions." (1902)

LOVE AND LAW

As to which was the first and greatest command, the rabbis were in grave doubt. Most agreed that the smallest and least command was the one concerning the bird's nest, recorded in Deut. 22:6, 7; but when it came to the first and greatest, they were in doubt, whether it was the one respecting the observance of the Sabbath, or the law concerning circumcision, or the one concerning fringes and phylacteries, while still others contended that the omission of ceremonial ablutions was as bad as homicide. With these distinctions and differences and absurd hair-splittings in mind the young lawyer addrest the master with the question, "Which is the first commandment of all?" What a majestic answer was that which he received! Nothing in it about fringes and phylacteries, nothing about ceremonial washings, nothing about attitudes and genuflections; but the grand answer which will abide for all time to come: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, this is the first commandment." This answer goes to the heart of the matter. Eighteen hundred years have not suggested any improvement or addition to the great answer, nor will eighteen hundred years to come, because it embraces all other answers and is the sum total of morality.—*The Golden Rule.* (1903)

LOVE AND TIME

Love that lasts is the power that binds heart to heart with the indissoluble bonds. Such love knows no limit of time. Dr. Van Dyke says:

Time is
Too slow for those who wait,
Too swift for those who fear,
Too long for those who grieve,
Too short for those who rejoice;
But for those who love
Time is not!
—*Church Advocate.* (1904)

Love as a Converting Power—See Persecution and Prayer.

LOVE AS A SIDING

With our differing hereditary traits, educations, experience, and ways of living and thinking, it is quite impossible that there should not be collisions with those with whom we are living or working. We are like a number of trains trying to go in different directions on the same track. Congestions are certain to come, but a congestion need not degenerate into a collision and a wreck if we will remember that there are plenty of sidings. Now a "siding" is a sort of abbreviated second track whereby trains going in opposite directions may pass each other in safety. In material railways they bear various names; on the invisible pathway of life they are all called love. Sometimes they are nicknamed forbearance, tolerance, patience, or common sense; but these are all translations of the same thing. So in case of danger, remember the sidings.—James M. Stifler, "The Fighting Saint."
(1905)

Love Compared—See Christ's Love.

LOVE, CONQUESTS OF

There is a story told
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
With grave responses listening unto it:

Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
"O son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
The unarmed Buddha, looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
In pity said: "Poor friend, even thee I love."
Lo! as he spake, the sky-tall terror sank
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove;
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
Circling above him, sweetly sang the bird:
"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song.
"And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!"

—George Dana Boardman.
(1906)

Love Dissolving Doubts—See Doubts, Dissolving.

LOVE DRIVING OUT FEAR

Mr. Robert E. Speer stopt from a British India steamer at Muscat to visit Rev. Peter Zwemer, who was working there alone. Mr. Zwemer took his visitor up to his house, where, he said, his family were staying. There, sitting on benches about the room, were eighteen little black boys. They had been rescued from a slave-ship that had been coming up the eastern coast of Arabia with those little fellows, to be sold on the date plantations along the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. The British consul had seized them from the traders, and Mr. Zwemer had undertaken to keep them until they were eighteen years old, when they would be given their manumission papers.

"When I got them," said Mr. Zwemer, "the whole eighteen huddled together in the middle of the floor, like jack-rabbits, and every time I came close, they huddled a little nearer. They mistrusted every one. On each little cheek-bone was the brand of the slave's iron, and for months and months they had known nothing but hatred and beatings, and had been shut down in the hold of the slave-ship, in order that they might make no noise and betray their presence."

As Mr. Speer saw them they looked happy and confident, and they sang for him, "Jesus loves me, this I know," looking as if the realization that all their blessings had come from that divine Source had already sunk deep into their hearts. (Text.) (1907)

LOVE, FILIAL

A boy of thirteen was often brought to Judge Lindsey's Juvenile Court in Denver, charged with truancy. Notwithstanding the judge admonished him many times, it did not seem to do him any good. The teacher kept writing, "Tim will stay out of school to work."

Once, when reproving him, the judge told him that there would be time enough to work when he was a man. "My father was a man," replied the boy, "and he did not work. He went off and left mother and me. I guess that's what killed her."

Finally, Tim appeared in court one day with a happy face, and pulling a soiled and crumpled paper from his pocket, handed it to the judge. "I'm goin' to remember all the things you told me and I'm goin' to school regular, now I got that done," he said, with some pride. Judge Lindsey examined the paper, which proved to be a receipted bill, and found that, little by little, Tim had paid fifty dollars for a headstone at his mother's grave.

"My boy, is that what you've been doing all these months?"

"I wanted her to have a monument, judge." Tim furtively wiped away the moisture in his eyes. "She done a lot for me; that's all I could do for her now." (1908)

LOVE IN A NAME

James Hargreaves, sitting alone there in his little house in Yorkshire, finding that he could not get enough from the spinners of cotton to supply his wants as a weaver, cast about for a way to spin faster. After many weary days, and weeks, and months, he found out a method by which he could spin eight threads in the same time that one had previously been spun; and being asked for a name for the instrument, he looked lovingly upon his wife, and said: "We'll call it Jenny"; and the modest Jenny has come down to posterity, and will go to remotest generations with the name of the "Spinning Jenny."—George Dawson. (1909)

LOVE IN MAN

"If it is true that the lights were burning until a few minutes before the ship (*Titanic*) took her final plunge," says Lord Charles Beresford, "it proves that officers and men below remained at their posts when they must have known that a death most terrible and painful awaited them at any minute. They must have known of the awful danger before anybody else, but they remained at their posts, resolving sooner than to create a panic or attempt to save themselves, to go to inevitable doom." (1910)

LOVE INDESTRUCTIBLE

Asbestos is the most extraordinary of all minerals. It is of the nature of alabaster, but it may be drawn out into fine silken threads. It is indissoluble in water and unconsumed in fire. An asbestos handkerchief was presented to the Royal Society of England. It was thrown into an intensely hot fire and lost but two drams of its weight, and when thus heated was laid on white paper and did not burn it. Love is like asbestos. The waves of sorrow will not wash it away. The flames of tribulation will not burn it up. It is eternal and immortal. (Text.) (1911)

LOVE INESCAPABLE

James Freeman Clarke, on his seventy-eighth birthday, wrote this significant bit of verse:

Be happy now and ever
That from the love divine no power the soul shall sever:
For not our feeble nor our stormy past,
Nor shadows from the future backward cast;
Not all the gulfs of evil far below,
Nor mountain-peaks of good which soar on high
Into the unstained sky,
Nor any power the universe can know;
Not the vast laws to whose control are given
The blades of grass just springing from the sod,
And stars within the unsounded depths of heaven—
Can touch the spirit hid with Christ in God.
For nought that He has made, below, above,
Can part us from His love. (1912)

LOVE, INTERPRETATION BY

A story is told of an artist who painted the picture of the Crucifixion. When it was completed, he called in a lady friend to see it, and pulling the curtain aside, withdrew into the shade that he might see the effect on her face. He saw the tears running down her cheeks, and she said, "You must love Him to paint Him like that." Her words touched his heart and he replied, "I hope I do, but as I love Him more I will paint Him better." (1913)

LOVE IS GOD'S NATURE

Why does this beautiful girl, that once was the center of attraction, in every reception, now hang over the cradle, refuse honors and give herself by day and by night to this little babe that puts helpless arms around the neck, that once flashed with jewels? We can only say that the mother is built that way. Why do robins sing? Why does the sunbeam warm? Why does summer ripen purple clusters? Why is a rose red? And a rainbow beautiful? When we can answer, we may be able to say why God loves His weak and sinful children. He loves them because it is His nature to love them.—N. D. Hillis. (1914)

LOVE-LETTER, ANCIENT

We possess many love-songs of the old Egyptians, but a genuine love-letter had not heretofore been found. Some years ago in Chaldea there was a love-letter found, written on clay. Tho the letter has much formality for such a missive, the reader can feel the tenderness that lies between its lines. The document was produced, we should say, in the year 2200 B.C., and was found in Sippara, the Biblical Sepharvani. Apparently the lady lived there, while her beloved was a resident of Babylon. The letter reads:

"To the lady, Kasbuya (little ewe) says Gimil Marduk (the favorite of Merodach) this: May the sun god of Marduk afford you eternal life. I write wishing that I may know how your health is. Oh, send me a message about it. I live in Babylon and have not seen you, and for this reason I am very anxious. Send me a message that will tell me when you will come to me, so that I may be happy. Come in Marchesvan. May you live long for my sake." (1915)

LOVE MAKES PATIENT

Ellen sat at the piano practising. The big clock in the corner was slowly ticking away the seconds, and the hands pointed to half-past ten.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Ellen. "A whole half hour more; and the clock seems to move more slowly than usual. How I hate this everlasting practising! I wish there were no such things as pianos in the world!"

"Why, Ellen!" said mama, who had entered the room in time to hear the last sentence. "A year ago you were coaxing father to buy you a piano. Are you growing tired of it so soon?"

The little girl's face flushed. "I did not know it was such hard work, mama; and I can't bear to stay in the house a whole hour this bright morning, just drumming at exercises. I would like to play pretty pieces."

"You must be patient, dear," answered her mother. "The pretty pieces will come in time. Think how delightful it will be, by and by, to entertain father when he comes home tired from the office! You know how he loves music. So keep up your courage, little daughter, for father's sake."

The words lingered in the child's memory. "For father's sake," she would say to herself when the hours seemed long. And love gave her patience.

Love always brings patience. Life's exercises are often hard and unmusical. But, little by little, they are preparing us for the heavenly harmonies above. (1916)

LOVE OF CHRIST

After Lafayette's devoted service to our country, he was equally devoted to the cause of liberty in France, helping with wise and unselfish service. But he was opposed bitterly by the extremists, and driven by them out of the country, and was imprisoned by the Emperor of Austria for five years in a loathsome dungeon at Olmutz. All Europe was moved to get him released, and his wife pleaded with ruler after ruler, and at length was permitted to share his dungeon, which she did for about two years. His life was despaired of, but Napoleon Bonaparte compelled his release. Our Lord shares the sinner's dungeon, and spares no pain for his release. (Text.) (1917)

LOVE OWNS ALL

We can not go so far
  That home is out of sight;
The morn, the evening star,
  Will say, "Good-day!" "Good-night!"
The heart that loves will never be alone;
All earth, all heaven it reckons as its own.
(1918)

LOVE, PRACTICAL

A dutiful son of his widowed mother once said, "I love my mother with all my strength." "How is that?" he was asked. Said he, "I'll tell you. We live in a tenement, on the top floor four flights up, with no elevator; and my mother being busy, I carry up the coal in a scuttle, and I tell you, it takes all my strength to do it. (Text.) (1919)

LOVE, PRESERVATIVE

Botanists tell us that strongly scented plants are of longer duration than those destitute of smell.

This is as true in the gardens of soul as in the gardens of nature. Lives fragrant with helpfulness endure. Those wanting in the aroma of love, die. (Text.)—Vyrnwy Morgan, "The Cambro-American Pulpit." (1920)

LOVE RATHER THAN KNOWLEDGE

"Papa," said the son of Bishop Berkeley, "what is the meaning of the words 'cherubim' and 'seraphim' in the Bible?" "Cherubim," replied his father, "is a Hebrew word signifying knowledge; seraphim is another word of the same language, and signifies flame; whence it is supposed that the cherubim are angels who excel in knowledge, and that the seraphim are angels who excel in loving God." "I hope, then," said the little boy, "when I die I shall be a seraph; for I would rather love God than know all things."

The child had the right sentiment, if not the right theology. (1921)

LOVE RECLAIMING

Dr. Felix Adler has brought to light an old legend of two brothers who lived and played together. At last one of them left home and got into evil ways, and finally was, by an evil magician, changed into a wolf. For long the bereaved brother sought the wanderer, and one day returning home through the woods, he was set on by a wolf. and by the might of his love under the spell of that continued gaze the features of the wolf began to disappear, until at length the brother was restored to his senses and to his home. (1922)

Love, Rewards of—See Resignation.

LOVE, THE LANGUAGE OF

When William Duncan went among the Alaskan Indians to convert them to Christianity, he won them first by his kindness.

He visited them, helped them with simple advice, and administered to their ailments from his medicine-chest. Long before he could make himself understood in words he spoke intelligibly in his works. They understood the language of his love and sympathy and kindness. By relieving their suffering he found a way at length to relieve their sins, in the gospel that he learned to utter in his message to them from the Word of God.

There is a gospel without words, as there is music without words; and he is the real linguist that can talk from the heart to the heart by a vibrant love.

(1923)

LOVE THE WORLD'S NEED

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the *Century Magazine,* writes thus of the world's need:

Oh, love is the need of the world! Down
under its pride of power,
Down under its lust of greed, for the joys
that last but an hour,
There lies forever its need.
For love is the law and the creed;
And love is the aim and the goal
Of life, from the man to the mole.
The need of the world is love. (1924)

LOVE UPLIFTING

Jacob Riis, in "The Making of an American," brings from his Danish homeland a most beautiful and significant phrase. There is scant sunlight over there in the long, cold winters, and it is not easy to make plants grow. Yet the poor have their window-boxes and winter blossoms, nevertheless, and their tender winter lesson. For when they speak of their flowers they do not say that they have been grown; instead, with finest insight, they say that they have been "loved up."

Almost any man can be "loved up." So it is with the child, the waif of society. (1925)

LOVE'S ACCEPTABLE OFFERING

One of the family was a little lad who was weak-minded, and him the father and mother specially loved. Yet there was little response to their affection. But one day, when the other children were gathering flowers and bringing them to their parents, the poor little lad gathered a bundle of dry sticks and brought them to his father. "I valued those sticks," said the father afterward, "far more than the fairest flowers." We are not all equally gifted—some can bring lovely flowers to God's service and honor; others can only gather dry sticks. But even the "cup of cold water" is accepted by Him. (Text.)

(1926)

LOVE'S CAREFULNESS

If I knew that a word of mine,
A word not kind and true,
Might leave its trace
On a loved one's face,
I'd never speak harshly, would you?

If I knew the light of a smile
Might linger the whole day through
And brighten some heart
With a heavier part,
I wouldn't withhold it, would you?

—Unidentified.

(1927)

LOVE'S COMPLETENESS

That God's love is without measure or limit is illustrated in the following incident:

In the home of a friend one day, as he reclined on the lounge opposite, and I in an easy chair, we were having a pleasant chat until dinner was called, when his little boy, named Neil, about three or four years old, came in. He went to his father's side, and I heard him whisper, "Papa, get up and show Mr. Shields how much you love me." I knew at once there was a secret between them, as it is fitting there should be between father and child, and that it was a secret in which the child rejoiced.

His father smiled, and said, "Oh, run away, Neil, and play; we are busy talking, and Mr. Shields knows I love you." "Yes," said the little fellow, "but I want you to show him how much."

Again and again the father tried to put him off, but the child persisted in his plea that the visitor be shown "how much" the father loved.

At length the father yielded, and as he stood, the child stood between us, and, holding up his index-finger, with a glance first at his father, and then at me, he said, "Now you watch, till you see how much my papa loves me."

His father was a tall and splendidly proportioned man. First he partially extended one arm, but the child exclaimed, "No, more than that." Then the other arm was extended similarly, but the little fellow was not content, and demanded, "More than that." Then one after the other both arms were outstretched to the full, only the fingers remaining closed. But still the child insisted, "More than that." Then, in response to his repeated demands, as he playfully stamped his little foot and clapped his hands and cried, "No! No! It's more than that!" One finger after another on either hand was extended, until his father's arms were opened to their utmost reach, and to each was added the full hand-breadth. Then the child turned to me, and, gleefully clapping his hands, exclaimed, "See? That's how much papa loves me." Than he ran off to his play content.—C. C. Shields. (1928)

LOVING ENEMIES

Here is one more illustration of a moral power that occasionally came out of Confucianism. Ieyasu, the founder of the Shogunate, is regarded as perhaps the greatest hero Japan has produced. In his wars, his enemy, Mitsunari, was defeated, and fearing the revenge of Ieyasu's seven generals, he sent to Ieyasu for pardon. The desired forgiveness was immediately granted, but the seven generals were indignant that such an enemy should escape death, and remonstrated with Ieyasu. The proverb he quoted to them shows how near the best hearts in all ages are to Christ's "Love your enemies." His reply was: "Even a hunter will have pity on a distrest bird when it seeks refuge in his bosom."—John H. De Forest, "Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom." (1929)

LOYALTY

On the deck of the *Republic* (January, 1909), when the passengers had all departed, when Captain Sealby was left alone with his men, with his ship, he stood before them. His voice shook a little.

"Men of the *Republic*," he said, "I am proud of you. You have acquitted yourselves like men. I look upon no coward. The darkness is drawing on"—it was then four o'clock Saturday afternoon—"and the passengers are gone. You have now the right to leave this vessel. She may sink; she may not—I can not say. But you have done your duty; the boats are at your disposal—"

"How about you, captain?" interrupted a voice.

"I shall stand by the ship," was the reply.

And then, in chorus, came a great shout: "And we'll stand by with you, captain."

So they did, until, later in the evening, the captain compelled all but fifty men to leave the vessel. (1930)

The story of a little Boer boy who refused to betray his friends even on the threat of death, is told by Major Seely, M.P., as an illustration of deeply-rooted love of freedom and of country. It happened during the Boer war:

"I was asked," said Major Seely, "to get some volunteers and try to capture a commandant at a place some twenty miles away. I got the men readily, and we set out. It was a rather desperate enterprise, but we got there all right. The Boer general had got away, but where had he gone? It was even a question of the general catching us, and not we catching the general. We rode down to the farmhouse, and there we saw a good-looking Boer boy and some yeomen. I asked the boy if the commandant had been there, and he said in Dutch, taken by surprize, 'Yes.' 'Where has he gone?' I said, and the boy became suspicious. He answered, 'I will not say.'

"I decided to do a thing for which I hope I may be forgiven, because my men's lives were in danger. I threatened the boy with death if he would not disclose the whereabouts of the general. He still refused, and I put him against a wall, and said I would have him shot. At the same time I whispered to my men, 'For heaven's sake, don't shoot.' The boy still refused, altho I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'Aim.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy.

"'Now,' I said, 'before I give the word, which way has the general gone?' I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen but once. He was transfigured before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head, and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it but to shake hands with the boy and go away."—*Singapore Straits Budget.* (1931)

I remember once taking a walk by the river near where the falls of Niagara are, and I noticed a remarkable figure walking along the river bank. When he came a little closer, I saw he was wearing a kilt; when he came a little nearer still, I saw that he was drest exactly like a Highland soldier. When he came quite near, I said to him, "What are you doing here?" "Why should I not be here?" he said. "Don't you know this is British soil? When you cross the river you come into Canada." This soldier was thousands of miles from England, and yet he was in the kingdom of England.

Wherever there is an English heart beating loyal to the ruler of Britain, there is England. Wherever there is a man whose heart is loyal to the King of the kingdom of God, the kingdom of God is within him.—HENRY DRUMMOND. (1932)

A young girl came to headquarters faint and exhausted, her body covered with marks of cruel beatings administered by her father and brother. It was their way of convincing her that she must accept the offer of her former employer to give her more than twice the wages that she had received before the shirt-waist strike in New York, 1909, and to send an automobile to take her to and from work if she would return to her former position. That she could decline an offer of such magnificence was conclusive proof to them that a girl is too stupid to make her own decisions; so they proceeded to decide for her and to communicate their decision in their own vigorous fashion.

"Will you go?" asked the little group surrounding her.

"Never till I die," was the unfaltering response, "unless the other girls be taken back, and unless we may stay by the union. To that did not we all pledge our word?" "But," she added wearily, "I think they will kill me. See! Here it is that yesterday they pulled out so much of my hair. To-day, again, they beat me. To-morrow, surely, they will kill me. I can not bear more."

When offered a place of safety and protection, she hesitated for a little time, then said, "My mother, she is away at work. Not to find me when she comes home at evening—that would trouble her. I must go home to her."

The will which could not be conquered by force was coupled with loyalty, with love, no less unconquerable. The friend who had offered her protection understood, for she, too, was a woman.

Shall the stone and mortar and machinery of factories or the bank accounts of their owners be ranked as assets of greater value to the nation than the life, the health, the welfare, of such womanhood?—*The World To-day.* (1933)

LOYALTY, SPIRIT OF

The spirit that leads to lying for the sake of a member of the clique or gang has been contemptuously called "honor among thieves." Honor it is rightly styled. Many tests have shown that it is indeed the spirit of loyalty that occasions it. Such a lie is the lie heroic. Many a boy will persist in it and take a punishment cheerfully rather than betray his chum. The lie, of course, is wrong; but the spirit which prompts it is right—indeed, is at the very core of moral character. Instead of asking boy or girl to tell of the misdeeds of another, the one who has glimpsed God's plan for the shaping of a character will ask the culprit to confess and save his comrades from suspicion. The boy who will lie and take a thrashing to save his friend will confess and take the penalty just as quickly, if the spirit of honor is fostered.

The spirit of hero worship is strong in both sexes at this time. Each one has his concrete ideal. Among the boys it may be the pugilist, the border outlaw, the soldier, or the statesman, but he is surely of the virile and aggressive type. Unconsciously the youth is selecting during these crucial years the models after whom his life is to be shaped.—E. P. ST. JOHN, *Sunday-school Times.* (1934)

LOYALTY TO CHRIST

In "Gloria Christi" we read this statement concerning some early martyrs of Madagascar:

In 1849 nineteen Christians, four of them from the highest nobility and all of good birth, were condemned to die. Fifteen were ordered to be hurled to death over the cliffs of Ampamarinana, a wall of rock one hundred and fifty feet high, with a rocky ravine below. The queen looked at the sight from her palace windows. Idols were placed before the Christians as they hung suspended by a rope in mid-air over the cliff, and each was asked in turn, "Will you worship this god?" As they refused, the rope was cut, and the victim fell into the abyss. (1935)

Loyalty to Race—See RACE LOYALTY.

LOYALTY TO THE CHURCH

President William McKinley was a member of the Sunday-school from the time that he became old enough to attend. He was converted and joined the Church before he was sixteen, and from that day maintained his Christian character through all the vicissitudes of his vigorous and busy life.

After the war he was admitted to the bar, and removed to Canton, Ohio. One of the first things he attended to was to call on the minister of his chosen church, present his church credentials, and, like the soldier he was, ask for assignment to duty. He was given a class in the Sunday-school, and was later elected its superintendent. It was not beneath his dignity to devote his life to the training of the young. (1936)

See Evangelism, Unheralded.

LUBRICATION EFFECTIVE

An old Quaker was once visited by a garrulous neighbor, who complained that he had the worst servants in the world, and everybody seemed to conspire to make him miserable.

"My dear friend," said the Quaker, "let me advise you to oil yourself a little."

"What do you mean?" said the irritated old gentleman.

"Well," said the Quaker, "I had a door in my house some time ago that was always creaking on its hinges, and I found that everybody avoided it, and altho it was the nearest way to most of the rooms, yet they went round some other way. So I just got some oil, and after a few applications it opened and shut without a creak or a jar, and now everybody just goes to that door and uses the old passage."

Just oil yourself a little with the oil of kindness. Occasionally praise your servants for something they do well. Encourage your children more than you scold them, and you will be surprized to find that a little sunshine will wear out a lot of fog, and a little molasses is better than a great deal of vinegar. (1937)

Luck—See Discovery, Fortunate.

Lunacy Undiscovered—See Heads, Losing.

LUMINOSITY

Our characters ought to be like the luminous paint mentioned below and continue to shine in the night of misfortune and disaster just the same.

You have probably seen luminous paints applied to the surfaces of the match-boxes that are permanently fixt on the walls of a room. During their exposure to the light in the daytime, these paints are so affected that they will continue to shine during the greater part of the night, altho there is no other light in the room. One coming into the room can, therefore, readily see where the match-box is.—Edwin J. Houston, Ph.D., "The Wonder Book of Light." (1938)

LYING

Admiral Dewey was a great stickler for truth. He has stated of himself, "There is nothing that I detest so much in a man as lying. I don't think a man ever gained anything by telling a lie." A blue-jacket says of him, "We had not been at sea long with him before we got next to how he despised a liar." One of the men was brought before Dewey, and told of being "sunstruck." "You are lying, my man," said Dewey. "You were very drunk last night. I don't expect to find total abstinence, but I do expect to be told the truth. Had you told me candidly that you had taken a drop too much on your liberty, you would have gone free. For lying, you get ten days in irons."—James T. White, "Character Lessons." (1939)

See Loyalty, Spirit of.

LYING AROUND

"Yes, he lied about it. I'm sure of that, and can prove it."

That's a pretty serious matter, to call a man a liar. Doubly serious if you can prove it on him. It is very, very bad to be lying about anything whatsoever.

But I'm convinced that lying around is almost as bad as lying about. I said, "You were not out at church yesterday. What were you doing?"

"I was just lying around." An excuse—offered as a reason—that I've heard scores of times.

Late to get out of bed Sunday morning. A very late breakfast. Everything starts behind, and never catches up. The men are lying around unshaved, unbathed, undrest. They look bad, and probably feel worse. An unclean skin and dirty clothes are not good to rest in.

Maybe the women are lying around with hair unbrushed, and dresses and aprons showing the stains of week-day work. Rather frowsy. If they don't feel any better than they look, they are some points below normal.

Just lying around, not at church, not fit to be seen, not feeling much respect for oneself. Pretty low down, not much above the dirt level. Doing no good, getting no good out of the blest day.

Does plain lying about things hurt one more than this lying around on Sunday? It makes one almost trifling.

Don't do it. On Sunday morning, get up, wash up, dress up, shave up, shine up, go up to church, think up toward God and the highest and best. The day will be worth much more to you. You'll feel better Monday morning, better rested, better fitted for the work of the new week. Quit lying around, and try it.—*Presbyterian Advance.* (1940)

LYING PUNISHED

Some time ago in a case in New York a man gave false evidence under oath and upon that evidence the point at issue was sent to a referee and costs amounting to $1,759 were incurred. A certain judge to whom these facts became known fined the perjured man the full amount of the costs and directed that when the fine was paid it should be turned over to the aggrieved party. This action has recently been affirmed by the United States Court of Appeals.

"This is hailed as a rebuke to a growing evil, that of lying under oath and nothing being thought of it if one can avoid detection or any civil consequences. The home, the school, the Church and the State should unite and compel greater attention to the dishonor of lying, and business concerns should be held strictly to account wherever misrepresentation or lying form a part of the business methods. Decent men should refuse to trade with the man who scolds his clerks for not making a sale and declares the failure was due to not lying hard enough." (1941)

M

MACHINE, AN ACCURATE

A fine clock, reminding a community of the lapse of time and of the value of the fleeting minutes and hours, is an object of much public interest. Some clocks have a particular historic interest due to their long and accurate service in behalf of a hurrying and often heedless humanity. A number of invited guests were recently privileged to be present one night in Strasburg Cathedral to observe the mechanism of the famous clock. For the first time since its construction in 1842, the machinery was called upon to indicate the first leap-year of a century, after an eight-year interval. At astronomical midnight the levers and trains of wheels began to move, the movable feasts of the year took their respective places and the admirable mechanism, calculated to indicate in perpetuity all the changes of the calendar, continued its regular movement. The man who can construct a great clock like that is indeed a mechanical genius. (1942)

Machine-shop Equipment—See MODERNITY.

MACHINE TESTIMONY

In an article in the *Evening Post* on "Manners Over the Wire," the writer says:

Some little thing may reform an age, the adage runs, and so perhaps the phonograph recording device, which was installed recently in the Copenhagen telephone exchange to check the ill-natured remarks of subscribers to central, by convicting offenders out of their own mouths, may bring about a revolution in the Danish city's manners.

Probably one of the first thoughts of the man who invented the telephone, and knew that he could project sound over distance, was that now he could tell his stronger neighbor his candid opinion without risking the dog and a possible thrashing; one of his second thoughts was to put his new-found power into practise. And who, after all, should be the object of most of the exasperated remarks, shading from complaint to embroidered profanity, but central herself?

This Copenhagen found out, and set herself to remedy. University professors there who discover another flaw in Dr. Cook's records and ring up the rector right away, only to find that the wire is busy because half a dozen colleagues have similar messages, must not abuse central; the connection will be switched at once to the phonograph, which has no feelings and is an unprejudiced witness in court. Testimony of as a will recorded thus was recently held valid in Russia; and the notaries will invent another form: "Appeared before me this day Phonograph No. 123, said phonograph being turned on, deposed, etc. . . . Polonius, notary; Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, witnesses." Polonius' advice, "Give thy thoughts no tongue," holds good, and better for the Danes than in the times when, in language of to-day, the party at Elsinore had no 'phone. (1943)

Machine versus Purpose—See Purpose Discerned.

Machine Work—See Monotony.

Machinery, Excess of—See Master Hand Lacking.

MAGNANIMITY

The exercise of magnanimity and charity was as natural to General Grant as breathing; and he demonstrated on this occasion that the hand that wielded the sword was moved by kindness as well as by patriotism. The prisoners of war, who so long lived in hunger, now received abundant rations. So much kindness was shown them that when the Union troops entered the city, both sides "fraternized as if they had been fighting for the same cause." And when the Confederates passed out of town between two lines of Federal soldiers, the scene was solemn and pathetic. Under instructions from General Grant, not a cheer or a word came from the conquerors that would humiliate the fallen foe or give them pain.—Nicholas Smith, "Grant, the Man of Mystery." (1944)

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee witnessed the memorable meeting between his uncle, Gen. Robert E. Lee, and Grant, and he frequently exprest his appreciation of the magnanimity displayed by the victorious commander on that occasion. The fact that General Grant refrained from asking for Gen. Robert E. Lee's sword made a lasting impression on Fitzhugh Lee, who subsequently said: "General Grant not only refrained from demanding my uncle's sword, as is customary, but he actually apologized to General Lee for not having his own sword on at the time. (Text.) (1945)

See Good for Evil.

Magnanimity, A Boy's—See Vicarious Sacrifice.

Magnanimity, A Nation's—See America's Attitude.

MAGNANIMITY, UNDISCIPLINED

Precipitancy of judgment and heat of temper are responsible for all the errors of Walter Savage Landor's life. To recount these errors is neither wise, necessary, nor generous. One thing, however, is noticeable, that in every case the difficulties which he created for himself arose from a sort of undisciplined magnanimity of nature, a belief in impracticable ideals, a radical inability to adapt himself to the common convictions of life. He sinned against himself in a hundred instances, but against others never. His generosity was extreme and incessant. In his enormous agricultural experiments at Llanthony he squandered seventy thousand pounds in five years—J. W. Dawson, "Makers of English Prose." (1946)

MAGNETISM

The use of powerful electromagnets for lifting pieces of iron in foundries is increasing. In *The American Machinist*, E. F. Lake gives some particulars of recent applications of electromagnetism to lifting, and discusses the economies effected thereby. He says:

"At the West Allis works of the Allis-Chalmers Company, lifting magnets are prest into service for saving the small pieces and even minute particles of iron and steel which have heretofore been allowed to go to waste without thought of the possibility of recovery.

"This is done periodically by hitching the magnets to traveling-cranes and allowing them to sweep over every inch of ground area, both in and around the works. It is a never-failing source of wonder to the shops' management how much lost metal the magnets can find." (Text.) (1947)

Magnificence—See Ice Beauty.

MAGNIFYING A SACRED OFFICE

Increase Mather, in a sermon entitled "Be Very Courageous," tells the story: "It has been reported that a minister, preaching to the Earl of Stratford, then lord deputy of Ireland, faithfully reproved some corruptions which that governor was known to be guilty of, but at which he was displeased; and the next day, in a great passion, he sent for the minister, and began his discourse thus: 'Yesterday, when you were before me, you said such and such things.' The minister replied to him: 'You are mistaken, sir; I was not before you yesterday. I confess I am before your excellency to-day, but you were before me yesterday. You represent the kingdom; but yesterday I was made representative of the Almighty God, who is infinitely above the greatest kings on earth.' Upon that, the earl was so affected as to dismiss the minister without saying anything more to him." Here was a man who magnified his office, who spoke with authority, and not as the scribes.—*Christian Register.* (1948)

Magnifying Objects—See Science, Improvements by.

Mail, Handling—See Care in Performing Duties.

Main Objects versus Incidentals—See Tasks, The Real.

Majority Not Always Right—See Conviction, Unyielding.

Majority-rule—See Justice by Majority; Tact.

MAKE-BELIEVE

If all difference could be atoned as easily as that described in this extract from the *Popular Magazine,* much bloodshed would be saved:

Not long ago a Paris journalist, who had by some criticism offended a politician, received from him the following letter:

"Sir—One does not send a challenge to a bandit of your species: one simply administers a cuff on the ears. Therefore, I hereby cuff both your ears. Be grateful to me for not having recourse to weapons.

"Yours truly, ————"

The journalist answered:

"My Dear Sir and Adversary—I thank you, according to your wish, for having sent me cuffs by post, instead of slaughtering me with weapons. Cuffed by post, I respond by dispatching you by post six bullets in the head. I kill you by letter. Please consider yourself dead from the first line of this epistle.

"With a respectful salutation to your corpse, I am,

"Very truly yours, ————."

The intent to kill is present. Is not that reckoned in morals as bad as the overt act? (Text.) (1949)

Malaria, Stamping Out—See Immunity from Disease.

Malice—See Modesty.

Malingery—See Sham.

MAMMON WORSHIP

At Nashville, Tenn., there recently died an eccentric old lady, known in the neighborhood as a miser of the most pronounced type, tho possessing multiplied thousands. After her death the premises were searched for the money, known to be hidden in various places about the house. She had no confidence in banks, and therefore employed this method of concealing her treasures. For seventeen years she never left her home, lest some one get her money. Was ever a life more completely misspent? The joy she might have had by helping others, she missed because of her miserly disposition. She preferred to be poor—really poor—in the midst of her gold. She starved her soul that she might worship at the shrine of Mammon.—*The Gospel Messenger.* (1950)

MAN A CREATOR

The fork, the knife, the graver, the spade, they are merely steel fingers, iron hands, accumulating and prolonging the energy of those members. The rudder which the hand holds, it is in effect that hand itself, enlarged, and shielded from the wash of the waves. The telescope, with its wondrous space-penetrating power, the microscope, with its clear and searching lens, in which seems almost an image of Omniscience, are yet only adjutants and servitors to the eye, that more marvelous instrument which no hand can fashion. The soul of man, invisible itself, controls the eye. It creates the telescope, to be its assistant. The locomotive steam-engine. with its connected trains of cars, whose tread is like an earthquake traversing the surface, whose rush outruns in noise and power the plunge of the cataract—the soul has created that as a servant to the body, to move this on its errands, and to carry its burdens. The steamship flashing through night and storm, trampling the riotous waves beneath it, and drowning the strife and uproar of the winds, by its more measured and peremptory stroke, is a similar instrument sent forth on the seas. Each began in a thought. Each was born of the soul. And that which produced them has the power to work with them, for any effects.—RICHARD S. STORRS. (1951)

MAN A TIMEKEEPER

There are many ways in which a man is like a watch, as this curious epitaph shows, which can be seen in the churchyard at Lydford, Devonshire, England:

Here lies in a horizontal position
The outside case of
George Routledge, watchmaker.
Integrity was the main-spring and prudence the regulator of all the actions of his life;
Humane, generous and liberal,
His hand never stopt till he had relieved distress;
So nicely regulated were his movements that he never went wrong,
Except when set a-going by people who did not know his key;

Even then he was easily set right again.
He had the art of disposing of his time so well
That his hours glided away in one continued round of pleasure.
Till, in an unlucky moment, his pulse stopt beating.
He ran down Nov. 14, 1801, aged 57,
In hopes of being taken in hand by his Maker,
Thoroughly cleaned, repaired, wound up and set a-going,
In the world to come, when time shall be no more. (1952)

MAN AS A TEMPLE

My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been
Or can be, than is man? To whose creation
All things are in decay.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
So brave a palace built, O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with Thee at last!
Till Thou afford us so much wit
That, as the world serve us, we may serve Thee,
And both Thy servants be. (Text.)
—GEORGE HERBERT.
(1953)

MAN GODLIKE

An unidentified writer here points out the greatness of man even tho often overthrown:

Swarming across the earthly crust,
Delving deep in the yellow dust,
Raising his ant-hills here and there,
Scoring the soil for his humble fare,
Braving the sea in his tiny boat—
Tireless he struggles, this human mote.

Tempests scatter his ant-hills wide,
Vainly he braves the boiling tide,
Fire will ruin his busy mart,
Famine stilleth his throbbing heart,
Trembles the earth and prone he falls,
Crusht and tombed by his pigmy walls.

Heir of the kingdom 'neath the skies,
Often he falls, yet falls to rise.
Stumbling, bleeding, beaten back,
Holding still to the upward track;
Playing his part in creation's plan,
Godlike in image—this is man! (1954)

Man Imitating Nature—See IMITATION OF NATURE.

MAN INDESTRUCTIBLE

Some time ago a Philadelphia anatomist announced to the world that the brain of Walt Whitman, through the carelessness of a hospital employee, had been lost to science. The jar that held the poet's brain fell to the floor and was broken, so that not even the fragments of the organ were saved. Well, let the poet's brain be shattered, if you will; the poet himself can not be touched. The flaming star-wheels can not crush him, the maddened oceans can not engulf him, the black caves of night can not hide him, the scorching flames of hell can not destroy him. Man is a spark of divinity the image of deity, an "emotion of God flashed into time."—F. F. SHANNON. (1955)

MAN MADE FOR ETERNITY

You can tell the difference between sea and land birds by the length and strength of their wings. The wings of the former are intended for long and sustained action in their sweep along the surface of the great ocean.

Man's soul, in a similar manner, is not intended for this material world, but has long and strong wings of hope and affection wherewith to span the ocean of eternity.—VYRNWY MORGAN, "The Cambro-American Pulpit." (1956)

Man Not a Puppet—See MASTERY OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Man, Original—See ORIGINALITY OF MAN.

MAN POSSESSING NATURE

Thomas Traherne, a poet, whose worth was discovered only after he was dead, is the author of the following:

The orb of light in its wide circuit moves,
  Corn for our food springs out of very mire.
Our fuel grows in woods and groves;
  Choice herbs and flowers aspire
To kiss our feet; beasts court our loves.
  How glorious is man's fate!
The laws of God, the works He did create,
His ancient ways, are His and my estate.
(1957)

MAN, SLOW DEVELOPMENT OF

Robert Loveman takes a wide view of man in this verse:

A thousand years doth nature plan
Upon the making of a man;
She sweeps the generations through,
To find the patient, strong, and true;
She rends the surge of seven seas,
Rearing an humble Socrates;
She burns a hundred years of sun,
Sealing the soul of Solomon.

A thousand years doth nature plan
Upon the making of a Man;
She sees the ages dawn apace,
Ere Moses rouse his shackled race,
Or Homer or sweet Shakespeare sing,
Beside his deep eternal spring;
The centuries rise in reverence when
Buddha doth come unto his men.

A thousand years doth nature plan
Upon the making of a man;
She fills his heart with fire and faith,
She leaves him loyal unto death;
She lights his lustrous, loving eye
With flashes of immortality;
She adds one more undying name
Upon the heated scroll of fame.
—"Songs from a Georgia Garden."
(1958)

Man, Superiority of—See SPEECH.

Man, The Manly—See MANLINESS.

Man the Product of Many Elements—See DIVERSE INFLUENCES.

MAN, VALUE OF A

Years ago a Mr. Campbell, a British subject, was held a prisoner by Theodore, King of Abyssinia. England demanded his release, sending an army of ten thousand men who marched seven hundred miles, to Magdala, and all at a cost of twenty-five million dollars—just to rescue a single man. (Text.) (1959)

Maneuvering by Birds—See STRATEGEM BY BIRDS.

MANHOOD

We need not more machinery or institutions. What the world needs is men, as Rudyard Kipling shows in this verse:

The peace of shocked foundations flew
  Before his ribald questionings,
He broke the oracles in two
  And bared the paltry wires and strings;
  He headed desert wanderings;
He led his soul, his cause, his clan,
  A little from the ruck of things.
Once on a time there was a man.

Thrones, powers, dominions block the view
  With episodes and underlings;
The meek historian deems them true,
  Nor heeds the song that Clio sings,
  The simple central truth that stings
The mob to boo, the priest to ban,
  Things never yet created things.
Once on a time there was a man. (Text.)
—*Collier's Weekly.*
(1960)

MANHOOD RECOGNIZED

Jesus saw in the meanest man the possibilities of character. This is what Charles Wagner urges us to do in the following extract:

Maintain toward the poor man and the infirm a courtesy, an attentiveness; find in your heart and in your love a sign that makes him recollect that he is a man. His misery is like a tomb in which his self-respect sleeps buried. It is something to respect this tomb, to approach it with piety, to care for it and to keep a flower growing there; but each of these attentions is addrest to one that is dead, shows that you accept his death, and that you confirm it. Do more and do better. Remember that it is a living man that lies under the dust, slowly amassed, of days of suffering. Breathe upon this dust, disengage the human form; speak to Lazarus and make him come forth from the shrouds that surround him, from the night that covers him. (Text.)—"The Gospel of Life." (1961)

MANIFESTATION

Just as creation is the revelation of God—His avowal, as a poet has said—so in the same way the external life of man, when it follows its normal development, is the translation, in signs and symbols, of what he bears at the bottom of his being. It would be easier to keep the sap from mounting, the flowers from opening, the leaves from tearing apart their coverings, than human nature from manifesting itself. It is this need that gives man his distinction as a social and communicative being.—Charles Wagner, "The Gospel of Life." (1962)

MANLINESS

The world has room for the manly man, with the spirit of manly cheer;
The world delights in the man who smiles when his eyes keep back the tear;
It loves the man who, when things go wrong, can take his place and stand
With his face to the fight and his eyes to the light, and toil with a willing hand;
The manly man is the country's need, and the moment's need, forsooth,
With a heart that beats to the pulsing tread of the lilied leagues of truth;
The world is his and it waits for him, and it leaps to hear the ring
Of the blow he strikes and the wheels he turns and the hammers he dares to swing;
It likes the forward look in his face, the poise of his noble head,
And the onward lunge of his tireless will and the sweeps of his dauntless tread!
Hurrah for the manly man who comes with sunlight on his face,
And the strength to do and the will to dare and the courage to find his place!
The world delights in the manly man, and the weak and evil flee
When the manly man goes forth to hold his own on land or sea! (Text.)

—*American Israelite.*
(1963)

Manner, The Orator's—See Earnestness.

Manners—See Circumstances, Taking Advantage of; Dual Character; Machine Testimony.

Manners, Teaching Bad—See Politeness.

MAN'S AGE ON EARTH

Some scientists reason that the Falls of Niagara must have been formed soon after the Glacial Epoch, and the time occupied in wearing the rock back to the present position therefore furnishes a basis for calculating the age of man on the earth, as he must have begun his career since that epoch:

In an address in Washington before the United States Geological Survey, Professor Gilbert gave the following interesting information regarding the recession of the ground under Niagara Falls: The estimate is that for the past forty-four years the falls have receded at the rate of twenty-four feet in a year. The Horseshoe Falls are at the head of the gorge and the American Falls at the eastern side, but the time was when both were together, before the little point called Goat Island was reached. The recession is more rapid at the center than on the sides. As the crest of the Horseshoe Falls retreats the water tends to concentrate there, and the time will probably come when the sides of the present falls will have become dry shores. The gorge is known to be 35,500 feet long. A calculation has shown that, on this basis, the falls began to wear away the rock of the escarpment near Lewiston about 7,900 years ago.—*Public Opinion.* (1964)

MAN'S CONQUEST OF ANIMALS

Man-eating tigers have for so long been regarded by the natives of most parts of India as invincible, or else protected by the native religions, that they have had things pretty much their own way. One determined hunter for every fifty frightened, unarmed men would scarcely serve to intimidate any animal. Many tribes of North American Indians looked upon the bear with veneration; but for all that, any bear so courageous as to let himself be seen by them got an arrow between his ribs right away, and in time the whole tribe of American bears learned that the chances were against them, just as the wolves and cougars arrived at a similar conclusion. Those that turned man-eaters might for a few seasons hunt their prey successfully, and if gifted with unusual cunning get away unscratched for a while, but the vengeance of the tribe would be certain to overtake them before very long, and only the more cowardly ones of their species would survive to perpetuate the race.—WITMER STONE and WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM, "American Animals." (1965)

Man's Greatness—See SIZE NOT POWFR.

MAN'S IMPORTANCE

The world is one thing to a bird, or a fish, but quite another thing to Cuvier or Agassiz. Then man entered the scene. Stretching out his hand he waved a wonder-working wand. He touched the wood, and it became a wagon; he touched the ore and it became an engine; he touched the boughs and they became the reeds of an organ; he touched the wild animal, and it became a burden-bearer for his weary feet; while his intellect turned the stone into geology, and the stars into astronomy, and the fields into husbandry, and his duties into ethics. When the flint and steel meet, something beyond either appears—a tongue of flame. And when man and nature met, something new emerged—art, industry, ethics, cities and civilization. There is nothing great in nature but man. Take man out of this wondrous city with its cathedrals, galleries, and homes, and Broadway would become a streak of iron-rust. The earth wears man upon her bosom as the circling ring wears a sparkling gem. The bog puts forth a white lily; genius is a flower rooted in earth, but borrowing its bloom and beauty from heaven.—N. D. HILLIS. (1966)

Man's Part—See EVANGELIZATION.

Man's Part in Religion—See FAITH.

MAN'S PREEMINENCE

When you approach a great city at night and see only its tens of thousands of lights, you do not for a moment attach importance to those mechanical contrivances, the lights. The unseen inhabitants in the tens of thousands of lighted homes are the real objects of interest and worth. So the worlds, and not the suns, are the objects of true worth and interest in the universe; the worlds, the lighted and glowing houses of God's children, not the mechanical contrivances for making them comfortable. Upon these must center our thought and interest. What is the fire which warms the man and cooks his dinner, compared with the man himself? What is the light and fire, compared with the home? What is the sun, compared with the world? Just here we begin to get some breath of assurance. While the worlds in our system differ very greatly in size and glory, while some of the great suns doubtless have correspondingly great worlds circling about them, yet we may reasonably suppose that among the worlds of the universe our earth is somewhere near the middle of the scale. And we earth-dwellers, intelligent children of the Father, are no mean citizens in the kingdom of our God. If He has built such a mansion of light for us, and kindled such a hearth-fire as our sun, and made us lords and masters of such a world as this, why may we not lift up our heads in love and triumph? (Text.)—JAMES H. ECOB. (1967)

See SPEECH.

MAN'S SIZE

How big is a man, anyway? Well, he is smaller than an elephant, and an elephant is smaller than a mountain, and a mountain is smaller than the world, and the world is a mustard-seed compared with the sun, and the sun itself is a mere mote in the dust cloud of spheres that stretches out through the universe beyond the reach of thought.

Coleridge said bigness is not greatness. So while mountains and worlds are bigger than men, man can remove mountains if not worlds. It is not mere size that counts, but power and worth. (Text.) (1968)

MAN'S WORKS

Mabel Earle writes of a bridge flung across from a cliff to an opposite shore as a symbol of man's service, improving natural formations:

The cliff stood waiting, silent and alone,
After the rending shock which gave it birth;
Age upon age the waters wore the stone,
And the long shadows wheeled across the earth,
Swinging from west to east. Through sun and snow
It kept God's secret whispered long ago.

Once from its topmost crag a cable swung,
And a face laughed against its frowning strength,
The life of man in splendid risk outflung
Fulfilling the slow centuries at length;
On the bare rock to stamp his signet clear,
God's warrant witnessed by the engineer.

Then, with a flash of fire and blinding smoke,
A peal that shook the mountain, base to crest,
The silence of the waiting eons broke
Into the thunder of that high behest,
And on the steep where never foot had trod
Men wrought a pathway for the will of God.

God of the cliff, from whom the whisper fell
Of hope and hope's fulfilment yet to be,
Make good Thy promise unto us as well;
Yoke Thou our pride in love's captivity;
And, tho it come through fire and scar and throe,
Give us the crown of service, Lord, to know.
(1969)

The last ten summers have witnessed greater changes than the previous 10,000, for man has learned to work with nature and God. The old manuscripts and the grains and fruits depicted in old frescoes, tell us that the ancient world had all our grains and fruits. Centuries passed, but the same sheaves and boughs were ripened. It could not be otherwise. The wheat had no feet, the flowers had no hands. The tulip needed man. One day man decided to work together with the fruit. He took the most brilliant colors and carried the plants into a glass house and sealed the room tight. Then he went one hundred miles and brought another tulip, being feet thereto, and pollenized the one flower with the seed of the other. When ten years had passed, lo, there were 5,000 new flowers, never seen before, brilliant in hue, and of an unwonted perfume, growing in the fields of Holland. In Minnesota, using similar methods, the scientists have produced 2,000 new kinds of wheat, and three of these wheats have added enormous wealth to Minnesota and Dakota. Out in Illinois a professor selected corn with reference to the increase of the oil that heats, makes muscle and builds tissue. He carried the percentage of oil in a grain of corn from four hundredths to six hundredths, and this added some five hundred millions to the wealth of the great corn States in a single year. And he did it by tying tissue-paper over the tops of his selected corn-stalks, after which he journeyed several hundred miles, to bring pollen with which to fertilize the stalks.—N. D. HILLIS. (1970)

Manual-training and Culture—See COMPREHENSIVENESS IN EDUCATION.

Many Strings Required—See STRING, THE NEED OF MORE THAN ONE.

Margin, The, and Character—See CHARACTER, TEST OF.

MARGINS OF LIFE

It is the little greater care of the extra hour, the additional effort that constitutes the margin of advantage of one man over another. President Garfield said:

When I was in college, a certain young man was leading the class in Latin. I couldn't see how he got the start of us all so. To us he seemed to have an infinite knowledge. He knew more than we did. Finally, one day, I asked him when he learned his Latin lesson. "At night," he replied. I learned mine at the same time. His window was not far from mine, and I could see him from my own. I had finished my lesson the next night as well as usual, and, feeling sleepy, was about to go to bed. I happened to saunter to my window, and there I saw my classmate still bending diligently over his book. "There's where he gets his margin on me," I thought. "But he shall not have it for once," I resolved. "I will study just a little longer than he does to night." So I took down my books again, and, opening to the lesson, went to work with renewed vigor. I watched for the light to go out in my classmate's room. In fifteen minutes it was all dark. "There is his margin," I thought. It was fifteen minutes more time. It was hunting out fifteen minutes more of rules and root derivatives. How often, when a lesson is well prepared, just five minutes spent in perfecting it will make one the best in the class. The margin in such a case as that is very small, but it is all-important. The world is made up of little things. (Text.) (1971)

MARKING TIME

Too much of human effort consists of merely going through motions without ever getting forward:

Bicycle races without leaving the starting-place, which are said to be the latest craze in places of amusement in Paris, are described in *Popular Mechanics*. Says this paper: "The wheel is fixt in a frame fastened to the floor. When the rider begins to pedal, a belt from the rear wheel drives a small electrical generator. The current thus produced is conducted to a motor on wheels and carrying a flag. The track on which the motor travels is marked in distances, and each foot of track requires as much work by the rider as would have carried the bicycle one mile had it been free to run as under ordinary conditions of use." (Text.) (1972)

MARKS, COVERING

When the physician prescribed blisters to Marie Bashkirtseff to check her consumptive tendency, the vain, cynical girl wrote: "I will put on as many blisters as thee like. I shall be able to hide the mark by bodices trimmed with flowers and lace and tulle, and a thousand other delightful things that are worn, without being required; it may even look pretty. Ah! I am comforted." (Text.) (1973)

MARKS OF CHARACTER

Admiration is sometimes exprest about the peaceful faces of nuns, sisters of charity, and similar devotees of the secluded life. But if you polish a piece of stone and keep it in a cabinet it will be smooth. The same stone set into a foundation will soon show marks of the weather. So marks on the face, lines of care, traces of sorrow, usually show that one has been doing something; has been of some use; has been developing character. (1974)

Marks, Removing—See Reminders, Unpleasant.

MARRIAGE

Look at marriage as a divine plan for mutual compensation—each making up for the deficiencies of the other, somewhat as the two lenses of crown-glass and flint-glass combine in the achromatic lens. What one has the other has not, and so, by association, each gets the advantage of the other's capacity, and finds relief from conscious lack and incompetency.—A. T. Pierson. (1975)

Marriage and Divorce—See Birth-rate in France; Divorce.

MARRIAGE CUSTOM, BRUTAL

The marriage ceremony of the Australian savages consists often in the simple process of stunning a stray female of a neighboring tribe by means of a club, and then dragging her away an unresisting captive, just as the males of the larger species of seal are said to attack and temporarily disable their intended mates—Felix Oswald, *Good Health.* (1976)

MARRIAGE RACING

A writer in the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, describing certain curious marriage customs, says:

In some cases the ceremony takes the form of what is called bride-racing. The girl is given a certain start and the lover is expected to overtake her. An observer among the Calmucks assures us that no Calmuck girl is ever caught "unless she have a partiality for her pursuer." *Per contra*, Mr. Kennan tells us of a bride-race among the Koriacks (northern Asia) which he witnest, where the girl went scampering, pursued by her lover, through a succession of compartments, called pologs, in a large tent. So nimble was the maid that she distanced her pursuer, but—she waited for him in the last polog! All of which goes to prove that the wise men of old knew what they were talking about when they said that the race is not always to the swift. (1977)

MARRIAGE RELATIONS IN THE EAST

The third relation in Confucius' teaching is that of "Husband and Wife." Confucius expressly teaches that husband and wife are very "different" beings, which is in startling contrast to the teachings of Christ, who called the twain "one." The husband of the East was carefully cautioned not to love his wife very much, as that showed an effeminate man. The kiss between husband and wife was wholly unknown, and when foreigners were first seen to show affection in this way, it was regarded as extremely funny. "Every time I see foreigners kiss, I catch a sick," said a student who was trying to air his English.—JOHN H. DE FOREST, "Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom." (1978)

MARTYR SPIRIT

Bad things are said against the Japanese, with more or less truth. But yet, a nation whose history has so many moral heroes can not be bad at heart. Japan has produced one man who gave his life to save the people of his province from oppression and ruin. He was cruelly crucified, his innocent wife with him, and their children were barbarously executed before the parents' eyes. Yet this man's dying words on the cross were: "Had I five hundred lives, I'd gladly give them all for you, my people." So far as I know, there is no other story in all history so closely resembling that of the crucifixion of Christ as this. The nation that can produce one such hero has the potency and promise of noble morality. This fearlessness of death in the face of duty runs all through the history of the people, which tells of wives who willingly died for their husbands, of children for their parents, of parents for their children, and of subjects for their lords.—JOHN H. DE FOREST, "Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom." (1979)

Martyrdom—See MISSIONARY MARTYRDOM.

MARTYRS

They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun, their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls,
But still their spirits walk abroad, tho years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom;
They but augment the deep and swelling thoughts
That overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.

—BYRON.
(1980)

Masks—See EVIL, DISGUISED.

MASSES, AMONG THE

Alexander Irvine, author and lecturer, speaking before the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, said in part:

Speaking for the mass of the laborers, the men and women of the underworld, men and women not knowing or appreciating beauty in any form, men who know only the whip and spur, I speak feelingly, for I was one of them. I began work caring for the horses of a rich man and I wondered then why a horse was of more value than a man. I had then the ambition to have as good a life as the horse. I quit and went to a coal-pit and worked for a shilling a day in merry England, and I saw there the same disparity. I was a miner's mucker, and the mules were better and far more considered than the men. There was at the time a labor leader trying to organize the men to work for better wages and better hours. I tried to teach them the way to heaven. He was doing the better work, as those workmen in the mines could not have appreciated heaven.

In a lumber-camp I saw peonage at its worst. I was a peon myself, under the whip and lash and the butt-end of the whip was held in Wall Street, and the lash cut the backs of Anglo-Saxon men. Could I find a magazine to print my story of what I saw? I could not. The stocks of the magazine company were owned by the capitalists. —Brooklyn *Standard Union.* (1981)

MASTER HAND, LACKING THE

Some years ago I was chairman of a church committee to purchase a new pipe-organ. We were an ambitious congregation, and nothing but the biggest and the best would suffice. We purchased a magnificent instrument—three manuals, tracker, pneumatic action, 1,944 pipes, and all the necessary swells and stops; cost $5,000. It was a "thing of beauty," and we expected it to be a "joy forever." The congregation was pleased; the committee was delighted.

But somehow things did not go well. Sister Jones, the old organist, would not touch the new-fangled thing. "Too much machinery and too much show," she said. Of course, we were adverse to going outside of the congregation for an organist. So we tried Minnie Wright, the deacon's daughter; but Minnie could not manipulate the stops and swells. We next tried Josie Grayson, an orphan girl, who really needed the place. Now, Josie could play with her hands, but when it came to playing with her feet also she could not do it. We next tried Seth McGraw, who had been to college and who, in addition to his musical ability, was able-bodied and strong. Seth put all the power on the motor, pulled out all the stops, and kicked and pawed with might and main. The organ shrieked and bellowed and roared. As for noise, the bulls of Bashan were outclassed. But as for music—well, it requires more than a big organ and a big man to produce that. The congregation was disappointed, disgusted, and fast becoming desperate. They said that the organ was too big, too complicated, and that it had at least nineteen hundred pipes too many. There were charges of mismanagement and even fraud against the committee, and hints that "something might be doing." Now, Indiana lies in the north central portion of the lynching belt of the United States, so the committee felt a trifle uncomfortable.

To my way of thinking, there is a marked similarity between the musical experience of this congregation and the educational experience of many communities in this country. We have built great schoolhouses and prepared elaborate courses of study, with more manuals, stops, and swells than characterized the great organ of Newtown. The old course of study, which was so simple that even Sister Jones could play it by ear, has given place to a new, elaborate, and highly organized course which is difficult—entirely too difficult—for the Minnie Wrights and Josie Graysons, no difference if the one is a relative of some member of the school-board and the other is the daughter of a poor widow. It requires more, too, than an able-bodied man to get proper results from the course of study, even if he has been to college and played fullback on the football team. He may make a great ado about it, but the results will be very similar to Seth McGraw's music on the pipe-organ—calculated to incite a riot.—J. W. Carr. (1982)

MASTER MIND, THE

Jesus, as the Master mind of the world, rules in it by controlling many other minds, as the master clock in this account controls many other clocks:

"A German has invented a new clock system which has some original features worthy of mention," says *The American Inventor.* "The system is that of a master clock which controls electrically as many individual clock installations as may be required. The clock, which is installed in the house or place of business of the subscriber to the system, is similar to the ordinary one, inasmuch as it has a face and two hands; but the works are replaced by a couple of magnets and a balance-wheel. The master clock is provided with a transmitting apparatus designed to be operated by the movement of the hands. An impulse is sent from the wires when the hands of the master clock advance one minute on the face of the dial. This impulse affects the magnets in the small clocks in such a way that the hands are advanced the same amount as were the hands of the master clock. This operation is kept up indefinitely, and, of course, all of the small clocks keep exactly the same time as the master clock." (Text.) (1983)

Master Revealed—See Captain, The, Divine.

Master, Thinking About His—See Duty.

MASTERY

One of those strong currents, always mysterious, and sometimes impossible to foresee, had set us into shore out of our course, and the ship was blindly beating on a dreary coast of sharp and craggy rocks.

Suddenly we heard a voice up in the fog in the direction of the wheel-house, ringing like a clarion above the roar of the waves, and the clashing sounds on shipboard, and it had in it an assuring, not a fearful tone. As the orders came distinctly and deliberately through the captain's trumpet, to "shift the cargo," to "back her," to "keep her steady," we felt somehow that the commander up there in the thick mist on the wheel-house knew what he was about, and that through his skill and courage, by the blessing of heaven, we should all be rescued. The man who saved us so far as human aid ever saves drowning mortals, was one fully competent to command a ship; and when, after weary days of anxious suspense, the vessel leaking badly, and the fires in danger of being put out, we arrived safely in Halifax, old Mr. Cunard, agent of the line, on hearing from the mail officer that the steamer had struck on the rocks and had been saved only by the captain's presence of mind and courage, simply replied: "Just what might have been expected in such a disaster; Captain Harrison is always master of the situation."—James T. Fields.

(1984)

MASTERY BY INTELLIGENCE

The devil can always be beaten if we go about it seriously:

Morphy, the American chess-player, looking at the picture of a youth playing chess with Satan, and, apparently, doomed to inevitable defeat, studied the position, called for chessmen and board in reality, and by one move won the hypothetical game.

(1985)

Mastery Necessary to Progress—See Conquest by Man.

MASTERY OF CIRCUMSTANCES

One of Mr. Ingersoll's most eloquent chapters is on "Man as an Automaton," played upon by the blind forces of nature. A clot in the brain explains Benedict Arnold's treason. A foul taint in the arteries that is like a fungus luring a merchant ship on the rocks. Penury and vicious environment fill our jails and must fill them. But the argument was born of a great man's beautiful sympathy for his fellow sufferers. It did not issue from logic or nature or events. Indeed, all life and daily experience stood up and shouted against his affirmation. What! Man a puppet with whom nature plays an endless game of battledore and shuttlecock! Man a victim of heredity and environment! Some years ago I met a successful merchant, living in a beautiful house on one of the best avenues in his great city. His mother was an evil woman, his father a river thief, he was kicked around the river front until he was eight, slept in the loft of a livery stable until he was nine, killed a man when he was ten, taken home by one of the participants in the trial, became the partner of his benefactor and achieved universal recognition and honor.—N. D. Hillis.

(1986)

See College or Experience.

MASTERY OF NATURE

Until a generation ago our great lakes of the north were closed with the ice, which stopt all navigation until the thaw of the spring came. Now there are ice-boats, made of steel with powerful engines, that not only cut paths for themselves and the heavy freight which they carry, but also make a path for less powerful craft. They pound their way through the ice-fields, and thus make all-the-year-round navigation possible. The ports of northern Europe used to be locked with ice until these great ice-breaking ships were brought into use. There is nothing short of an iceberg which they can not overcome. Our lakes do not have bergs, of course, and hence these great ice-cutting ships have a marvelous mastery over the obstacles.

The mastery of the ice-fields by the hardy men and powerful ships of the north is another illustration of human genius and sovereignty. (Text.)

(1987)

MATERIAL FOR A GREAT LIFE

Do not try to do a great thing; you may waste all your life waiting for the opportunity which may never come. To be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and wild flowers or now and again a thirsty sheep; and to do this always and not for the praise of man, but for the sake of God—this makes a great life.—F. B. Meyer.

(1988)

Material, The, and the Spiritual—See Mystery in Religion.

MATERIALISM INADEQUATE

A machine can tell us something about its maker, but it can not produce another machine. The gospel of materialism is inadequate to explain the world.

"Give me matter," said Kant, "and I will explain the formation of a world; but give me matter only, and I can not explain the formation of a caterpillar."

The glory of the Creator has not descended to man and it will not. Matter, in all its inertia and helplessness but adds to the angelic refrain, "Worship God." (1989)

MATERNAL, GOD'S LOVE

The pagan Stoic poet, Cleanthes, who flourished B.C. 260, would seem to have caught a glimpse of the maternal quality of God. One of his prayers is:

Merciful mother! bestow favor upon me, thy poor worshiper, whatever evil I may be guilty of. Thou hast a maternal nature, art gentle and patient, thou supreme one." (Text.) (1990)

Maternal Love and Fiction—See MOTHERS NOT IN FICTION.

MATURITY, SINS OF

Remember that the time is short, too short, to recover from mistakes. An old man's broken limb heals slowly. The butterfly that tears its wing in the morning in August does not heal its wound. The mature goldfish may tear the hook loose, but the hurt can not be cured. The well-grown tree suffers grievously from the gash of an ax. Sin injures youth much, but scars maturity more. Saul pleased God in his youth, and lost his soul in his maturity.—N. D. HILLIS. (1991)

MEALS, SIMPLICITY IN

It is related of Count von Haseler, who for twelve years commanded the Sixteenth German Army Corps at Metz, and enjoyed a high reputation in other countries besides his own, that when on a tour of inspection he arrived at a hotel where a sumptuous meal had been prepared for him. To the proprietor's infinite disappointment he ordered a glass of milk and some bread and butter to be taken to his room, whence he did not emerge for the rest of the evening. This talented soldier, when nearing his seventieth year, spent whole days in the saddle in all weathers, and his untiring energy is still a favorite theme of conversation in German military circles.—*National Review.* (1992)

MEAN, THE GOLDEN

In arctic regions plants, which under more genial conditions would unfold themselves in a delightful perfection, remain stunted and mean, exhausting their vitality in withstanding the severities of the climate. The same is true of animal life. The Newfoundland dogs of Kane, in the Polar seas, became mad through the excruciating severity of the cold. The birds come to a certain strength and glory through the necessity of awareness, but there is often such a fearful blood-thirstiness in the tropical forest, such a profusion of cruel hawks, owls, serpents, and beasts of prey, that a bird's life is one long terror, and it forgets its music. And this applies equally to man. He is all the better for a regulated conflict with his environment, but all the worse if the conflict attain undue severity. His conflict with nature may exhaust him. (Text.)—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (1993)

MEANING, LOGICAL

Take the English proverb, "Tenderden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands." We said, "How ignorant a population!" But, when we went deeper into the history, we found that the proverb was not meant for logic, but was meant for sarcasm. One of the bishops had £50,000 given to him to build a breakwater to save the Goodwin Sands from the advancing sea; but the good bishop, instead of building the breakwater to keep out the sea, simply built a steeple; and this proverb was sarcastic, and not logical, that "Tenderden steeple was the cause of the Goodwin Sands." When you contemplate the motive, there was the closest and best-welded logic in the proverb. So I think a large share of our criticism of old legends and old statements will be found in the end to be the ignorance that overleaps its own saddle and falls on the other side.—WENDELL PHILLIPS. (1994)

Means and End—See VALUES, STANDARD OF.

MEANS, LIVING WITHIN ONE'S

The man of five hundred dollars income is trying to live as tho he were sure of a thousand. Of course he is in straits and shallows. Instead of sailing on a fair sea, as he might within his own range, he is doomed to struggle perpetually with his head under water. To live generously is desirable when one has the means; but to attempt a scale of expenditure beyond our means is neither wise nor comfortable. How much more sensible to live in a modest way, agreeable to our fortune and suited to our condition! To follow this rule requires more courage than to besiege a city or fight a battle; but it is attainment for which we should aspire as a means of personal comfort and a guard against temptation.—*Zion's Herald.* (1995)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

"How is it, Mr. Brown," said a miller to a farmer, "that when I came to measure those ten barrels of apples I bought from you I found them nearly two barrels short?" "Singular, very singular; for I sent them to you in ten of your own flour barrels." (Text.) (1996)

MEASUREMENT

Man's power to solve the problems of the natural world is indicated by the feats of modern photography, of which O. H. Cloudy writes as follows:

Just think for an instant what the twelve-hundredth part of a second really means. A railroad train going sixty miles an hour, or eighty-eight feet per second, would move, in such an interval, less than one inch. A bullet, with a muzzle velocity of twelve hundred feet per second, would get but one short foot from the muzzle before a twelve-hundredth of a second had elapsed. Could two bells be rung, one twelve-hundredth of a second after the other, the sound-waves given out by them both would travel within five feet of each other, too close for any human ear to distinguish that there was more than one sound. Yet in this tiny bit of time the eye of the camera can record on the sensitive plate everything in front of it, with sufficient force to make a good negative. (Text.)—*The American Inventor.* (1997)

Measurement of Morals—See CONSCIENCE A MORAL MENTOR.

MEASUREMENT, SPIRITUAL

I must see your motives, your disposition, your loves and hates, your aspirations and longings and hopes, before I can say I see you. How tall are you? How much do you weigh? Six feet, you say, and weigh a hundred and fifty pounds? Both of us are wrong. You can't measure the self by a foot-rule, nor weigh it in iron scales. Every time you aspire and hope and love you escape the body and live in the heights and distances. To estimate you aright I must gather up all your hopes and aspirations and faiths and loves; and if you have been wise enough to reach up and lay hold of the eternal I must weigh and measure the eternal in order to estimate you.—ROBERT MACDONALD. (1998)

MECCA, INFLUENCE OF

The pilgrimage to Mecca is not only one of the pillars of the religion of Islam, but it has proved one of the strongest bonds of union and has always exercised a tremendous influence as a missionary agency. Even to-day the pilgrims who return from Mecca to their native villages in Java, India, and west Africa, are fanatical ambassadors of the greatness and glory of Islam. From an ethical standpoint, the Mecca pilgrimage, with its superstitious and childish ritual, is a blot upon Mohammedan monotheism. But as a great magnet to draw the Moslem world together with an annual and ever-widening *esprit de corps*, the Mecca pilgrimage is without a rival. The number of pilgrims that come to Mecca varies from year to year. The vast majority arrive by sea from Egypt, India, and the Malay Archipelago. The pilgrim caravan from Syria and Arabia by land is growing smaller every year, for the roads are very unsafe. It will probably increase again on the completion of the Hejaz railway from Damascus to Mecca. All told, the present number is from sixty to ninety thousand pilgrims each year.—SAMUEL M. ZWEMER, "The Moslem World." (1999)

MEDIATION

King Edward III, in 1347, besieged Calais and the French king, very unwilling to lose his town, sought to come to the help of his people, but in vain. King Edward refused to grant any conditions of peace. The people were hunger-bitten because of the protracted siege. The unrelenting king said, "You must give up yourselves to be dealt with as I will. Let six of the chief citizens of the town come to me with halters around their necks, their heads and feet bare, and the keys of the town and castle in their hands. With these I will deal as I please." Accordingly these six, led by the governor, came to the king. Dropping on their knees before him, they implored him to spare their lives. King Edward refused to grant them mercy and ordered their instant death. His chief counselors and governor entreated him to spare these brave and valiant men, but his purpose was fixt. No merit that they might plead could cause him to change his mind, until finally, his consort, Queen Philippa knelt before him and said: "I pray you, sire, for the love that you bear me, to have mercy upon the men." Then the king relented, saying: "I can not refuse the thing which you ask in this way. I give you, therefore, these men to do with them as you please." The men were then taken to clean apartments to be well clothed and fed. (Text.) (2000)

Medical Missionaries—See GOD SENDS GIFTS; INDIA, MEDICAL OPPORTUNITIES IN; MISSIONARIES, MEDICAL; SURGERY IN KOREA.

MEDICAL MISSIONS

Some of the best surgical work in the world is done by medical missionaries, who often have the poorest kind of equipment in the way of building and apparatus. Dr. H. N. Kinnear, at the head of a hospital in Fuchau, used the sitting-room of his own house for an operating-room, but in one year he performed over eight hundred operations, with only his wife and untrained natives for assistants. Of the nearly 18,000 patients treated last year, several came from high-class families, and they were most appreciative of what was done for them. A distinctive feature of this and all mission hospitals is the person, usually a native Christian, who acts as a kind of chaplain. Many of the patients have never heard the gospel story, and while they are being helped physically they listen willingly to what is told them. Religious services are also held every day in the room where people await their turn and receive the bamboo tallies that decide the order in which they are to be seen. Fees are ridiculously small, according to our American standard, five cents being the maximum, except in special cases, when the munificent sum of twenty cents is charged. This allows precedence to men who wear the long gown of the literati and object to waiting while laborers and women receive attention. Dr. Kinnear is a resourceful man, and often uses the Chinese queue to hold in place dressings of wounds about the head or as a sling for the support of injured or diseased hands and arms. He writes that he considers medical missionaries the most favored of all workers. Yet his salary is far below what he could earn as a surgeon in the United States.—Boston *Transcript*.

(2001)

See MISSIONS; MISSIONARIES, MEDICAL.

Medical Science—See LIFE PROLONGED.

Meeting of Friends and Foes—See AMITY AFTER WAR.

MELODY FROM DRUDGERY

When you go into some great cathedral across the sea, to watch the player on the keys, which away up in the tower are sounding forth their wondrous chime, down there you hear only the clatter of the wires, the deafening din of the reverberating bells, and the clanging of the wooden shoes he wears upon his hands with which to strike the keyboard, sending out away up there in the belfry the silvery notes which he himself can scarcely hear.

Ah, but they are heard. Many a tired soul stops on the distant hillside in his day's toil to listen to those strains, and his heart is filled with a strange gladness and peace. And amid the din and tumult of your daily work, it may sometimes seem as tho you were doing naught which was worth the doing; down there in obscurity, unthought of and unnoticed by the great world, simply beating out the allotted task upon the clattering keyboard which the Master has set for you. But do it well. Do it as the violet smiles, as the bird sings, as Jesus lived, and you shall send out over land and sea music, which shall bless the generations afar off.—GEORGE T. DOWLING. (2002)

Membership, Church—See BADGES.

Membership of Churches, Distribution of—See CHURCH STATISTICS.

Memorial Day—See DEAD, INFLUENCE OF; DECORATING SOLDIERS' GRAVES; HONOR'S ROLL-CALL.

MEMORIAL OF LINCOLN

In the museum connected with the monument to Abraham Lincoln, at Springfield, Illinois, among other relics suggestive of the spirit and mission of the great emancipator, is treasured a piece of the rich gown worn by Laura Keene, the actress, in Ford's Theater, Washington, on the tragic night when Lincoln fell. After the fatal shot of the assassin, Miss Keene sprang to the box and caught in her lap the head of the slain President, while the blood from the oozing wound saturated a portion of her garment. After the event, that blood-stained breadth was cut from the gown, sent to Springfield and preserved as the speaking symbol of the great sacrificial life which Lincoln lived even unto death, on behalf of the redemption of the black slaves of the South.—H. C. MABIE, "Methods in Evangelism." (2003)

Memorial to Humble Helpers — See NEGRO "MAMMY" REMEMBERED.

Memorials of Genius—See ECONOMY, DIVINE.

MEMORIALS OF PATRIOTISM

When the Paris Commune savagely threw down the Vendome column all the civilized world felt a shock of disgust. Why? Certainly not because all the world equally admired Napoleon, whose triumphs the column recorded. Certainly not alone for the reason that it was a noble work of art. It was because all intelligent and unprejudiced people instinctively recognized that the column had been reared as an emblem of patriotism. That column stood for something higher than the fame of an individual conqueror, and for something broader than any theory of government or reaction of parties. It stood for the glory and dignity of France. It typified the love of the native land—patriotism. Take, as another instance, the great Washington shaft at the capital. Long delayed, frequently jeered at before its completion, it now lifts its finished strength toward heaven in everlasting tribute to the great leader of the Revolution and the founder of our nation.—New York *Star*. (2004)

MEMORY

God's precepts should be as thoroughly stamped on the memory as the landscape mentioned below was on the artist's mind:

A publisher ordered from Gustave Doré a picture, sending him a photograph of some Alpine scenery to be copied. The artist went away without his model, and the publisher was much provoked; but he was astonished when Doré appeared next day with the desired picture, having made it from memory. A few seconds' examination of the photograph had sufficed to impress on his memory the slightest details and to enable him to reproduce them with not a rock or a tree lacking. (Text.)—L. Menard, *Cosmos.* (2005)

"What did I do with that memorandum?" said a distinguished-looking man, speaking half to himself but with his eyes on the clerk, who stood waiting for his order in a large city grocery. "What I've done with that memorandum this time I really can not imagine. But you just wait a minute."

He began searching his pockets. From each of them came scraps of paper, big and little, old letters with pencil notes on them, envelops similarly decorated, two or three small note-books, a theater program, and a number of pieces evidently torn from the margin of a newspaper and covered with writing. He examined the scraps one after another and restored each bunch to its separate pocket. The clerk waited, and a customer farther along the counter eyed the display with curiosity.

"Gone," said the gentleman, with an air of finality. "I'll have to trust to memory."

The clerk nodded.

"Six eggs?" he said, with an interrogative inflection.

"Right," said the gentleman.

The clerk wrote it down. "A pound of butter?" he continued.

"A pound of butter," agreed the gentleman.

"Bread?"

"Three loaves."

"Coffee?"

The gentleman hesitated. "No," he said, with decision. "Coffee enough on hand to last the rest of the week." He smiled contentedly, watched the clerk write a name and address at the top of the order, and then went out of the shop whistling.

"How did you know what he wanted?" asked the other customer of the clerk.

"He lives just around the corner in an apartment, and he and his wife get their own breakfasts. Always the same things—never any change—but he always has to have it written down."

"Do you know who he is?"

"His name is Bertini, I think. He's a kind of professor. I believe he has a kind of memory system he teaches to people who can't remember things."

The other customer smiled, but the clerk was quite serious. He had no sense of humor.—*The Youth's Companion.* (2006)

See Absent-mindedness.

MEMORY AND DISEASE

Many strange defects of memory are known to exist, and of these an interesting example may be given.

A business man of keen mind and good general memory, who was not paralyzed in any way, and was perfectly able to comprehend and engage in conversation, suddenly lost a part of his power of reading and of mathematical calculation.

The letters d, g, q, x, and y, tho seen perfectly, were in this case no longer recognized, and conveyed no more idea to him than Chinese characters would to most of us. He had difficulty in reading—was obliged to spell out all words, and could read no words containing three letters.

He could write the letters which he could read, but could not write the five letters mentioned. He could read and write certain numbers, but 6, 7, and 8, had been lost to him; and when asked to write them his only result, after many attempts, was to begin to write the words six, seven, and eight, not being able to finish these, as the first and last contained letters (x and g) which he did not know.

He could not add 7 and 5, or any two numbers whereof 6, 7, or 8 formed a part, for he could not call them to mind. Other numbers he knew well. He could no longer tell time by the watch.

For a week after the beginning of this curious condition he did not recognize his surroundings. On going out for the first time the streets of the city no longer seemed familiar; on coming back he did not know his own house. After a few weeks, however, all his memories had returned excepting those of the letters and figures named; but as the loss of these put a stop to his reading, and to all his business life, the small defect of memory was to him a serious thing.

Experience has shown that such a defect is due to a small area of disease in one part of the brain.—*Harper's Weekly.* (2007)

Memory Elusive—See Heads, Losing.

MEMORY FACULTY IN FISHES

Experiments recently made at Tortugas show that fishes have the faculty of remembering for at least twenty-four hours.

The fish studied at Tortugas are gray perch, whose favorite food is the little silver sardine. The experimenters painted some of the silver sardines light red; then they offered them to the gray perch mixed with the unpainted sardines. The perch snatched the silver sardines and ate them, then very deliberately and cautiously they nibbled at the painted sardines. Finding that the fish were the same whether red or silver, they devoured the red fish.

Having given proof of their intelligence, they were permitted to rest twenty-four hours. The experimenters offered them silver sardines, sardines painted red, and sardines painted blue. The perch quickly devoured the silver fish, then, without an instant's hesitation, they devoured the red fish. Finally, gliding cautiously up to the blue fish, they took a bite and darted away. As the taste was favorable they returned to the blue fish, nibbled again, and devoured them.

The experimenters then tied sea-thistles to the blue sardines. The perch nibbled, then, disagreeably surprized, darted away. For twenty-four hours not a fish approached the painted blue fishes. They remembered the sea-thistles. But their memory is short; the day following again they snatched the blue fish.—*Harper's Weekly.* (2008)

MEMORY, MOURNFUL

Renan, in one of his books, recalls an old French legend of a buried city on the coast of Brittany. With its homes, public buildings, churches and thronged streets, it sank instantly into the sea. The legend says that the city's life goes on as before down beneath the waves. The fishermen, when in calm weather they row over the place, sometimes think they can see the gleaming tips of the church-spires deep in the water, and fancy they can hear the chiming of the bells in the old belfries, and even the murmur of the city's noises. There are men who in their later years seem to have an experience like this. Their life of youthful hopes, dreams, successes and joys has been sunk out of sight, submerged in misfortunes and adversities and has vanished altogether. All that remains is a memory. In their discouragement they seem to hear the echoes of the old songs of hope and gladness, and to catch visions of the old beauty and splendor, but that is all. They have nothing real left. They have grown hopeless and bitter. (2009)

MEMORY RENEWED

Instances are on record in which those who had heard passages from a foreign and perfectly unintelligible tongue, which seemed, of course, to have passed at once from out their recollection, as the breath fades off from the polished mirror—have afterward recalled these in delirium or death, or at some moment of extraordinary excitement, with the utmost clearness and fulness of detail. And the instances are frequent, within our observation, in which aged men recall with vivid distinctness the poetry they recited, the problems they studied, the games they played, in the freshness of youth, or the arguments they made in the prime of their manhood; altho a thousand intervening events had taken a prominence before them since that, these never had seemed to have submerged those forever in their thoughts—Richard S. Storrs. (2010)

MEMORY REVIVED BY SICKNESS

A case cited by Dr. Abercrombie confirms the suggestive theory that the stimulus which fever gives to the circulation (sign of the disease tho it is) may bring dormant mental impression into temporary activity. A boy at the age of four had undergone the operation of trepanning being at the time in a state of stupor from a severe fracture of the skull. After his recovery he retained no recollection either of the accident or of the operation. But at the age of fifteen, during an attack of fever, he gave his mother an account of the operation, describing the persons who were present, and even remembering details of their dress and other minute particulars. — RICHARD A. PROCTOR, New York *Mail and Express.* (2011)

MEMORY, UNUSUAL

Pepys tells us of an Indian who could repeat a long passage in Greek or Hebrew after it had been recited to him only once, tho he was ignorant of either language. This man would doubtless have been able to repeat, so far as his vocal organs would permit him to imitate the sounds, the song of a nightingale or a lark, through all its ever-varying passages, during ten or twenty minutes, and with as much understanding of its significance as of the meaning of the Greek and Latin words he recited so glibly. We certainly need not envy that particular "poor Indian" his "untutored mind," tho as certainly the power he possest would be of immense value to a philosopher.—RICHARD A. PROCTOR, New York *Mail and Express.* (2012)

Memory, Verbal—See ROTE VERSUS REASON.

MEN

It would be difficult to think of a time when the sentiment exprest in this poem by J. G. Holland would not be appropriate. The important thing, however, is that it applies to our time.

God, give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagog,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps! (2013)

Men are Gods—See CHILDREN'S RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

MENACES TO CIVILIZATION

In ancient Athens the Cave of the Furies was underneath the rock on whose top sat the court of the Areopagus.

May not modern civilization have an underside that harbors many kinds of moral furies? (2014)

Menagerie, A Moral—See SELF-CONFLICT.

Mental Device—See PATIENCE.

Mental Quickness—See PRESENCE OF MIND.

Mental States and Dress—See DRESS AFFECTING MOODS.

MENTALITY, DEVELOPMENT OF

C. C. Abbot writes in the New York *Sun:*

Beasts and birds long ago became afraid of man, and afraid of him in a way wholly different from their fear of other forms of animal life. This demonstrates that they recognize a difference, as when I can not approach a snipe that will permit a cow almost to tread upon it. Fear being the sum of disastrous experiences, the birds that soonest learned the lesson of prudence left the most descendants. The fearless ones paid the price of their foolhardiness and died out. Such conditions did not call for anatomical changes, but mental ones, and this increased mentality that led to the preservation of the species is so near the border line of what Goldwin Smith calls self-improvement that it can be looked upon only as its forerunner, as birds and all beasts foreran the man who was to prove their arch enemy. (2015)

Mercenary Spirit, The—See GOLD, TAINT OF.

MERCY, LIMITATION OF

Says the old hymn:

While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

An old Saxon king had some serious trouble with his subjects: they murmured against him and at last rose up in rebellion. The king set out to subdue them, and soon the well-disciplined troops won a decided victory over the tatterdemalion horde opposing them. Having conquered, the king determined to show mercy. He adopted the novel expedient of placing a candle in the window of his castle and proclaiming that all should be pardoned who returned "while the candle burns." (Text.) (2016)

Merit—See Praise, Unnecessary.

MERIT COUNTS

An instance of a work published because of its merit, but "from a cold and calculating publisher's point of view of very doubtful sale," is McMaster's "History of the United States."

The manuscript of the first volume was sent to the house by the author without introduction or comment of any kind. The author was a young tutor in mathematics at Princeton, had published nothing on any historical subject, and as far as any one knew at Princeton, had made no special historical study. It appeared that one very prominent New York house had declined to risk the publication of the work, and the historical expert of the house could not bring himself to recommend it as a reasonable publishing venture. Finally, the senior member of the firm read the manuscript himself, and decided to undertake the venture, believing in its probable success. The author was written to, he presented himself for the first time, being personally unknown in the office, and arrangements for the publication of this most popular and successful work were concluded within ten minutes.—*Appleton's Magazine.* (2017)

Merit Recognized—See Inconspicuous Workers.

MERIT WINS

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman tells this story of the late Dudley Buck, the well-known musical composer:

He was offered a thousand dollars by the managers of the Cincinnati Festival for a score which should embody solos, choruses and the accompanying orchestration. He promptly refused the offer, because it was not an open one to all competitors. Thereupon the managers threw it open, and the result was that Mr. Buck sent in "Marmion" and his setting of "The Golden Legend" under a nom de plume, and, of course, its merits won the prize. (2018)

Merriment Misplaced—See Drunkenness, The Tragedy of.

MESSAGE, A TIMELY

In the "Life of Lord Tennyson," by his son, a story is told of a New England clergyman who once wrote to Tennyson telling him how, one Sabbath, he was strangely imprest to drop his sermon, and recite "The Charge of the Light Brigade." The congregation were shocked and later dismissed the pastor. Subsequently, a stranger called upon this clergyman, and told him how on that particular Sunday he had wandered into his church and heard him recite the famous poem; that he was in that charge; had fought at Gettysburg; and felt he had done something, and ought to be a man. Said the New England clergyman to the old England poet: "I lost my pulpit, but I saved a soul." (2019)

MESSAGE, A WELCOME

It is related that one day, when the arctic explorer Nansen was battling with the ice-floes in the Polar seas, a carrier-pigeon tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home at Christiania. Instantly the casement was opened, and the wife of the famous arctic explorer in another moment covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses. The carrier-pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but it had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen stating that all was going well with him and his expedition in the Polar regions. He had fastened the message to the frail courier, and turned it loose into the frigid air. It flew like an arrow over a thousand miles of frozen waste, and then sped forward over another thousand miles of ocean and plain and forests, and one morning entered the window of the waiting mistress, and delivered the message for which she had been waiting so anxiously. (Text.) (2020)

Messengers, Business—See Time-savers.

Meteorites—See Heavenly Visitors.

Meteorological Changes and Crime—See Crime, Epidemics of.

METHOD IN RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

Mrs. Wesley carried her principle of method and a time-table into the realm of religion. She began surprizingly early. "The children were early made to distinguish the Sabbath from other days, and were soon taught to be still at family prayers, and to ask a blessing immediately afterward, which they used to do by signs, before they could kneel or speak!" The cells of each infantile brain were diligently stored with passages of Scripture, hymns, collects, etc. Prayer was woven into the fabric of every day's life. The daily lesson of each child was set in a framework of hymns. Later, certain fixt hours were assigned to each member of the household, during which the mother talked with the particular child for whom that hour was set aside.—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (2021)

Method in Service—See SERVICE, METHOD OF.

Methods, Imperfect—See GRAVITATION, LAW OF.

METHODS IN RELIGION

Francis Newman once tried to explain to Dr. Martineau the difference between his own religious attitude and that of his eminent brother, the cardinal. "It is a matter of faith," he said. "I have faith, and the cardinal has none. The cardinal comes to a river, and believes that he can not possibly cross it unless he takes a particular boat with a particular name painted on it. But I believe that I can swim." (Text.)—FRANCIS GRIBBLE, *The Fortnightly Review.* (2022)

Mettle that Wins—See LOADS, BALKING UNDER.

Microbes—See CLEANSING, DIFFICULTY OF.

MILITANT EVANGELISM

Robert Collyer told me the other day of a big-hearted, big-fisted old clergyman in Yorkshire who was so determined to convert the wild, wicked dwellers on the moors that when they refused to come into church on Sunday, he would rush out of his pulpit, spring into a crowd of cock-fighters outside the chapel, knock some of them down with his brawny fist, collar them, drag them in, and then administer gospel truths right and left to the rascals.—JAMES T. FIELDS. (2023)

MILITARISM

This is merely what eight years' increase in army and navy has cost the American people:

Average annual cost of army and navy for the eight years preceding the Spanish War (1890-1898), $51,500,000.

Average annual cost of army and navy for the eight years since the Spanish War (1902-1910), $185,400,000.

Average yearly increase in the latter period as compared with the former, $134,000,000, making a total increase in eight years of $1,072,000,000, or 360 per cent.

This eight-year increase exceeds the national debt by $158,000,000.

It exceeds the entire budget of the United States for 1910.

It is twice as much as the highest estimate of carrying out the deep water-ways projects.

It is nearly three times the estimated cost of replanting the 56,000,000 acres of denuded forest land in the United States.

It is three times the estimated cost of the Panama Canal, including purchase price from the French company.

It is three times the cost of carrying out the whole irrigation program contemplated within a generation.

It is probably enough to banish tuberculosis from the United States within a reasonable time, if efficiently used to arouse and assist the people in their fight against this dread disease. More than 160,000 are dying yearly from this cause.

It is $60 for every family in the United States.

It lays a yearly tax of 1¼ per cent on the total wages paid in the United States, on the supposition that wages average $600 to the family; and we pay it in the higher price of our goods.

Interest on this sum at 4 per cent would give an income of $1,000 a year forever to 42,880 families—a city of 200,000.

The increase for 1908-09 is only $13,000,000 less than all the gifts to charities, libraries, educational institutions, and other public causes in 1909, which reached the vast total of $185,000,000.

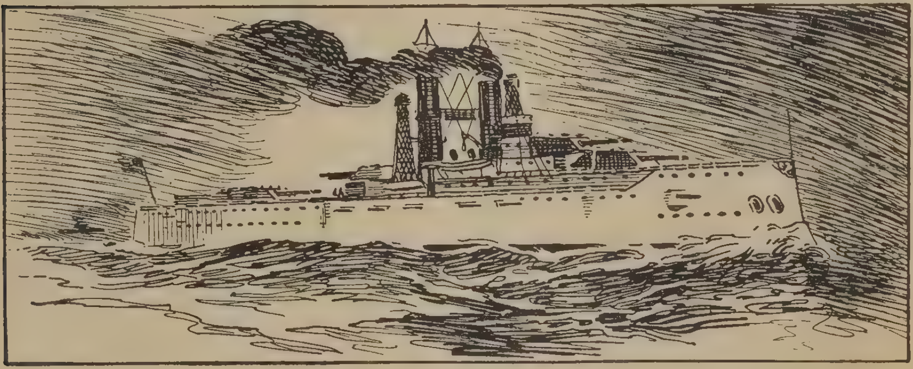
The cost of a battleship would build a macadam road of approved construction between the cities of Chicago and New York.

The Congressional Library at Washington, the finest library building in the world, was built for little over half the cost of a battleship, and is maintained for three-fourths the cost of keeping her afloat.

Fifty manual training-schools could be built and equipped with necessary tools and appliances for the cost of a battleship, teaching the rudiments of a trade to 75,000 young people each year.

The cost of a few battleships wisely spent in the fight against tuberculosis in New York City, coupled with proper legislation and co-operation of the people, would probably render this disease as rare in a generation or two as is smallpox to-day.—By courtesy of the Peace Society. (2024)

See Armies of the World, Naval Powers and Armaments; Navies of the World; War and Racial Fertility.

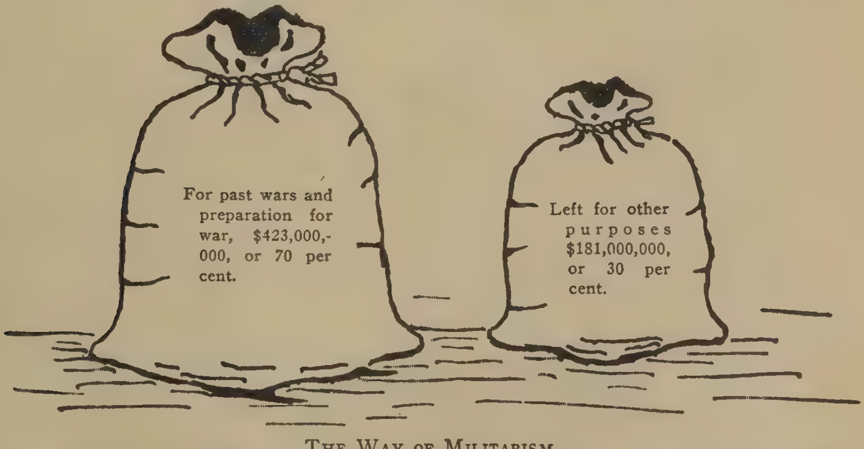


United States S. S. North Dakota

Forty Y. M. C. A. buildings could be built and equipped throughout for the cost of a battleship, each building accommodating the young men in a city of 200,000 people.

One 26,000-ton battleship ($12,000,000)+20 years' upkeep at $800,000 a year,—$28,000,000: Then the junk heap.

$28,000,000: 1,400 churches at $20,000 each, 7,000 farms at $4,000 each, a college education for 14,000 men or women at $500 a year for four years.


For past wars and preparation for war, $423,000,000, or 70 per cent.
Left for other purposes $181,000,000, or 30 per cent.

The Way of Militarism

Which benefits a few trusts and contractors and gives temporary and uneconomical employment, but which is rapidly impoverishing the nations.

Ordinary income of the United States for 1908-09, $604,000,000.

Our generation has not accepted Christ's ideal of non-resistance, gentleness and humility. We believe in *Dreadnaughts* and armed regiments. At our conferences in The Hague and Mohonk we plead for peace; at our capitals we vote uncounted millions for cannon and bombshells. Disclaiming hypocrisy, we excuse ourselves by saying that the best way to preserve peace is to prepare for war, when in our hearts we know that a man who carries a concealed revolver in his pocket is a thousand times more likely to slay any chance enemy than if he had left his weapon at home or hurled it into the sea. We admire and love the Quaker—but we want him to stay in Philadelphia; the man we send to Washington must argue for us that a nation needs a war about once in thirty years.—N. D. HILLIS. (2025)

Military Sagacity—See RETREAT DISCOURAGED.

Millennial Possibilities — See FUTURE WELFARE.

Mind—See MASTERY.

MIND-ACTIVITY

Dr. R. S. Storrs points out the activity of the mind and its persistence under great limitations in these words:

A universal spasmodic disease masters the organs of locomotion, so that the arm or the limb will remain in any posture, however unnatural, in which it is placed. The senses are usually entirely sealed, of no more avail than if they were obliterated. And the continued pulsation, with the warmth which this maintains in the system, are the only indications that life remains. Yet there have been authentic instances in which the mind, thus shrouded from sight, instead of being destroyed, impaired, or even limited, in its central force, has been stimulated to a more amazing activity, by being thus crowded, as it were, into a corner of its realm; and has feared and agonized, or has triumphed and exulted, with a vividness of experience altogether unaccustomed. (2026)

Mind and Will Conquering Circumstances—See PHYSICAL WEAKNESS OVERCOME.

MIND-HEALING

The story is told of a woman who called on a physician for nervous trouble. She was a woman whose ailments had worried and excited her to such a degree that she was threatened with nervous prostration. Said the doctor: "Madam, what you need is to read your Bible more." She promptly began to take offense at the strange prescription. He told her he meant it. "Go home and read your Bible an hour a day; then come back to me a month from to-day." She thought over the matter, recalled the fact that tho she was a professing Christian she had been neglecting to read her Bible, and so she decided to take his advice. At the end of the month she came back to the office a well woman. She felt like a different person. She needed no medicine. (Text.) (2027)

MIND, THE HUMAN

In the yard stands the locomotive. It is a masterpiece of the mechanic's art. Burnished and lubricated journals fit in boxes and connecting-rods are welded to connection. Valves, pistons and wheels are all ready for the harmonious interplay which makes this mass of metal a thing of power. The twin rails beckon it to be on its way; the machine itself pants impatiently; impulsively sobs the pop-valve. But the locomotive waits, must wait for the driver's will. Not stoutest boiler or greatest head of steam can draw the train until the man reveals his mind to the locomotive.—T. C. MCCLELLAND. (2028)

MINIATURE WORK

I have to-day a paper at home, as long as half my hand, on which was photographed the whole contents of a London newspaper. It was put under a dove's wing, and sent into Paris, where they enlarged it, and read the news.—WENDELL PHILLIPS. (2029)

Minister, The Little—See CHILD RELIGION.

MINISTRY, DIFFICULTIES OF THE

It is sometimes in order for the members of one profession to plume themselves at the expense of another. Especially does it seem to be the thought at times that the ministry is peculiarly a profession of ease. That there is a truer and deeper view, however, is seen in the following:

A barrister, accustomed to practise in criminal courts, made sneering remarks concerning preachers. "If," said he, "I were to address a jury in the average way you clergymen do I should never get a conviction." The elderly clergyman to whom he spoke, replied: "If you had to address the same jury 104 times a year, and your object was not to get them to give a verdict against some other person—which they might be willing to do—but to induce them to convict themselves, I doubt if you would do any better than we do." Silence on the part of the barrister. (Text.) (2030)

MINUTE, IMPORTANCE OF A

'Twas only a minute that would not stay,
  But how many noticed its flight?
And yet for one it parted the way,
  Betwixt life's bloom and its blight.

It pointed the new-born baby's breath,
  First felt on the mother's breast;
For another it sounded the summons of death
  And a weary one gone to his rest.

At that moment two souls were together wed
  Till death should call them apart;
Another to virtue bowed his head
  And consecrated his heart.

Ah! big was the moment that flitted away,
  And hardly one noticed its flight;
And hundreds of minutes make up the day,
  And hundreds are lost in the night.
—Benjamin Reynolds Bulkeley, *New England Magazine.* (2031)

MIRACLES

Whether the miracles of Jesus really happened or are merely legendary I do not know, and, if I may say it without irreverence, I do not care. They are not necessary to my Christianity, which, to say the truth, can better do without them. What is it to me, and to such as me, whether, in the little village of Bethany, Jesus did or did not raise to life one poor dead body, when I know that in the centuries since he has raised to life millions of dead souls? And what, after all, does it matter whether on the shores of the lake of Galilee on a late afternoon nearly two thousand years ago he gave one meal to five thousand persons by feeding them with a few loaves and fishes, when I know that all the world over, every day, every night, this very night, he is feeding countless millions of the poor, the opprest and the broken-hearted, making them forget their hunger and thirst and all the sufferings of their earthly existence in the bread of the Spirit that is the bread of life?—Hall Caine, *Christian Commonwealth.* (2032)

Some wealthy Africans, with whom Kruger was traveling in the desert, found the food-hampers gone astray. "You are a great believer in miracles, Oom Paul," said one of them. "Why can't you arrange for heaven to send me victuals by the crows, as they were sent by the ravens to Elijah." "Because," said Oom, dryly, "Elijah was a prophet with a mission; you are a fool with an appetite." (2033)

MIRACLES, EVIDENTIAL VALUE OF

Whatever effect or lack of effect miracles have on modern minds, the following account shows that they are of first value to simple-minded natives. The writer is Sophie B. Titterington:

When the rumor flew around Aniwa that "Missi" (Dr. John G. Paton), was trying to dig water out of the ground, the old Christian chief tenderly labored with him. "Oh, Missi, your head is going wrong. Don't let our people hear you talking about going down into the earth for rain, or they will never listen to your word, or believe you again."

But the island was greatly in need of good water, and Dr. Paton dug away at the well, single-handed. It was hard, weary work. He hired some of the natives with fish-hooks to get out three pailfuls each, still doing most of the heavy work himself. But when the well was twelve feet deep, one side of it caved in. This gave the loving, troubled old chief another plea. He represented that if Missi had been in the hole that night, he would have been killed, and an English warship would have come to find out what had happened to the white man. They would not believe that Missi had gone into that hole of his own accord, but would punish them for his supposed murder.

When he was thirty feet down the earth became damp. That evening he said to the old chief with earnest solemnity, "I think that Jehovah God will give us water to-morrow from that hole."

"No, Missi," the faithful old fellow sighed. "You will never get rain coming up from the earth in Aniwa. We expect daily, if you reach water, to see you drop into the sea where the sharks will eat you!"

At daybreak, Dr. Paton went down and made a little hole in the center of the bottom of his well. He says: "I trembled in every limb when the water rushed up and began to fill the hole. Muddy tho it was, I eagerly tasted it, and the little cup almost dropt from my hand in sheer joy, and I fell upon my knees in that muddy bottom to praise the Lord. It was water! It was living water from Jehovah's well!"

With superstitious fear the people gazed upon the jugful their Missi carried up. The old chief shook it, touched it, tasted it. "Rain! rain. Yes, it is rain!"

The back of heathenism was broken. A new order of things began in Aniwa. Family prayers and reverence for the Sabbath spontaneously grew up. The wonderful transformation which was wrought in the Aniwans became household talk all over the world. All this was hastened because the ambassador of Jehovah God had done what none of the gods of the islanders could have done—brought up rain from the ground! Text.) (2034)

Mirror, The, as a Revealer—See SELF-INSPECTION.

MISCALCULATION

What is said to be the largest plow in the world was made some years ago at Bakersfield, Cal. This plow was the result of the ingenuity of a ranch superintendent, who had authority to make improvements, but not to introduce steam-plows. The superintendent had grown very tired of preparing three thousand acres of land for wheat with ordinary nine- or twelve-inch plows drawn by two horses.

He argued that if two horses could pull a twelve-inch plow, six horses could pull a plow thirty-six inches wide, and that eight horses could pull a plow forty-eight inches wide. He made the calculations carefully, and, being clever with his pencil, made drawings also, and sent for blacksmiths and machinists to construct a plow on his principle.

Some simple folk told him that his great plow would not work, but they contented themselves with saying this dogmatically, without giving any mathematical reason therefor. So the superintendent went on with his plans.

The blacksmiths and machinists finished the plow in due time. The share was made to cut a fifty-inch furrow; the top of it reached five feet above the ground, to give room to throw the earth. The beam was more than a foot thick; but the machine was constructed to run between two great wheels, so that it could be turned around easily; and on the axle between these wheels was the seat for the man who was to drive the ten horses which were hitched to it.

The plow was brought to the great field, the ten horses were attached to it, the handles were raised, the driver mounted his seat, and the team was started. But as soon as the share struck well into the ground the horses stopt short. They were stuck fast. And yet the plow had not gone too deeply into the earth. But it was evident that they could not pull the plow. More horses were brought out, but not until fifty were attached did the plow move along.

Even then it required four men to hold the handles, in order to keep the plow in the furrow. It was an economic failure.

Then the superintendent, through the intervention of some one who was a better mathematician than he, learned that he should have cubed the capacity of his twelve-inch plow every time he doubled the width of it.—*Harper's Weekly.* (2035)

MISER, A WORTHLESS

A certain John Hopkins, familiarly known in his day for his rapacity as "Vulture Hopkins," lived a worthless life but died possest of a million and a half dollars, left so as not to be inherited until after the second generation, so that, as he said, "his heirs would be as long spending it as he had been in getting it." Pope preserved his memory in this couplet:

"When Hopkins dies a thousand lights attend
The wretch who, living, saved a candle's end."

Such a life is properly to be condemned, altho its results may be useful to a subsequent generation. (2036)

Miserliness—See MAMMON-WORSHIP; SAVING DISAPPROVED.

MISERY AN EDUCATOR

How often I had traced the boy who had robbed the box-car with unerring precision to the big, lawless business man who controlled or directed a trust, debauched a legislature, bought a senatorship or united with the gamblers and dive-keepers to steal a public franchise. Why was there so much kindness and so little justice? Why were men good to children, to churches and universities, and still so unjust? And when the other fights were won, the fights for the playgrounds, the detention home school, the juvenile court and all it implies, the biggest fight of all was yet ahead. But that little fight helped us to see the necessity for the big fight. We were being educated through the misery and misfortune of the children.—BEN B. LINDSEY, *The Survey.* (2037)

MISERY EXCITING SYMPATHY

The subjects which especially awakened the pencil of Thomas Rowlandson were the denizens of the squalid quarters of London. Muther says of him: "The cry of misery rising from the pavement of great cities had been first heard by Rowlandson, and the pages on which he drew the poor of London are a living dance of death of the most ghastly veracity." (Text.) (2038)

Misfortune—See DESIRES INORDINATE.

Misfortune, Meeting—See NATURE, ENJOYMENT OF.

MISFORTUNE, SUPERIORITY TO

The Caucasian mountaineers have this proverb: "Heroism is endurance for one moment more." The fact is recognized that the human spirit, with its dominating force, the will, may be and ought to be superior to all bodily sensations and accidents of environment. In a recent psychological story called "My Friend Will," Charles F. Lummis pays a striking tribute to the power of the human mind over accident and chance, when he makes his "friend Will" say: "I am bigger than anything that can happen to me; all those things—sorrow, misfortune and suffering—are outside my door. I'm in the house and I've got the key!" (Text.) (2039)

Misrepresentation Rebuked—See HONESTY IN BUSINESS.

MISSION FRUIT

A young married woman, wife of a Mohammedan, was lying ill in one of the mission hospitals in North India. While there she was daily taught of the love and compassion of the Savior, and she soon desired to know and serve Him. Her husband was told of her wish and was exceedingly angry and had her removed immediately from the hospital. He prohibited the mission ladies from visiting her. But just before the conveyance came to take her away she called the doctor and missionary to her and said: "I can be taken away from you, but not from Christ, for I can pray to Him even behind the purdah, but I want you to remember my desire. You know Jesus well, I only know Him a little; when you meet me at the judgment seat of heaven, just go to Him and tell Him who I am and how anxious I was to publicly confess Him on earth. Make it plain to Him, please." (2040)

There is an old Indian legend that a poor man threw a bud of charity into Buddha's bowl and it blossomed into a thousand flowers. So we throw the bud of Christian truth into isolated and scattered communities, into the far-off lands, and lo, it bursts forth into a thousand fragrant blossoms and bears fruit in every activity of human life.—J. A. HUNTLEY. (2041)

The first fruits of the gospel on mission fields are growing and ripening by the river of the water of life, day by day. No more weighty proof of the success of missions can be found than the transformation of individual character and the every-day life.

One of the Chinese brethren is a ferryman, poor in money, but rich in faith. One evening he ferried a passenger over the river, who had a lot of things tied up in a cloth. After throwing the cash for his fare into the bottom of the boat, the man departed hurriedly. The Christian went to pick up the money, and found a pair of gold bracelets, worth $400, which the man had dropt. He tied up his boat and tried to find the man, but he was lost in the crowd. The boatman went home much troubled. According to Chinese law, he could keep them if unclaimed. After prayer, he decided to go to the chapel. The preacher heard the story. Said he: "Your passenger doubtless was a robber, and these things have been stolen. I will go with you to the mandarin, and we will give the bracelets up to him. A search will be made, and the owner found."

This was done, and the mandarin said: "Well, I have never seen or heard anything like this. Your religion must be a true religion, and your God a living God, thus to influence a poor man to give up wealth for conscience's sake." (Text.) (2042)

See TRANSFORMATION.

MISSION SURGERY

On many fields missionaries have found that ministry to the ills of the body has assisted in the conversion of souls. Thus in Formosa:

Dr. Mackay, a well-known medical missionary, has found it a help to his work to minister to bodily ills. He extracted twenty-one thousand teeth in twenty-one years, and thirty-nine thousand in all, and has dispensed considerable medicine. Extracting teeth is cheaper than dealing out medicine, for beyond the instrument there is no outlay. The natives have lost all faith in their old doctors.—PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions." (2043)

Mission Work—See SERVICE WITH HARDSHIP.

MISSIONARIES, MEDICAL

Africa has 135,000,000 inhabitants and 75 medical missionaries.

India has 300,000,000 inhabitants and 200 medical missionaries.

China has 350,000,000 inhabitants and 241 medical missionaries.

Japan has 42,000,000 inhabitants and 15 medical missionaries.

Turkey has 22,000,000 inhabitants and 38 medical missionaries.

Persia has 9,000,000 inhabitants and 11 medical missionaries.

Burmah has 7,500,000 inhabitants and 9 medical missionaries.

India alone contains 66,300 lunatics, 153,000 deaf and dumb, 354,000 blind and 400,000 lepers.

All missionary hospitals (Protestant) in the world can accommodate 100,000 inpatients and 2,500,000 outpatients annually.

These facts point to the need of men and means in order that the world may be Christianized. (2044)

See MEDICAL MISSIONS.

MISSIONARIES' MISTAKES

Prof. Harlan P. Beach, in an address before the Fifth International convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for foreign missions on the subject "Efficiency is limited and the kingdom is retarded by violating reasonable standards of taste or propriety," said:

In speaking on this subject, I can show its importance, perhaps, by an incident which happened about twenty years ago near Peking. One night I heard a loud knocking at the outer gate of our compound. The gatekeeper went out and was astonished to see a dust-laden, wobegone new missionary. He had arrived at Tientsin, his station, about four days before. He found himself in a new community, where he could not get his bearings, and had come to our station to learn what to do from two of our prominent missionaries. I was glad to meet the newcomer, but I said, "Why did you arrive so late?" "Well," he replied, "I couldn't help it." I looked at his cart; he had three mules attached to it tandem by a great tangle of ropes. He added: "The trouble is, I had hardly gotten started from Tientsin when this front mule, who is young, took a notion that he would desert the beaten track. He left the roadway suddenly before the carter could prevent it and made a dash straight for a china-shop. There was a terrific crash. The ropes got caught between the legs of the second mule and dragged him over into a great lot of jars which went to pieces, and even the wheel-mule, hemmed in by the vast timbers that do duty as shafts in China, yielding to the shock, crashed into the china-shop." It took a long time to get that difficulty righted, and hence he was late.

This incident illustrates my subject in six respects: (1) Missionaries, like those mules, make many breaks; (2) they usually make them at the start; (3) the breaks are genrally due to ignorance, or to wilfulness; (4) the work of missions is retarded greatly by these mistakes, just as my friend was delayed until late that night; (5) mistakes of missionaries involve their associates, as the action of this frisky front mule brought the whole outfit into disrepute; (6) what is most important of all, they bring loss to superiors. Those mules were mere animals, but there was a carter there and also my friend, who was anxious to hasten the coming of the kingdom that he took the trip at great inconvenience for that very purpose. Tho we missionaries are only rarely mules, we are all and always servants of a great Master, and are retarding His cause and bringing reproach upon His name and upon the Church of God, if we are guilty of such breaches of etiquette as are suggested by this parable. (2045)

MISSIONARY, A, IN THE MAKING

At the age of ten, David Livingstone went to work in the cotton factory as a piecer, and after some years was promoted to be a spinner. The first half-crown he earned he gave to his mother. With part of his first week's wages he bought a Latin text-book and studied that language with ardor in an evening class between eight and ten. He had to be in the factory at six in the morning and his work ended at eight at night. But by working at Latin until midnight he mastered Vergil and Horace by the time he was sixteen. He used to read in the factory by putting the book on the spinning-jenny so that he could catch a sentence at a time as he passed at his work. He was fond of botany and geology and zoology, and when he could get out would scour the country for specimens.—Robert E. Speer, "Servants of the King." (2046)

MISSIONARY, A LITTLE

"I can not afford it," said John Hale, the rich farmer, when asked to give to the cause of missions.

Harry, his wide-awake grandson, was grieved and indignant.

"But the poor heathen," he replied; "is it not too bad they can not have churches and schoolhouses and books?"

"What do you know about the heathen?" exclaimed the old man testily. "Do you wish me to give away my hard earnings? I tell you, I can not afford it."

But Harry was well posted in missionary intelligence, and day after day puzzled his curly head with plans for extracting money for the noble cause from his unwilling relative. At last, seizing an opportunity when his grandfather was in a good humor over the election news, he said: "Grandfather, if you do not feel able to give money to the missionary board, will you give a potato?"

"A potato?" ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

"Yes, sir; and land enough to plant it in, and what it produces for four years?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the unsuspecting grandparent, settling his glasses on his calculating nose in such a way that showed he was glad to escape on such cheap terms from the lad's persecution.

Harry planted the potato, and it rewarded him the first year by producing nine; these, the following season, became a peck; the next, seven and a half bushels, and when the fourth harvest came, lo, the potato had increased to seventy bushels. And, when sold, the amount realized was put with a glad heart into the treasury of the Lord. Even the aged farmer exclaimed: "Why, I did not feel that donation in the least! And, Harry, I've been thinking that if there were a little missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato, or something else as productive, for the cause, there would be quite a large sum gathered."—*Friend for Boys and Girls.* (2047)

MISSIONARY ACCOMPLISHMENTS

When the American missionaries came to the Sandwich Islands, they struck off the shackles from the whole race, breaking the power of the kings and chiefs. They set the common man free, elevated his wife to a position of equality with him, and gave a piece of land to each to hold forever. They set up schools and churches, and imbued the people with the spirit of the Christian religion. If they had had the power to augment the capacities of the people, they could have made them perfect; and they would have done it, no doubt.

The missionaries taught the whole nation to read and write, with facility, in the native tongue. I don't suppose there is to-day a single uneducated person above eight years of age in the Sandwich Islands! It is the best educated country in the world, I believe. That has been all done by the American missionaries. And in a large degree it was paid for by the American Sunday-school children with their pennies. I know that I contributed.—Samuel L. Clemens. (2048)

MISSIONARY ADAPTATION

In 1881 James Robertson left the pastorate to accept the newly created post of superintendent of home missions for Manitoba and the Northwest. He set off at once on his first missionary tour, driving two thousand miles, at first through heat and dust and rain and then through frosts and blizzards. He preached where he could, and was not to be discouraged by any situation. Once, coming to a settlement late on a Saturday evening, where the largest building was the hotel and the largest room the bar, he inquired of the hotel man:

"Is there any place where I can hold a service to-morrow?" "Service?" "Yes, a preaching service." "Preaching? Oh, yes, I'll get you one," he replied with genial heartiness. Next day Mr. Robertson came into the bar, which was crowded with men. "Well, have you found a room for my service?" he inquired of his genial host. "Here you are, boss, right here. Get in behind that bar and here's your crowd. Give it to 'em. God knows they need it."

Mr. Robertson caught the wink intended for the boys only. Behind the bar were bottles and kegs and other implements of the trade; before it men standing up for their drinks, chaffing, laughing, swearing. The atmosphere could hardly be called congenial, but the missionary was "on to his job," as the boys afterward admiringly said. He gave out a hymn. Some of the men took off their hats and joined in the singing, one or two whistling the accompaniment. As he was getting into his sermon one of the men, evidently the smart one of the company, broke in:

"Say, boss," he drawled, "I like yer nerve, but I don't believe yer talk." "All right," replied Mr. Robertson, "give me a chance. When I get through you can ask any questions you like. If I can I will answer them; if I can't I'll do my best."

The reply appealed to the sense of fair play in the crowd. They speedily shut up their companion and told the missionary to "fire ahead," which he did, and to such good purpose that when he had finished there was no one ready to gibe or question. After the service was closed, however, one of them observed earnestly: "I believe every word you said, sir. I haven't heard anything like that since I was a kid, from my Sunday-school teacher. I guess I gave her a pretty hard time. But look here, can't you send us a missionary for ourselves? We'll chip in, won't we, boys?"—ROBERT E. SPEER, "Servants of the King." (2049)

Missionary Beginnings—See ONE, WINNING.

MISSIONARY CALL

Friends were trying to dissuade one whose ancestors were not three generations out of cannibalism from going as a missionary to one of the savage islands of Polynesia. They recounted all the hardships and dangers to be encountered. "Are there men there?" asked the volunteer.

"Men? Yes; horrible cannibals, who will probably kill you and eat you."

"That settles it!" was the sublime rejoinder. "That settles it! Wherever there are men, there missionaries are bound to go!" (2050)

MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE

On October 15, 1819, in the Park Street Church, Boston, a mission to the Hawaiian Islands was organized with the following members: Messrs. Bingham and Thurston, ministers; Messrs. Whitney and Ruddles, teachers; Thomas Holman, physician; Elisha Loomis, printer; Daniel Chamberlain, farmer, together with their wives, and three Hawaiian young men from the Cornwall Missionary School. These seventeen went forth to erect a Christian civilization upon pagan shores, for they represented the Church, the common school, the printing-press, the medicine-chest, and the implements of agriculture. They set sail from Boston October 23, 1819, and reached the Hawaiian coast March 31, 1820, after somewhat more than five months.—PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions." (2051)

Missionary Giving — See CROWNING CHRIST.

Missionary Good Sense—See DIPLOMAT, A, AND MISSIONS.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE

There came into our office the other day a man who had only recently closed a very successful missionary pastorate of several years to become the minister of a large church which was not so strongly missionary. He ignored that fact, however, and began to employ his former methods, which included the observance of the monthly concert of prayer for missions. He made out his program, based on the missionary magazine of his denomination, and as he met one after another of those whom he had assigned to help him, he gave them their parts. One of the prominent members of the church he called to his study and said to him, "I want you to read such and such an article in your magazine and give us the gist of it at the next missionary meeting." "My magazine," replied the man. "I haven't—I don't take any magazine with that article in it." "What, don't you take the missionary magazine? Just look at it," said he, laying it out before him. "Oh, is that it? Never saw it before. How much is it? Thirty-five cents? I guess if you are going to have this concert business every month, I might as well subscribe for it and have my own copy. Looks pretty good, too, doesn't it? Didn't know missions could be drest up so well. Cover looks like one of our regular magazines."

This pastor knows how to do it. Other wise pastors will mention the best missionary books; they will see that their people know of the latest missionary literature.—F. P. Haggard, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (2052)

MISSIONARY MARTYRDOM

A convert from Islām took advantage of the Ameer's visit to Kandahar and crossed the frontier, unbidden and uninvited, to preach Christianity in Afghanistan. He was arrested, taken before the Ameer, and sent in chains to Kabul, but was murdered before reaching there. He was named Abdul Karim, and was at one time one of the workers at Bannu. Mrs. Pennell wrote that when he was taken prisoner and refused to repeat the "Kalima," saying he was a Christian, he was taken to Kandahar. The Ameer questioned him, and on his again refusing to repeat the "Kalima," and saying he had come to preach the gospel, he was ordered to be flogged, put in chains, and to be taken to Kabul, where he was to await the return of the Ameer, and unless he changed his mind would get due punishment.

Heavily chained hand and foot, he set out with an escort for Kabul; that at the villages he was spat upon, and the hairs of his heard pulled out—and at length the poor, weary sufferer, at a village before reaching Kabul, was murdered. (Text.) (2053)

Missionary Power — See God in Missions.

MISSIONARY PRAYER

The late Joseph Cook is the author of this prayer in verse for the spread and triumph of God's kingdom:

One field the wheeling world,
  Vast furrows open lie;
Broadcast let seed be hurled
  By us before we die.
    Winds, east or west,
      Let no tares fall;
    Wide waft the best;
      God winnow all.

Heaven hath a single sun,
  All gates swing open wide;
All lands at last are one,
  And seas no more divide.
    In every zone,
      Arise and shine;
    Earth's only throne,
      Our God, be Thine.

On every desert rain,
Make green earth's flintiest sands;
Above the land and main
  Reveal Thy pierced hands.
    Thy cross heaven wins;
      Lift it on high;
    And in his sins
      Let no man die. (2054)

Missionary Preaching—See Text, Power of a.

MISSIONARY RESULTS

Charles Darwin, the scientist, described the Terra Del Fuegans as the most degraded specimens of humanity he had ever seen. He considered them beyond the reach of civilization. The missionaries carried the gospel to them, and Darwin, seeing the change wrought, said with great frankness and willing publicity, "Truly the missionary's message is a magician's wand." (2055)

Rev. Egerton R. Young, a missionary among the Indians of Canada, tells of an obdurate old man whose heart had been touched by the missionary whose ministrations had brought his child back to health:

He attended an open-air meeting standing at first a quarter of a mile off. At the next meeting he drew a bit nearer, then nearer still. Six weeks later he was among the circle kneeling at the foot of the cross, making his confession. "Missionary," he said, "I was a fool, but now I have got the moss out of my ears, and the sand out of my eyes, and I see clearly, and I hear all right. I am so glad I came."

Was it not of such scenes as these that the prophet was thinking when he wrote, "The eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf unstopt." (Text.)

See Evil Turned to Good. (2056)

MISSIONARY SACRIFICE

San Quala was one of the first converts among the degraded Karens. From the lowest state the gospel raised him, with a rapidity that no civilization ever knew, to a noble Christian manhood. His first impulse was to tell others of Jesus. He helped to translate the Bible into the Karen tongue, for fifteen years guided the missionaries through the jungles, and then himself began to preach and to plant new churches. In one year he had formed nine, with 741 converts; in less than three years the nine had grown to thirty, with 2,000 converts. He did his work without salary, and when the English Government offered him a position, with large compensation, he at once declined, tho his poverty was such as prevented him from taking his wife with him in his missionary tours.—PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions." (2057)

See SACRIFICE FOR RELIGION.

Missionary's Gallant Action—See COURAGE, CHRISTIAN.

Missionary's Liberation—See INTERVENTION, DIVINE.

MISSIONARY TESTIMONY

Mr. Darwin was not regarded as a Christian, but he had the greatest respect for good in Christianity, and was candid enough to acknowledge it. This is the way in which he answered some shallow critics of foreign missionaries:

They forget, or will not remember, that human sacrifice and the power of an idolatrous priesthood; a system of profligacy unparalleled in any other part of the world; infanticide, a consequence of that system; bloody wars where the conquerors spared neither women nor children—that all these things have been abolished, and that dishonesty, intemperance, and licentiousness have been greatly reduced by the introduction of Christianity. For a voyager to forget these things is a base ingratitude; for should he chance to be at the point of shipwreck on some unknown coast, he will most devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary may have extended thus far. (2058)

F. A. McKenzie, the well-known foreign correspondent of the London *Mail*, says, in the London *Christian World:*

A stranger stopt me, one day. "I can not understand," said he, "why you, a newspaper man, should advocate missionary work; it is not your business. Why do you meddle with it?"

"I do so because I am a Christian imperialist," I replied. "The white man's civilization is the best the world has seen, and the white man's civilization is rooted in Christianity. I know that every missionary is an active campaigner, not merely for a new theology, but also for a new life, based on the foundation-stone of our civilization—the cross. I want the white man's ideas to triumph not for the glory of the whites, but for the betterment of woman-life and child-life throughout the world." (2059)

Missionary Work—See SONG EFFECTIVE.

Missionary Work Admired by Atheist—See ATHEIST'S GIFT TO MISSIONS.

MISSIONARY WORK AT HOME

Whitefield found himself in the presence of what seemed an urgent and overwhelming call to preach. Here were the Kingswood miners, a community ignorant, vicious, forgotten, who, beyond all others, needed the care and teaching of the Christian Church, and yet were left completely outside, not merely of its agencies, but even of its very remembrance. When Whitefield was setting out for America some wise and keen-sighted friend said to him, "If you have a mind to convert Indians, there are colliers enough in Kingswood."—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (2060)

MISSIONARY WORK, VALUE OF

Belle M. Brain tells the following in her book, "The Transformation of Hawaii":

A visitor to the Hawaiian Islands a few years ago said to King Kamehameha V: "Really now, don't you think things are in a worse condition than before the advent of the missionaries?"

"I leave you to judge," answered the king. "Since you have come into my presence you have broken the ancient law of *tabu* in three ways. You walked into my presence instead of crawling, you crossed my shadow, you are even now sitting before me. In the old days any one of these things would have cost you your life." (2061)

MISSIONARY ZEAL

If all Christians had the willing zeal of these poor South Sea islanders, the world would soon be converted to Christ:

On one occasion Mr. Williams explained the manner in which English Christians raised money to send the gospel to the heathen, and the natives of Raralonga exprest great regret at not having money that they might help in the same good work of causing the Word of God to grow. Mr. Williams replied: "If you have no money, you have something that takes the place of money; something to buy money with"; he then referred to the pigs that he had brought to the island on his first visit, and which had so increased that every family possest them; and he suggested that, if every family in the island would set apart a pig for causing the Word of God to grow, and, when the ships came, would sell the pigs for money, a large offering might be raised. The natives were delighted with the idea, and the next morning the squeaking of the pigs, which were receiving the "mark of the Lord" in their ears, was heard from one end of the settlement to the other.—PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions." (2062)

See COURAGE, CHRISTIAN.

MISSIONS

Carlyle, in his life of Cromwell, says that he ranks the foreign missionary and his convert with the greatest heroes in history. It is in his story of Kapiolani. These Christian teachers in the South Seas brought the queen to faith in God, and to the new ideas of home, school, government and social progress. But the people still worshiped the gods whose home was in the crater, whose column of fire was on the sky. So the missionary and the queen told the people that they would dare the native god. They made their way to the foot of the mountain. The people shrieked, wept, implored, but these two walked bravely on. They stood on the edge of the crater, breathing the sulfurous gases. The queen hurled stones into the abyss and shouted her threats and denials. When they came down, in safety, superstition was dead. Carlyle says that a Christian missionary slew a cult in that hour, and that the event will always rank in history with Elijah at Baal and the Christian convert who cut down the sacred oak of Thor for Germany. But foreign missions have produced scores of heroes and heroines like these. The history of missions is a sky that is ablaze with light that will shine forever and forever.—N. D. HILLIS. (2063)

See ADVICE TO MISSIONARIES.
ATHEIST'S GIFT TO MISSIONS.
BARBARISM.
BIBLE FRUIT.
BIBLE, TESTIMONY TO.
CALLS AND CONVEYANCES IN THE EAST.
CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSIONS.
CHILD RELIGION, CHANGES WROUGHT BY.
CHRISTIANITY, PRACTICAL PROOF OF.
CONFESSIONS.
CONVERSION.
CHRISTIAN HONESTY.
CRUEL GREED.
CRUELTY, CHINESE.
DEATH-BED FAITH.
DECEIT WITH GOD.
DEMONOLOGY.
DIPLOMAT, A, AND MISSIONS.
EMBELLISHMENT OF PREACHING.
ENLIGHTENMENT.
EXPECTORATING.
FAITH AND SUPPORT.
FALSE INFERENCE.
FIDELITY, CHRISTIAN.
FOLLOWING CHRIST.
FUNCTIONS AND GIFTS IN THE EAST.
GESTURES AND USE OF HANDS IN THE EAST.
HARVEST FROM EARLY SOWING.
HEATHEN RECEPTIVENESS.
HEATHENDOM.
HUSBAND AND WIFE, RELATIONS BETWEEN.
IGNORANCE.
IGNORANCE, PALLIATIONS OF.
IMPRESSION BY PRACTISE.
INADEQUACY OF NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGIONS.
INDIA, MEDICAL OPPORTUNITIES IN.
INTELLIGENCE OUTDOING IGNORANCE.
INVESTMENT RETURN.
KNOWLEDGE COMPARATIVE.
LIVING THE GOSPEL.
MEDICAL MISSIONS.
MIRACLES, EVIDENTIAL VALUE OF.
PERSISTENCE IN MISSIONARIES.
PRAYER FOR COMMON NEEDS.
PROOF.
PROPRIETY.
PROPRIETY, OBSERVING THE RULES OF.
RAPPORT.
RELIGIONS CONTRASTED.
RELIGIOUS INFRACTIONS OF PROPRIETY.
RESCUE.
RESERVATION.
REWARD, THOUSANDFOLD.
SABBATH, OBSERVING THE.
SACRIFICE.
SHUT-IN MISSIONARY WORK.
SONG, EFFECTIVE.
SPEECH AND MISSIONARIES.
STATESMAN ON MISSIONS.
SURGERY IN KOREA.
TABOOED TOPICS IN THE EAST.
TESTIMONY INDISPUTABLE.
WAY, THE RIGHT.

MISSIONS A SUCCESS

The Christian Century says there are yet a few intellectual provincials that scoff at the missionary enterprise, but their ignorance is so coming to shame them that their dolorous and caustic voices are not often heard. No one but a moral agnostic, a medieval race-hater, or a dogmatic religious quack could be cynical about an enterprise that shows such amazing success as does the missionary propaganda. Here are some figures that show the growth of thirteen years:

	1895.	1909.
Total amount given	$13,470,318	$24,613,075
Given by native churches	1,458,464	4,859,605
(Not included in above.)		
Number of missionaries	11,033	21,834
Number of native workers	49,566	92,272
Number of stations	18,545	43,934
Number of actual church-members	1,030,776	2,097,963
Number of adherents	2,770,240	4,866,661
Number of accessions to church in year	62,256	135,141
Number of schools	19,384	29,190
Number of pupils	860,287	1,413,995

The grand total of receipts for the great cause is seen to be a total of nearly $30,000,000, and the number of workers employed to be more than 114,000. In each case the numbers have about doubled in the thirteen years, while the number of stations has increased in a like proportion. The total of actual communicants in the churches has more than doubled, while that of the adherents has fallen but little below the same rate of increase. As the missions grow older and the life of the communities about them is elevated, the number of church-members will advance in an increasing ratio over that of adherents. The total number now in the Christian communities in the foreign field reaches practically 7,000,000. (2064)

MISSIONS AND COMMERCE

Commenting on the work of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Dr. N. D. Hillis says:

What if the American News Company should send a shipload of books to Borneo? The people can not read. What if they send a shipload of typewriters to western Africa? The people can not write. What if you send a cargo of sewing-machines to the Hottentots? Well, they do not wear clothes. Wealth comes through selling manufactured goods. But savages do not want these conveniences. Now, think of what this American Board has done. Once they sent out a band to civilize a South Sea island. In the band were six carpenters, two blacksmiths, two bricklayers, one architect, two tailors, two shoemakers, two weavers, two farmers, one physician, four preachers. In forty years after they landed one ship a week unloaded its cargo at that port—that tells the whole story. Since then the trade from New England ports alone has yielded enough profit to merchants in a single year to pay for the entire missionary enterprise. (2065)

MISSIONS APPROVED

Jacob A. Riis says that he once "growled against foreign missions, like many others who know no better." He writes that now he has learned that "for every dollar you give away to convert the heathen abroad, God gives you ten dollars' worth of purpose to deal with your heathen at home."

(2066)

MISSIONS AS SOCIAL SAFEGUARDS

The influence of a Christian mission in safeguarding a community is set forth in the following:

"During the great dock strike September, 1889, which shook London to its center, the strikers—gaunt, grim and desperate—were marching *en masse* past the mission premises, when a socialistic leader, who stood watching, turned to Mr. George Holland (a notable promoter of London missionary work), and said, 'Do you know what keeps these men from sacking London?' 'What do you mean?' was the reply. 'Only this, it is the influence of such missions of mercy as yours.' All thoughtful, observant men know that this witness is true." (2067)

Missions, Medical—See Renewal.

MISSIONS, REASONS FOR

In the Peninsular war, for every Frenchman killed there was sent out by England the weight of a man in lead and eight times his weight in iron, not to speak of the cost in blood and treasure. In the Indian wars in this country it has sometimes cost on the average a million dollars to kill an Indian, while an average expenditure of $200 was spent in converting them. There is no lack of money nor means to compass the evangelization of the world within the present century if there were but the spirit of enterprise to dare and undertake for our Redeemer. Talleyrand boasted that he "kept his watch ten minutes ahead of the rest of mankind." The Christian Church should surpass rather than be surpast by others in her enterprise. The time will come when disciples will look back to this age of missions with as much surprize as we now look back to those days when a learned prelate in the House of Lords, and a defender of orthodoxy too, could calmly argue against sending missionaries to the Orient! or as we contemplate with amazement speeches against the suppression of the slave-trade that have no interest to us except as fossils and petrifactions of an antedilluvian era! — A. T. PIERSON, *Missionary Review of the World.* (2068)

MISSIONS, SUCCESSFUL

In the course of his cruising in the South Seas, Lord Byron (a cousin of the poet), landed on an island of which he thought he was the discoverer. Suddenly a canoe appeared. Instead of containing armed savages, its occupants were two noble-looking men, clothed in cotton shirts and very fine mats. They boarded the ship and presented a document from a missionary stating that they were native teachers employed in preaching the gospel to the people of the island. Lord Byron then went ashore. In the center of a wide lawn stood a spacious chapel, and neat native cottages peeped through the foliage of banana trees. On entering a cottage, he found on a table a portion of the New Testament in the native language.

This story of Lord Byron's surprize visit was told at an overflow meeting in Exeter Hall at the anniversary of the Bible Society in 1836. When the speaker had concluded, a stranger arose and introduced himself to the audience as the missionary who had discovered the island, had made Christianity known to its people, and had translated the very portion of the Scripture which Lord Byron had found. It was John Williams, the heroic missionary of the London Missionary Society, whose noble work had drawn those savages from cannibalism and idolatry to the worship of the true God. (2069)

MISSIONS, TESTIMONY TO

Edgar Wallace, the war correspondent of the London *Daily Mail,* writes in the highest terms of what he saw of the Kongo Balolo missions. He said in part:

"No battle I have ever witnessed, no prowess of arms, no exhibition of splendid courage in the face of overwhelming odds, has inspired me as has the work of these outposts of Christianity. People who talk glibly of work in the mission field are apt to associate that work merely with house-to-house visitations and devotional services and the distribution of charity. In reality it means all these things plus the building of the houses one visits, building of the church for the devotional services, and the inculcation in the native of a spirit of manliness which renders charity superfluous.

Somebody told me there was difficulty in getting men and women for the missionary work in Kongoland. Speaking frankly as a man of the world, I do not wonder. I would not be a missionary in the Kongo for five thousand pounds a year. That is a worldly point of view, and it is not a high standpoint. It is a simple confession that I prefer the "flesh-pots of Egypt" to the self-sacrifice that the missionary life claims. Yet were I a good Christian, and were I a missionary hesitating in my choice of a field, I would say, with *Desdemona,* "I do perceive here a divine duty." (2070)

A singular tribute to missions was that exprest to me by the editor of a North China newspaper: "Broadly speaking, it is a fact that the only white man who is in China for China's good is the missionary. It never occurs to the average business man here that he has any obligation to the Chinese. Yet only on that ground can he justify his presence."—WILLIAM T. ELLIS, *Men and Missions.* (2071)

Mistaken Spiritual Judgment—See ILLUSION, SPIRITUAL.

MISTAKEN VIEW OF CAUSE

In winter, when millions of city dwellers breathe the air of ill-ventilated dwelling-houses, lung affections are more frequent than in midsummer, when ventilation is enforced by the horrors of stagnant heat. But the coincidence of frosts and catarrhs has decided the bias of the popular hypothesis, and in sixteen different European languages the word cold has become a synonym of an affection which the absolutely conclusive evidence of physiological facts proves to be a result of vitiated warm indoor air, and to be curable by cold outdoor air. In other words, the best remedy has been mistaken for the cause, and as a consequence catarrhs are considerably more frequent than all the other disorders of the human organism taken together. — FELIX OSWALD, *North American Review.* (2072)

In October, when the first night-frosts expurgate the atmosphere of our Southern swamps, ague and yellow fever subside with a suddenness which would certainly have suggested the idea of curing climatic diseases by artificial refrigeration, if cold had not somehow become the hygienic bugbear of the Caucasian race. Gout, rheumatism, indigestion, toothaches and all sorts of pulmonary disorders are ascribed to the influence of a low temperature, with persistent disregard of the fact that the outdoor laborers of the highest latitudes are the halest representatives of our species. "Catching cold" is the stereotyped explanation for the consequences of our manifold sins against the health laws of nature; but the secret of the delusion can be traced to the curious mistakes which logicians used to sum up under the head of "*post hoc ergo propter hoc*" fallacy — the tendency of the human mind to mistake an incidental concomitance for a causal connection. Woodpeckers pick insects from the trunks of dead trees, and the logic of concomitance infers that the decay of the tree has been caused by the visits of the birds, which in our Southern States are known as "sap-suckers." Young frogs emerge from their hiding-places when a long drought is broken by a brisk rain, and the coincidence of the two phenomena has not failed to evolve the theory of a frog-shower. — FELIX OSWALD, *North American Review.* (2073)

Mistakes of Missionaries—See MISSIONARIES' MISTAKES.

MISUSE OF TALENT

The life of Swift is a living tragedy. He had the power of gaining wealth, like the hero of the Jew of Malta; yet he used it scornfully, and in sad irony left what remained to him of a large property to found a hospital for lunatics. By hard work he won enormous literary power, and used it to satirize our common humanity. He wrested political power from the hands of the Tories, and used it to insult the very men who had helped him, and who held his fate in their hands. By his dominant personality he exercised a curious power over women, and used it brutally to make them feel their inferiority. Being loved supremely by two good women, he brought sorrow and death to both, and endless misery to himself. So his power brought always tragedy in its wake.—WILLIAM J. LONG, "English Literature." (2074)

Mnemonics, An Exercise in—See MEMORY.

Mobility—See MOVEMENT UNCEASING.

Model, The Mouth as a—See NATURE AS A MODEL.

MODELS

At the University of Glasgow stands a statue of James Watt; and by his side is the original model of a steam-engine, the identical engine, indeed, on which Watt exercised his inventive genius and the pattern substantially of every steam-engine in the world.

There is just as truly a model for every man in the world. (Text.) (2075)

Models in Nature—See INSECT A MODEL.

Moderation in Diet—See DIET AND ENDURANCE.

MODERN LIFE

Except his own immortal poem and a few suggestions of the art and architecture of his time, there is nothing on this continent that Homer, resurrected and transported here, would recognize as belonging to the world in which he lived. The steamships, railways, telegraphs, telephones, electric motors, printing-machines, factories, and, indeed, all that we use, all that we enjoy, on land or sea, in peace or war, in our homes, in our places of business, on our farms, in our mines, or wherever we toil or rest—all, all is new, all belongs to the new world. The inventions of recent years have so changed the world that the man of thirty is older than Methuselah—older in that he has seen more, experienced more than the oldest of all the ancients.—*Inventive Age.* (2076)

MODERNITY

Many a moral failure has resulted from not keeping up with God's moral progress, just as this mechanic failed through not keeping up with the new inventions:

The very great changes that have been wrought in machine-shop equipment during the past few years have hit many of the older mechanics pretty hard. A good deal of significance is contained in the remark of one such man: "I have had to learn over my trade three times and I'm too old to learn it again." He had been given a difficult job to do on a modern engine-lathe containing the latest useful mechanisms for saving labor and procuring accurate work, and because he did not understand the tool he failed in his efforts until a younger machinist came to his assistance. (Text.) (2077)

MODESTY

Colonel Nicholas Smith, in "Grant, the Man of Mystery," gives us the following side-light upon Grant's character:

During a strenuous campaign, the opposition resorted to every means to discredit him and made the most virulent attacks upon his personal character. Grant remained silent and took no part in the campaign. He retired to his little home in Galena, received his friends, drove and walked about the streets, took tea and chatted in the most familiar way with his neighbors, and seemed totally unconscious of the fact that he was the central figure in one of the great political struggles of the century. (2078)

Of Grant's demeanor after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, Colonel Smith says:

The little man, in the dress of a private soldier, who commanded the armies which brought about this glorious consummation, was not among those who joined in the demonstration of joy. When he reached his camp that night he was none other than the real Grant—modest, quiet, regardless of the greatness of the occasion. General Horace Porter, who was with him at the time, says Grant had little to say about the surrender. (2079)

A group of church-members, on a tour, were delayed at a railway station. One of them, after looking at a locomotive engine, asked his friends what part of the engine they would choose to be if it represented the Church. One replied, "I would be the brake, for that is often needed for safety." Another said, "I would prefer to be the whistle, calling people's attention to the fact that 'the King's business requireth haste.'" "And I would like to be the boiler, for that is an essential part of the engine." "What would you like to be, brother?" said one to a quiet man who had not replied. "Oh," said he, "I think I am only fit to be the coal, ready to be consumed so long as the engine moves." (2080)

A story is told among the friends of Gen. Samuel S. Sumner, U.S.A., retired, who was until recently the commanding officer of the Pacific Division.

General Sumner, after the San Francisco earthquake, went to San Rafael. There he was informed by one of the guiding spirits of the village that he must aid in patrolling and guarding against fire and unruly refugees. Something in General Sumner's bearing evidently impress the man, for after a moment's thought he said: "I think I'll make you a second lieutenant." "Thank you," answered General Sumner. "I don't think any rank ever conferred upon me ever pleased me more unless it was when I was made a major-general in the regular army." (Text.) (2081)

The grace of modesty seems sometimes rare and its exhibition is always pleasing. An instance of modest reticence is given in this concerning a well-known author:

They had met in Brooklyn at a little evening party—the young man and an older one—and were coming back to Manhattan together. The young man inquired the elder's vocation in life, and the elder replied that he had practised law for eighteen years.

"And, later," he added, "I have done a little writing."

"Ever get anything published?" asked the young man.

"Yes, a few things," replied the elder.

"Write under your own name?"

"Yes."

"By the way, I don't believe I quite caught your name."

"Thomas Nelson Page," replied the other quietly. (2082)

See HUMILITY OF A SCIENTIST.

Mohammedans and the Bible—See Bible, Grip of the.

Molding Children—See Religious Training; Training Children.

Molding Men—See Tenderness of God.

MOMENTUM

The obstacles in a man's way are determined by the gait he is going. An old negro driving a mule down the street three miles an hour has to get out of the way for everything, but when the chief of the fire department comes down the street a mile a minute everything roosts on the sidewalk and gives him the right of way.—*Famous Stories of Sam P. Jones.* (2083)

Many men fail to overcome sharp temptation because they have not by long previous habits acquired the momentum of right thought and right action. We can not fly unless we have learned to walk and to run.

"Any one who has ever watched a heavy bird rise from the ground," says the *American Inventor,* "has doubtless noticed that it runs along the ground for a few feet before it rises; the bird must acquire some momentum before its wings can lift its heavy body into the air. The natives in certain parts of the Andes understand this fact very well and by means of it catch the great Andean vultures, the condors. A small space is shut in with a high fence and left open at the top. Then a lamb or a piece of carrion is placed on the ground inside. Presently a vulture sees the bait and swoops down upon it; but when once he finds he has alighted on the ground inside he can not get out, for he has no running space in which to acquire the momentum that is necessary before his wings can lift him." (2084)

Money and Precedence—See Medical Missions.

Money, Discreditable Use of—See Vulgarity in the Rich.

MONEY, EARNING

Mr. Lincoln earned his first dollar by taking two men and their trunks to a Mississippi steamer which waited for them in midstream.

"I was about eighteen years of age," he said, "and belonged, as you know, to what they call down South the 'scrubs.' I was very glad to have the chance of earning something, and supposed each of the men would give me a couple of bits. I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board, and I lifted the trunks and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out, 'You have forgotten to pay me.' Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it on the bottom of my boat.

"You may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me like a trifle, but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, the poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day; that by honest work I had earned a dollar. I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time."—James Morgan, "Abraham Lincoln, The Boy and the Man." (2085)

Money-getting a Game—See Game of Greed.

MONEY, GREED FOR

The individual man thinks in the beginning, "If I could only make myself worth a hundred thousand dollars, I should be willing to retire from business." Not a bit of it. A hundred thousand dollars is only an index of five hundred thousand; and when he has come to five hundred thousand he is like Moses—and very unlike him—standing on the top of the mountain and looking over the promised land, and he says to himself, "A million! a million!" and a million draws another million, until at last he has more than he can use, more than is useful to him, and he won't give it away—not till after his death.—Henry Ward Beecher. (2086)

MONEY, IGNORANCE OF.

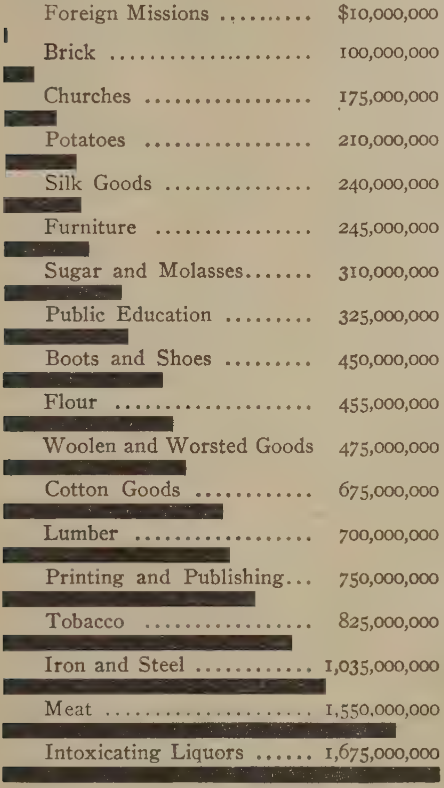
A sick-nurse in a Vienna hospital administered by nuns was observed burning up a bunch of paper money which she had found in the bed of a deceased patient.

She thought the bank-notes were rubbish, and it took the authority of the mother superior to convince her that the rubbish represented a small fortune.

Subsequently it turned out that the sister, who had lived in the nunnery since her third year, never went outside, and had nothing to do with the administration or with worldly things whatsoever, had never heard of the existence or use of money in any shape or form.—Boston *Post.* (2088)

MONEY, HOW WE SPEND OUR

The diagram below is designed to show how much the people of the United States spend every year for the drink traffic as contrasted with church work, education and the leading standard articles of food, clothing and shelter.



Foreign Missions	$10,000,000
Brick	100,000,000
Churches	175,000,000
Potatoes	210,000,000
Silk Goods	240,000,000
Furniture	245,000,000
Sugar and Molasses	310,000,000
Public Education	325,000,000
Boots and Shoes	450,000,000
Flour	455,000,000
Woolen and Worsted Goods	475,000,000
Cotton Goods	675,000,000
Lumber	700,000,000
Printing and Publishing	750,000,000
Tobacco	825,000,000
Iron and Steel	1,035,000,000
Meat	1,550,000,000
Intoxicating Liquors	1,675,000,000

The cost of liquors and tobacco is based upon the Internal Revenue reports for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1908. The other expenses are estimated for the year 1909 from the reports of the Secretary of Agriculture, the census of manufacturers for 1905, the report of the Commissioner of Education and other Government and census figures.—"American Prohibition Year-book." (2087)

MONEY NO TEMPTATION

A certain Parson Scott was sent to Goldsmith to induce him to write in favor of the administration. "I found him," says Scott, "in a miserable set of chambers in the temple. I told him of my authority; I told him that I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions, and, would you believe it, he was so absurd as to say, 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance you offer is therefore unnecessary to me.' And so," said the reverend plenipotentiary, with unstinted contempt, "I left him in his garret." What Goldsmith's exact earnings were at this time, it would be interesting to know: what sum it was that he found sufficient for his wants; but we know that this offer came at the close of twelve years' desperate struggle for bread, during which his first work had brought him little profit, and "The Vicar of Wakefield" had been sold for £60 to pay his landlady.—W. J. Dawson, "The Makers of English Prose." (2089)

MONEY POWER IN CANADA

I wrote to a friend of mine in Toronto for some figures. I shall leave out the hundred thousands.

In 1881 the population of Canada was between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000; in 1901 it was 5,372,000; in 1908 it was 6,940,000; and in 1909, between 7,000,000 and 7,500,000. Now, then, what are their bank deposits? In 1880, thirty years ago, they were $96,000,000; in 1884, $131,000,000; in 1890, 176,000,000; in 1900, $358,000,000; in 1908, $593,000,000; in 1909, $917,000,000; showing an increase of almost 63 per cent. in one year.

What was the value of the farm products of the Dominion last year? $532,000,000, an increase of one hundred million in one year. They have the largest continuous wheat-field in the world. One field nine hundred miles by three hundred miles. I am talking about money, and this is Canadian money, with a population of between seven and seven and a half millions; and they have deposits of $917,000,000 in the bank.

We all know the phenomenal growth that Canada has had and is destined to have. When I asked, "What are the resources of Canada?" my friend replied, "I don't know, Marling, but they are beyond the dreams of avarice." Then I got this telegram from him to back it up:

"According to the census of 1901, the capital invested in Canada was $2,356,000,000 and the value of the products $992,200,000."—Alfred E. Marling, "Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions," 1910. (2090)

MONEY POWER IN THE UNITED STATES

Do you know how many people there were in the country in 1880, thirty years ago? There were fifty millions. Do you know what the wealth was then estimated to be? $43,000,000,000. Ten years afterward, in 1890, there were 62,000,000 persons living in this country; that is a growth of 24 per cent. in ten years. But the growth of the wealth in those ten years was from $43,000,000,000 to $65,000,000,000, which is a growth of 51 per cent. in that decade. Population grows 21 per cent.; wealth grows 51 per cent. In 1900 there were 76,000,000 people; a growth of 22 per cent. in ten years. The growth in wealth was $88,000,000,000, or 35 per cent. in those same ten years. In 1904, the year of our last census, the population was 82,000,000, showing an increase of 8 per cent.; and the growth in wealth was $107,000,000,000. That is 21 per cent. in wealth in four years, while the population was growing only 8 per cent.

The estimated average daily savings in the United States between 1900 and 1904 over and above all consumption, was thirteen millions of dollars.

In 1900, the savings-bank deposits in the United States were $2,300,000,000; and in 1908, eight years later, they were $3,400,000,000, an increase of 47 per cent.

I have it on the authority of the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of New York that the banking power of the United States is practically 40 per cent. of the banking power of the world. And this I read in a commercial review a few days ago: "The bank deposits of the United States amount to more than double the whole world's known supply of gold. They are about equal to the whole volume of money in the world, counting gold, legal tender, currency, etc. They are greater in value than the world's total amount of gold and silver since the discovery of America, and they would be sufficient to pay more than one-third of the entire debt of fifty leading nations of the world."—Alfred E. Marling. —"Student Volunteer Movement," 1910. (2091)

Money Safe With Men of Principle—See Principle.

MONEY, TAINTED

Dr. Watkinson tells us that some years ago two scientists of Vienna made a series of bacteriological experiments on a number of bank-notes which had been in circulation for some time. The result of their researches was sufficiently startling. On each bank-note they discovered the presence of 19,000 microbes of disease—some of tuberculosis, some of diphtheria, and some of erysipelas. More than that, they found one bacillus peculiar to the bank-note—the bank-note microbe, so to speak, because it is found nowhere else. It thrives and fattens and multiplies on the peculiar paper of which a bank-note is made. Is there not a parable here?

If every evil use that is made of money were to leave its mark on the coin or bill, how great would be the moral infection thus recorded. (2092)

Money Transmitting Disease—See Contamination.

MONOTONY

Before each of a row of machines in a certain Pittsburg shop, as described in *Charities,* sits a girl. Each girl picks up a bolt with her left hand, takes it from the left with her right hand, feeds it point downward into the machine. When she has done this 16,000 times, she will have earned ninety-six cents. Unless she or the machine breaks down, such is her ten-hour day.

In these machine-made days, it is not the monotony of such a task which is most impressive. The girl of the 16,000 motions attracts and holds the attention.

With motions fewer in number but infinitely greater in variety, the day's work of a family is done. The house-worker is not tied to a machine. She stands up to her tasks one moment and sits down the next. She may think of other things, and to-morrow will be in its duties and performances a little different from to-day.

The house-worker gets tired. Is it really the same grinding, breaking weariness as that of the girl who sits before the machine and makes 16,000 identical motions in a ten-hour day? (2093)

Monstrous Treatment — See Cruel Greed.

Monument—See Love, Filial.

Monument of Christ—See Peace.

MONUMENTS, MEANING OF

A great monument is erected not because the man to whom it is dedicated needs it, nor because it will alleviate the bodily ailments of other human beings. It is erected in honor of the great ideas which the man represented. It is built for the future as much as for the past; even more for the future. It is raised above the earth as a lofty sign which will teach coming generations a great lesson in a way that books never can. The American sculptor, Greenough, who designed the Bunker Hill monument, wrote: "The obelisk has a singular aptitude in its form and character to call attention to a spot memorable in history. It says but one word, but it speaks loud. It says, 'Here!' That is enough. It claims the notice of every one. No matter how careless, how skeptical or illiterate the passer-by may be, he can not escape the appeal of a monument.—New York *Star*. (2094)

Moods and Apparel—See Dress Affecting Moods.

MOODS DETERMINING DESIRES

An unidentified writer points out how different moods affect our minds:

When I am tired and weary,
  And nothing goes my way.
I thank the heavenly Father
  For two nights to every day.

But when, once more, I'm rested,
  And all the world looks bright,
I thank Him that He sends me
  Two days to every night!

There's the pause before the battle,
  There's the respite from the fray;
And that is how I reckon
  Two nights to every day.

When the sunset glow has faded,
  In a little while 'tis light!
And that is how I reckon
  Two days to every night.

And so 'tis due, believe me,
  To the way we look at things,
Whether we sigh and falter
  Or whether we soar on wings!

(2095)

MOODS OF THE SPIRIT

Pantheism, atheism, agnosticism, materialism, pessimism—how many ugly, dangerous words there are in the dictionary, and how many young men imagine that they have all these spiritual diseases when, as a matter of fact, they are only in the way of normal spiritual development. A man comes to say of certain things that are mysterious, of which he thought he knew, "I don't know." Then he labels himself or allows himself to be labeled an "Agnostic." No religious life for him. Another man sees that the great God can not stand apart from His universe, but must be working in it and through it all. He labels himself "Pantheist," or is so labeled. Another man suddenly discovers the abyss of actual wo in the world, the evil that, for the present at least, is without remedy. He is called a "Pessimist." Another man looks to the right hand and to the left hand, and for the time he sees not God. The final word for him is "Atheist." Now, we can not have a free expression of what people from time to time are actually believing until we get over our fear of all such names. We must have a faith that is wholesome enough and large enough to keep us from being afraid of our own thought. The fact is, that we are continually mistaking the passing moods of the spirit for the finalities of thought. These moods through which we pass have been familiar to the most profoundly religious minds.—Samuel M. Crothers. (2096)

MOORINGS, SAFE

Before the era of steam, men used to tow their boats wearily up the lower Ohio, or the Mississippi, with a long line. At night it was not always safe for them to fasten their boats on the bank while they slept, because there was danger from the wash of the underflowing current that they would find themselves drifting and pulling a tree after them. Therefore, they sought out well-planted, solid, enduring trees, and tied to them, and the phrase became popular, "That man will do to tie to." (2097)

Moral Contagion—See Retort, Personal.

Moral Decay—See Corruption, Inner.

Moral Meaning of the World—See Faith in a Moral Universe.

Moral Pervasiveness — See Character Imparted.

MORAL SATISFACTION

Mr. Robert E. Speer says:

When I was in the city of Tokyo, I went to the house of a missionary to meet half a dozen of the leading native Christian men of Japan. They were thoughtful, well-read, thoroughly educated, keen students. There was scarcely a school of Christian thought with which they were not familiar. I asked them what it was in Christianity that had most appealed to them. I supposed, of course, they would answer that they were glad of their faith because it had thrown light on the dark, perplexing problems of life which Buddhism and Shintoism were unable to solve. Instead, every one said that what they valued most in Christianity was the moral rest that they had found there. The intellectual satisfaction was little compared with the sweet voice that was now sounding in their hearts, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (2098)

Morality, Sum Total of—See Love and Law.

Morally Weak, Financially Strong—See Drink, Peril of.

Morning — See Dawn of Christian Light.

Mortal Pomp—See Glory Faded.

MORTALITY RESISTED

The Christian would naturally call the attention of persons like those mentioned in the extract to Jesus' words, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die":

A fantastic organization is described in *The British Medical Journal.* It is a league against illness and death, which has been formed, so we are assured, in the State of Iowa. Says the paper named above:

"Already several hundreds of persons have joined. A condition of membership is that every one on admission must sign a pledge that he or she will continually assert that it is nothing but custom and habit of thought that causes people to be sick, grow old, or die. Any member who is reported sick from any disease and is confined to his bed for a continuous period of three days is to be fined for the first offense; for a second offense he is to be suspended from membership; a third offense entails expulsion from the society." (Text.) (2099)

MOSAIC OF THE KINGDOM

Bishop Simpson gives this illustration of the composition of Christ's completed kingdom:

In some of the great halls of Europe may be seen pictures not painted with the brush, but mosaics, which are made up of small pieces of stone, glass, or other material. The artist takes these little pieces, and, polishing and arranging them, he forms them into the grand and beautiful picture. Each individual part of the picture may be a little worthless piece of glass or marble or shell; but with each in its place, the whole constitutes the masterpiece of art. So I think it will be with humanity in the hands of the great artist. God is picking up the little worthless pieces of stone and brass, that might be trodden under foot unnoticed, and is making of them His great masterpiece. (2100)

Moslem Life—See Persia, The Moslem Situation in.

MOTHER

So long as young men and maidens honor and love their parents there is hope and success awaiting them. We do not know the author of these lines:

Of all the names to memory dear,
 One name to me alone is dearest;
Tho many names to me are near
 Yet this shall ever be the nearest.
For on my heart's most sacred place
 'Tis deeper graved than any other;
Nor naught from thence shall e'er erase
 The lovely, honored name of mother.
(2101)

Hester I. Radford, in *The Atlantic Monthly,* writes the following:

You struggled blindly for my soul
 And wept for me such bittter tears
That through your faith my faith grew whole
 And fearless of the coming years.

For in the path of doubt and dread
 You would not let me walk alone,
But prayed the prayers I left unsaid
 And sought the God I did disown.

You gave to me no word of blame
 But wrapt me in your love's belief,
Dear love, that burnt my sin like flame,
 And left me worthy of your grief. (2102)

MOTHER, A BRAVE

From his mother Ben Jonson received certain strong characteristics, and by a single short reference in Jonson's works we are led to see the kind of woman she was. It is while Jonson is telling Drummond (who wrote the records of his life) of the occasion when he was thrown into prison, because some passages in the comedy of "Eastward Ho!" gave offense to King James, and he was in danger of a horrible death, after having his ears and nose cut off. He tells us how, after his pardon, he was banqueting with his friends, when his "old mother" came in and showed a paper full of "lusty strong poison," which she intended to mix with his drink just before the execution. And to show that she "was no churl," she intended first to drink of the poison herself. The incident is all the more suggestive from the fact that Chapman and Marston, one his friend and the other his enemy, were first cast into prison as the authors of "Eastward Ho!" and rough Ben Jonson at once declared that he too had had a small hand in the writing and went to join them in prison.—WILLIAM J. LONG, *English Literature.* (2103)

Mother, A Heart Broken—See JUVENILE COURT EXPERIENCE.

Mother, A Reminder of—See REMINDERS.

Mother Caution—See REASONING POWER IN ANIMALS.

MOTHER INSTINCT

A cow's melancholy over the loss of her calf led to a strange incident at the home of Josiah Brown, near Mount Carmel.

Brown owned a cow with a spotted calf which was so peculiarly marked that some time ago, when it was killed for veal, the skin was made into a rug. The mother cow was downcast and bellowed continually.

Mrs. Brown went into her front parlor, and there on the floor lay the cow, placidly licking the calfskin rug. It is supposed the cow approached the house and by chance saw the calfskin through the window, then quietly pushed the doors open and walked in. One barred door had been forced open by the cow's horns.—Boston *Journal.* (2104)

MOTHER LOVE

Not long ago a woman fifty years old went to a teacher in School No. 2, and with tears in her eyes, begged permission to sit down with the little ones five to six years old, that she might learn to read and write. She explained that she had two boys in the West, and desired to learn her letters that she might be able to communicate with them. Her daughter had done this for her, but three years ago the daughter died, and now the hungry-hearted mother was willing to make any sacrifice to keep in touch with her sons. So she entered school without telling any one, even her husband. Four weeks from the day she entered she was able to read through the primer, first reader, and almost through the second. Now she can write so any one can easily read every word. She learns ten new words at home every day, and always knows her lesson perfectly. She has learned to begin and end a letter, and it will not be long before she can write a love-letter—a genuine mother love-letter—to her boys. Through the goodness of my friend, I have in my possession a yellow sheet of paper containing one of her writing exercises. Reading between the lines, there is something inexpressibly touching about it. The words are such as may be found in the copybook of any schoolboy, but the mother, with her hard hands and tender heart, as she copied the words imagined herself writing a letter to one of her sons. After writing her address and the date, this imaginary epistle, brimming with a real love, reads: "My dear son Hugh:

Be the matter what it may,
  Always speak the truth.
If at work or if at play,
  Always speak the truth."

Surely there is no ordinary clay in this vessel! She may not be able to understand the plan of her soul's divine Potter, but a brave trust and a high hope reside at the center of her being.—F. F. SHANNON. (2105)

One calm, bright, sweet, sunshiny day an angel stole out of heaven and came down to this old world, and roamed field and forest, city and hamlet; and just as the sun went down he plumed his wings and said: "Now my visit is out, and I must go back to the world of light, but before I go I must gather some mementos of my visit here"; and he looked over into a beautiful flower-garden and said, "How lovely and fragrant these flowers are," and he plucked the rarest roses, and made a bouquet, and said, "I see nothing more beautiful and fragrant than these; I will take them with me." But he looked a little farther and there saw a little bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked babe, smiling into its mother's face, and he said, "Oh, that baby's smile is prettier than this bouquet; I will take that, too." Then he looked just beyond the cradle, and there was a mother's love pouring out like the gush of a river, toward the cradle and the baby, and he said, "Oh, that mother's love is the prettiest thing I have seen on earth; I will carry that, too!" With the three treasures he winged his way to the pearly gates, and lit just on the outside, and said, "Before I go in I will examine my mementos," and he looked at the flowers and they had withered; he looked at the baby's smile and it had faded away; he looked at the mother's love and there it was in all its pristine beauty and fragrance. He threw aside the withered flowers and the faded smile and winged his way through the gates and led all the hosts of heaven together and said, "Here is the only thing I found on earth that would keep its fragrance all the way to heaven—a mother's love."—"Popular Lectures of Sam P. Jones." (2106)

See Artifice; Prodigal, The; Wayward, Seeking the.

MOTHER LOVE IN BIRDS

The loon, or great northern diver, is reported to have displayed her mother love and anxiety to a sportsman fishing in Sebago Lake in Maine: He surprized the mother with one young one near his canoe. She was employing every artifice to call the little one away, but the infant swam so near the boat that the fisherman took him aboard in his landing-net, and, holding him on his knee, gently stroked his downy coat, to the evident satisfaction of the youngster. Meanwhile the mother was in an agony of distress. At first, forgetting her native wildness and timidity in her mother love, she boldly approached the canoe, and, rising in the water till she appeared to stand upon it, furiously flapped her wings, uttering menacing cries. Finding this of no avail, she pretended that she was wounded, rolling over in the water and finally lying still as if dead, evidently to attract attention to herself and away from the young one. The fisherman, touched by these displays of motherly affection, put the young loon into the water, upon which the mother instantly came to life and again tried to entice her little one to go with her. (Text.)—Olive Thorne Miller, "The Bird Our Brother." (2107)

MOTHER, MEMORY OF

Lamar Fontaine, looking back after a long life of adventure, writes thus of a parting with his mother:

Those long-ago days now rise before me in all their vividness. As I pen these lines, nearing the seventy-seventh milestone in life's rugged pathway, I feel the loving kiss yet burning on my lips where she prest it as she bade me "good-by." There are some things in our life that time does not efface, and this is one of them. They are like the brand of red-hot iron that sears the tender hide of the bleating calf; once burned in, it lasts as long as life. I can see the last wave of her hand as she watched us move off across the prairie, and the picture is branded in my brain.—"My Life and My Lectures." (2108)

MOTHER, PRAYER OF A

John Wesley might well be expected to become, as he did, the great religious leader of his day with such a mother behind him.

"His mother, with the finer prescience that love gives to a mother, saw in her second son the hint of some great, unguessed future, and she writes in her diary under the head of 'Evening, May 17, 1717, Son John:

"'What shall I render to the Lord for all His mercies? I would offer myself and all that Thou hast given me; and I would resolve—oh, give me grace to do it!—that the residue of my life shall be all devoted to Thy service. And I do intend to be more particularly careful with the soul of this child, that Thou hast so mercifully provided for, than ever I have been; that I may instil into his mind the principles of true religion and virtue. Lord give me grace to do it sincerely and prudently.'"—W. H. Fitchett, "Wesley and His Century." (2109)

Mothers as Protectors — See Father Animals Unparental.

MOTHER'S INFLUENCE, A

Grant's love for his family was one of the strongest and most attractive traits of his character. He never failed to appreciate the worth of his mother's love, patience and wisdom during his early years at Georgetown. When she died in 1883, at Jersey City Heights, New Jersey, the General, when at the funeral, said to Dr. Howard Henderson, her pastor: "In the remarks which you make, speak of her only as a pure-minded, simple-hearted, earnest, Methodist Christian. Make no reference to me; she gained nothing by any position I have filled or honors that may have been paid me. I owe all this and all I am to her earnest, modest and sincere piety."—NICHOLAS SMITH, "Grant, the Man of Mystery." (2110)

In a letter written by Grover Cleveland on the eve of his election to the governorship of New York State, he stated to his brother:

"I have just voted, and I sit here in the office alone. If mother were alive I should be writing to her, and I feel as if it were time for me to write to some one who will believe what I write. . . . I shall have no idea of reelection or of any high political preferment in my head, but be very thankful and happy if I serve one term as the people's governor. Do you know that if mother were alive I should feel so much safer. I have always thought her prayers had much to do with my successes. I shall expect you to help me in that way." (2111)

See TRUTHFULNESS REWARDED.

MOTHERS NOT IN FICTION

A sick youth was lying in bed, watching with quiet eyes his mother's form moving gently about the room where for weeks she had been ministering to him with tenderest heart and hands. There had been stillness there for a little while, when the boy spoke: "I wonder why there are no mothers in fiction." "Why, there are, dear; there must be," the mother answered quickly, but when she tried to name one, she found that none came at the call. When she related me the little incident, I too immediately said that our memory must be strangely at fault that it did not furnish us with examples in plenty. Maternal love! Why, art was filled with illustrations of it, and so was literature. And yet, on making search, I too have failed to find the typical mother where it seems she would so easily be found.—*Atlantic Monthly.* (2112)

Mother, The, and the Lambs—See FATHER'S VOICE.

Mother Wisdom — See WEALTH AND WORK.

MOTHERHOOD

We can understand how Tennyson was preserved from the fatality of recklessness, how it is he wore the white flower of a blameless life, and ruled himself with chivalrous regard for womanhood, when we study his mother's face. What such a woman must have been in the home, and what sort of home it must have been where she moved like a ministering spirit, we can readily imagine. — W. J. DAWSON, "The Makers of English Poetry." (2113)

Alexander the Great never wore any garments save those made by his mother. These beautiful robes he showed to the Persian princes who came to visit his court as marks of the skill of Olympia, who was the daughter of a chieftain, the wife of a sovereign and the mother of a conqueror.

Every child does not have mother-made garments; but is it not true that every child is mother-made? And does he not more than continue the succession of her royal soul? (2114)

MOTHERHOOD, DIVINE

I remember going one day into a great church in Paris and seeing, round back of the altar, in a little chapel sacred to the Virgin Mary and above a little altar in the little chapel, a bas relief. It represented the figure of a woman with a babe in her arms standing on the world; and under her feet, crusht and bleeding, was a serpent. It is only a woman with a babe in her arms that is going to crush the serpent after all.—HUGH BIRKHEAD. (2115)

MOTHERHOOD IN ANIMALS

Louis Albert Banks tells of a man who killed a she bear and brought her young cubs home to train up as pets:

When they got to camp the motherless pets were put in a box and given something to eat; but eat they would not and yelp they would, making a distressing noise. He took a switch and whipt them, but they only cried the louder. At first every one was sorry for them; but by and by, as the crying was continued, everybody began to scold on account of the noise. He thought that on account of the noise they made he would have to kill them. At length, however, he brought the mother-bearskin, and covering this over something, he put it in a corner of the box. The men stept back so that they could see without being seen, and pretty soon each little cub had smelled the mother-skin and had nestled up close to it as contented as could be, and soon they were sound asleep. (Text.) (2116)

MOTION, CHANGE BY

The effect of rotation in changing the shape of plastic bodies can readily be shown in simple experiments. A light metal ring is mounted on a vertical axis about which it can be rotated with great rapidity. When the ring is at rest it is circular in shape, but when it is rotated it becomes flattened along the axis, bulging out at what we may call the equator. The faster the ring is rotated the greater and greater becomes its departure from circular shape.—CHARLES LANE POOR, "The Solar System." (2117)

Motion Desired—See HOME, CHOICE OF A.

MOTION WITHOUT PROGRESS

There's one kind of an engine that's always a nuisance to me, and that's these little switching-engines down by the station. They run up and down side-tracks, shoving cars; and that's all they do from week to week and from month to month. They're always getting in the way of wagons and scaring horses. But when I see a grand locomotive start to the seacoast cities, there is music in her whistle. There is something which says she's determined to land her passengers at their destination on time. There are a great many of us Christians just switching backward and forward on side-tracks.—"Famous Stories of Sam P. Jones." (2118)

Motive, A Pure—See PRIDE IN ONE'S TASK.

MOTIVE, MERCENARY

Portrait-painting was the deliberate choice of Sir Godfrey Kneller because it was profitable. It was said of him: "Where he offered one picture to fame, he sacrificed twenty to lucre." He said of himself: "Painters of history make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they are dead; I paint the living and they enable me to live." And in this he succeeded, for he painted ten sovereigns, and among other celebrities, Marlborough, Newton and Dryden. He was rewarded, too, by poems written in his honor by Pope, Addison, Steele and others. King William got him to paint the beauties of Hampton Court. (Text.) (2119)

Mountain, The—See VIEWPOINT, THE.

Mourning—See BIBLE CUSTOMS TO-DAY.

Movement—See SLOWNESS.

MOVEMENT UNCEASING

There is nothing absolutely stable in the universe. From the ultimate eon to the largest world in space everything is moving. If we believe in progress we shall say that everything is moving on. If anything should actually stop it would be instantly destroyed. If a man could go to the top of a high tower, or a mountain, and there could come to absolute rest, the atmosphere of our earth, light as it seems, but traveling about nineteen miles in a second, would by its friction probably reduce him in a second to a patch of flame and dissipate him as a fiery gas in every direction.

So, if in our life progress we should try to stop and live in a dead past, or turn back to old conditions, the world's rush of progress would leave us behind, or its frictions would wear our spirits out. (2120)

Moving Pictures in Churches — See CHURCHES AND THE CROWD.

Much in Little—See MINIATURE WORK; ECONOMY.

Much in Little Space—See USELESS LABOR.

Multiformity of Life—See INDIVIDUALITY.

MULTIPLE CONSCIOUSNESS

Newspaper readers have been furnished with the details of the case of the Rev. Ansel Bourne, which may be briefly recalled. Some years ago a stranger arrived in Norristown, Pa., rented a store, stocked it, and began business in a quiet, business-like way which attracted no attention and aroused no suspicion as to any mental difficulty. Some two months later one of his neighbors was startled by a call from the newcomer, who, in a bewildered way, demanded to know where he was, and after a time explained that he was a Rhode Island clergyman, could not account for his presence in Norristown, knew nothing of any of his actions while there, and could only recall that he had drawn some money from a bank in his native place two months before, after which his life was a blank. And yet, during the entire period his actions had been apparently rational, altho certainly in nowise suggestive of the clerical profession—rather the reverse. For two months he had been the sharp, shrewd business man during business hours, and a genial and by no means straight-laced companion after his store was closed. These instances of "multiplex personality" have been recognized by alienists since the time of the historic cases of Louis V and Felida X. In one state the patient is cheerful, frank, generous; in another, morose, taciturn, miserly; now belligerent and then the most peaceable of mortals; by turns mendacious and truthful, the soul of honor, and the most depraved of wretches, reveling in immorality, and leading the life of an ascetic. That the different states are due to changes in the psychical activity of different portions of the brain is now the accepted theory, borne out by experiment. This activity may be set up, modified, perverted, or totally arrested by disease; but it may also be caused by the influence of one will over another, as in the familiar illustrations of hypnotism. A few years ago Dr. Hammond hypnotized a young man before the New York Medico-Legal Society, causing him to commit imaginary thefts, assaults, etc., and the phenomena are now the common property of the medical lecture-room.—Chicago *News*. (2121)

MUSIC

When Gainsborough was asked how he had obtained the marvelous expression of inward peace on the face of the "Parish Clerk," he said he painted it in time and tune with the sweet singing of a voice next door, the movements of the brush forming the beautiful face, and that it was the music that looked out from the eyes and smiled on the mouth.—"Stories of the English Artists." (2122)

During the Civil War a Union regiment was camping in a Southern town, and the people stubbornly refused to fraternize with the men. Houses and shops were closed to them, and the citizens kept inside. The commanding officer ordered his band to strike up "Dixie." Instantly, as if by magic, doors opened, shutters came down, and soon the street was alive with men, women and children—all merry and hospitable.

The music had unlocked their hearts. (2123)

MUSIC AND CHILDREN

Music, especially singing, has a fascination and power over children that is truly wonderful. It soothes and subdues their passions and awakens every noble emotion. The school day is always brighter and better if it is begun with a stirring song. If the children are tired and nervous or ill-tempered, a song will quiet them as oil upon a troubled sea. "Music," says Luther, "is the art of the prophets, the only art which can calm the agitation of the soul." Its moral and religious power has long been recognized by the Church, but the school is just beginning to realize its value.—John W. Carr, "Journal of the Religious Education Association," 1903. (2124)

Music and History—See History and Music Correlated.

MUSIC AND SPIDERS

While a gentleman was watching some spiders it occurred to him to try what effect a tuning-fork would have on the insects. He suspected that they would regard the sound just as they were in the habit of regarding the sound made by a fly. And sure enough they did. He selected a large, ugly spider that had been feasting on flies for two months. The spider was at one edge of its web. Sounding the fork, he touched a thread at the other side of the web and watched the result. Mr. Spider had the buzzing sound conveyed to him over his telephone wires, but how was he to know on which particular wire the sound was traveling? He ran to the center of the web very quickly, and felt all around until he touched the thread against the other end of which the fork was sounding; and taking another thread along, just as a man would take an extra piece of rope, he ran out to the fork and sprang upon it. Then he retreated a little way and looked at the fork. He was puzzled. He had expected to find a buzzing fly. He got on the fork again and danced with delight. He had caught the sound of the fly and it was music to him. It is said that spiders are so fond of music that they will stop their spinning to listen, and a man once said that when he retired to his room for quiet before dinner and played the flute, large spiders would come onto the table and remain quite still, "running away as fast as their legs could carry them" directly he had finished—*Electrical Review.* (2125)

MUSIC AS A THERAPEUTIC

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says:

Besides the excellent power music hath to expel many other diseases, it is a sovereign remedy against despair and melancholy, and will drive away the devil himself. In proof of the truth of the foregoing, many well-authenticated instances may be cited. Among them may be mentioned the case of King Philip of Spain, who, when suffering from hopeless melancholia, was restored to health by the singing of Farinelli in an adjoining chamber, after every other remedy had proved futile.—Boston *Musical Herald.* (2126)

Music has a vast future before it. We are only now beginning to find out some of its uses. It has been the toy of the rich; it has often been a source of mere degradation to both rich and poor; it has been treated as mere jingle and noise—supplying a rhythm for the dance, a kind of Terpsichorean tomtom—or serving to start a Bacchanalian chorus, the chief feature of which has certainly not been the music. And yet those who have their eyes and ears open may read in these primitive uses, while they run, the hints of music's future destiny as a vast civilizer, recreator, health-giver, work-inspirer, and purifier of man's life. The horse knows what he owes to his bells. The factory girls have been instinctively forced into singing, finding in it a solace and assistance in work. And for music, the health-giver, what an untrodden field is there! Have we never known an invalid to forget pain and weariness under the stimulus of music? Have you never seen a pale cheek flush up, a dull eye sparkle, an alertness and vigor take possession of the whole frame, and animation succeed to apathy? What does all this mean? It means a truth that we have not fully grasped, a truth pregnant with vast results to body and mind. It means that music attacks the nervous system directly, reaches and rouses where physic and change of air can neither reach nor rouse.—H. R. HAWEIS, "My Musical Memories." (2127)

MUSIC AS A TRANSFORMING POWER

No one denies the influence of music for good. A teacher told me of a boy, an incorrigible little fellow, who was almost entirely cured of his bad traits by a violet song.

Down in a green and mossy bed
 A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent; it hung its head,
 As if to hide from view.
And tho it was a lovely flower,
 Its colors bright and fair,
It might have graced a rosy bower,
 Instead of hiding there.

He sang the violet song at home, on the street, on the playground, and in school. He loved and believed it; and its tender thought had helped him to become a noble young man.—ELIZABETH CASTERTON, "Journal of the National Educational Association," 1905. (2128)

MUSIC AS AN ANESTHETIC

A physician of Geneva, in Switzerland, has successfully employed music to soothe and tranquillize the dreams of persons who have taken ether or chloroform in order to undergo surgical operations.

The music is begun as soon as the anesthetic begins to take effect, and is continued until the patient awakes. It is said that not only does this treatment prevent the hysterical effects sometimes witnessed, but that the patient, on recovering, feels no nausea or illness.

Another physician uses blue light to produce anesthesia. The light from a sixteen-candle-power electric lamp, furnished with a blue bulb, is concentrated upon the patient's eyes, but the head and the lamp are enveloped in a blue veil, to shut out extraneous light. Insensibility is produced in two or three minutes.—*Harper's Weekly.* (2129)

MUSIC, CHARM OF

A bewitching way to win a mate is to charm her by music. This is the fashion of our little house-wren, who arrives first in the nesting region, selects a site for the home, and then draws a mate out of the vast unknown by his charm of voice. No one could do it better, for he is a delightful, tireless singer.—OLIVE THORNE MILLER, "The Bird Our Brother." (2130)

MUSIC ELEVATING

R. H. Haweis says:

I have known the oratorio of the Messiah draw the lowest dregs of Whitechapel into a church to hear it, and during the performance sobs have broken forth from the silent and attentive throng. Will any one say that for these people to have their feelings for once put through such a noble and long-sustained exercise as that could be otherwise than beneficial? If such performances of both sacred and secular music were more frequent, we should have less drunkenness, less wife-beating, less spending of summer gains, less pauperism in the winter. (2131)

Music from Pain—See SUFFERING TRANSFORMED.

MUSIC, GOD'S

Since ever the world was fashioned,
  Water and air and sod,
A music of divers meanings,
  Has flowed from the hand of God.
In valley and gorge and upland,
  On stormy mountain height,
He makes him a harp of the forest,
  He sweeps the chords with might.
He puts forth his hand to the ocean,
  He speaks and the waters flow—
Now in a chorus of thunder,
  Now in a cadence low.
He touches the waving flower-bells,
  He plays on the woodland streams—
A tender song—like a mother
  Sings to her child in dreams.
But the music divinest and dearest,
  Since ever the world began,
Is the manifold passionate music
  He draws from the heart of man.

—*Temple Bar.*

(2132)

MUSIC, GOOD CHEER IN

It is related of James Nasmyth that the rhythmic sound of a merry little steam-engine introduced into his machine-shop so quickened the strokes of every hammer, chisel and file in his workmen's hands that it nearly doubled the output of work for the same wages.

A master tailor employed a number of workmen, who, getting hold of a slow, doleful but catchy air, hummed it to the movement of their needles, much to the retarding of their work. Observing the secret, he treated the men to lively airs, having a merry swing and a rapid movement, and soon the deft and nimble fingers reverted to their accustomed quickness.

There is science as well as philosophy in singing over our tasks. (2133)

MUSIC IN THE SOUL

The orchestra does not make music; it is only an instrument for conveying music from one spirit to other spirits. The orchestra no more makes the music which it conveys than the telegraph wire makes the message which it conveys. Music is not a volume of sound; it is an experience which sound transmits from one soul to another soul. The composer creates in himself the symphony. He translates this creation into symbolic language upon a sheet of paper. The orchestra translates this translation into chords. These chords received through the ear awaken in the hearer an experience similar to that which was in the soul of the original composer.—LYMAN ABBOTT, *The Outlook.* (2134)

SEE SOUL MUSIC.

MUSIC OF DESPAIR AND OF HOPE

On the occasion of the funeral service of King Edward VII, William Maxwell, in the *Record and Mail,* of Glasgow, writes as follows concerning the pipes and song:

No music can express the abandonment of grief like the pipes, for none is so individual. Its notes are the tradition of centuries of wild freedom, and are bound by no ordinary system. No music is so personal, for the pipes are the retainers of the clans.

They, too, wear the tartan, and voice the feelings of their clan—its joy and grief, its triumph and despair; and none is more national, for it embodies the soul of a people, its strength and its passions.

They are famous ballads to which the music of sorrow has been wedded. For there are two national ballads known as "The Flowers of the Forest," and both are written by women. The first version was written by Jane Elliot, of Minto, and bewails at Flodden Field—

I've heard the lilting at our ewe milking,
  Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning,
  The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

The second song was written on the same subject by Alicia Rutherford, of Fernilie, afterward known as Mrs. Patrick Cockburn, and is generally regarded as the more effective in singing, if not in composition.

I've seen the forest, adorned the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;
Sae bonny was their blooming,
Their scents the air perfuming,
But now they are withered, and weeded away.

Oh, fickle fortune, why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me,
For the flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

The words are beautiful, and instinct with sorrow when spoken or sung. But it is the music of the pipes that gives them supreme interpretation, and makes them the expression of grief so profound that "The Flowers of the Forest" has become the national dirge. Nor is sorrow their only note.

The pipes can sound—and have sounded on many a stricken field and in many an hour of despair—the triumph of hope and of victory over death. They have stirred the blood and cleared the head, and given strength to the arm of many a soldier who has never dreamed of the eagle plume blended with the heather and never heard through the mists of memory the clash of the broadsword on the targe—

I hear the pibroch sounding
Deep o'er the mountain glen,
While light springing footsteps are trampling the heath—
'Tis the march of the Cameron men.
(2135)

MUSIC OF NATURE

The Innuits, or Eskimos, of Smith Sound, Greenland, the most northerly people in the world, believe that the aurora borealis has a singing noise; and the inhabitants of the Orkneys, of Finmarken, and those in the region of Hudson Bay believe, with many competent observers, that a peculiar sound like the rustling of silk always accompanies it. The Lapps liken this sound to the cracking in the joints of moving reindeer. (Text.) (2136)

MUSIC, POPULAR, VALUE OF

All history reveals the fact that music, wedded to stirring and patriotic words, has in every age had a powerful influence on the course of public events. Nor is this true alone of civilized peoples. Among almost all savage races, the warriors excite themselves to martial ardor by songs which thrill their souls. The war-dances alike of our North American Indians, of the African negroes, and of the semicivilized races which dwell in Asia, are accompanied by songs which, tho wild and incoherent to European ears, have an inspiring influence upon themselves. Carlyle wisely said, "The meaning of song goes deep"; and a more recent writer has declared that "it goes as deep as the heart of man, the throbbings of which it controls more readily and widely than do the speeches of statesmen, the sermons of preachers, or the writings of journalists." It was clearly because the influence of legend and of patriotic appeal, joined with familiar tunes so strongly roused the emotions of the people, that the ancient bards of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales were held in such high honor in the old royal courts and princely castles of these lands, and were regarded with such veneration by the people everywhere. About two centuries ago Lord Wharton wrote a political ballad, which was set to music, the title of which was "Lillibulero." It was very poor poetry; but somehow the rude verses struck a chord in the popular heart, and were sung everywhere. It was written in opposition to King James the Second; and so wide was its influence that Lord Wharton boasted, it is said, that it "sang James II out of three kingdoms." The effect of the "Marseillaise" in arousing and exciting the revolutionary spirit of France is one of the prominent facts in the history of that country. To it, in no small degree, is attributed the success of the French arms against the allies who assailed the young republic. So potent, indeed, was the "Marseillaise" felt to be in kindling political passion, that both the Napoleons forbade it being sung or played in France during their reigns.—*Youth's Companion.* (2137)

MUSIC REFLECTS THE SOUL

Welsh, Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Finnish, and Armenian music is apt to be pitched in plaintive, mournful, minor keys. A Welsh preacher explained to an English congregation why Welsh tunes were thus habitually pathetic. It is because for centuries liberties were lost under Saxon domination. So, in Russia, visitors were imprest by the tender and melancholy tho beautiful strains of the national melodies. People when oppest sing sadly; but liberty and joy emancipate even the music of a nation. (Text.) (2138)

MUTATION

One of the blest effects of the flight of time is that old animosities are forgotten and the nobler things of reconciliation and peace are seen. An instance of this lately occurred in the South:

A group of gentlemen, soldiers of the present and the past, were gathered upon an historic Southern battle-field, Missionary Ridge. They stopt to read the inscription upon a tablet, simple and unpretentious, which marked the position of a Confederate battery. This tablet bore the name of "Luke E. Wright, Second Lieutenant." Luke E. Wright, Secretary of War of the United States of America, surrounded by his officers and friends, paused a moment to read again this chapter from his youth. A distinguished general of the regular army laid his hand affectionately upon the shoulder of General Wright and remarked: "General, how queerly things turn out! Who could have foreseen that the boy in gray, who served his guns upon this spot, would one day be my chief, at the head of the Army of the United States?" (2139)

The instability of all mundane things is suggested by the following account, which may also remind us of the utterance of Jesus: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."

"When, in 1890, Germany bartered away Zanzibar in exchange for Heligoland, great was the rejoicing," says *Shipping Illustrated* (New York). "Much concern is now being manifested in Germany owing to the relentless attack of the sea, which has already reduced the island's area nearly twenty-five per cent since it came under the German flag. At this rate the little island will, in another half-century, have melted entirely away. The North Sea has been from time immemorial an avaricious land-grabber. The Dogger Bank once reared its head above the surface, a fact proved by the bones of animals occasionally brought up in the fishermen's nets. The eastern coast of England has suffered severely from its insatiable appetite. Dunwick, an important seaport during the Middle Ages, is now a part of the sea-bottom, and fishes and other marine denizens occupy the one-time habitation of men. Visitors to Felixstowe, once a Roman colony and now a modern seaside resort, opposite Harwich, have pointed out to them a rock a mile out to sea, on which the old church formerly stood. The Kaiser may yet live to see his cherished possession torn from his grasp." (Text.) (2140)

MUTUAL SUFFERING

There is no individual in society; it is one body corporate. If one member sin all suffer with him. The fearful forms of torture loom up yet out of the shadows, the paddle, the rack, the chair, the cangue collar, the strangle-ring, the shin-rod, and various forms of mutilation remind one of what we see in the Tower of London. Truly, we are brethren in cruelty if we go far enough into the dark past. But God, who is rich in mercy, when He transforms an Oriental, seems first of all to take out of his heart the poison of cruelty, and to leave the spirit of self-sacrifice and tenderness instead.—James S. Gale, "Korea in Transition." (2141)

MUTUALISM

Did you enjoy your breakfast this morning? You were all alone, and got it yourself, did you say? Did you make the Irish linen in your napkin, or were your table furnishings the creations of an idle hour? Did you raise your own coffee? Did the melon grow in your garden, or was the beef fattened in your pasture? The very ends of the earth contributed to your simple meal, and for it you were dependent upon people you had never seen. Your breakfast-table was really a clearing-house for the ends of the earth, so that when you redecorate your dining-room, and are placing upon the walls the familiar legends, "Let good digestion wait on appetite," and that famous quatrain of Robert Burns:

Some hae meat but can not eat,
  And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
  So let the Lord be thank it,

you might most appropriately add to these that thrilling confession of Paul's, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise." (Text.)—Nehemiah Boynton. (2142)

As the astronomers tell us that it is probable that there are in the universe innumerable solar systems besides ours, to each of which myriads of utterly unknown and unseen stars belong, so it is certain that every man, however obscure, however far removed from the general recognition, is one of a group of men impressible for good, and impressible for evil, and that it is in the eternal nature of things that he can not really improve himself without in some degree improving other men.—CHARLES DICKENS.

(2143)

See BOY AND KING.

Mutuality—See SOCIAL INTERDEPENDENCE; SOCIAL STRENGTH.

Mutuality, True—See FAITHFULNESS.

MYSELF

What unto me is Nature after all?
I pass her by and softly go my way.
She is the remnant of my little day
Upon this beautiful revolving ball.

I am the real being. At my beck,
The seeming actual pays its vassalage;
I am the reader and the world the page;
I fling a halter round old matter's neck.

Glad to be taught of things outside, yet I
Find me indifferent to their transient touch;
A life's to-day is an eternity
Seems not to please my spirit overmuch.

I may not fathom now the end or what
The sweat and blood and tragedy may mean;
But I can fight the fight and falter not.
Above the clouds the hilltops are serene.

So if I stay here years or slip away
While yet the early dawn is dim and dark,
It matters not. I am that living spark
That ever glows 'tho planets have their day
(Text.)

(2144)

MYSTERY IN NATURE

What determines which queen shall leave the hive with the swarm? What determines which five thousand out of fifteen thousand worker bees, all apparently similarly stimulated and excited, shall swarm out, and which ten thousand shall stay in? These are questions too hard for us to answer. We may take refuge in Maeterlinck's poetical conception of the "spirit of the hive." Let us say that the "spirit of the hive" decides these things; as well as what workers shall forage and what ones clean house; what bees shall ventilate and what make wax and build comb. Which is simply to say that we don't know what decides all these things. (Text.) —VERNON L. KELLOGG, "Insect Stories."

(2145)

MYSTERY IN RELIGION

Here are wood, brass, my hand—any material things. Here are light, electricity, a magnet—things that we all have something to do with. Now let us ask the scientific people to look at them, weigh them, test them, analyze them, describe them—what will they report? Well, part of their report will be this: There is one thing without which all these other things are impossible, without which there could be no wood, no metal, no light, no electric current; and that thing is called ether. This ether is like nothing you have at hand. It is not solid, nor liquid, nor a gas. It does not weigh anything, nor does it move. It is not alive, nor is it capable of division. Yet it is everywhere. It is in the wood, in the brass, in the air. It fills what we call empty space. It is the road by which light travels. It is the medium of electricity. It is the home of magnetism. Well, when the scientist tells us this we can but gasp. It is nothing that we know, yet without it all we know would break down. It can not be seen, nor handled, nor heard, yet without it we could neither see, nor handle, nor hear. It is utterly beyond belief, so strange a bunch of contradictories it is; and yet if we assume it to be real, then and then only can all the things of life which we do know be properly explained.

If in the natural world we follow out carefully all that is before us, if we explore our narrow strip of experience thoroughly, we come to a region getting more and more remote. Send a traveler from Hampstead—he comes back to tell us of India or the Arctic Ocean. Send a scientist out into this world of matter and force, of wood and stone and electricity, and he comes back to tell us of the incredible wonders of the unseen world, of the fathomless mysteries of the ether.

If this is so with material things, how much more is it likely to be so with moral and spiritual things? If it be true of earthly things, how much more of heavenly things? If the findings of science are puzzling, contradictory, mysterious, will the findings of theology—the science of God—be simple and mere common sense? If when we have to do with wood and stones we stand amazed before the doctrine of ether, is it surprizing that when we have to do with Christ and His cross, God and His redemption, we come also to the wonderful teaching, not only of the divinity of Jesus, but of His preexistence from eternity with God? So, then, because the doctrine is marvelous, unheard of, difficult to grasp, do not, therefore, pass it by as incredible.—NEWTON H. MARSHALL.

(2146)

MYSTERY NO BAR TO BELIEF

Toads are said to have been found in rocks. Such cases are rare, but it would be as unreasonable to doubt them as to believe in some of the miraculous explanations that have been made of the matter. The phenomenon is marvelous, it is true, but it is supported by evidence that we are not able to contest; and skepticism, which is incompatible with science, will have to disappear if rigorous observation shall confirm it. The toad was observed, in one case, in the stone itself, and before recovering from its long lethargy, it had not made any motion. One of these toads was presented to an academy, with the stone which had served it as a coffin or habitation, and it was ascertained that the cavity seemed to correspond exactly with the dimensions and form of the animal. It is remarkable that these toad-stones are very hard and not at all porous, and show no signs of fissure. The mind, completely baffled in the presence of the fact, is equally embarrassed to explain how the toad could live in its singular prison, and how it became shut up there. M. Charles Richet had occasion to study this question some months ago, and came to the conclusion that the fact was real, observing that even if, in the actual condition of science, certain phenomena were still inexplicable, we were not warranted in denying their existence, for new discoveries might at any time furnish an explanation of them. (Text.)—*Popular Science Monthly.*

(2147)

Mystery of Regeneration—See DISCERNMENT, LACK OF SPIRITUAL.

MYSTERY TO BE MADE CLEAR

Dr. Abbott tells how, after sailing on the muddy waters of Lake Huron, he came on deck one morning, and, looking over the prow, started back in instinctive terror, for, looking down into the clear waters of Lake Superior, it seemed as if the keel were just going to strike on the sharp pointed rocks below; but he was looking through fifty or sixty feet of clear water at the great rock-bed of the lake. Now we endeavor in vain to fathom God's judgments. As by a great deep they are hidden from us. But by and by the sea will grow as clear as crystal, and through the mystery we shall see and shall understand. We shall know not only the life that was in the ocean, but shall trace the footprints of Him that walked thereon.

(2148)

MYSTERY, VALUE OF

Recently a man called on Edwin Markham, author of "The Man with the Hoe," we are told by *Success,* and introduced himself as the writer of a book on which, he said, he had spent twenty-five years of study and research. Mr. Markham, who is unusually kind in listening to and counseling with amateur authors, immediately felt that one who has spent a quarter of a century on his work is rare, and he invited him to his study without delay.

"What is the nature of your work?" asked Mr. Markham.

"I have written the greatest book of the ages," began the new author; "I have solved the mystery of the world. I know all about it. I am prepared to prove my statements. I know just why the world was made, who really made it, and I have laid bare the mysteries of creation. I—"

"My good man," said Mr. Markham, interrupting him, "if you have come to me for advice, let me tell you to take your manuscript at once and burn it. If you have solved the mystery of this world, you are its greatest enemy. Why," continued the poet, "if you have solved the mystery of the world you have robbed men of their greatest joy. You have left us nothing to work for, you have destroyed our ambition, you have reduced us to mere animals. It is the mysteries of the world that have made it great, and I, for one, don't want to have them solved."

Mr. Markham's visitor sat dumfounded for a moment. The vision of his twenty-five years of labor flitted before him as he said:

"I guess you're right—I guess you're right." (Text.) (2149)

N

Name, A Good—See Reputation.

Nameless Pioneers — See Unknown Workers.

NAMES

Many of the names we bear, as well as names of many of the places we know and frequent, are derived from something done or some particular thing connected with the place. For example, there is a town about thirty-five miles from Paris by the name of Fontainebleau. It is said that when this town was originally founded, near the tenth century, that there was a beautiful fountain there, and from this it took the name of Fontainebleau, contracted from Fontaine Belle Eau (Fountain of beautiful water). (2150)

NAMES, ENDURING

The Pharos of Alexandria was built by Sostratus, a Greek architect, in the reign of Ptolmey Philadelphus. Ptolemy ordered that a marble tablet be built into the wall with his name conspicuously inscribed upon it as the builder of the famous edifice. Instead, Sostratus cut in Greek characters his own name deep upon the face of the tablet, then covered the whole with an artificial composition, made of lime, to imitate the natural surface of the stone, and cut a new inscription in which he inserted the name of the king. In due time the lime moldered away, name and all, leaving his own name to come out to view and to remain as long as the lighthouse stood.

There are names that wear away, while others are made to endure. (Text.) (2151)

Names Handed Down—See Dynastic Names.

Nations, Destiny of—See Destiny of Nations.

NATIVE CONVERTS

Bishop Taylor, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, used to tell the story of a wealthy Parsee in India whom he had persuaded to read the New Testament. Deeply imprest, the man declared that if he could find Christians who matched that Book he would join them. He sought among the white people for the life of the Book, but reported to Bishop Taylor that he had failed to find it to his satisfaction. The latter then sent him among the native converts, receiving his pledge that he would make as diligent search there as he had made among the Europeans. In a short time he returned with enthusiasm, to say that he had discovered men and women whose lives corresponded with the Book. He himself became a Christian and suffered the loss of wealth and friends for the sake of the Name, and when he died of violence in Bombay his last words were, "It is sweet to die for Jesus." The story points to the tremendous truth that it is not in our conventialized Christendom that the New Testament experiences are being reproduced most closely, but in the communities of disciples who are freshly out of raw heathendom.—William T. Ellis, "Men and Missions." (2152)

NATURALIZATION

Citizenship in heaven is not nearly so difficult as that of getting out naturalization papers in America.

The National Liberal Immigration League has petitioned the Department of Commerce and Labor to establish a calendar in the naturalization bureaus, so that applicants for second, or final, papers may be notified and attended to in regular order, instead of by the present first-come-first-served method with its resultant confusion and delays. Such a calendar would simplify matters wonderfully for the coming citizen. A man getting his final papers is obliged to bring with him two citizens as witnesses, who will swear that they have known him to be a resident of the United States for at least five years, the last year a resident of the State in which he receives his papers, and that he is a person of good moral character, and qualified in every way to become a citizen. Imagine the degree of good-nature essential in the instances of these witnesses, who must get up long before daylight, night after night, to accompany the potential citizen and see him turned back over and over again. Indeed, more than good-nature is involved, for the witnesses are in most cases working men, who are making an actual sacrifice, in that they are losing the time that is money to them, and the sleep that is essential to their welfare.—*Harper's Weekly.* (2153)

Nature—See HANDIWORK OF NATURE.

NATURE AIDING SCIENCE

The cultivation of certain species of spiders solely for the fine threads which they weave has an important bearing upon the work of the astronomer.

No substitute for the spider's thread has yet been found for bisecting the screw of the micrometer used for determining the positions and motions of the stars; not only because of the remarkable fineness of the threads, but because of their durable qualities.

The threads of certain spiders raised for astronomical purposes withstand changes in temperature, so that often in measuring sunspots they are uninjured when the heat is so great that the lenses of the micrometer eye-pieces are cracked. These spider lines are only one-fifth to one-seventh of a thousandth of an inch in diameter, compared with which the threads of the silk-worm are large and clumsy.—*Harper's Weekly.* (2154)

Nature Altruistic—See ALTRUISM IN NATURE.

Nature and Man—See STRUGGLE.

Nature and Prayer—See PRAYER AND THE BODY; PRAYER ANSWERED.

NATURE AS A CLUE TO SCIENCE

Man prides himself on his powers and attainments. Has he ever made a rose or produced a mechanism like the hand, or done a thousand things that Nature knows?

As an illustration of Nature's superiority, the electric ray is cited.

The electric ray, or torpedo, has been provided with a battery which, while it closely resembles, yet in the beauty and compactness of its structure it greatly exceeds the batteries by which man has now learned to make the laws of electricity subservient to his will. In this battery there are no less than 940 hexagonal columns, like those of a bees' comb, and each of these is subdivided by a series of horizontal plates, which appear to be analogous to the plates of the voltaic pile. The whole is supplied with an enormous amount of nervous matter, four great branches of which are as large as the animal's spinal cord, and these spread out in a multitude of thread-like filaments round the prismatic columns, and finally pass into all the cells. A complete knowledge of all the mysteries which have been gradually unfolded from the days of Galvani to those of Faraday, and of many others which are still inscrutable to us, is exhibited in this structure. (2155)

NATURE AS A MODEL

The voice of the singer travels forward more abundantly than backward, because he uses the roof, and, to some extent, the walls and floor of his mouth, as a sound reflector. The roof of his mouth being made of concave plates of bone with a thin velarium of integument stretched tightly over them, supplies a model sound-reflector. Every architect who has to build a concert- or lecture-room, or theater, should study the roof of his own mouth, and imitate it as nearly as he can in the roof of his building. (2156)

The analogies which furnish means of expression to the art of building find their models in nature. That which we feel at the sight of an edifice, the artist has felt a hundred times in contemplating the shifting curves of a hill, the bold edge of a haughty peak, the immensity of an even plain, a ground hollow, or gently undulating sheet of water which loses itself in the mists of the horizon. All the effects produced by architecture are only an interpretation of natural ones. What is a pyramid? A hollow cavern in a mountain. What is a Greek temple with its porticoes and columns? A memory of the sacred woods where were drest the first altars. What do we feel in entering a Gothic cathedral? The shudder felt at the divine awfulness of the forests. And it is also from the natural world that architecture has taken its decorations. Columns and capitals, rosettes, flowers intertwinings, ovals, foliage medallions, all remind us of something seen in the fields and in the woods, in plants and animals.—VICTOR CHERBULIEZ, *Revue des deux Mondes.* (2157)

See INSECT A MODEL.

NATURE DUAL IN MAN

Plato, in his "Phædrus," pictures the two natures in man under the analogy of two horses, one black and raging, pulling him down; the other white and noble, with an upward look, and drawing him to pure and self-denying actions; both steeds harnessed to the same chariot while the man sits in the chariot driving. (Text.) (2158)

NATURE, ENJOYMENT OF

One of the most interesting passages in modern literary history is that in which Audubon, the naturalist, met the sudden destruction, by the voracity of rats, of the treasures he had accumulated in fifteen years of incessant exploration. At the shock of what seemed the irremediable disaster, he was thrown into a fever, which had well-nigh proved fatal. "A burning heat," as he described it, "rushed through my brain; and my days were oblivion." But as consciousness returned, and the rally of nature fought back the sudden incursion of disease, there sang again through his wakening thoughts the wild notes he had heard in the bayous of Louisiana, the everglades of Florida, the savannahs of the Carolinas, and the forests that fringe the sides of the Alleghanies. He saw again the Washington eagle, as it soared and screamed from its far rocky eery. He startled again, from her perch on the firs, the brown warbler of Labrador. He traced in thought the magic hues on crest and wing that so often had shone before the dip of his rifle. And the passion for new expeditions and discoveries, arising afresh, was more to him than medicine. In three years more, passed far from home, he had filled once more the despoiled portfolios; and at every step, as he told his biographer, "it was not the desire of fame that prompted him; it was his exceeding enjoyment of nature!"—Richard S. Storrs. (2159)

Nature Malleable—See Conquest by Man.

Nature Merciless—See God, Not Nature.

NATURE'S AGGRESSIVENESS

Winthrop Packard, in "Wild Pastures," describes the way in which nature's wild growths obliterate the marks of human labor:

> Let but vigilance relax for a year, a spring month even, and bramble and bayberry, sweet-fern and wild-rose, daring scouts that they are, will have a foothold that they will yield only with death. Close upon these will follow the birches, the light infantry which rushes to the advance line as soon as the scouts have found the foothold. These entrench and hold the field desperately until pine and hickory, maple and oak, sturdy men of the main line of battle, arrive, and almost before you know it the farm is reclaimed. The wilderness has regained its lost ground, and the cosmos of the wild has wiped out that curious chaos which we call civilization.

(2160)

NATURE'S ANTIDOTES

An army surgeon, discussing the nature of cholera and the sort of precautions to take against the plague, says:

> Our greatest defense against this disease is, as usual, provided by Nature herself. These organisms can not live in an acid medium; they soon perish in the stomach, when exposed to the action of the gastric juice, because of its acidity.

Thus is nature kindly. Thus is the kindness to man of nature's God. (2161)

NATURE'S CUNNING WORKS

Excellent natural pottery is manufactured by nature in the case of a certain cactus. Woodpeckers are apt to excavate nests in the trunk and branches, and, in order that it may protect itself against these incursions, the plant exudes a sticky juice, which hardens, forming a woody lining to the hole made by the birds. Eventually the cactus dies and withers away, but the wooden bowl remains.

As a weaver, nature is an exceedingly neat worker. Certain tree-barks and leaves furnish excellent cloth, such as, for instance, the famous tapa cloth used in the South Sea islands.

Nature is also a glass-maker. By discharging lightning into beds of quartz sand she forms exquisite little pipes of glass.

Nature does a bit in the rope-making line, too. These products of her handicraft may be seen in the shape of various tropical vines and creepers; and her skill as a lace-maker may be seen in the case of the lace-tree of the West Indies.—*Harper's Weekly.* (2162)

Nature's Forgiveness—See RESTORATION IN NATURE.

NATURE'S PROTECTION

Fish are, we are told, very light sleepers, and frequently assume singular positions; but the most remarkable fact concerning them is the change of color many of them undergo while asleep.

Usually their spots and stripes become darker and more distinct when they fall asleep. Occasionally the pattern of their coloration is entirely changed. The ordinary porgy, for instance, presents in the daytime beautiful iridescent hues playing over its silvery sides, but at night, on falling asleep, it takes on a dull bronze tint, and six conspicuous black bands make their appearance on its sides. If it is suddenly awakened by the turning up of lights in the aquarium it immediately resumes the silvery color that it shows by daylight. These changes have been ascribed to the principle of "protective coloration," and it has been pointed out that the appearance of black bands and the deepening of the spots serve to conceal the fish from their enemies when lying amid eel-grass and seaweeds.—*Harper's Weekly.* (2163)

NATURE'S RECUPERATIVE POWERS

A unique opportunity to study Nature's processes in restoring the vegetation of a land swept clean by a great disaster was afforded after the eruption of a volcano on the little island of Krakatoa in 1883. All living organisms were destroyed. In 1886 a number of plants had already established themselves on the devastated island, those in the interior being remarkably different from those on the coast, ferns especially preponderating. In 1897 further progress had been made, and in 1906 the forest trees had advanced so far as to make it evident that within a short time the island will again be densely forested. It is believed that the first plants to establish themselves on the blasted soil—such as ferns, algae, mosses, compositæ, and grasses—were borne thither by the winds, and that ocean currents were probably agents in the importation of seeds and fruit.—San Francisco *Bulletin.* (2164)

Nature's Renewing Qualities—See CONVERSION.

Nature-teaching to Children—See RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Nature Witnessing to God—See GOD REVEALED IN NATURE.

NATURE, WONDERS OF

The oak-galls are formed only where a gall-insect has pricked a live leaf or stem or twig with her sharp, sting-like little egg-layer, and has left an egg in the plant tissue. Nor does the gall begin to form even yet. It begins only after the young gall-insect is hatched from the egg, or at least begins to develop inside the egg. Then the gall grows rapidly. The tree sends an extra supply of sap to this spot, and the plant-cells multiply, and the house begins to form around the little white grub. Now this house or gall not only encloses and protects the insect, but it provides it with food in the form of plant-sap and a special mass or layer of soft, nutritious plant-tissue lying right around the grub. So the gall-insect not only lives in the house, but eats it!—VERNON L. KELLOGG, "Insect Stories." (2165)

See REMAINS.

NATURE WORSHIP

Father Brebeuf, writing about the Hurons in 1636, tells of a certain rock which they passed on their way to Quebec, and to which they always offered tobacco, placing it in the cleft of the rock and addressing the demon who lived there with prayer for protection and success. When the Indian in crossing a lake finds himself in serious danger, he prays to the spirit of the lake, throwing an offering, perhaps a dog, into the water. When the sound of the thundering frightens him, he prays to the thunder-being for protection. When he needs rain, he directs his rites to the god of rain and thunder. Air and earth and water are alive with spirits, any one of which may be prayed to; but, as a matter of fact, certain ones are singled out for worship. Add to these the many animal deities which are invoked even more frequently than those of the elements in the sacred formulas of the Cherokees. (2166)

See PLANT WORSHIP.

NAVAL POWERS AND ARMAMENTS

The following table shows the naval strength of the leading nations of the world:

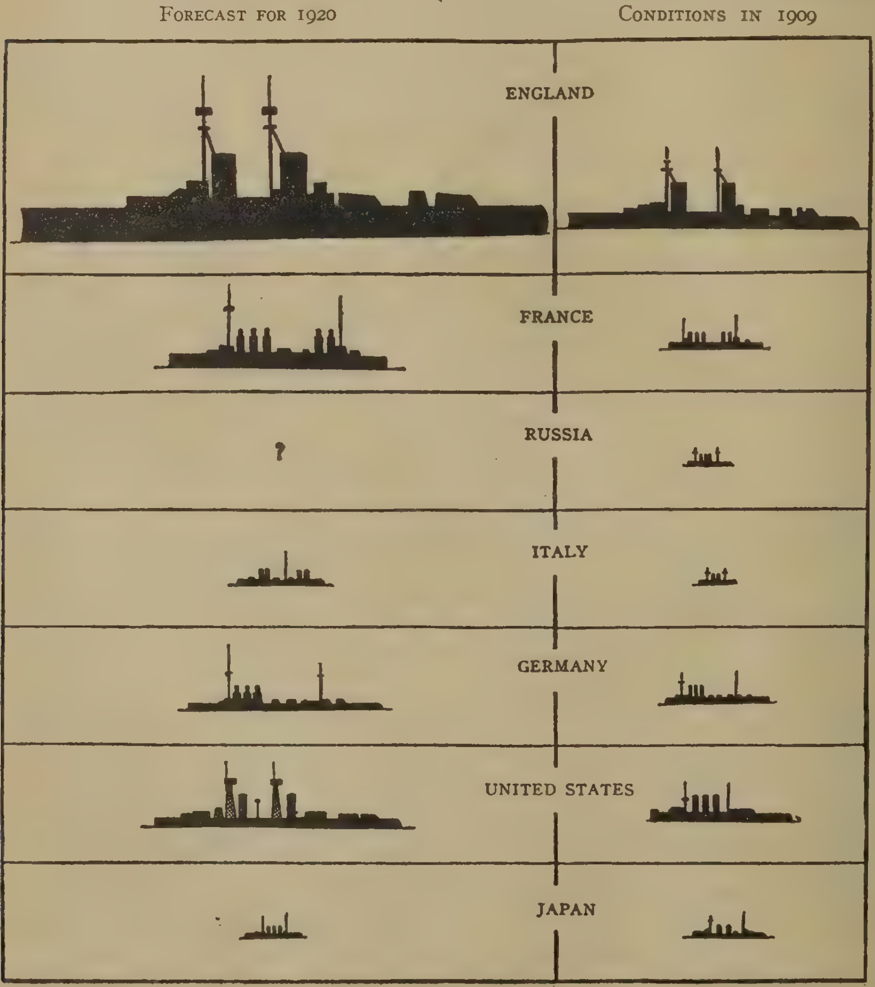
POWERS	All war-vessels	Battle-ships	Personnel Officers and Men
Great Britain	572	55	99,679
United States. . . .	199	25	47,750
Germany.	228	24	33,500
Japan	224	14	36,480
France	537	25	25,500
Italy	198	9	27,789
Russia	212	11	60,000

(2167)

NAVIES OF THE WORLD

The naval strength of the principal countries of the world is shown in the chart and table here given. The total number of ships credited to Russia includes a disproportionate number of small and obsolete vessels. The chart gives a forecast of naval strength reckoned from the known naval progress of the powers. A comparison of the naval strength of the United States with Japan in this forecast shows how baseless are the notes of alarm of a “yellow peril.’ (2168)

Nearness and Distance—See RETROSPECT.



NEARNESS DISTRACTING

A visitor to Amsterdam, wishing to hear the wonderful music of the chimes of St. Nicholas, went up into the tower of the church to hear it. There he found a man with wooden gloves on his hands, pounding on a keyboard. All he could hear was the clanging of the keys when struck by the wooden gloves, and the harsh, deafening noise of the bells close over his head. He wondered why the people talked of the marvelous chimes of St. Nicholas. To his ear there was no music in them, nothing but terrible clatter and clanging. Yet all the while there floated out over and beyond the city the most entrancing music. Men in the fields paused in their work to listen, and were made glad. People in their homes and travelers on the highways were thrilled by the marvelous bell tones which fell from the tower.

There are many lives, which to those who dwell close beside them, seem to make no music; they pour out their strength in hard toil; they are shut up in narrow spheres; they dwell amid the noise and clatter of common task work; they think themselves that they are not of any use, that no blessing goes out from their life; they never dream that sweet music is made anywhere in the world by their noisy hammering. But out over the world, where the influence goes from their work and character, human lives are blest, and weary ones hear, with gladness, sweet, comforting music. (2169)

NECESSITY AND PROGRESS

When God told Moses to speak to the children of Israel and bid them go forward there was another urgency to reenforce this injunction. The chariots of Egypt were behind them; they must go forward or die.

Has not the greater part of human progress been due to necessities urging from behind and below—hunger, necessity for shelter, climates, hardships, trials. By all these God has ever been driving men up out of their Egypt of sloth and slavery toward a higher destiny. (2170)

Need of the World—See LOVE, THE WORLD'S NEED.

NEED, REFUSED IN THE HOUR OF

One of the most pathetic things in life is seen sometimes in country towns in the mountain regions of these United States—may be in some farming regions, too.

The scene is laid in a country store of a Saturday night. The busy salesmen were waiting on many customers—customers who buy vast quantities of calico and chewing-tobacco and Scotch snuff and plowgear, and always on credit.

Pretty much everybody from all about is in town. The elders have brought the youngsters, and these sturdy infants stare with wide eyes at everything.

But in this busy gathering, far back in the corner, a man from the country is talking earnestly to one of the partners. The partner wears a heavy gold chain across his vest, and is in his shirt sleeves. He shakes his head, whittling, meanwhile, a bit of box.

This man's credit has run out. He is trying to persuade the merchant to carry him a little longer—just a little longer, but the merchant doesn't see it that way. He wants money.

He goes to his book and calls the man from the country and shows him the things written there. Then he leans back and lights a fat cigar triumphantly.

The would-be customer makes one more effort and turns sadly away. He takes two children with him, one by each hand, and slowly goes out.

"Ain't we goin' to buy nothin'?" asks one of them. A spasm of pain shoots across the father's face.

"Not jest now, boy," he says; "after a bit—just you wait. There'll be lots of boots' boy size left—lots of 'em."—Dallas *News*. (2171)

Need, The World's—See MANLINESS.

NEEDS, MEETING CHILDREN'S

There is no more exceptional educational institution in America than the Berry School for mountain whites, near Rome, Ga., and yet the whole work grew out of a little Sunday-school that Miss Martha Berry established in the mountains near Possum Trot, Ga., less than ten years ago. At that time Miss Berry was residing on an estate which was all that was left of the fortune of the

Southern family to which she belonged. In taking her walks she was imprest by the desolate condition of the mountain children. Their parents were too poor to supply them with anything more than the barest necessities of life, and they were growing up in utter indifference to everything pertaining to education. To remedy this to a small degree, she invited a number of them to meet her every Sunday at a little cabin she owned, and there undertook to teach them a few of the things they most needed to know. At the time Miss Berry had no thought of establishing a permanent school. Instead of being a temporary affair, however, the school soon made itself an institution, practically without any effort on her part. So far as the children of the "poor whites" were concerned, they not only crowded her cabin to more than its full capacity every Sunday, but they finally came to her with the request that a day-school be added. For a time it looked as if the movement had come to a point beyond which it could not go, but finally Miss Berry screwed up sufficient courage to make a trip to the North that she might tell some of the rich philanthropists about her "poor white" boys and her mountain school. It was an interesting story that she had to tell, and she told it so well that she went back to her pupils with funds sufficient not only to maintain the school, but to enlarge it. To-day the school has one thousand acres of land, much of it under cultivation, and several fine buildings, in which fifteen teachers are kept busy instructing the one hundred and fifty pupils, not only in the studies of the ordinary school, but in the useful trades as well.—*Human Life.* (2172)

NEGATIVE AND POSITIVE CULTURE

The lesson of the following poem, by T. Berry Smith, is that if we cultivate the good diligently the evil will thereby be weeded out:

Two fields lay side by side. Only a hedge
Which ran athwart the plain dissevered them.
In one my title lay, and he who owned
The other was my brother. Each alike
Had generous part of one ancestral lot,
And each alike due diligence displayed
On that he called his own. At early spring
Each with a shining share upturned the soil
And gave it to the sun, the wind, the shower.
Thenceforth we rested not. Busily we
wrought
And wiped our briny brows 'neath burning
suns,
Biding the time of one far-off event.

At summer's end we each one came at last
To find our recompense. Each had his own,
The end for which he'd toiled. Through all
those days
My only thought had been no weeds should
grow,
But he had plowed 'mid rows of waving corn
And in so doing killed the cumbering weeds
That grew between. And now at summer's
close
Behold! my field was verdureless and bare,
While his was clad in vestiture of gold.
How vain my toil! His recompense how
full,
Who reaped so much, yet plowed no more
than I! (2173)

NEGATIVE DISCIPLINE

A little boy went to school, and the teacher asked, "What is your name?" He replied, "Johnny Dont." He had never heard his mother call him anything else and supposed that was his real name. There are too many parents who bring up their children on "don'ts." (2174)

NEGATIVE TEACHING

Professor Estabrook, the well-known educator, once told this story to teachers for the purpose of showing them the discouraging results that attend the negative form of command. A mother once sent her little boy to buy some eggs. "Take this basket," she said, placing it in his small hand, "and don't spill one or drop the basket. And don't fall down." As he was passing through the gate, she called after him, "Don't be gone long and don't break the eggs." After the little fellow had his order filled and started home all he could think about was not breaking or spilling the eggs. A vivid picture of broken shells filled his mind. With a fearful looking into the basket as if afraid they would jump out of themselves, he did not notice the large stone in his path and naturally fell over it, spilling and breaking the contents of the basket.

Our human tasks are done most safely and effectively not while we are concerned with the task, but while we keep in mind the exemplary Way by whose guidance all tasks are made plain. (2175)

The writer, some years ago, heard an educational worker at a teachers' institute tell the story of the mother who, on going away from home for a while, called her children for a few final precautionary prohibitions. Her conference with the children ran as follows:

"Children, you are not to go up-stairs while I am away. But if you do go upstairs, you are not to go into the back room. But if you do go into the back room, you are not to play with the beans piled there. But if you should play with the beans, do not put any into your noses."

There is no need to finish the narrative for any persons who know child-life. The physician eventually succeeded in preventing the nasal cavities from becoming vegetable gardens.

The story seemed to have been made to order. But it is not at all improbable. The writer knows of kittens having been put "into the Baltimore heater," and of little pigs having been run through a windmill after thoughtful parents had enjoined upon their children not to do these things. Thus does the law operate, as any fireside will abundantly verify.—A. B. Bunn Van Ormer, "Studies in Religious Nurture." (2176)

NEGLECT

Men were once engaged in driving a railway tunnel under a large river. While they were pushing the shield of the tunnel on its submarine journey a defective steel plate broke. All escaped except one man, who stumbled and fell. Before he could regain his feet the water engulfed him. It was the defective plate that did it. Far away somewhere, the makers of that plate failed to do their duty, and through their failure this man's life was lost. (2177)

See Decay; Indifference to the Good.

NEGLECT, CONSEQUENCES OF

The cause of an epidemic of typhoid fever among the 1,000 inhabitants of Three Oaks, Mich., was discovered when a member of the Board of Health climbed to the top of the waterworks' stand-pipe and found the bodies of several thousand young sparrows covering the surface of the water. Immediately the mayor gave instructions to empty the stand-pipe, scrub and paint it.

Hundreds of sparrow nests have been built on a ledge that runs around the summit of the stand-pipe and the young birds are supposed to have fallen in while trying to fly. The cover made for the stand-pipe when it was constructed was never put on The result was twenty-one cases of typhoid in the town. (2178)

Neglect in Church Attendance — See Church Services.

NEGLECT OF DUTY

John D. Rockefeller had for some months an expert greenhouse superintendent named Potts, who knew a good deal about greenhouse management. A recent visitor at the Rockefeller house missed Potts, and inquired for him. Then, according to *The Saturday Evening Post,* this conversation took place:

"Oh, Potts," said Mr. Rockefeller. "Yes, he knew more about greenhouse plants than any man I ever saw." "But where is he?" "Well, he's gone. It was wonderful, his knowledge of plants." "You must have hated to part with him." "Yes, I did. But it had to be. You see, he kept coming later and later every day and going home earlier and earlier." "Well, a man of his ability might have been worth retaining even on short hours." "Perhaps, perhaps. First he came and stayed eight hours, then six, then four; then he got down to two." But two hours of such a man's time was worth having." "Yes, yes," answered Mr. Rockefeller slowly. "Of course. I hope I appreciated Potts. I didn't object to two hours' service. But he got so he didn't come at all—just sent his card; then I dispensed with him." (2179)

NEGLECT OF GENIUS

W. J. Dawson tells us in "The Makers of English Poetry" that Burns was sick, poor and in debt. The last letter he ever wrote was a pathetic appeal to his cousin to lend him ten pounds, and save him from the terrors of a debtor's dungeon. It would not have been much to expect from that brilliant society of wealth and culture in Edinburgh that some help might have been forthcoming to soothe the dying hours of the man it had once received with adulation.

But no help came. There he lay, wasted by fever, his dark hair threaded with untimely gray; poor, penniless, overwhelmed with difficulties, but to the last writing songs, which won him no remuneration then, but which are now recognized as the choicest wealth of the nation which let him die uncomforted. (2180)

See UNREWARDED INVENTION.

NEGLECT OF OPPORTUNITY

James Buckham is the author of the following:

The day is done.
And I, alas! have wrought no good,
Performed no worthy task of thought or deed.
Albeit small my power, and great my need,
I have not done the little that I could.
With shame o'er forfeit hours I brood,—
The day is done.

I can not tell!
What good I might have done this day
Of thought or deed that still, when I am gone,
Had long, long years gone singing on and on,
Like some sweet fountain by the dusty way,
Perhaps some word that God would say—
I can not tell!

(Text.) (2181)

NEGLECT OF THE LIVING

On the 13th of July, 1816, occurred the funeral of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Many noblemen were present to pay a tribute to his extraordinary talents.

What a strange contrast! For some weeks before his death he was nearly destitute of the means of subsistence. Executions for debt were in the house; he passed his last days in the custody of sheriff's officers who abstained from conveying him to prison merely because they were assured that to remove him would cause his immediate death! And now, when dead, a crowd of persons, the first in rank and station and opulence, were eager to attend him to his grave. . . . His death had been rapidly accelerated by grief, disappointment, and a deep sense of the neglect he had experienced." (2182)

Neglect Overcome—See RANK, OBSEQUIOUSNISS TO.

NEGLECTED LIVES

What is sadder than a ruined house and a deserted farm? Last summer, in Maine, I looked upon such a one. The gate was broken down, the entrance was a mass of thorns. Weeds had ruined the roses, for ten years the apple trees had gone unpruned, the curb at the well had fallen in, the windows were out, the ceilings were wet, vermin crept under the floor. Decay was everywhere. Wild growths had sprung up in meadow and pasture and ruined the fields. Desolation was everywhere. At the gate one might have written this legend: "A place where man has ceased to work with God." Sadder scene there is not than a ruined rose-garden and a deserted house, given over to mice and rats, where once there was laughter and the shouts of children, and good talk between brave men. One thing alone is sadder—the deserted spiritual life. Lift up your eyes and look around on men. You find the multitudes who are neglected harvest-fields. Selfishness in them is rank. Self-aggrandizement is an unpruned growth. Pleasures run rampant. Like the green bay-tree, they flourish. And yet, their prosperity is a sham, their happiness an illusion, their influence a bubble.—N. D. HILLIS. (2183)

NEGLECTING THE HARVEST

It seems a very strange proceeding when a farmer plows and plants and cares for his crop through the summer and then lets it stand all winter in the fields, to be eaten by mice, pelted by storms, and go to waste; and yet he is quite as wise as the pastor who toils hard to persuade people to give their hearts to God and come into the Church, and then allows the converts to lapse into religious ruin through neglect. — *Western Christian Advocate.* (2184)

NEGRO EXCELLING

Estelle E. Gibbs, a negro girl, fourteen years old, living with her parents at No. 512 First Street, Hoboken, received to-day (Feb. 4, 1910), the first prize, a gold medal, at the graduating exercises of the Hoboken public school pupils, in the Gayety Theater. She had the highest average of any public-school scholar in the city—99 1-3 per cent. in six subjects. The medal was presented by Mayor Gonzales.

There are 10,000 white pupils in the schools and only 15 negroes. Only eleven negro families live in Hoboken. Estelle is the daughter of a Pullman car porter on the

Lackawanna Railroad. She is the only negro girl who has carried off such honors in Hoboken, and the only one to be graduated from the grammar school to the high school.

In all but one of her studies the girl was rated at 100. In geography she made 96. The five branches in which she reached the maximum were history, civics, spellings, arithmetic and grammar.

Eighteen questions were posted at the geography examinations, and the pupils had the privilege of selecting ten to answer. The teacher who conducted the examination says that Estelle picked out the ten hardest. The girl is rather small for her age, but can stand a lot of work.

While she was standing the final examination Estelle was so absorbed that she did not go home to lunch, but spent all the time, from nine o'clock until three, working on the questions. (2185)

NEGRO "MAMMY" REMEMBERED

The praises of the faithful black nurses of the South have long been sung, but it has remained for Texas to be the first State to formally recognize their worth. The citizens of Galveston have inaugurated a movement to erect and dedicate a monument to the old negro "mammy" of the South. It is planned to build a marble monument of appropriate design to cost $500,000, nearly half of which is already pledged. Resolutions concerning the plan pay this tribute: "Rapidly passing from the stage of events in the South are the few remaining representatives of one of the grandest characters which the history of the world records. Indeed, so high above all chronicles of pure, unselfish and unfaltering devotion, noble self-sacrificing and splendid heroism do they stand that they may be almost denominated a race in themselves." This is all much to the credit of Galveston and Texas. But would it not be better to erect, not a monument of marble, but an equally enduring memorial in the form of some splendid philanthropic institution for the uplift of the black race? Or a great hospital to care for suffering blacks? The tribute would then be both beautiful and useful.—*Christian Work.*

(2186)

NEGRO PROGRESS

The Rev. Charles Edward Stowe, the son of Harriet Beecher Stowe, returning from a trip through the South, where he had been studying the industrial conditions, said:

"Do you realize that the cotton crop is 1,000,000 bales a year bigger than it was in the old slave days, and that as far back as 1884 the negroes owned 1,000,000 acres of land in Georgia? I saw a big negro shuffle into an Atlanta bank and say: 'Boss, ah wondah of ah has dat fahm of mine paid foh yet?' The banker looked up the darky's account and found that he had not only paid for his land by his remittances, but that he had $700 to his credit." (2187)

Since the time the shackles were struck off the slaves, the negroes of the United States have had to their credit two Senators and seventeen Congressmen, besides scores of representatives in the diplomatic service and in official life, municipal, State and national. Negroes have won championships as pedestrians, bicycle-riders, and prize-fighters. As evidence of the intellectual endeavor and capacity of the race there are to-day (1908) 1,200,000 black children in the public schools, 30,000 in the higher institutions of learning, and 200 in northern and European colleges and universities. Over 2,000 have been graduated from colleges, and the professions show 30,000 school-teachers and professors, 2,000 lawyers, 1,500 doctors, dentists and pharmacists, and over 23,000 ministers of the gospel. In addition to all this, the negroes have taken out 500 patents, have published 400 books, composed numerous songs, and now own and edit 12 magazines and 300 newspapers. In a material way the negroes have also made noticeable progress. Besides many industrial establishments, they own and manage 26 banks, own 2½ per cent. of the total valuation of the farm property, produce six per cent. of the total farm products of the United States, and own $900,000,000 worth of real and personal property. — William A. Sinclair, "The Aftermath of Slavery." (2188)

Booker T. Washington, writing on "Negro Homes" in *The Century,* says:

The first negro home that I remember was a log cabin about fourteen by sixteen feet square. It had a small, narrow door, which hung on rusty, wornout hinges. The windows were mere openings in the wall, protected by a rickety shutter, which sometimes was closed in winter, but which usually hung dejectedly on uncertain hinges against the walls of the house. Such a thing as a glass window was unknown to this house. There was no floor, or, rather, there was a floor, but it was nothing more than the naked earth. There was only one room, which served as kitchen, parlor and bedroom for a family of five, which consisted of my mother, my elder brother, my sister, myself and the cat. In this cabin we all ate and slept, my mother being the cook on the place. My own bed was a heap of rags on the floor in the corner of the room next to the fireplace. It was not until after the emancipation that I enjoyed for the first time in my life the luxury of sleeping in a bed. It was at times, I suppose, somewhat crowded in those narrow quarters, tho I do not now remember having suffered on that account, especially as the cabin was always pretty thoroughly ventilated, particularly in winter, through the wide openings between the logs in the walls.

Probably there is no single object that so accurately represents and typifies the mental and moral condition of the larger proportion of the members of my race fifty years ago as this same little slave cabin. For the same reason it may be said that the best evidence of the progress which the race has made since emancipation is the character and quality of the homes which they are building for themselves to-day. (2189)

NERVE

Altho almost completely paralyzed, Fred J. Daniels, an engineer on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, managed to save passenger train No. 2, which he was running, from colliding with the rear end of a freight train. The train was near Maxwell, Pa., when, leaning out of his cab window, Daniels saw the rear lights of a freight.

At the same time a bolt dropping from the locomotive struck the driving-rod and was hurled at him. It hit his forehead and drove him backward. His neck struck with great force against the brake lever, and he fell to the floor helpless. Despite the blow, however, he reached for the lever as he fell and in some manner threw it into a notch which set the safety-brakes, and the train stopt a few yards from the rear end of the freight.

When the fireman reached Daniels he was helpless, unable to move, and is now but little better.—Baltimore *American*. (2190)

Nerve Essential in Christian Work—See MISSIONARY ADAPTATION.

NERVOUSNESS

Of the physical limitations under which Herbert Spencer worked many interesting glimpses are given. When writing his last book, "Facts and Comments," published a short time before his death and the result of two years' work, he was able to produce only ten lines a day. Even when a young man he was afflicted with a nervousness from which he sought relief in playing quoits and rackets. Each of these games he would play in some court attached to a house or pavilion, and after playing about twenty minutes would retire to cover and resume his writing until the nervousness returned, when he would play again. (Text.) (2191)

NEW AND OLD

A professor of mathematics from America was visiting a college in North China. To a native professor there he said, "There is a new method in mathematics being taught in America. It is called the 'short cut,' and is a method of casting out the nines." Imagine his surprize when the Chinese scholar replied, "The Chinese have been practising that method farther back than recorded history goes." And he called a pupil up to prove it. Sure enough, it was the "short cut," the casting out of the nines.

New things are not so new, and old things are coming to light. (Text.) (2192)

See SAFETY VALVES.

NEW, APPETENCY FOR THE

Botanists tell us that when the tree ceases to make new wood it begins to die. Indeed, the only real live part of our northern trees is the part just under the bark. It may be even rotten and hollow on the inside, so long as the sap courses vigorously on the exterior the tree lives, grows and is young. So the mind begins to die when it loses its appetite for things new, when the heavenly hunger for variety ceases. (Text.)—VYRNWY MORGAN, "The Cambro-American Pulpit." (2193)

NEW BIRTH

Perhaps you have seen the earth dry and dusty, with her fields brown and her streams low. That night a storm-cloud walked across the face of the sky, and in torrents broke over all the land. The next morning when you went forth there were the same fields and streams, but it was not the same earth, for a new earth greeted you; and so it is when the life, light and energy of the Holy Spirit is let into a man's life; he is still the same creature, formed in the likeness of his Maker, but he is not the same. He is a new man; he has been born again. (Text.)—ULYSSES G. WARREN. (2194)

NEW FAITHS

When the simple conch is built its tenant adds a larger disk from the material provided in the sea; but after a time "the outgrown shell" is altogether left by "life's unresting sea" and we find that empty shell cast on the shore. When the old temple has become obsolete humanity finds a spiritual home in new faith. (Text.) (2195)

NEW, THE

To market old remedies that have gone out of fashion, or fallen into discredit, clever manufacturers give them another name and a new wrapper. Purchasers who go by the label, and they are in the majority, think that they have found a godsend, and take up the concoction eagerly.

One is occasionally tempted to have recourse to such a trick, in the interest of certain old practises, excellent in themselves, but disqualified by abuse.—CHARLES WAGNER, "The Gospel of Life." (2196)

New Year—See COURAGE OF HOPE; FORWARD; IMPROVEMENT; STRENGTH.

New York's Growth—See CITY, GROWTH OF A GREAT.

Newness Discloses Ignorance—See DROUGHT, RESPONSIBILITY FOR.

NEWNESS OF EACH SOUL

Perhaps they laughed at Dante in his youth,
Told him that truth
Had unappealably been said
In the great masterpieces of the dead.
Perhaps he listened, and but bowed his head
In acquiescent honor, while his heart
Held natal tidings: that a new life is the part
Of every man that's born—
A new life never lived before,
And a new expectant art,
It is the variations of the morn
That are forever, more and more,
The single dawning of the single truth:
So answers Dante to the heart of youth.
—WITTER BYNNER, *The Century*.
(2197)

Newspaper Reporting — See CLASSICS, STUDY OF; REPORTS TO ORDER.

NEWSPAPERS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE

You can teach the missionary boards and secretaries a little sense as to the news value of missionary items. I know these missionary boards and officials; they are altogether respectable and useful members of society, but they do regard a reporter of the secular press as a nuisance. Of course many of them do not; there are a few here. But they usually say, "No, we have no news to-day." I have been in the office when a representative of a newspaper came in. "Anything new?" "No." And I knew that there was the best sort of a newspaper story right there; but it went into the drawer and stayed there three weeks until the whole matter was sent down to the monthly paper of the Church and buried. Anything that is of human interest is news. A man said to me, "I am going to quit *The Globe* because it is giving out all this slush of the Torrey-Alexander meetings." We gave from two to five columns a day to those meetings, and that man objected. I said to him, "Put up any sort of a meeting in that hall, and if you will fill that hall, afternoon and evening, I will give you from three to five columns." Those things that have human interest the people want and need.—J. A. MACDONALD, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906.
(2198)

Next Thing All Important—See DEFEAT.

Night Activities—See LIGHT.

NIGHT FOR REST

Between the days, the weary days,
He drops the darkness and the dew;
Over tired eyes his hands he lays,
And strength and hope and life renews.
Thank God for rest between the days!

Else who could bear the battle stress,
Or who withstand the tempest's shocks,
Who tread the dreary wilderness
Among the pitfalls and the rocks;
Came not the night with folded flocks?

The white light scorches and the plain
Stretches before us, parched with the heat;
But, by and by, the fierce beams wane;
And lo! the nightfall, cool and sweet,
With dews to bathe our aching feet!

For he remembereth our frame!
Even for this I render praise.
O, tender Master, slow to blame
The falterer on life's stormy ways,
Abide with us—between the days!
—*The British Weekly.*
(2199)

NIGHT, GOD'S PRESENCE IN THE

James Church Alvord writes these prayerful verses:

Not for to-morrow, Lord, I lift my eyes
Up through the darkness which between us lies;
Not 'gainst to-morrow's terror, toil or woe;
Not for to-morrow's joy or glad surprize—
Just for to-night.

When the day breaks and far the shadows flee
Strength for the conflict still shall come from Thee,
I all Thy grace shall prove, Thy comfort know.
O, let me feel this deep security—
Just for to-night.

Peace—'tis the gift Thou givest, peace and rest.
Come, bid me droop my head upon Thy breast!
Speak to me, Master, murmur soft and low,
Flood all my soul with Thy communion blest—
Just for to-night.

Nay, I'll not shun to-morrow's wild alarms:
Storms when Thou sendest, I'll not ask for calms.
Yet, I grow weary on the way I go:
Put underneath the everlasting arms—
Just for to-night.
(Text.) (2200)

Nightfall—See God, Sleepless Care of.

NO MAN'S LAND

There is a peculiar propriety in the name "No Man's Land," which has been applied to the group of rocky snow-clad islands four hundred miles to the north of the North Cape of Norway, once spoken of as East Greenland, and appearing on all modern maps as Spitzbergen. Wintering on these islands is practically impossible to civilized man. There are myriad petrels and gulls and wild geese in summer.

For two centuries the whalers and sealers—Swedes, Danes, Dutch, Norwegians—frequented these islands in summer months. The right whale disappeared. The seals became fewer. Visits to the islands became less frequent. Now coal has been discovered in such beds as to justify civilization in taking cognizance of "No Man's Land."

The United States accepted the invitation of Norway to take part in an international conference, at Christiana, to consider the government of Spitzbergen. Russia, Great Britain, Sweden, Germany and Denmark were invited. There is not much doubt that a form of government will be devised and a full agreement reached.

This is a significant movement toward extending law in some form to every bit of territory on the earth's surface. A century hence it will perhaps be impossible to find a square foot of earth that can be called "No Man's Land."—Brooklyn *Eagle.* (2201)

Nobility, Obscure—See Spiritual Nobility.

Noise, Vain—See Pretense.

Nomenclature, Absurd—See Absurdity in Nomenclature.

Non-Christian Religions—See Inadequacy of Non-Christian Religions.

NORMAL, THE, ARE THE HIGHEST

In the valley the sequoia is twenty feet in diameter, and this is natural. Now, climb the sides of the mountain, and the diameter drops to ten feet, to five feet, to two feet six inches, and finally you get an army of average six-inch sequoias. But don't say now that because the average on this rocky soil and these storm-swept peaks is six inches, that the great tree in the valley is abnormal. On the mountain side, with the thin soil, roots that cling to rocks, snows that bite, winds breaking the boughs, thunderbolts that burn and blacken, the average tree is small.

But this stunted tree is abnormal and unnatural. Your Plato is the natural man in the intellect. Shakespeare is the normal man in imagination. Wendell Phillips is the ordinary speaker. The men you call supreme and extraordinary represent man as God made them.—N. D. Hillis. (2202)

North Pole Conquest — See Conquest, Commonplace.

Nose, the Human, Deteriorating — See Deterioration by Disuse.

NOTE, A FALSE

Some friends were one evening sitting together in a happy circle listening to a phonograph as it reproduced the voices of a quartet of famous singers. Some of the listeners had ears sensitive to musical sounds and they shuddered at one point when a false note occurred. As often as the record returned the discordant jarring of that false note came in with repellent effect. In the midst of the beautiful strain this spoiled the harmony at each recurrence. It is so with character. A false moral concept unless corrected goes on forever producing falsehood in the life. (Text.) (2203)

See SELF-CONFIDENCE.

Nothing Lost in the Universe—See CONSERVATION.

NOTORIETY

Only persons of cheap character would be likely to resort to such a device as the following:

With more than 10,000 persons intently watching proceedings, George Lenfers and Miss Ora D. Williams were married on the top of the gas company's new giant smokestack, 222 feet from the ground, at high noon the other day. The streets and alleys for five blocks in every direction were jammed and high roofs were dotted with spectators as far as the eye could reach.

Thomas Englehard, the builder of the huge pile of concrete and steel, clasped a belt about the bride's waist and tied a rope to a ring in it. The other end of the rope he tied about his own waist and proceeded with the girl up the ladder. The groom followed with Rev. C. J. Armentraut, pastor of the Emanuel Presbyterian Church. (Text.) (2204)

NOURISHMENT FROM BENEATH

The soul that has its roots struck deep in the soil of God's providence will live and flourish in the most hostile moral climates of this world.

Did you ever see a watercress-pond in the midst of winter? It is a very attractive sight. With the thermometer far below the freezing-point, and with deep snow covering the ground and the branches of the trees, the patch of watercress stands out in striking contrast—a spot of vivid green like a carpet on the surface of the pond. That the plants are able to grow and flourish under such apparently impossible conditions of weather is due entirely to the warm springs which feed the pond. The water welling forth from the warm heart of the earth saves them from freezing. (Text.)—LOUIS ALBERT BANKS. (2205)

NOVELS GOOD AND BAD

To so affect a reader that his course of life becomes altered, must prove that the moving influence of fiction is strong indeed. With a weapon of such power placed in our hands, it rests with us to say how it shall be employed. If it has been used, carelessly so that low, selfish thoughts have been developed, it is our duty and joyous privilege to so write that lofty, noble sentiments shall rise and grow, tearing out all evil from the heart, as a growing tree splits a rock that once held it as a tiny seed in its moss-lined crevice. If the novel has inspired doubts as to the value, the grandeur and joy of living, fostering that slow, insidious canker of pessimism which like the poisoned arrows of the Indian permeates the system with its virus, the novel must now be made to bring calm peace by presenting noble lives of heroism, self-forgetfulness and service by a high ideal consistently followed.—*Book Chat.* (2206)

See TIME, PRECIOUS.

NOVELTY, THE PASSION FOR

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
  A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
  And they roam the world at will.

They range the field and they rove the flood,
  And they climb the mountain's crest;
Theirs is the curse of the gipsy blood,
  And they don't know how to rest.

If they just went straight they might go far;
  They are strong and brave and true;
But they're always tired of the things that are,
  And they want the strange and new.

—ROBERT W. SERVICE, "The Spell of the Yukon." (2207)

NOW, DO IT

When you've got a job to do, do it now! If it's one you wish was through, do it now! If you're sure the job's your own, just tackle it alone; don't hem and haw and groan—do it now! Don't put off a bit of work, do it now! It doesn't pay to shirk, do it now! If you want to fill a place, and be useful in the race, just get up and take a brace, do it now! Don't linger by the way, do it now! You'll lose if you delay, do it now! If the other fellows wait, or postpone until it's late, you hit up a faster gait—do it now!—*Intelligencer*. (2208)

Numbers, Courage of—See COWARDICE.

Numbers Without Meaning — See BIGNESS.

Nurse, Florence Nightingale as a—See LIFE, A DEVOTED.

NUTRIMENT OF THE SOUL

Last summer I went to an agricultural college. I had been under the delusion that black clods turned to strawberries, and that red clay ripened apples and wheat shocks. One day the professor handed me a large microscope to study two blades of corn, growing in a little pot of earth. Now there was something lacking in the soil. The little stock was yellow, sickly, and come to the moment of death. It throbbed a little, but the pulse beat low. What was the matter? All it needed was nitrogen. Nitrogen? Why there were billions of tons of nitrogen in the air, forty miles thick. When a man has pneumonia he dies, not because there are not billions of tons of oxygen above him, but because he can not absorb the oxygen. The soil could not help the dying corn plant. The rain could not help it—poor little plant that pants and pants, because it can not get that invisible nourishment in nitrogen. So we took a little liquor that held a few nodules from a nitrogenous alfalfa root, and poured it about the dying blade of corn. In a single hour the pulse began to beat true and firm; another morning came and the sickly yellow had changed to green. In a week the corn was growing like a weed. Out in the field were two acres of corn, sown broadcast. One acre was in the starved soil and yielded nine hundred pounds of fodder; the other acre yielded over ten thousand pounds, through that rich invisible food.

Not otherwise is it with the soul.—N. D. HILLIS. (2209)

NUTRITION, PROPER

"With the exception of carbon, the food of plants comes from the soil and it is dissolved in the soil water. If the soil does not contain food enough, the plant can not grow well, even tho they have everything else they need. The ideal soil must have sufficient plant food in a form that can dissolve in water to supply the needs of crops grown on it."

There must be religious nutriment in the soil of education and training in order to proper moral growth. (Text.) (2210)

O

OASES

Among the African deserts are some fertile spots. They are occasioned by springs which arise in little dells and moisten the ground for some distance around them. They are islands of verdure and beauty and refreshing in an ocean of desolation. Some of them are very extensive and contain a considerable population. One of these is called the Great Oasis, consisting of a chain of fertile tracts of about a hundred miles in length. Another is the Oasis of Siwah, which has a population of eight thousand souls.

Is not life dotted with just such oases that gladden the desert expanse that surrounds so many pilgrims of earth? (Text.) (2211)

OATHS

The primary idea of taking an oath is that we call upon the Deity to bear witness to the sincerity or truth of what we assert, and so, as it were, register our oath in heaven. When Abraham, for example, raised his hands to heaven while swearing an oath to the King of Sodom, he pointed to the supposed residence of the Creator. Afterward, when men set up inferior deities of their own, they appealed to the material images of symbols that represented them, whenever an oath was administered. The most usual form of swearing among the ancients was, however, by touching the altar of the gods. Other rites, such as libations, the burning of incense and sacrifices accompanied the touching of the altar. Demosthenes swore by the souls of those who fell at Marathon. Anciently, too, mariners swore by their ships, fishermen by their nets, soldiers by their spears, and kings by their scepters. The ancient Persians swore by the sun, which was the common object of their adoration, while the Scythians pledged themselves by the air they breathed and by their simitars. Descending to more modern times, the Saxons pledged themselves to support their homes and privileges by their arms; and the punishment for perjury or non-fulfilment of an oath was the loss of the hand that had held the weapon at the compact. The Spartans were wont to assemble around a brazier of fire, and, pointing their short swords to the sky, call upon the gods to bear witness to the compact. Swearing by the sword, in fact, retained its significance down to comparatively modern times, tho in a slightly modified form. Thus, while the pagans extended the point of the weapon toward the supposed residence of the gods, the warriors of Christianity after kissing it, directed the hilt—the true emblem of their faith—to heaven. A later form of oath was the pressing of the thumb upon the blade. Gradually, however, the practise became obsolete; and the kissing of the hilt, accompanying the words, "By this good sword!" was handed down almost to the time when the wearing of a sword by gentlemen was abolished, as one of the strictest codes of civil honor.—London *Standard*. (2212)

OBEDIENCE

When the Duke of Wellington received a very intrepid battalion returning from a bloody campaign it was observed that he said nothing of their courage, praising only their discipline and subordination to command. Civilians were surprized. The field marshal's reason was ready—Englishmen are expected to be brave, but obedience is a higher honor. War itself, as a science of slaughter, is not a lofty kind of work, as the most courageous warriors in later days always admit. Yet the military profession is an elevated one in civilized countries, because it is a discipline of character in the principle of authority. — Bishop Huntington, *The Forum*. (2213)

Hon. Richmond P. Hobson, in relating some of his experiences after he and his men were captured by the Spanish, tells the following story:

The next day, when it seemed uncertain whether or not a remnant of the Inquisition was to be revived, when the enemy did not know whether it was his fault or ours that a ship had been sunk, and rather inclined to the belief that he had sunk an American battleship and that we were the only survivors out of several hundred, the men were taken before the Spanish authorities and serious and impertinent questions put to them. Remember, they did not know what it might cost them to refuse to answer, Spanish soldiers of the guard standing before them, making significant gestures with their hands edgewise across their throats. Our seamen laughed in their faces. Then a Spanish major questioned Charette, because he spoke French, and asked him this question: "What was your object in coming here?"

And so long as I live I shall never forget the way Charette threw back his shoulders, proudly lifted his head and looked him in the eye as he said:

"In the United States Navy, sir, it is not the custom for the seamen to know, or to desire to know, the object of an action of his superior officer."

Obedience to the right, is an all too rare virtue, yet upon it depend the foundations of society and the spread of God's kingdom. We are privileged to know and also to obey. (2214)

The Princess of Wales, according to *The Youth's Companion*, has trained her children so carefully in habits of obedience and veracity that they are nearly models of what children should be in those particulars. Upon one occasion, however, they were sorely tempted. This was when their loving and beloved grandmother, Queen Alexandra, brought them a big box of bonbons. But when the sweets were offered to them, one child after another reluctantly but firmly declined to take any.

"We like them, but mother has forbidden us to eat them," explained the eldest prince.

"You can have the sugar-plums if I say you may," said the indulgent Queen. "I will tell mama all about it when she returns."

Prince Eddie wavered momentarily, then reiterated his refusal.

"We'd like them," he sighed, "but that's what mother said."

The Queen was slightly annoyed by this opposition.

"But if I say you may—" she said.

Prince Eddie stood his ground, a hero between two fires—the wishes of his adored mother and those of his equally adored grandmother. His sisters and his brothers followed his lead. When the Queen went away she put the bonbons on the nursery table and there they stayed for months untouched, a handsome monument to the thoroughness of the princess's training and the respectful love and devotion of her children. (Text.) (2215)

OBEDIENCE, A TYPE OF

Admiral Dewey served through the Civil War, and had the fortune to get always into the thickest of the fight. When in command of the *Dolphin*, he exhibited his ideas of obedience. One of his "Jacks" refused to obey an order of his lieutenant and was reported to Dewey. "What!" said Dewey, "you refuse? Do you know this is mutiny?" The man still remained stubborn. Thereupon Dewey told the captain to call the guard. He stood the obdurate seaman on the far side of the deck, and ordered the marines to load. Then he took out his watch and said, "Now my man, you have just five seconds to obey that order," and began to count the seconds. At the fourth count the man moved off with alacrity to obey the order. The admiral was a man to be trusted implicitly to carry out orders, which fact had become a byword at the Navy Department, and he won fame from the custom he had formed of doing the thing expected of him.—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (2216)

OBEDIENCE AND GREATNESS

The moon calls to the Atlantic and the mighty seas lift themselves in great tidal waves as they follow their mistress round the globe. It calls with equal insistence to the wayside pool and this passing reminder of yesterday's shower yields not an inch. The dust speck dances in the sunlight impudently or ignorantly defiant of the law which holds the earth with a grip of steel as it goes bounding along through a wilderness of stars held steady by the same hand. Be it big enough and noble enough, it knows how to obey.—JOHN H. WILLEY. (2217)

OBEDIENCE IN SPIRIT

It is told of an Eastern king how, planning to visit a remote part of his kingdom, he sent ahead a trusted minister to build for his royal master a suitable palace to live in. When the royal courier reached the end of his journey he found a plague raging and the people dying by thousands. So instead of building the contemplated palace, he took the money and spent it in medicine and bread for the poor sufferers, dug graves and buried the dead, and bought clothing to protect the living. When the king came on and found what was done, instead of punishing his minister he commended him, saying, "Oh, faithful servant, you have builded for me a palace in the hearts of my people—built it out of the tombstones which you have erected over the graves of the dead; jeweled it with the tears you have wiped away, made it echo with songs out of the sobs which you have stilled."

These servants followed the spirit of the king's command, not the letter. Will not God be well pleased with a similar obedience from His children? (Text.) (2218)

Object-preaching — See SERMON, SAVING A.

OBJECT-TEACHING

Many men could be brought to abandon their evil habits if they could have them as plainly pictured as the man did in the following incident:

A rich profligate kept two monkeys for his amusement. Once he peeped into his dining hall where he and his friends had been enjoying themselves in wine, and found his pets mimicking the recent party. They mounted the table, helped themselves to the wine, and gestured and jabbered as they had seen their master and his guests doing. Soon they got merry and jumped all about the room. Then they got to fighting on the floor and tearing each other's hair. The master stood in amazement. "What," he said, "is this a picture of me? Do even the brutes rebuke me?" Ever afterward he was a sober man. (2219)

Object - teaching, Successful — See WARMTH, LOST.

Objection Overcome—See TACT.

OBLIGATION

George William Curtis exhibited an unusual honesty. Not only had he a fine sense of obligation where there was no legal or moral responsibility, but he considered himself bound by obligations made by others, in which he had no part. Upon his father's death, Curtis assumed his liabilities, amounting to $20,000, which took many years of personal deprivation for him to pay; and later, upon the failure of a firm in which he was merely a special partner for only a small amount, and having no part in the management, he refused the immunity allowed under the law, and gave up almost his entire fortune to pay the firm's indebtedness. — JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (2220)

OBLIGATION TO THE CHURCH

There are some people who seem to think they have a through ticket on a vestibule train for heaven. Having paid their pew-rent, taken a seat in the church for a pleasing Sunday service, feeling no obligation to do anything to move the church onward spiritually, they consider themselves at liberty to find fault with the minister and the choir, just as the critical complaining passenger, who, having paid for his ticket and secured his berth, looks upon the train officers and all, as bound to be simply subservient to his individual fancy and pleasure. Is it not time that those who are divinely commended to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling got rid of the passenger notion of getting to heaven? (Text.)—*The Living Church.* (2221)

OBLIGATIONS, MEETING

No chapter in Mark Twain's life gave more basis for the great love of his countrymen than that of his unsuccessful business affairs, his simple, uncomplaining facing of them, and his honest fulfilling of his debts to the last farthing. Coming upon him when sixty years of age, and with disheartening completeness, the failure of his publishing firm might well have bowed down a stronger man; and there can be no doubt but that his cheerful humor saved him, in bearing up under the disappointment, as it enabled him to pay his obligations in a financial way.

The firm of C. L. Webster & Co. was organized in 1884, and Mark Twain became president and chief stockholder. As head of the concern his essentially literary and unbusinesslike leanings led him to oversee only the broadest lines of the publishing policy, leaving the administrative details to other hands. Owing to the character of some of the works which the company put out, its ventures were more than ordinarily large; the memoirs of Gen. Grant netted between $250,000 and $300,000 in royalties alone to the general's widow.

On April 14, 1894, after several reverses, the firm made an assignment for the benefit of its creditors. Mark Twain had already put in more than $65,000 of his own money in an attempt to save the company; he had also lost heavily in trying to develop a type-setting machine. Liquidation showed liabilities of $96,000. Sixty years old, with a wife and three daughters to provide for, Mark Twain voluntarily gave up all his personal assets as a partial satisfaction of his debts and accepted the burden of those remaining. He said, splendidly:

"The law recognizes no mortgage on a man's brain, and a merchant who has given up his all may take advantage of the law of insolvency, and start free again for himself; but I am not a business man, and honor is a harder master than the law. It can not compromise for less than one hundred cents on the dollar" — New York *Evening Post.* (2222)

OBSCURANTISM

Literal fogs may be very detrimental, but it would be more valuable to clear away the fogs of ignorance and prejudice from human minds.

Fogs are not only disagreeable, but very expensive, especially in fog-bound London, where they are often the cause of great loss to merchants. During the week preceding Christmas in a recent year it is estimated that as a result of foggy weather at least $50,000,000 was lost in that city, business being paralyzed for the time being. This being the case, the invention of some means for clearing the air of fog would mean to the British merchant a very material increase of prosperity. The problem is one of such serious importance that experiments are now being carried on with a view of finding practical means for dispelling the dense atmospheric conditions. — W. RAYMOND, *The American Inventor.* (2223)

OBSCURITY, LITERARY

Thomas Scott, the Biblical Commentator, once wrote a commentary on "The Pilgrim's Progress." He gave a copy of it to an old woman. Some time after he called to see her. "Have you been reading the book I gave you?" he asked her. "Yes, sir." "Do you understand it?" "Well, sir," she said, "I can understand what Mr. Bunyan wrote, and I think that some day by the grace of God I may be able to understand your explanation of it." (2224)

OBSERVATION, KEENNESS IN

Numerous mistakes in life, in literature and in science are due to imperfect or erroneous observation. The following story from the *Penn Monthly*, which is quite apropos, is related of Agassiz, and it is sufficiently characteristic of this remarkably accurate observer to have the merit of probability:

Once upon a time the professor had occasion to select an assistant from one of his classes. There were a number of candidates for the post of honor, and finding himself in a quandary as to which one he should choose, the happy thought occurred to him of subjecting three of the more promising students in turn to the simple test of describing the view from his laboratory window, which overlooked the side yard of the college. One said that he saw merely a board fence and a brick pavement; another added a stream of soapy water; a third detected the color of the paint on the fence, noted a green mold or fungus on the bricks, and evidences of "bluing" in the water, besides other details. It is needless to tell to which candidate was awarded the coveted position. (*2225*)

Observation Profitable—See Insect, a Model.

OBSERVATION, VALUE OF

Louis Agassiz, after he had spent fifteen years as a teacher of science in this country, when asked what was the best result of his efforts, replied: "I have educated five observers," referring to the five senses. He claimed that the noblest profession in the world was that of teacher; and that especially in science, the teacher's most important work was to train the student in habits of observation. Lowell called it a divine art—that of seeing what others only look at.

Educate the five senses and you make them fit teachers to educate you. (*2226*)

OBSTACLES

Apparently some people are ignorant, and others have forgotten, that we have no sense that is capable of discriminating between high and low speed, or even between motion and rest, except by noting the usual accompaniments of motion, such as the apparent movement of surrounding objects, the resistance of the atmosphere, or the jolting due to obstacles in the path. If our surroundings move with us and the motion is smooth, our methods of detecting it fail. Thus, we can not feel the great velocity with which the earth is moving through space. In like manner, a train on a rough road seems to be going faster at forty miles an hour than one on a smooth road at sixty. The sensations of high-speed trave depend largely, therefore, on the conditions of that travel.

In the same way our moral progress can only be measured by the obstacles we meet and overcome. (*2227*)

See Happiness; Rebuffs a Stimulant.

Obstacles Overcome—See Energy, Indomitable.

OBSTACLES, UNEXPECTED

Dr. Cecil Carus-Wilson described before the Linnean Society in London recently some singular observations concerning the inclusion of stones in the roots and stems of trees.

Oaks growing in a gravel pit in Kent had so many stones imbedded in their roots that they resisted attempts to saw them. Some of the roots are described as consisting of "a conglomerate formed of flints inclosed in a woody matrix." In one specimen 67 flints were found, the largest weighing several pounds. In Norton churchyard, near Faversham, are three old yew-trees, in two of which flints and fragments of tiles have been seen at a height of seven feet above the ground. In Molash churchyard are other yew-trees which have flints imbedded in their trunks as much as eight feet above the ground. The tissues of the wood appear to have grown round the stones, which have been carried upward with the growth of the trees. (*2228*)

Obstinacy—See Suggestion.

Obstruction—See Little Things.

Occasion, Equal to the—See Rank, Obsequiousness to.

OCCUPATION AND HEALTH

There are some occupations that ought to be salvatory to those that engage in them, as that of the physician or the minister. Yet all occupations may so serve, if the man who works in them thus determines. As an instance of service salvatory to the worker, an English writer refers to the immunity from disease of those who work in the oil-fields:

There is no difficulty in accounting for this. Carbolic acid, one of the most powerful of our disinfectants, is abundantly produced in the oilworks, and this is carried by the clothes of the men, and with the fumes of the oil into the dwellings of the workmen and through all the atmosphere of the neighborhood, and has thereby counteracted some of the most deadly agencies of organic poisons. Besides this, the paraffin oil itself is a good disinfectant. (2229)

OCCUPATION OF THE MIND

A certain boy who was distinctly bad in the Sunday-school class was observed to be one of the best in the industrial class held on Saturday. "How is it," said the teacher, "that you cut up so in Sunday-school and behave so well here?" "Well," said the boy, "here I have something to occupy my mind; in Sunday-school I don't."—Walter L. Harvey, "Journal of the Religious Education Association," 1903. (2230)

Occupation, Slavery to—See Engrossment in Business.

Occupation, Wrong — See Sympathy Royal.

Occupations, Comparing—See Values, Standard of.

Occupations of Women—See Alumnæ Occupations.

ODD BEHAVIOR

Paul Veronese, like many other painters, was given to eccentric moods and odd habits. On one occasion he accepted the hospitality of a family at their beautiful country villa. He assumed great liberties during his visit, claiming absolute possession of his room, allowing not even a servant to enter. He would not suffer the maid to make his bed, and the sweepings of the room were left every morning outside of the door for her to remove. He slipt away without bidding the family good-by. On entering the room the servant found the sheets of the bed missing and at once reported that the painter must have stolen them. After careful search a roll was found in a corner, which proved to be a magnificent picture of "Alexander in the tent of Darius." It was painted on the missing sheets of the bed, and the artist had chosen this curious way of recompensing his hosts for their generous hospitality.—Frank H. Stauffer, *The Epoch.* (2231)

ODD ONE, THE

"As every one who has visited London knows," said a young man formerly attached to our embassy at the British capital, "the number of passengers carried on certain 'busses is limited by regulation.

"Once a kindly Irish conductor, tho quite aware that his 'bus was full, had permitted a young and sickly woman to squeeze in. The 'bus had not proceeded far before the usual crank spoke up. 'Conductah!' he exclaimed, 'You've one over your number, y'know.'

"'Have I, sir?' asked the conductor with affected concern. Then, beginning to count from the opposite end, leaving the complainant until the last, he repeated: 'Wan, two, three, four, foive, six, sivin, eight, noine, tin, 'lefen, twelve, thir—so I have sir, an', be the Lord Harry, ye're the wan. Out ye go!'

"And out he did go."—Boston *Transcript.* (2232)

ODORS

As each nation has its peculiar cut of dress, so each has its national odors apart from race odor. Esson Third says:

The Korean gentleman carries about with him two odors that are specially noticeable to a newcomer. I once made a journey with a Western friend who had a somewhat highly keyed sense of smell, and I remember his stopping short on the road as we walked along, tapping me on the arm and with a long sniff saying: "There it is again." "What is it?" I asked. "That peculiar smell," said he. I sniffed long and hard, but there was nothing but the fresh morning breeze and the delightful odors of hill and field. "I've smelt it before," said he, "and I'll tell you later when I smell it again."

We tracked that odor for two days, and then we discovered that it came from the black lacquer hat. The odor of lacquer is one of Korea's national smells. The second smell is due to a mixture of garlic, onions, cabbage, salt, fish, and other ingredients, that make up the Korean pickle so greatly enjoyed with their rice. This odor clings like that of Limburger cheese, and follows the native to church and into all the other walks of life.—JAMES S. GALE, "Korea in Transition." (2233)

OFFENDED FEELINGS

To think about something else is the best and only sure cure for offended feelings. To think about the offense—its unkindness, its injustice, its meanness of spirit, and all its other ugly aspects—only adds to its sting and deepens our own suffering or anger. This hurts us, and helps no one. Eggs are not the only things that are given added life and power by being brooded over. If we want to enlarge and multiply everything unpleasant in that which has offended us, brooding over it will do it. If we want to have done with it and get it out of our life as quickly as possible, to turn deliberately away from it and concentrate our thought and energy upon something else is our sure road to success. "When any one has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offense can not reach it," Descartes is credited with saying. But we can not lift ourselves by mere will power. We can lose ourselves by devotion to something else—and thus we can lose the offense.—*Sunday School Times.* (2234)

OFFENSE, ROCK OF

Fred J. Atwood voices the regret of those who, by failing to live, will lead others astray:

Because, professing still to be
  A follower of the Lamb of God,
I walk in devious paths where he
  Is never seen, has never trod,
E'en thus it is that some, through me,
The Master's face may never see.

Because, professing to be wise,
  And to have found the Truth, the Way,
I oft am seen in Folly's guise,
  Unmindful whom I thus betray,—
Yet so it is that some, through me,
To heaven's gate may lose the key.

Because, professing his dear name
  Whose love is infinitely great,
My tongue will even friends defame,
  And flashing eyes oft tell of hate,—
Alas, alas, that some, through me,
May, hopeless, face eternity! (2235)

Offerings—See LOVE'S ACCEPTABLE OFFERING.

OFFERINGS, EXTRAVAGANT

When Alexander was a young man, he was one day present at the offering of sacrifices, and Leonnatus, one of his teachers, who was standing by, thought he was rather profuse in his consumption of frankincense and myrrh, for he was taking it up by handfuls and throwing it on the fire. Leonnatus reproved him for his extravagance, adding that when he became master of the countries where these costly gums were procured he might be as prodigal of them as he pleased. Alexander remembered the reproof years later, and finding vast stores of these gums in Gaza, he sent to Leonnatus large quantities of them, telling him that he might not have occasion to be so sparing for the future in his sacrifice to the gods. (Text.) (2236)

OFFERINGS, THE POOREST

In the middle of the summer season tails of sick cattle are principal native offerings at Saint Herbot, a small parish not far from Paris, France. The annual cattle fair brings together a great number of dealers from all parts of Brittany. Business goes on from early morning until three o'clock in the afternoon, when every one adjourns to the church and joins in the service, at which the benediction of heaven on the worshipers' heads is implored. The custom is for the breeders to cut off the tails of sick animals and lay the tails on the altar, the idea being that this ceremony will restore the sick animals to health. The tails are afterward sold and considerable money realized from the sale.

Many people are just this way toward God. The poorest products of their life they give to God, and make themselves believe that is giving. To give the tailings of the threshing floor is to give chaff. To give the tailings of the reduction mill is to give the low-grade ore. To give the tail ends of anything is to give the poorest. (2237)

OFFERINGS, UNWORTHY

At the heathen festivals in India, the traffickers in sacrificial goods resort to all sorts of devices. Low-caste men have baskets containing little pigs from two days to a month old. These they sell to the high-caste worshipers, cutting the throat of the pig in the presence of the buyer and smearing some blood upon his pious forehead. But by a trick known to the salesman, the windpipe is not severed, so he sells the pig over and over. In the same way coconuts are sold whose milk has been dry for years, and rotten fruit and blind animals are bought at bargains—anything is good enough for offerings to the gods! (2238)

OFFICE-SEEKING

Some Missouri Republican, hungry for an office, resorted to rather a novel method of attracting the attention of Governor-elect Hadley. He cut away the sole from an old shoe, carefully removed the pegs, and then, with a lead-pencil, addrest a letter on the worn side of the surface. Unfortunately, his signature could not be deciphered, nor was the address legible.

Curiosity on the part of those who handled this missive may have been in part responsible for its condition when it reached the attorney-general's office. This much could be made out:

"I am a Republican and want a piece of pie. Anything will do me from guard at the penitentiary up as high as you will go. If you can't give me a slice of pie, please save me a bite of the crust.

So long as the spirit of the writer of this unusual epistle is abroad in the land, politics will be degraded and a better state of things retarded. (2239)

Oil on the Waters—See Experiment.

Old Age—See Immortality.

Old Age and Work—See Fame and Time.

OLD AGE CHEERED

The incident related below by the Rev. Asa Bullard is an example that ought frequently to be imitated:

At the "Old People's Day" in 1881, I was invited to be with Mr. Batt. The house was quite full on the occasion. There were sixty people present who were over sixty years of age, and twenty-five who were eighty years of age or more. A bouquet was presented to each of these twenty-five. They arose, as their names were called, and received the bouquets as they were presented by the hands of children. At the close of the meeting one of those addrest said: "It knocked twenty years right off from my age."—"Incidents in a Busy Life." (2240)

OLD AGE INCURABLE

The following story is told of John Hay:

He had been ailing one time, and a friend made bold to ask what the trouble was. "I am suffering from an incurable disease," answered Mr. Hay bravely.

A sense of delicacy prevented the friend from making further inquiry; but he told the story to many of his associates, nearly all of whom were acquainted with Mr. Hay, and the report soon spread around Washington that a deadly disease held the Secretary of State within its grasp. One intimate acquaintance of Mr. Hay determined to find out the nature of the secretary's ailment, and addrest him one day with the remark: "I have been told that you are suffering from an incurable disease. Is it true?" "It is," said Mr. Hay, in a sad tone. "What is the incurable disease?" then asked the insistent acquaintance. "Old age," exclaimed Mr. Hay, with a chuckle. (Text.)—Milwaukee *Free Press.* (2241)

OLD, ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE

To feel young and able to take on new duties and perform them satisfactorily at the age of 73 should put heart into every discouraged person who is nearing the seventies. Such a person was the matron of the "rest home" for working girls, Arrity Hale.

When Arrity Hale was seventy-three years old, her husband having died some time before, she began to find it hard work keeping her small house going. She never told any one of this, but neighbors began to suspect it. A well-known New York family had a country-place near the village, and they had always been on friendly terms with Mrs. Hale. One member of this family was connected with the Working Girls' Vacation Society, and she, with some other women, was contemplating the foundation of a home in the neighborhood as a branch of the society.

The woman in question and her friends interested with her in the project, were all alumnæ of Miss Green's school in this city. Miss Green was a famous preceptress a generation or so ago, and she numbered in her classes at No. 1 Fifth Avenue many of the girls who are now the society matrons of the city. After teaching three generations of pupils, and when she was considerably more than seventy years old, she decided to give up her work.

Her old pupils determined to do something in her honor, something that would be a lasting tribute to her, and acting upon a suggestion from her, they determined to purchase a cottage in the country to be used as a rest-home for working girls during their summer vacations. That was how the "L. M. Green Cottage" was established.

Knowing that Arrity Hale was not in the best of circumstances, they approached her with an offer to buy her farm and establish her in it as matron. She eagerly accepted, and the plan was at once put in operation. Some of the members of the society were rather dubious about putting a woman over seventy years old in charge of a houseful of girls, but in a season or two this feeling had entirely disappeared. Mrs. Hale had no trouble at all.

Every girl who visited the Green Cottage left with a regret that she could not spend all her life there. (Text.) (2242)

OLD, HOW TO GROW

Softly, oh, softly the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care;
Sorrow and death they have often brought nigh thee,
Yet have they left thee but beauty to wear.
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,
Nearer each day to that pleasant home-light;
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,
Under full sail and the harbor in sight;
Growing old cheerfully,
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling,
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest,
Past all the currents that lured thee unwilling
Far from thy course to the Land of the Blest;
Growing old peacefully,
Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow
When the bright faces of children are seen,
Never a year from the young wouldst thou borrow—
Thou dost remember what lieth between;
Growing old willingly,
Thankful, serene.

Rich in experience that angels might covet;
Rich in a faith that has grown with thy years,
Rich in a love that grew from and about it,
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears;
Growing old wealthily,
Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened,
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;
Many a face at thy kind word has brightened;
"It is more blessed to give than receive."
Growing old happily,
Ceasing to grieve. (2243)

OLD-TIME REVELS

Talk about dissipations, ye who have ever seen the old-fashioned sideboard! Did I not have an old relative who always, when visitors came, used to go up-stairs and take a drink through economical habits, not offering anything to his visitors? On the old-fashioned training-days the most sober men were apt to take a day to themselves. Many of the familiar drinks of to-day were unknown to them, but their hard cider, mint julep, metheglin, hot toddy and lemonade in which the lemon was not at all prominent, sometimes made lively work for the broad-brimmed hats and silver knee-buckles. Talk of dissipating parties of to-day and keeping of late hours! Why, did they not have their "bees" and sausage-stuffings and tea-parties and dances, that for heartiness and uproar utterly eclipsed all the waltzes, lanciers, redowas and breakdowns of the nineteenth century, and they never went home till morning.—T. De Witt Talmage. (2244)

Old Truths—See Solidity of Old Truths.

OLD-YEAR MEMORIES

Let us forget the things that vext and tried us,
The worrying things that caused our souls to fret;
The hopes that, cherished long, were still denied us
Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us,
The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet;
The pride with which some lofty one disdained us
Let us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,
The yielding to temptation that beset,
That he perchance, tho grief be unavailing,
Can not forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserving,
Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng,
The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,
Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous giving,
When friends were few, the hand-clasp warm and strong,
The fragrance of each life of holy living,
Let us remember long.

Whatever things were good and true and gracious,
Whate'er of right has triumphed over wrong,
What love of God or man has rendered precious,
Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it has taught us,
We tenderly may bid the year "Good-by,"
Holding in memory the good it brought us,
Letting the evil die. (Text.)

—SUSAN E. GAMMON, *Christian Advocate.* (2245)

Omens—See SUPERSTITION.

OMNISCIENCE

Here is a sentiment of the Psalms repeated in distant Japan by one who, perhaps, had never read about the all-seeing One who "understandeth our thoughts afar off":

Take heed unto thyself; the mighty God
That is the soul of nature, sees the good
And bad that man in his most secret heart
Thinks by himself, and brings it to the light.

(Text.)—Her Majesty the Empress HARUKO of Japan. Translated by ARTHUR LLOYD. (2246)

There was in my regiment during the Civil War—I was chaplain—a certain corporal, a gay-hearted fellow and a good soldier, of whom I was very fond—with whom on occasion of his recovery from a dangerous sickness I felt it my duty to have a serious pastoral talk; and while he convalesced I watched for an opportunity for it. As I sat one day on the side of his bed in the hospital tent chatting with him, he asked me what the campaign, when by and by spring opened, was going to be. I told him that I didn't know. "Well," said he, "I suppose that General McClellan knows all about it." (This was away back in 1861, not long after we went to the field.) I answered: "General McClellan has his plans, of course, but he doesn't know. Things may not turn out as he expects." "But," said the corporal, "President Lincoln knows, doesn't he?" "No," I said, "he doesn't know, either. He has his ideas, but he can't see ahead any more than General McClellan can." "Dear me," said the corporal, "it would be a great comfort if there was somebody that did know about things"—and I saw my chance. "True, corporal," I observed, "that's a very natural feeling; and the blest fact is there is One who does know everything, both past and future, about you and me, and about this army; who knows when we are going to move, and where to, and what's going to happen; knows the whole thing." "Oh," says the corporal, "you mean old Scott!"—JOSEPH H. TWICHELL. (2247)

Omnipresence, A Wrestle with—See CHILDREN'S RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

One Idea, The Man With—See ENGROSSMENT IN BUSINESS.

ONE, WINNING

In St. John's Church, in the little town of Beverley, England, one stormy evening in December, 1853, a meeting of the church missionary society was being held at which a scant audience was present, including just one young man, who on the Sunday previous had been particularly invited to attend. The vicar of the church, the Rev. A. T. Carr, suggested a postponement, but the speaker, a venerable rector of a near-by town, replied that those who had braved the storm were entitled to hear the message intended for them. The service over, that lone young man trudged homeward, when the thought came to him: "I was the only young man there. Why should not I become a missionary? May not the Lord have something for me to do in heathen lands?" The resolution was made. That young man was

William Duncan, now known as "The Apostle of Alaska," whose missionary triumphs among the Indians of the Alaskan coast have won the admiration of the world.

To win the one is sometimes to win the many. (Text.) (2248)

Open Allegiance—See CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

Open Door to China—See CHINESE PROGRESS.

OPENNESS OF MIND

The Mediterranean is practically a tideless sea, and yet the visitor to its waters is puzzled at the discovery of what appears to be a tide. But the explanation is that there is a connection between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea, so that what seems to be a tide at Gibraltar is simply the rolling waves from the tide of the mighty Atlantic into the sea that washes the shores of southern Europe and northern Africa. As long as the channel at the Straits of Gibraltar is open, so long will there be this rolling in, and so there will be a constant influx of blessing while communication with God is unhindered. (2249)

See SOURCE OF BLESSING.

OPINION, CHANGED

When General Ewell was asked what he thought of Jackson's generalship in the Shenandoah Valley campaign, he replied:

"When he began it, I thought him crazy. Before he got through, I thought him inspired."—*The Sunday Magazine.* (2250)

Opinionatedness — See INDIVIDUALISM, EXCESSIVE.

OPINIONS

Wesley himself said once to his preachers, "I have no more right to object to a man for holding a different opinion from my own than I have to differ with a man because he wears a wig and I wear my own hair, tho I have a right to object if he shakes the powder about my eyes."—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (2251)

OPPORTUNITIES, IMPROVED

Whitefield preached under conditions and to audiences known to no other orators. Passing over Hampton Common, he finds a crowd of 12,000 people collected to see a man hung in chains. Here is an audience, a pulpit, a text; and straightway he captures the crowd! He preaches to another vast multitude assembled to see a man hanged, and the hangman himself suspends his office while Whitefield discourses. Some wandering players have set up their stage at a country fair; the crowd rushes together to grin and jest. But Whitefield suddenly appears, turns the whole scene to religious uses, spoils the players' harvest, and preaches a sermon of overwhelming power.—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (2252)

OPPORTUNITIES UNUTILIZED

The Macon *Telegraph* says that Macon men in Florida laugh to see natives opening canned tomatoes in sight of tomato plants loaded with ripe fruit. Then the said Macon men go to their own homes and buy Florida shad, at Washington Market prices, altho their own river is full of them; and the *Telegraph* asks: "Is it not a little singular?" Bless you, no! The same sort of thing is going on all over the country. There is not a year when hams and bacon do not bring higher prices in some great pork-producing counties of the West than they do in New York. There are Southern counties where the watermelon grows so easily that the small boy scorns to steal it, yet in some towns in these counties a watermelon costs twice as much as in any Northern city. There are cattle-ranches in the West where milk, when there is any, brings fifty cents a quart, and great grain farms on the prairies whose owners never in their lives tasted an ear of sweet-corn. And, coming back to the shad, there are times when these fish are running up our own river by tens of thousands that a breakfast of shad costs more than one of beefsteak, altho the shad comes right to town and needs only to be taken from a net, while the beef has to be fed at least three years and then brought half-way across the continent by rail. No, there's nothing singular about it, except in the fact that where food products most abound human nature seems most incompetent to make full use of its opportunities. America is, above all others, a land of plenty, but no one would imagine it after looking at a price-list of family supplies.—New York *Herald.* (2253)

OPPORTUNITY

Senator J. J. Ingalls wrote the first of these poems not long before he died, the only poetry he is known to have composed. In reply, Walter Malone wrote the second selection:

I

Master of human destinies am I,
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock, unbidden, once at every gate:
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me, reach every state
Mortals desire and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and wo;
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore:
I answer not, and I return no more.

II

They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake to ride, to fight, and win.
Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again.
Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.
Tho deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep:
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can!"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep,
But yet might rise and be again a man.
Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
And find the future's pages white as snow.
Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell!
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven. (2254)

The importance of seizing opportunities as they pass by is realized by astronomers who study the sun's corona:

The study of the corona of the sun is limited to the few brief moments of total solar eclipse; to some five or six minutes every few years. For this purpose expeditions are fitted out and sent to the most favorable locations; and the astro-physicist utilizes every moment of totality in obtaining photographs and spectographs for measurements and study.—CHARLES LANE POOR, "The Solar System." (2255)

Howard B. Gross, pleading for better conditions for the "submerged" classes, says:

The other day, after Easter, I took a lily which I had bought for my wife—it had withered and grown yellow—I took the ugly thing and threw it into the back yard, and as I threw it the pot broke, and I saw a thousand little rootlets beating against the pot, hungry for air and moisture, and I planted that ugly thing in the soft and tender soil, where the morning sun could smile upon it, and the noonday sun not smite it, and the fairest thing which ever grew in the garden grew out of that despised and dried thing which had no chance to grow. All these people need is the full, free, fair chance that we have had. (2256)

Single acts and moments are fraught with destiny.

Esau filled his life with regret for trifling one day; Esther's was full of glory for one day's courage. Peter slept one hour and lost a matchless opportunity; Mary's name is fragrant forever for the loving deed of a day. Do your best now. (Text.)—MALTBIE BABCOCK. (2257)

Some men make their opportunities.

Less than sixteen years ago a clergyman was called to two New York parishes. One was thriving, the other was standing still, the duty of existence growing heavier with each year of inactivity. He chose the latter church, because, as he said, "there was more work to do." At that time his congregation was never large and bad weather often made it very small. It had a Sunday-school of less than fifty members and the Sunday services were practically the end of the week's labor. People were moving rapidly farther uptown; the churches were going with them, and St.

Bartholomew's, at that time one of the smaller Episcopal parishes, while it was stubbornly holding its place, was gradually weakening. And so it was, comparatively inactive, half forsaken, when Dr. Greer came to it.

Dr. Greer left St. Bartholomew's recently perhaps the most powerful single Protestant organization in the world, a church that spends more than two hundred thousand dollars a year, the old edifice remodeled and crowded to the doors of a Sunday morning, a parish house in the midst of the maelstrom of East Side life; six Sunday-schools aggregating two thousand members, two in English, one in Armenian, one in Chinese, one in German, one in Swedish; industrial schools, clubs, an employment bureau that obtains positions for one hundred people a week, a clinic that cares for one hundred and fifty people a day, a boarding-house for girls, and many other important cogs in an immense and constantly active machine of religious and philanthropic endeavor. It was built up piece by piece, getting greater support as it proved itself, just as any factory or business grows. (Text.)—ARTHUR GOODRICH, *Leslie's Monthly.* (2258)

There is an Indian legend of a good spirit who, wishing to benefit a young princess, led her into a ripe and golden corn-field. "See these ears of corn, my daughter; if thou wilt pluck them diligently, they will turn to precious jewels; the richer the ear of corn, the brighter the gem. But thou mayest only once pass through this cornfield, and canst not return the same way." The maiden gladly accepted the offer. As she went on, many ripe and full ears of corn she found in her path, but she did not pluck them, always hoping to find better ones farther on. But presently the stems grew thinner, the ears poorer, with scarcely any grains of wheat on them; further on they were blighted, and she did not think them worth picking. Sorrowfully she stood at the end of the field, for she could not go back the same way, regretting the loss of the golden ears she had overlooked and lost.

To each of us are golden opportunities offered; life speeds on to the goal from which there is no return; let us redeem the time, for fields are white to harvest.—*Illustrated Missionary News.* (2259)

Opportunity, American—See AMERICAN OPPORTUNITY.

Opportunity, Business—See BUSINESS CHANCES.

OPPORTUNITY IN THE ORIENT

Let me remind you of that great painting called "Anno Domini," which perhaps some of you have seen, and which vividly illustrates the unprecedented opportunity to-day in the extreme Orient. It represents an Egyptian temple from whose spacious courts a brilliant procession of soldiers, statesmen, philosophers, artists, musicians, and priests is advancing in triumphal march, bearing a huge idol, the challenge and the boast of heathenism. Across the pathway of the procession is an ass, whose bridle is held by a reverent-looking man, and upon whose back is a fair young mother with her infant child. It is Jesus entering Egypt in flight from the wrath of Herod, and thus crossing the path of aggressive heathenism. The clock strikes and the Christian era begins.—ARTHUR JUDSON BROWN, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (2260)

OPPORTUNITY LOST

Everybody knows now of the telephone and its large usefulness. It was not so, however, back in the seventies. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell had hard work to arouse interest, and harder yet to enlist capital, in his invention. In an account of the struggles of those early days, the following incident appears:

He resolved on a desperate move, and he went to Chauncey M. Depew and offered him a one-sixth interest in the company if he would loan $10,000 to put the company on its feet. Depew took a week to consider the proposition. At the end of the week he wrote back that the incident might be considered closed. The telephone was a clever idea, but it was utterly lacking in commercial possibilities, and $10,000 was far too big a sum to risk in marketing an instrument that at best could never be more than a source of amusement.

Thus Depew let slip an opportunity to acquire for $10,000 an interest that to-day could not be bought for less than $25,000,000. (2261)

The New York *Sun* is authority for the following story:

A Provincetown man, out on his first trip as captain of a whaling-vessel, about thirty years ago, stopt at one of the West India Islands on his way home. One of the natives offered him five small lumps of a dirty-looking substance which the native asserted was good for something. The native further informed the captain that he had got these pieces from a dead whale which was ashore on a certain beach and that there was plenty more in the carcass.

Did the captain hoist all sail and get to that dead whale as fast as the winds of Providence would permit? Not a bit of it. He had been made captain for the purpose of going after sperm oil, and he concluded that he'd better stick to his job. So he gave the native a pair of blue overalls and a jumper for the five dirty lumps and went on his way.

After he had made port he showed the five lumps to Mr. Stull, and when the latter gave him $700 for them he almost had a fit. Still that shock was nothing to what he got a little later, for he learned that another captain had heard of the dead whale, had got what ambergris still remained in the carcass and had sold it in New York for $30,000. It was estimated that this whale must have contained in all at least $50,000 worth of ambergris. (2262)

Opportunity Seized—See SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

OPPOSITION

Ornithologists assure us that the eagle, the condor of the Andes, the albatross of the Pacific, and even the swiftly-flying little dove, like many other birds that are strong on the wing, can fly more swiftly against a wind than in a gentle breeze. It may be that this is because they are thus stimulated to exert the muscular strength of their pinions. But, however this may be, it is a fact that the fires of a steamship burn much more fiercely under the boilers when the vessel is going against a head-wind.

Christian effort of the right kind is at its best when opposition is faced, for this very condition brings us into contact with the divine resources which are ever on our side. (2263)

OPPOSITION TO MISSIONARY WORK

I heard a little while ago of a member of one of our churches in Pennsylvania whose son graduated from a theological seminary and sent word home to his father that he had decided to be a missionary, and asking him for his approval; and the father sat down in a towering rage and wrote back to him something like this: "This is absolutely the saddest message I have ever received from you. I could have wished that you had died in infancy, as your brother did, rather than that things should come to such a pass as this. You never will get my consent to do such a rash and foolish thing. I will cut you entirely off from any share in my inheritance, unless you give up this idea forever; and I do not care to see your face again until you have given it up." Imagine that kind of an answer from a professing Christian! In spite of it, the man is in Japan as a missionary to-day. Would it not be far more Christlike to take the attitude that my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Paton did over at Pittsburg three years ago, when their only child, a beautiful, clever, tender girl, came to them one day and said she wanted to be a missionary out in Africa? And they were so much in sympathy with Christ that they said, "We shall be very glad to have you go." Then, as they thought and prayed over it for a few days, they decided that they could not let anybody else support their daughter, and so they sent word to the mission board that they wanted to have the privilege for the rest of their lives of paying their daughter's salary while she worked over yonder in Africa. And when one and another of their friends came to them, protesting against this madness in sending their only child away off to bury her life in the heart of Africa, their simple answer to these critics was in words like these, "Our Lord has given His best to us, and our best is not too good for Him."—J. CAMPBELL WHITE, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (2264)

OPTIMISM

The following verses are by M. A. Kidder:

There is many a rest in the road of life,
  If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
  If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
  And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
  Tho the wintry storm prevaileth.

There is ever a gem in the path of life,
  Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
  Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be the love of a little child;
  Or a mother's prayers to heaven;
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
  For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
  A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
  And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
  Of our curious lives asunder.
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
  And sit, and grieve, and wonder. (2265)

Kate Sanborn tells of an old lady of her acquaintance, eighty-three years of age, who is famous among all who know her for her happy cheerfulness. One day when she was choked by a bread-crumb at the table, she said to the frightened waiter as soon as she could regain her breath: "Never mind if that did go down the wrong way. A great many good things have gone down the right way this winter." (Text.)—LOUIS ALBERT BANKS. (2266)

In answer to the question, "What is optimism?" this humorous instance was recently given:

A man lost his balance and fell from the fortieth story of the Singer Building, Broadway, New York. As he passed each story going down he said to himself, "It is all right so far." That was optimism. (2267)

Once I got hard up and went down and sold the best suit I had to get bread, and I had my shoes half-soled, and that night some fellow stole my shoes, and the next morning the snow was ten inches deep, and I got up and looked out of the window, and I said, "I would rather have feet and no shoes than shoes with no feet." I like the fellow that goes along without growling.—"Popular Lectures of Sam P. Jones." (2268)

Dr. A. E. Winship tells this story:

It was eleven o'clock on as disagreeable a night as Chicago knew last winter that I ordered a cab to take me to the Northwestern Station. Carriages were scarce, and I was asked to ride with another man.

"A good night this!"

"Humph," I replied, "if anybody likes this kind, I don't."

"It is just the tonic I need for my eighty-two years. It blows the blues all out of a man if he ever had them, which I never do."

"Do you often ride nights at your time of life?"

"Nearly every night; it does me good."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. This is Doctor Willetts."

"Certainly, and I would have been nursing old age twenty years ago if I had ever found anything bad in life. A night like this! Why, to growl about it, it would take a year off my life."

Thanks to Doctor Willetts I have not seen bad weather since, and I never shall. (2269)

See PROPHECY.

Optimists, The, and the Pessimists—See LOADS, BALKING UNDER.

ORATORY

There are men in legislative assemblies who speak often, but are never masters of any situation. They have great powers of utterance, but nothing to say. The orator whose burning sentences become the very proverbs of freedom is not he who consumes the most time and employs the selectest paragraphs. I have seen men in Congress often on their legs and buzzing about like able-bodied darning-needles, but they never managed, even by accident, to sting anybody into attention.—JAMES T. FIELDS. (2270)

Order—See SYSTEM IN LABOR.

Order, The Natural—See PLAN IN NATURE.

ORGANIZATION, INDUSTRIAL

The farmer who tills his own soil, the man in the shop who is his own employer, the proprietor of the small factory, as well as the manager of the greatest manufacturing corporation and his subordinates, are each concerned with the problems of organization in their special work.

Thousands of farmers to-day are eking out a scanty subsistence because of a lack of intelligence in the proper organization of the activities of farm life. Thousands of manufacturing establishments are upon the verge of bankruptcy or are reducing dividends for the same reason. Industrial education confined to the production of skilled workmen might prolong the agony, but would not avert the final disaster, because of lack of intelligence in the organization of means to ends in the particular productive enterprise. Thousands of firms concerned with the distribution of products fail annually, not because of lack of interest on the part of those who are managing them, but because of lack of skilful organization of the various forces whose action is necessary to success.

The schools do not exist to-day which undertake to give instruction in these particular fields. Even the body of knowledge which would form the proper field of study has not been organized and put into teachable form. Even the beginnings have hardly been made toward industrial education in this particular field.—LORENZO D. HARVEY, "Proceedings of the National Education Association," 1909. (2271)

ORGANIZING FOR WORK

The difference between a locomotive engine and a pile of scrap-iron is that the one is organized and the other is not. In the case of the engine machinery, side arms, driving-wheels and whistle—all have their place and part. So have driver and stoker. And it is the organized power and effort that bring results.

Many men have enough good moral material for a fine character, but have not yet put it in effective order, and so can not bring it to bear. (Text.)

(2272)

Orient, The, and Opportunity—See OPPORTUNITY IN THE ORIENT.

Original Sin—See SIN, ORIGINAL.

ORIGINAL SOURCES

The history of the Christian religion might conceivably be written as was this history named below:

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet found the histories of the American Revolution so full of errors that, in his disgust, he resolved to make some history that could not lie. The result was the unique folios now in the keeping of the Lenox library, in which the author has never written a word, but has told the story by the assembling of original documents and letters. He never allowed himself to insert a copy, no matter how many hundred dollars the original document might cost him. (2273)

ORIGINALITY

A really fertile creative mind has got to produce—wheat and tares, flowers and weeds—all springing from a rich soil. Contrary to the general belief, there is nothing so deadly to the writer of creative power as a too early development of the critical faculty. That is why the young man who is always conscious of Lowell and Emerson looking over his shoulder never is original.—ROBERT BRIDGES, *Collier's Weekly.* (2274)

As Plutarch tells us, "it is well to go for a light to another man's fire, but not to tarry by it, instead of kindling a torch of one's own." A torch of one's own!—that is a possession worth having, whether it be a flaming beacon on the hilltop or a tiny taper in the window. We can not tell how far a little candle throws its beams, nor who is laying his course by its flickering light. The most that we can do—and it is also the least we should do—is to tend the flame carefully and to keep it steady.—BRANDER MATTHEWS. (2275)

See NEWNESS OF EACH SOUL.

ORIGINALITY OF MAN

If we mean by individuality differences in character and disposition, then is there a fair measure of individuality among the animals. No two animals are just alike, any more than any two trees are just alike. But if we mean the possession of striking original traits, unique powers and capacities, as among men, then there is very little. Animals do not differ in the degree that men differ. What one does all of its kind will sooner or later do. Anything you can learn of one bird or beast that is not true of every member of its species is unimportant.

I, myself, like to dwell upon what seems like individual differences in the manners and characters of the birds and the mammals. We all love the specific and characteristic; but we are aware of these differences mainly because we have a few birds or mammals under observation and not the whole class. Some day we shall observe the same trait or habit in another of the same class. We see something in the eye or the face of a member of one's own family and think it peculiar and original; then, in the face of an Eskimo or a Cossack, we see the same look.—JOHN BURROUGHS, *The Independent.* (2276)

Origins, Unknown—See UNKNOWN REALITIES.

OSSIFICATION

The London *Mail* reports this sad case:

An honored guest at most of the London hospitals is a tall, slim man, with a thin face, who has to move about with extreme care, because if he happened to fall down he might break in several places.

He is literally a fragile man, who has to walk with something of the stiffness of "La Poupée." A violent fall would be disastrous to him. He is suffering from a rare and painless disease which, in the words of one of the doctors who has seen him, turns him into "a porcelain man." Alban Rushbrook, aged thirty-five, has for seven years been suffering from *myositis ossificans;* his muscles are turning into bone. He can walk, but he can not sit in a chair, and it is difficult for him to turn his head far to the right or left. The muscles of his chest, back and thighs are all turning to bone. He lies flat in bed. When he desires to rise he is shifted to the edge of the bed, and his rigid body is tipped up till his feet touch the floor. A stick is placed in his hand, and he can then make his way in a straight line ahead. (2277)

OSTENTATION

The boxes in the temple treasury were shaped like trumpets. Jesus said, "Do not make a trumpet of the box; it looks like one, but do not use it for the purpose of calling attention to what you are about to put into it." (Text.) (2278)

OSTENTATION, SNOBBISH

Occasionally great wealth publishes itself in an unbecoming and distasteful manner, as the following suggests:

The son of the New York millionaire, John W. Gates, dislikes to have bills of such small denomination as $100 littering up his pockets, says the Philadelphia *Press.*

The last time Mr. and Mrs. Gates came to this city in their automobile they stopt at the Bellevue-Stratford. When he asked for his bill he found it amounted to a paltry $70. Opening a huge wallet, he handed out a thousand-dollar note. This was fondly laid away and the cashier began to count hundred-dollar bills in change.

"My word," said Mr. Gates, dropping into the vernacular of the metropolis, "I can't carry that truck around with me. Send my bill to New York and I will mail you a check."

Calling hundred-dollar bills "truck" was more than the porters who heard it could stand. If they had not been so well trained they would have forgotten to carry Mr. Gates' dress-suit case out to his automobile. (2279)

OTHER SIDE, THE

"There's another side," said the minister's wife softly.

"How do you know?" asked the visitor who had told the discreditable little tale strictly in confidence, as she herself had learned it in the bosom of the Wednesday afternoon sewing circle. The minister's wife had not been present, and it was only right that she should be put right about this family of newcomers in the parish. "Some things had come to the ears of the sewing circle that were not—well, not exactly—"

"There's another side!" repeated the minister's wife, not so softly this time. In fact, there was a noticeable little ring of indignation in her tone, which died out in a sort of wondering pity as she noticed the challenging look of her caller. "You're glad there is another side, aren't you? Why, of course you are. And, you see, I know all about it."

"You weren't at the meeting," said the other stiffly. "If you had been, you—"

"No, I was there—at the house. And I saw—I saw—oh, Mrs. Babbitt, if you could have seen what I saw."

"I saw, too—with my own eyes! That daughter of theirs is an opium—"

"She isn't their daughter—not any relation; not even a friend or a friend's daughter, just a poor girl who had been sick so long and suffered so terribly that the doctors themselves had made her a victim of the opium habit. And they have undertaken to try to cure her. They have given up their home—their very lives—to it. They don't say a word about it. I just found it out—with the help of the doctor."

The visitor rose suddenly, almost unceremoniously. For a moment the hostess looked troubled and aghast. Had she spoken too sharply, discourteously, even? Her mind fled back over the interview as she faltered: "You are not going yet? You—oh, you aren't offended at anything I've said?"

"Yes, I'm going. Offended—I? I'm going round to see all our ladies, every single one of them!"

"And tell them?—"

The minister's wife held her breath for

the answer. One may be very bold, but it sometimes means a great deal to offend "the ladies."

"And tell them," said the caller, gathering her wraps about her, "that beautiful 'other side!' "

"Oh!" breathed the minister's wife gratefully. "And tell them, won't you, that there always is another side, always, always! And it is our Christian business to try and find it." — ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT, *Zion's Herald*. (2280)

OTHERS, CONSIDERATION FOR

Among the regular announcements printed each week in the calendar of the Temple Baptist Church, Los Angeles, Cal., when the Rev. Robert J. Burdette was pastor, was the following:

Out of Christian consideration for others, the women will please remove their hats before the beginning of the sermon.

There was general conformity with a request so courteous and so Christian. In a large audience of several thousand there will, of course, be occasional transgressors. When the number of transgressors was exasperatingly large, the startled ears of the offenders were in danger of being greeted with a pronunciamento from the pastor, ordinarily the gentlest of men, usually in this spoken form:

"If the lady with the becoming hat will kindly notice how hard the man behind her is dodging, trying to see the preacher, she will undoubtedly be obliging enough to take down her millinery, postpone her halo, and conform to the customs of this church." The effect is generally satisfactory to the audience, and the wearer's self-respect is preserved in a trying episode. (Text.) (2281)

Outcome—See DIRECTION.

Outlawry—See LAWLESSNESS.

Outstripping Danger—See AHEAD OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Overcoming Obstacles—See ENERGY, INDOMITABLE.

Overdoing—See COMPARISONS, APT.

OVERDOING DANGEROUS

On all sides we may see that the stern laws which are necessary to our development may become exhaustive and destructive, passing beyond a given limit, as in athletics a man may be overtrained. And all this is just as true of our moral as it is of our physical and intellectual nature. A fair share of hardship develops heroic qualities, but when existence becomes too hard it breaks the spirit; the child cruelly treated becomes cowed; men and women bred in misfortune's school become timid, nervous, cowardly. So, if heaven did not temper life, the finer qualities could never be developed in us. Burdens too heavy to be borne would break our heart; temptations too fiery, or protracted, wear out our patience; sorrows too acute drink up our spirit. Overborne by unmitigated pressure, we should lose all faith, courage, hope; nothing would be left to us but atheism, cynicism, despair.—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (2282)

OVERLOADING

A horse drawing a load of freight was going down the grade on Seneca Street (Buffalo). The weight of the load sent it forward on the animal's heels. The driver pulled up the horse to steady him. The load slid forward still faster—the horse slipt and fell.

A little crowd gathered. The horse was unhitched as it lay panting on its side with its fore-legs skinned from the knee down from contact with the ice. The animal struggled to rise, but could not gain a foothold. Then some one placed a folded blanket under the horse's fore-feet, and he got up and stood shivering from the strain.

Just a common street scene.

But it has a moral in the opinion of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which is, "don't overload."

"I do wish that teamsters and owners of work-horses could be brought to understand that it does not pay to overload their wagons," said Miss Jessie C. Hall, office secretary of the society.

"Just now the overloading of wagons is causing no end of trouble and complaints are pouring in every day. If drivers would take smaller loads it would pay in the end. Only this morning an agent of the society was called to Broadway and Gibson Street where a horse had fallen down. It was so badly hurt that it had to be destroyed." (2283)

OVERPLUS OF DUTY

This testimony by an expert should interest particularly those just starting in life:

Andrew Carnegie, in a recent address before a graduating class in New York, said:

"There are several classes of young men. There are those who do not do all their duty, there are those who profess to do their duty, and there is a third class, far better than the other two, that do their duty and a little more.

"There are many great pianists, but Paderewski is at the head because he does a little more than the others. There are hundreds of race-horses, but it is those who go a few seconds faster than the others that acquire renown. So it is in the sailing of yachts. It is the little more that wins. So it is with the young and old men who do a little more than their duty. Do your duty and a little more, and the future will take care of itself." (Text.) (2284)

Overproduction in Nature—See Destruction Necessary.

Overshadowed — See Living in the Shadow.

OVERSIGHT

Many a good plan has failed through oversight of some forgotten or neglected factor.

Two years after Mr. Cassatt became general manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Robert Garrett walked into the office of George B. Roberts, then president, and exclaimed gleefully: "Mr. Roberts, we have secured control of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. We are not disposed, however, to disturb your relations with the property, and you need not give yourself any uneasiness on that score."

This road, owned by New England capitalists, extended from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and had been operated in the interests of the Pennsylvania. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, always on the lookout for an open path to New York, coveted the small but important stretch of track and resented the Pennsylvania's control of it.

President Roberts was amazed and not a little discomfited by the easy assurance of Mr. Garrett. As soon as the exultant Baltimore and Ohio man had gone there was a conference between President Roberts and Mr. Cassatt.

"Garrett says they've got the P. W. & B.," said Mr. Roberts.

"Oh, no, they haven't," replied the general manager.

That night there was a meeting of Pennsylvania Railroad directors in New York. Mr. Cassatt was the presiding genius. He told them where he could lay his hands on a block of P. W. & B. stock that would put the control forever in the hands of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Before the directors rose from their chairs a check was drawn for $14,949,052.20. It hangs in a frame now on the walls of the treasury of the Pennsylvania Railroad, canceled to show that the money was there waiting when it was presented. At the time it was written, it was the largest check ever recorded. The Garretts were completely routed. They couldn't understand how they had come to overlook that block of stock, and they were equally at a loss to know how Cassatt had discovered it and negotiated the purchase over night. (2285)

Ownership Settled by Sheep—See Testimony, a Sheep's.

OWNERSHIP, THE SOUL'S

Thomas Traherne, a poet whose works became known only after his death, wrote this verse:

My infancy no sooner opes its eyes
  But straight the spacious earth
  Abounds with joy, peace, glory, mirth,
And, being wise,
The very skies
  And stars do mine become. (2286)

P

Pace—See SLOWNESS.

Pagan Conception of Death—See DEATH, CHRISTIAN VIEW OF.

Pagan Kindness—See GENEROSITY.

PAGAN THOUGHTS

On Stanley's first trip through Africa he came to the King of Uganda, who most cordially asked, first of all, for the health of Queen Victoria and of the German Emperor. Then he somewhat disconcerted the great traveler by asking him, "What news do you bring me from above?" This heathen king had a perfect right to expect that his visitor was one in heart and idea with that greater explorer, David Livingstone. But as Stanley proceeded westward he could tell the character of those with whom the natives were acquainted. The first question put by the natives nearer the West Coast was, "Have you any gin?" (2287)

PAIN

You eat the heart of life like some great beast,
You blacken the sweet sky—that God made blue,
You are the death's-head set amid the feast,
The desert breath that drinks up every dew.

And no man lives but quails before thee, Pain!
And no man lives that learns to love your rod;
The white lip smiles—but ever and again,
God's image cries your horror unto God.

And yet—oh, terrible! men grant you this:
You work a mystery. When you are done,
Lo! common living turns to heavenly bliss;
Lo! the mere light is as the noonday sun!

—MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON, *The Century Magazine*. (2288)

Pain, Cry of—See BIRD NOTES.

PAIN IN ANIMALS

In dealing with animals it is necessary to consider carefully what signs may be depended upon as proofs of their suffering. Certainly their struggles and cries are not always true indications. All wild animals struggle under restraint. With many, cries indicate fear rather than pain. A hare when shot rarely cries; when closely pursued by dogs it often does. Animals when trapped rarely cry until some one approaches the trap. Frogs will cry out loudly on the appearance of anything at all resembling a snake; when injured with stones or cut by the scythe in mowing they rarely do so. Every gamekeeper knows that it is a common thing for a rat or rabbit, when caught by the leg in one of the ordinary steel-traps, to gnaw off its limb and so escape, while other animals when kept short of food will readily eat their own tails. Another proof that animals are less sensitive to pain than man is their comparative freedom from shock after severe injuries. When a man meets with a severe injury of any kind, a train of symptoms follow which are collectively known by the name of shock. A striking pallor takes the place of the natural color, the skin becomes covered with a clammy moisture, the eye loses its natural luster, and the extremities become deadly cold, and while the ear may detect the fluttering action of the heart, the pulse at the wrist is often quite imperceptible. All these symptoms point to a great disturbance of the nervous system, whereas the lower animals often sustain the severest injuries without exhibiting any of the symptoms of shock.—W. COLLIER, *Nineteenth Century*. (2289)

PAIN, LEARNING BY

The gipsies of Transylvania, according to a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, teach young bears to dance by placing the animal on a sheet of heated iron, while the trainer plays on his fiddle a strongly accentuated piece of dance-music. The bear, lifting up its legs alternately to escape the heat, involuntarily observes the time marked by the violin. Later on the heated iron is suppress, when the animal has learned its lesson, and whenever the gipsy begins to play on the fiddle the young bear lifts its legs in regular time to the music.—*Public Opinion*. (2290)

Pain Relieved—See PATIENCE.

PAIN STRENGTHENS

When the little girl told her music-teacher that it hurt her fingers to practise on the piano, the teacher answered: "I know it hurts them, but it strengthens them, too." Then the child packed the philosophy of the ages into her reply: "Teacher, it seems that everything which strengthens hurts."—F. F. SHANNON. (2291)

PAIN, THE ANGEL OF

When Theodosius was put upon the rack he suffered very great torture at the first. Somebody asked him how he endured all that pain on the rack. He replied: "When I was first put upon the rack I suffered a great deal; but very soon a young man in white stood by my side, and with a soft and comfortable handkerchief he wiped the sweat from my brow, and my pains were relieved. It was a punishment for me to get from the rack, because when the pain was all gone the angel was gone." (Text.) (2292)

PAINSTAKING

In spite of his continual need of movement, his passionate love of sport in all its forms, and especially of motoring, his expansive, rather mad, but very attractive youthfulness, Alfonso XIII, even in his flying trips, never loses the occasion to improve his mind. He is very quick at seizing a point, possesses a remarkable power of assimilation, and, altho he does not read much, for he has no patience, he is remarkably well informed regarding the smallest details in matters that interest him. One day, for instance, he asked me, point-blank:

"Do you know how many gendarmes there are in France?"

I confess that I was greatly puzzled what to reply, for I have never cared much about statistics. I ventured to say, offhand: "Ten thousand."

"Ten thousand! Come, M. Paoli, what are you thinking of? That's the number we have in Spain. It's more like twenty thousand."

This figure, as I afterward learned, was strictly accurate.

As for business of State, I also noticed that the king devoted more time to it than his restless life would lead one to believe. Rising, winter and summer, at six o'clock, he stays indoors and works regularly during the early part of the morning, and often again at night. In this connection, one of his ministers said to me:

"He never shows a sign of either weariness or boredom. The king's 'frivolity' is a popular fallacy. On the contrary, he is terribly painstaking. Just like the queen mother, he insists upon clear and detailed explanations before he will sign the least document; and he knows quite well how to make his will felt. Besides, he is fond of work, and he can work anywhere—in a motor-car, in a boat, in a train, as well as in his study."—XAVIER PAOLI, *McClure's.* (2293)

Any one, says a writer in *The Atlantic Monthly,* can hold out a dumb-bell for a few seconds; but in a few more seconds the arm sags; it is only the trained athlete who can endure even to the minute's end.

For Hawthorne to hold the people of "The Scarlet Letter" steadily in focus from November to February, to say nothing of six years' preliminary brooding, is surely more of an artistic feat than to write a short story between Tuesday and Friday.

The three years and nine months of unremitting labor devoted to "Middlemarch" does not in itself afford any criterion of the value of the book; but given George Eliot's brain power and artistic instinct to begin with, and then concentrate them for that period upon a single theme, and it is no wonder that the result is a masterpiece.

"Jan van Eyck was never in a hurry," says Charles Reade of the great Flemish painter, in "The Cloister and the Hearth," and therefore the world will not forget him in a hurry." (Text.) (2294)

Painting the Living—See MOTIVE, MERCENARY.

Palliatives—See MUSIC AS AN ANESTHETIC.

PALLIATIVES VERSUS PREVENTION

The principle indicated in the extract will some day be adopted by Christianity in its treatment of the moral life. Mere palliatives are insufficient:

The aim of reasonable people should be to keep themselves in health rather than to be always straying, as it were, upon the confines of disease and seeking assistance from drugs in order to return to conditions from which they should never have suffered themselves to depart. The various alkaline salts and solutions, for example, the advertisements of which meet us at every turn, and which are offered to the public as specifics, safely to be taken, without anything so superfluous as the advice of medical men, for all the various evils which are described by the advertisers as gout or heartburn, or as the consequences of "uric acid," do unquestionably, in a certain proportion of cases, afford temporary relief from some discomfort or inconvenience. They do this notwithstanding persistence in the habit or in the indulgence, whatever it may be, the overeating, the want of exercise, the excessive consumption of alcohol or of tobacco, which is really underlying the whole trouble which the drugs are supposed to cure and which at the very best they only temporarily relieve, while they permit the continuance of conditions leading ultimately to degeneration of tissue and to premature death. (Text.)—*The Lancet.* (2295)

PANIC THROUGH FEAR

The New York *Evening Post* thus describes the condition of panic on our ships at the beginning of the Spanish War:

Almost any officer who served in the fleet before Santiago could relate not one, but a great many incidents that occurred where the men of our ships would have slaughtered each other if the good little angel that sits up aloft (and our exceedingly bad marksmanship at that time) had not protected us from the mistakes (incomprehensible to landsmen) which caused our ships to fire at each other, at colliers, dispatch-boats, torpedo-boats, and at nothing at all—and all this in the clear atmosphere of the tropical seas.

Such was the effect of the long, nervous tension that thousands of shots were fired at pure fantoms of the imagination. The broadsides of powerful battleships repeatedly burst into a furious cannonade that was arrested only with the complete annihilation of the supposed enemy. For one of our ships to approach the fleet at night was to run a grave risk. The sea was alive with Spanish torpedo-boats. Signals, lights, etc., were misunderstood or disregarded. The enemy might have obtained possession of them and displayed them for our confusion. There were many narrow escapes. Several of our vessels were struck by shells, but the luck that followed us throughout the war prevented a disaster. I could mention the names of officers who have never been able to comb their hair down flat since the particular night on which they came within an ace of sinking a friend—with whom they have never since ceased to exchange congratulatory drinks. (Text.)—New York *Evening Post.* (2296)

Panoply—See ARMOR.

Paper, Invention of—See ANTIQUITY.

Papers, The Opinions of—See REPORTS TO ORDER.

Paralysis—See SALVABILITY.

PARADOX

Nature is full of paradoxes. The water which drowns us as a fluent stream can be walked upon as ice. The bullet which, when fired from a musket, carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. The crystallized part of the oil of roses, so graceful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures, tho readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements and exactly the same proportions as the gas with which we light the streets. The tea which we daily drink with benefit and pleasure produces palpitation, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called "thein," to which tea owes its quality, may be taken by itself (as thein, not as tea) without any appreciable effect—VYRNWY MORGAN, "The Cambro-American Pulpit." (2297)

Joseph Hart, the hymnist, wrote "The Paradox," as follows:

How strange is the course that a Christian must steer!
How perplexed is the path he must tread!
The hope of his happiness rises from fear,
And his life he receives from the dead.

His fairest pretensions must wholly be waived,
And his best resolutions be crossed;
Nor can he expect to be perfectly saved,
Till he finds himself utterly lost.

When all this is done, and his heart is assured
Of the total remission of sins;
When his pardon is signed, and his peace is procured,
From that moment his conflict begins.
(2298)

PARASITES

Society has too many members who are willing to live on the labor of others, like the shoveler duck described in this extract:

One of the ducks has learned a convenient trick for getting his dinner. Some of the diving brotherhood who feed under water stir up a great deal that floats, and the shoveler, preferring to take his provision from the surface, follows his diving neighbor to the feeding-place, and while the feeders below stir up the inhabitants, he swims around on the surface and catches whatever floats.—Olive Thorne Miller, "The Bird Our Brother." (2299)

PARASITISM

Some of the intruding insects that come from oak galls are not harmless. They are the ones called parasites. They live in the houses not for the sake of the protection or the food furnished by the house, but in order to eat the actual dwellers in the house. Often and often not a single real gall-insect comes out in the spring from many of the little houses, but only a little swarm, or sometimes just two or three, or even one, of these insect-devouring parasites that has eaten up the rightful owners of the house.—Vernon L. Kellogg, "Insect Stories." (2300)

PARDON

In the Isle of Man is an old, gray, ruined tower in which was formerly hanged one of the best governors the island ever possest. He had been accused of treachery to the king during the time of the civil wars, and received sentence of death. Intercession was made for him, and a pardon was sent; but the pardon fell into the hands of his bitter enemy, who kept it locked up, and the governor was executed. (2301)

Pardon, Conditional—See Mercy, Limitation of.

PARDON FOR A CHILD'S SAKE

The following incident is related by Mrs. Pickett, widow of General George E. Pickett, of the Confederate Army, of her first meeting with President Lincoln after the war:

I was in Richmond when my Soldier fought the awful battle of Five Forks, Richmond surrendered, and the surging sea of fire swept the city. The day after the fire, there was a sharp rap at the door. The servants had all run away. The city was full of Yankees, and my environment had not taught me to love them. With my baby on my arm, I opened the door, and looked up at a tall, gaunt, sad-faced man in ill-fitting clothes. He asked: "Is this George Pickett's home?"

With all the courage and dignity I could muster, I replied: "Yes, and I am his wife and this is his baby."

"I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The President!" I gasped. I had never seen him, but I knew the intense love and reverence with which my Soldier always spoke of him. The stranger shook his head and replied:

"No; Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend."

The baby pushed away from me and reached out his hands to Mr. Lincoln, who took him in his arms. As he did so an expression of rapt, almost divine tenderness and love lighted up the sad face. It was a look that I have never seen on any other face. The baby opened his mouth wide and insisted upon giving his father's friend a dewy infantile kiss. As Mr. Lincoln gave the little one back to me, he said:

"Tell your father, the rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of your bright eyes." (2302)

Pardon through Intercession—See Sacrificial Mediation.

Parentage—See Life, Source of.

PARENTAL CAUTION

On the plain of Troy are dotted many Turkish villages. Thousands of storks make their nests on the roofs of the cottages. When Dr. Schliemann was digging in the ruins of the hill of Hissarlik, and discovering the remains of cities, he had two comfortable nests made for storks on the roof of his hut. But none would take up their abode. The hill was too cold and stormy for the little storks and the parents instinctively knew it. (2303)

Parental Mal-influence—See Politeness.

Parental Religion—See Religion, Family.

PARENTAL SACRIFICE

D. L. Moody told this story of missionary self-sacrifice:

A good many years ago I was stopping in a house in the West, and saw there a bright boy of thirteen who didn't bear the name of the family he was living with, and yet was treated like one of the family. In answer to my inquiries, the lady said, "He is the son of a missionary. His parents couldn't educate their children in India, so they came back here. But they had learned the language of India, and they did not feel that it was right for them to stay in this country. Finally, the husband said, 'You stay here, wife, and educate the children and I will go back.' The mother said, 'No; God has used me there with you—we will go back together.' 'But,' the father said, 'you can't give up those children. You never have been separated from them since they were born. How can you leave them in this country and go back?' She replied, bravely, 'I can do it if Christ wants me to.' They made it a matter of prayer and put notices in the papers that they were going to leave their children, and asked Christian people to take them and educate them. I saw the notice and wrote that I would take one child and bring it up for Christ's sake. The mother came and stayed a week in our home and observed everything. She watched the order and discipline of the family, and after she was convinced that it was a safe place to leave her boy, she set the day for departing. My room adjoined hers, and when the time came to start, I heard her pray, 'Lord Jesus, help me now. I need Thee. Help me to give up this dear boy without a tear, that I may leave him with a smile. Oh, God, give me strength.' She was helped to leave with a bright smile on her face. She went to five homes in the same way and went back to India, leaving her five children. "Some time afterward," Mr. Moody continued, "I was in Hartford and found a young man busy in the good work of picking up the rough boys of the streets and bringing them to my meetings and trying to lead them to Christ. It pleased me very much and I asked who he was. He was studying in the theological seminary, and I found he was one of those five sons of that brave woman, and all of the five were expecting to return to India to carry on their father's work." (2304)

PARENTHOOD AMONG SAVAGES

An Australian mother will coddle her baby with ape-like fondness, and hardly ever let it stray out of sight for the first four years; but as soon as the toddling little imp seems able to take care of itself, its debt of gratitude to its progenitors has to be paid by the worst kind of slavery. At the first sign of insubordination a half-grown boy is apt to be kicked out, if not killed, by his own father. (Text.) — FELIX OSWALD, *Good Health.* (2305)

Parentless—See SYMPATHY, PRACTICAL.

Parents—See EXAMPLE OF PARENTS.

PARENTS AS TEACHERS OF RELIGION

The teaching and preaching by fathers and mothers in the seclusion of the home circle are doing much more to determine the fate of souls than the eloquent sermons and elaborate lessons in pulpit and Sunday-school. Parents are touching life at its beginnings, making impressions that can never be obliterated. The family is the natural and divinely appointed school of religion because it has the first opportunity. The smallest thing at the beginning of life affects all the future. A child but a year old slipt and fell on a wet floor, and tho that was seventy years ago, the man is lame yet. And the moral nature is as easily crippled as the body. The moral lameness we see in the old or middle-aged is often caused by some mistaught or neglected lesson in infancy.—*The Cumberland Presbyterian.* (2306)

Parents, Example of—See FAMILY RELIGION.

PARSIMONY IN GIVING

On one occasion a new silver dollar found itself in the same plate with a penny with the head of an Indian upon it. And the goddess of Liberty looked down upon the Indian, and said: "You miserable, copper-faced, feather-trimmed heathen, what are you doing in this plate, in the same company with me?" And the copper coin, with the Indian's face, responded: "I am found in a great many more missionary gatherings than you are!" (2307)

PARTIALITY

Chief Justice Marshall, of the United States, was all his life an ardent votary of quoits. He was an active member of the Barbecue or Quoit Club for forty years, their main amusement being quoits and backgammon. Great respect was paid to the veteran lawyer in these contests. Once an old Scotch gentleman was called in to decide between him and a keen rival as to the winner, and after a most careful measurement that oracle gave his decision thus:

"Maister Mairshall has it a leetle," tho every bystander saw it was quite the other way. (Text.)—CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (2308)

Pass, Let it—See EVIL, IGNORING.

Passengers to Heaven—See OBLIGATIONS TO THE CHURCH.

PASSING OF LIFE

And this is life—to-day we here abide,
Perchance to-morrow we must step aside,
We master not our own; no vain regret
Can change the path for us which God has set.

Then let our footsteps be toward the light,
With loving words and deeds make each day bright.
Let charity progress to wider plan,
Lend gracious ear to creed of every man.
—S. D. GARDNER.
(2309)

PASSION, GROWTH OF

An old man was once walking with a little boy. They came across four shrubs. The old man said to his youthful companion:

"Pull up the least one."

He obeyed with ease.

"Now the next."

He obeyed, but it did not come so easily.

"And the third."

It took all his strength to move its roots, but he succeeded.

"Now the fourth."

In vain the lad put forth all his strength. He only made the leaves tremble. He could not move the roots. They had gone strongly into the earth, and no effort could dislodge them.

Then the wise old man said to the ardent youth:

"This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak one may by a little watchfulness over self and the help of a little self-denial easily tear them up, but if we let them cast their roots deep into our souls there is no human power can uproot them. For this reason, my child, watch well over the first movements of your soul and study by acts of virtue to keep your passions well in check." (Text.) (2310)

Passport, Value of a—See TOKEN, VALUE OF A.

Past and Present Compared—See RELIGION DIFFUSED.

PASTOR, THE IDEAL

Give me the pastor whose graces shall possess
Of an ambassador the just address;
A father's tenderness, a shepherd's care,
A leader's courage, which the cross can bear;
A ruler's awe, a watchman's wakeful eye,
A fisher's patience, and a laborer's toil;
A guide's dexterity to disembroil;
A prophet's inspiration from above;
A teacher's knowledge, and a Savior's love.
—BISHOP HARE.
(2311)

Path, Narrow—See PROMISES.

PATHOLOGICAL CONDITIONS

A Viennese lady, who had suffered for a long time from cataleptic or lethargic attacks, was finally buried in one of her trances. The sexton, who fortunately happened to be a thief in this instance, had reopened the grave and was busy removing her clothes during the ensuing night, when a resurrection of the dead took place. Stricken with terror, he was running away, when the woman called him back, requesting to be taken to her doctor.

A little girl, mentioned by Tissot, shocked at her sister having helped herself to a coveted morsel, remained stiff and motionless for an hour, a spoon in her hand, and her arm outstretched toward the dish.

A soldier, quarreling with a companion, in a fit of passion seized a bottle to throw at him; cataleptic rigidity fixt him in this attitude, motionless, unconscious, his eyes full of anger and defiance.

In another case a magistrate on the bench, insulted in the middle of his summing up, remained as if petrified in an attitude of indignation and threat at his insulter.

Again, we read of priests being cataleptized at the altar in the attitude of elevating the sacrament.—A. DE WATTEVILLE, *Fortnightly Review.* (2312)

PATHS, KEEPING ONE'S OWN

Some twenty years ago a United States naval officer conceived the idea that if vessels eastbound took one ocean path and vessels westbound another, collisions would be avoided. Steamship lines eagerly fell in with the suggestion, and the result is that ingoing and outgoing liners may follow well-defined lanes of traffic. Separate paths are laid out for vessels of high power. Slow vessels, freighters and the like, have their special steaming zones. Since that time no collision on the high seas between two liners has occurred.

If every man would be equally careful to keep in his own territory moral collisions and many of life's catastrophes would be avoided. (2313)

PATIENCE

Edward Collins Downing bids us to wait through earth's night for the coming day of God's accomplishments:

To those who sit and watch at night
  And look to God alone for strength,
  There will arise, I know, at length,
A foregleam of eternal light.

The morning does not hesitate;
  The glory of its hour is fixt,
  Tho sorrow has been strangely mixt
In all our lives, there is no fate

That can retard the coming day.
  Be patient. In His perfect time
  God's purpose will unfold, sublime,
And light and joy shall have their way.
(Text.)
(2314)

Lady Henry Somerset has told how her attention was first called to the work of relieving the sufferings of poor city children.

"I was moved in that direction by the rare patience and imagination of one little boy. His example convinced me that patience was one of the qualities I needed most, and in seeking it I grew into that work. I was in a hospital on visiting day while the doctors were changing a plaster-cast which held the crippled boy's limb. The operation was exceedingly painful, I was told. To my surprize the little sufferer neither stirred nor winced, but made a curious buzzing sound with his mouth. After the doctors left him, I said:

"'How could you possibly stand it?'

"'That's nothin',' he answered; 'why, I just made believe that a bee was stingin' me. Bees don't hurt very much, you know. And I kept buzzin' because I was afraid I'd forget about its being a bee if I didn't.'" (2315)

When the quality most needed in a prime minister, who should be fully master of the situation, was the subject of conversation in the presence of Mr. Pitt, one of the speakers said it was eloquence, another said it was knowledge, a third said it was toil. "No," said Pitt, "it is patience." And patience is undoubtedly a prime quality of mastery in any situation."—James T. Fields. (2316)

See Wait and See; Waiting.

Patriot, Acting the Part of a—See Pretense.

PATRIOTISM

The spirit of Lincoln, who struck hard blows at the Southern cause but always spoke charitably of the Southern people, is embodied in this poem:

The foe that strikes thee,
For thy country's sake
Strike him with all thy might;
But while thou strikest,
Forget not still to love him. (Text.)

—His Majesty the Emperor Mutsu Hito of Japan. Translated by Arthur Lloyd. (2317)

A Japanese mother had given her three sons to the war. The first was reported slain. She smiled and said, "It is well. I am happy." The second lay dead upon the field. She smiled again and said, "I am still happy." The third gave up his life and they said to her, "At last you weep!" "Yes," she said, "but it is because I have no more sons to give to my beloved country!"—Marshall P. Wilder, "Smiling 'Round the World." (2318)

See Fidelity; Home Where the Heart is; Symbol, Power of a.

PATRIOTISM, DISINTERESTED

A rather refreshing sight for this year of our Lord would be a repetition of the office seeking the man as in "Saul's" case, where it was said, "They sought him (to make him king) but he could not be found."

It is said of Abraham Lincoln that, fully expecting, owing to the meager success of the Union armies up to that time, that he would fail of reelection as President, he resolutely set about putting the governmental departments in order for his successor. He took special pains that as little inconvenience as possible (and detriment to the country's interests) should be experienced in the transfer of power. How differently he might have acted but for his distinguishing patriotism! Washington once said: "It is of little consequence that my closing days be embittered if only the liberties of my country be conserved." (Text.) (2319)

Patriotism, Early—See LOYALTY.

Patriotism, Emblem of—See MEMORIALS OF PATRIOTISM.

PATRIOTISM, LACK OF

A significant punishment was administered recently to a man in Hoboken, N. J., for an act of disrespect to the Stars and Stripes. He was returning from an entertainment in the early morning hours, when he noticed a large flag flying from a pole in a citizen's yard. In a spirit of mischief he opened his pocket-knife and cut the halyards and the flag came fluttering to the ground. A policeman saw it fall and promptly arrested the man. When asked by the recorder before whom he was arraigned why he had done the mischief, he had nothing to say but that he objected to see the flag flying at that time in the morning. The recorder answered that it was right to have that flag flying at any time, and he would pass a sentence that would teach the offender a lesson of respect. He ordered him to climb the forty-foot pole and replace the flag, and instructed two policemen to see that it was done. The news of the sentence attracted a crowd and the man was jeered as he clumsily climbed the pole and put the flag back. It is a curious fact that the man who cut the flag down was an American, but it was flying in the yard of a Frenchman, and the arrest was made by an Irish policeman, and the recorder who pronounced sentence is said to be of English descent.

Every one has a contempt for a man who lowers the symbol of his nation's honor. But it is too often forgotten that dishonorable conduct and unprincipled trickery do more to dishonor the nation to which a man belongs than any insult to his flag. (2320)

Patriotism Scorned—See MEMORIALS OF PATRIOTISM.

Patrons Cared for—See DEPORTMENT.

PATTERN, PERFECT

We must not look for truth from men and women whose souls are out of sympathy with truth. The trouble with us all as human beings is that none of our natural virtues are wholly sound and perfect. There is at least a little untruth in all our truth, a little jealousy even in our best praise, a little pride even in our piety, a little superciliousness in our forbearance. Jesus alone could properly claim to be a type for all human character.

In a bullet foundry the first anxiety does not concern the bullets themselves. Of course it is absolutely necessary that each one should be perfectly spherical in shape. The essential antecedent condition is a perfect mold. If the bullet-mold is deformed, every bullet will share its deformity. Therefore the first need is to make the mold right, and then every bullet will share its rectitude. (2321)

PATTERN, THE DIVINE

"Tapestry Weavers," the poem by Dr. A. G. Chester, on page 535, has been translated into Japanese and published in the leading magazine of the country, which circulates over 50,000 copies, and the lines have also been printed in the English form upon large cards, which are distributed throughout the schools of Japan.

A returned missionary from China, who was recently introduced to Doctor Chester, remarked: "I am delighted to make the acquaintance of the author of 'The Tapestry Weavers,' a poem I have loved and admired and used by way of illustration for many years."

In connection with a fair lately held at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, for the benefit of the Home for Crippled Children, a number of copies of the poem, printed upon tinted paper and bearing the author's autograph, sold readily and realized a handsome sum.

I

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care,
The while their fingers deftly move, their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing besides of the patient, plodding weaver;
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork, that his marvelous skill is learned.

Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as well,
And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his own can tell.

II

The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving ever, till the mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate—
We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath need to fear,
Only let him look clear into heaven—the Perfect Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Savior forever and always in sight
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.

And when the work is ended, and the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master; it shall say unto him, "Well done!"
And the white-winged angel of heaven, to bear him thence shall come down;
And God shall give him gold for his hire—not coin but a glowing crown.
(Text.) (*2322*)

PAYMENT OF DEBTS

In a suit lately tried in a Maryland court, the plaintiff testified that his financial position had always been a good one. The opposing counsel took him in hand for cross-examination and undertook to break down his testimony upon this point.

"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked the counsel. "I have not." "Now, be careful," admonished the lawyer, with raised finger. "Did you ever stop payment?" "Yes." "Ah, I thought we should get at the truth," observed counsel, with an unpleasant smile. "When did this suspension of payment occur?" "When I had paid all I owed," was the naive reply of the plaintiff.—*Success Magazine.* (2323)

PEACE

The following outlook toward universal peace was written by George Frederick Knowles:

When navies are forgotten
And fleets are useless things,
When the dove shall warm her bosom
Beneath the eagle's wings;

When memory of battles
At last is strange and old,
When nations have one banner
And creeds have found one fold;

When the Hand that sprinkles midnight
With its powdered drifts of suns
Has hushed this tiny tumult
Of sects and swords and guns;

Then hate's last note of discord
In all God's worlds shall cease,
In the conquest which is service,
In the victory which is peace. (2324)

"The inauguration of a monument of Christ, the Redeemer, on the Cordillera of the Andes," says Carolina Huidobro, in *The Christian Herald* (New York), "has a grand significance, at once political and social. The colossal statue upon a pinnacle 14,000 feet above the sea, surrounded by peaks of perpetual snow, dominating as it does the two countries which stretch out on either side of the mountain range, is a tangible witness of international brotherhood. . . . Chile and Argentina have not only created a symbol; they have inculcated into the minds of men for all ages an idea of greater significance than any other in our contemporary age, by erecting that colossal monument to the Christ, with the inscription on its granite pedestal: 'Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace which, at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain.' On the opposite side of the base are the words of the angels' song over Bethlehem: 'Peace on earth, good-will to all men.' The statue cost about $100,000, and was paid for by popular subscription, the working classes contributing liberally." (Text.) (2325)

See Christmas; Militarism.

PEACE PACT

When William Penn made his treaty with the Indians under the spreading branches of an elm-tree on the banks of the Delaware, it was not for lands, but for peace and friendship. "We meet," said Penn, "in the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain, for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood." The Indians replied: "We will live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon shall endure."

Such a peace pact does God make with men; and such a pact ought man and man, and nation and nation to make with each other. (2326)

Peace Predicted—See Age, The New.

PEACEFUL INSTINCT OF SIMIANS

The acquisitive energy of a monkey-swarm must be witnessed to be credited. In the banana-gardens of the *tierra caliente* a Mexican capuchin monkey will exhaust his business opportunities with the dispatch of a Cincinnati bank cashier; but, in his attempt to reach the Canadian side of the hedge with a good armful of plunder, so often falls a victim to the pursuing dogs that monkey-trappers frequently rent an orchard for the special purpose of capturing the retreating marauders. In spite of their mischievous petulance, nearly all the Old World species of our four-handed kinsmen are emotionally sympathetic and ever ready to rescue their wounded friends at the risk of their own lives. At the cry of a captured baby baboon the whole tribe of passionate four-fisters will rush in regardless of consequences, and a similar tendency of cooperation may have given our hairy forefathers a superior chance of survival and secured their victory in their struggle for existence against their feline rivals. Their list of original sins may have included gluttony, covetousness and violence of temper, but hardly a penchant for wanton bloodshed. With the exception of the fox-headed lemurs and the ultra-stupid marmosets, nearly all our simian relatives evince symptoms of a character-trait which might be defined as an instinctive aversion to cruelty. Menagerie monkeys indulge their love of gymnastics by frequent scuffles; but the sight of a bona fide fight awakens a chorus of shrieks expressing a general protest rather than an emotion of fear or even partizan interest, for in an open arena the stouter members of the obstreperous community are sure to rush in and part the combatants.—Felix Oswald, *Popular Science Monthly*. (2327)

PEACEMAKER, THE

Just in the shade of the arena's gate,
They trooped and paused; and to the ranks of eyes
That questioned ere they drove them on to fate,
Steel-swift, steel-steady, did their answers rise—
"I fight to break the tyranny I hate!"
"I come to tear the veil from ancient lies!"
"I seize the odds! Let others share the prize!"
"I fail, that some may conquer, soon or late!"
But one who bore, within that radiant line,
A look as cool as joy, as firm as pain,
And touched his sword, as some rapt village swain
Touches the cup that holds his wedding wine,
Spoke not, until they urged: "What aim is thine?"
"I fight, that none may ever fight again!"

—G. M. Hort, London *Nation*.
(2328)

Pearl, The Unexpected — See DISCOVERY, FORTUNATE.

Pearls—See APPRECIATION.

Peccability of Men—See VINCIBLENESS.

Pedagog Rebuked—See UNNATURAL EDUCATION.

PEDIGREE

Shells keeping their form and delicate color and delicate wings of insects are preserved in stone, embedded there ages ago, "Trees waved, butterflies flitted on brilliant wings and hosts of creatures basked in the sunlight long before human foot trod the earth," says Edith Carrington in "Ages Ago." Some pique themselves in being able to trace descent through a few centuries. But there is a humble creature haunting our backyards counting his pedigree by millions of years. The common wood-louse, tho shy and modest, might boast if he liked—the scion of an ancient and noble family, the trilobites, once the monarchs of the world and the most numerous and highly organized creatures in it. (Text.) (2329)

Penalty from Mistaken Ideas—See INDIVIDUALISM, EXCESSIVE.

PENTECOST, MODERN

The Hawaiian Islands are among the greatest of the marvels of missionary success.

During the five years ending June, 1841, 7,557 persons were received into the Church at Hilo, constituting three-fourths of the whole adult population of the parish. When Titus Coan left Hilo, in 1870, he had himself received and baptized 11,960 persons.—PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions." (2330)

Penuriousness—See SIGHT, IMPERFECT.

People, Contact With—See SPEECH, COMMON.

Perfection—See COMPLIMENT.

Peril and Reward. Ignoring—See PRIDE IN ONE'S TASK.

PERISHABLENESS

At the Wold's Fair at St. Louis, Mo., the heroic statue of Joliet was so fine a work of art that a movement was set on foot to preserve it after the close of the fair. Many admirers of it subscribed for the expense, and it was removed to the entrance of O'Fallon Park. The figure was twenty-five feet high and fifteen feet long. The work of removal was difficult and cost nearly $2,000, but it was safely accomplished and it made an imposing addition to the beauties of the park. But it was made only of staff, and tho it was believed it would last for ten years, it was not supposed that it was permanent. Not long after, however, while hundreds of people stood admiring it in its new position, there was a sudden break in the image. A cloud of white dust arose, and when it cleared away the big statue had disappeared. A heap of white dust was all there was to show where it had been. It had absolutely crumbled to powder. All the work that had been expended on its formation and removal was lost in a moment. So it is with all human work, however beautiful and imposing. In God and His work alone is permanence. (Text.) (2331)

Permanence of the Spirit—See RECORD, LIVING.

PERMANENCY

"The first lizard possest the snout of a dolphin, the head of a lizard, the teeth and jaws of a crocodile, the backbone of a fish, paddles like those of a whale and the trunk and tail of a quadruped—a very monarch of the early seas. Kill or be killed must have been the rule of his life," says the great French novelist Currie. But it would seem the coat of mail worn by the tortoises and turtles was a better protection than the powerful claws and jaws of the fish-lizard, which was short-lived. The former are alive and flourishing to this day—the latter have altogether vanished. On the grave of John Keats are the words, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." (Text.) (2332)

Permanent Impressions—See TEACHER'S FUNCTION, THE.

PERMANENT, THE

Rev. Robert P. Wilder, missionary to India, gives the following account of a vivid dream he had while working in the mission field:

"I thought the Master came to me and said, 'Take heed how ye build.' I asked Him to show me the pattern. The veil was removed and I saw the pattern; but I saw that very much of my work was not in line with the pattern. Presently He took me into a little room and showed me a very small column of silver, and He said, 'That will abide the test. When the fire comes, that will not be destroyed.' I asked Him what it represented, and He said, 'That represents the little gifts to the needy ones.' 'Inasmuch as you have done it to one of these little ones you have done it to me, and inasmuch as the left hand did not know what the right hand gave, it is precious.' Then He showed me another little column of gold, and He said, 'That also will abide the test. That represents the hours of prayer alone with your Master.' At last we passed into a great room, and I pointed out to Him the elaborate carving in the woodwork. I had spent many months on it, but the Master said, 'Yes, it is well done, but it is wood, and when the fire strikes, the wood, hay and stubble will go.'" (Text.) (2333)

PERSECUTION AND PRAYER

When holding services in a little chapel on the edge of Manila, we had a young convert named Candido, about nineteen or twenty years old, in charge. We had to meet out under the trees, and there was an old man who lived close by where we were holding the services—an old gambler, sixty years old, named Marcelina. Of all the vile brutes I ever saw, that old Marcelina was the worst. He would go at night, and while we were holding services he would throw stones and brickbats. If there ever was a devil incarnate, he was one. We had patience with him for a long time. One day Candido came into my office and sat down in a chair and was looking greatly discouraged. Finally he said: "What shall we do with that old Marcelina? He came in last night and hit one of the little girls on the head with a stone, and she is seriously injured." I replied, "I don't know what you ought to do. I believe if Jesus were on earth, He would pray for that old man." "That is a doctrine which you don't find until you take the gospel," he answered. "With us, it is an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and stab the other fellow in the back." It cheered my heart to hear that little fellow say that. He went out and gathered twelve or thirteen young men in a room as a praying-band, and for two long months they met every single night to pray for the conversion of that old man. Marcelina, hearing of it, came up and asked, "What are you doing?" "We are praying for you, that God will give you love in your heart." He rushed out, raving and swearing, and the next time they held a service, he threw clubs and stones. Still the boys did not give up. After that Marcelina could not sleep; and one night he got up when everybody else was asleep and stole like a sentry to where Candido lived and called him out. He said, "Candido, I wish you would tell me what it is that you have which I haven't got; how can you treat me so kindly, when I am a brute to you?" They walked up under the palm-trees and bananas at the other side of the house, and that nineteen-year-old boy and the proud old gambler knelt down side by side to pray. I do not explain these things, but I know what happened that night. Marcelina knelt down and God took away that stony heart which he had had for fifty years and gave him as new and tender a heart as a young child ever had. Later there stood up thirty-seven people for baptism, and when I looked at Marcelina my heart seemed to come into my throat. I knew the struggles that he had gone through, and after I had baptized him, he said: "I beg your pardon; I thought that I was doing good when I threw stones; I did not know any better." Before he sat down I put my hand on his shoulder and said: "Wait, one word more; what must we do to win a fellow man for Jesus?" He looked around and sat down, crying like a little child, and we all wept with him; we could not help it. In a moment he arose and gave this testimony, with the tears streaming down his cheeks and his voice shaking: "Pastor, we can not win men by throwing stones at them; we can not win them by treating them as I have been treating you; we must love them to Jesus." That is what we must do in Latin-America for those people who do not love Jesus; we must step over the barrier and help them and "love them to Jesus." Do they need us?—J. McLaughlin, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (2334)

PERSECUTION, RELIGIOUS

It was during the latter half of the eighteenth century in Europe that some statesmen commenced the much-needed work of reform. Conspicuous among them was Joseph II of Austria. He went so far as to think he had the right to regulate the religion of his subjects. In Bohemia a certain sect was formed, made up of thrifty, honest and hard-working peasants, who believed in God and named themselves deists. This offended the Emperor and he gave instructions to have them brought to justice; those who determined to stand by their belief were to receive twenty-five lashes "not because they are deists," said Joseph, "but because they declare themselves to be something which they do not comprehend." The lash did not prove effective, so he deported them.

(2335)

PERSEVERANCE

The gentlest and least noticed efforts if repeated persistently enough will have their effect in due time. This is a lesson to be learned by those who are trying forward movements of reform:

In a gun-factory a great bar of steel, weighing five hundred pounds, and eight feet in length, was suspended vertically by a very delicate chain. Near by a common bottle-cork was suspended by a silk thread. The purpose was to show that the cork could set the steel bar in motion. It seemed impossible. The cork was swung gently against the steel bar, and the steel bar remained motionless. But it was done again and again and again for ten minutes, and lo! at the end of that time the bar gave evidence of feeling uncomfortable; a sort of nervous chill ran over it. Ten minutes later, and the chill was followed by vibrations. At the end of half an hour the great bar was swinging like the pendulum of a clock. (Text.) (2336)

It is not clear that Paganini owed much to any one but himself—his indomitable perseverance and his incessant study. His method is to be noted. For ten or twelve hours he would try passages over and over again in different ways with such absorption and intensity that at nightfall he would sink into utter prostration through excessive exhaustion and fatigue. Tho delicate, like Mendelssohn, he ate at times ravenously and slept soundly. When about ten he wrote twenty-four fugues, and soon afterward composed some violin music, of such difficulty that he was unable at first to play it, until incessant practise gave him the mastery.—H. R. Haweis, "My Musical Memories."

(2337)

I once thought I would like to test the perseverance of a large moth in performing its first upward journey; and as it was one from a chrysalis to be found in nature at the foot of a tree that attains some considerable height, I was, of course, prepared to exercise a little patience myself.

As soon as the moth had emerged, I placed it at the bottom of a window curtain that hung about eight feet high to the floor. In less than half a minute it had reached the top and was struggling hard to get still higher. I took it down and again placed it at the bottom. Up it went as fast as before, and this was repeated nine times with exactly the same result.—W. Furneaux, "Butterflies and Moths." (2338)

"Years of fruitless and apparently hopeless toil had almost determined the directors of the London Missionary Society to abandon altogether the work at Tahiti. Dr. Haweis, chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon, one of the founders of the society, and the father and liberal supporter of the South Sea Mission, earnestly opposed such abandonment of the field, and backed his arguments by a further donation of a thousand dollars. The Rev. Matthew Wilks, the pastor of John Williams, declared that he would sell the clothes from his back rather than give up the mission, and proposed, instead, a season of special prayer for the divine blessing. Such a season was observed; letters of encouragement were written to the missionaries, and—mark it!—while the vessel was on her way to carry these letters to Tahiti, another ship passed her in mid-ocean, which conveyed to Great Britain, October, 1813, the news that idolatry was entirely overthrown on the island, and bore to London the rejected idols of the people." (Text.)—Pierson, "The Miracles of Missions."

(2339)

A young girl sat singing at the piano. "Sing it again," said the singing teacher, and the tired girl sang it again and again and again. "But you do not sing it properly, and I question if you will ever make a great singer." But the little girl tried hard and practised the next day and the next; the next week and the next; the next year and the next. One day she stood before 5,000 men and women, and she sang till she seemed to take them out of themselves and to carry them up in the clouds of enchantment, over seas of melody, into an ecstasy of delight, until the people wept from the excess of their emotions. That girl was Lillian Nordica.—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (2340)

A pious woman, when it was decided to close the prayer-meeting in a certain village, declared it should not be, for she would be there if no one else was. True to her word, when, the next morning, some one asked her jestingly, "Did you have a prayer-meeting last night?" "Ah, that we did!" she replied. "How many were present?" "Four," she said. "Why, I heard you were there all alone." "No, I was the only one visible; but the Father was there, and the Son was there, and the Holy Spirit was there, and we were all agreed in prayer." Before long others took shame to themselves at the earnest perseverance of the poor woman, the prayer-meeting was revived and the church prospered. (Text.) (2341)

See CRIMINALS, TRACING; PERSISTENCE.

Perseverance in Saving—See PERSISTENCE IN DOING GOOD.

Perseverance, Unexampled—See AERIAL ACHIEVEMENT.

PERSIA, THE MOSLEM SITUATION IN

Perhaps I can not illustrate the degraded condition of the people in Persia better than by referring to the condition of women, because the key to the condition of the entire people is the condition occupied by their women. I will illustrate it by describing the manner of cultivating rice in northern Persia, in that portion bordering on the Caspian Sea. Among the people there, the planter as a rule marries as many women as he needs for the cultivation of his rice. They prepare the fields and sow broadcast in a seed-plot. These fields are not very large usually. The women further prepare it for cultivation by flooding the fields with water and then by plowing and cross-plowing under the water, standing in the great pools knee-deep or more. When the rice has grown to the height of six inches or more, the women go out in the early dawn and often they work with their babes strapt on their backs. It is necessary for them to transplant the little blades that have come up in the seed-plot; so they pull the rice plants up by the handful and transplant them, a few plants at a time, working steadily all day long until the evening twilight deepens and it is too dark to work any more, when they take refuge on a little elevation that may or may not be protected by a booth. There they remain during the night and are ready to start work again at the dawn. This they do, day after day. And when the harvest has come, and the crops have been gathered and safely placed in the storehouses, these women are probably divorced and turned out to live lives of misery and shame and degradation, until they may be so fortunate, as they would consider it, as to become the wives of other planters.

I will give you another illustration of their condition. Not long ago I was sitting in my study when a department representative came to me and said that, lying out in the open, behind the Legation, was a poor old sick woman; and he thought perhaps I might be able to do something for her, as she needed attention very badly. I went and investigated the case and found a poor, decrepit old woman. I say old woman, for tho she was only about thirty-five years of age, at thirty-five in Persia they become broken down and decrepit. I investigated her case, and my investigation revealed this story. She had been the wife of a certain man and had gradually been getting blind. She had also fallen and broken her hip-joint, and, being no longer able to do his work, he had carried her out in the open desert and left her to die there. We took her in our hospital, where our doctor cared for her; and when they washed her in order to dress her wounds, they found that she had maggoted bed-sores on her body. We did everything we could for her, and God in His mercy relieved her of her physical sufferings. It was His mercy that placed her in our hands for the last few days of her life, in order that she might hear the story of the love of Christ. — LEWIS F. ESSELST, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (2342)

PERSISTENCE

If the wind is in the east with a blue hazy atmosphere it seems to affect the fish in some unaccountable way, and while it lasts a rise can rarely be got out of them. I have noticed this hundreds of times, often when the water was in splendid fishing order, and the river full of new run fish, but whatever quarter the wind blows from there is always a chance while the fly is in the water, and to insure success the angler must make up his mind to have many blank days. He must never tire of throwing his fly, and never be put out by failure. —H. Cholmondeley-Pennell, "Fishing." (2343)

Mutsuhito, Emperor of Japan, is the author of the following quatrain:

Amatari ni
 Kubomishi noki no
Ishi mite mo
 Kataki waza tote
 Omoi sute me ya?

See, how the tiny raindrops from the eaves
Hollow the stones beneath, with constant drip,
Then why should we abandon well-formed plans
Simply, forsooth, because we find them hard? (2344)

It is the men who stick to it that secure the sweets of fortune.

"I never was in New Hampshire but once," said Mr. Lincoln, "and that was in the fall of the year—a cold, rough day, and a high wind was blowing. Just outside the city I noticed a big bull-thistle, and on this thistle was a bumblebee trying to extract honey from the blossom. The wind blew the thistle every which way, but the bumblebee stuck. I have come to the conclusion that persistency is characteristic of everything in New Hampshire, whether men or bumblebees." (Text.)—*The Youth's Companion.*

See Resoluteness. (2345)

PERSISTENCE IN DOING GOOD

Some of the Christians in Uganda are very faithful in pleading with others to give up their sins. One man, named Matayo, was giving way to drink. His Christian friends reminded him of his wound in the war. "You have a big wound in your soul, caused by drunkenness. Give up drink, or assuredly the wound will get worse and kill you eternally." Matayo replied: "Why can't you leave me alone?" Mika Sematimba answered, "When you were shot, did we not pick you up and carry you home? Did you then think we hated you? You are shot now, and we want to carry you home. Do you remember, when we were carrying you, how you said, 'Let me walk; your carrying makes the wound hurt me?' We didn't let you walk. We knew you could not walk, but that you would faint on the road; and now we know you can not keep sober, and we want to help you. You say, 'Leave me alone,' but we won't leave you alone. We know you will get worse if we do." (2346)

PERSISTENCE IN MISSIONARIES

Several attempts were made to open missionary work in Lua Niua, which was inhabited by a Polynesian race, speaking a language similar to that spoken by the Tongans and Samoans; but the heathen priests prevented it. Finally the Rev. J. F. Goldy, chairman of the Solomon Islands District, took with him a Christian Tongan teacher named Semisi Nau and a Christian Samoan named Pologa.

The people, incited by the heathen priests, refused them permission to land and Mr. Goldy was about to return, when these two brave men positively refused to leave, saying, "If the people will not allow us to come ashore we will live in the boat and preach from the water; but these people *must* hear of God's love for them."

For three months they lived there, anchoring close to the beach. They were abused and harried by the people on the land and were unable to go ashore. There is no fresh water on this island, and their only drink is coconut milk. Day after day these two faithful men suffered from thirst, but God touched the heart of a native who swam out to their boat under cover of night, and brought them coconuts.

Finally, a friendly chief at the other end of the lagoon invited them to come ashore and he and his people listened willingly and eagerly to the story of the gospel. A church has been built and the gospel has captured that end of the land. (Text.) (2347)

PERSISTENCE PAYS

"I [John Wesley] remember to have heard my father ask my mother, 'How could you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?' She answered, 'Why, if I had told him but nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor.'" —W. H. Fitchett, "Wesley and His Century." (2348)

PERSISTENCY REWARDED

Eighty-eight letters to Andrew Carnegie, asking him to buy an organ for the Cote Brilliante Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, written in the last eight months, brought a check at last for $1,125 from the philanthropist.

The check was accompanied only by a printed receipt form, and the church-members, while jubilant over getting the price of the organ, are wondering whether Mr. Carnegie really wanted to give the money, or did so to put an end to the series of letters. The letters were first sent at intervals of two weeks by different officials and members of the church, the intervals decreasing to one day, as the appeals for aid brought no reply. (2349)

A San Francisco lad, Cleve T. Shaffer, of the Potrero district, has perfected a soaring machine that he is now manufacturing for the market. He has the first air-ship factory in the West and is advertising for business. The Shaffer glider is marketed as a pleasure device. The pastime of scudding over fields at lightning speed is recommended as entirely safe and most exhilarating. Shaffer is twenty years old.

While building his gliders for the trade Shaffer, in a shop established in the rear of his home, is fitting an enlarged glider with a power motor which he declares will make of it a biplane-aeroplane superior to those of the Wrights, Bleriot, Curtiss, Latham, Paulhan and the other aviators already famous.

Shaffer is secretary of the Pacific Aero Club, the lively little organization of air-travel zealots which has sprung from the wide-spread interest in the new field of experimentation in San Francisco. The story of Shaffer's efforts to solve the aviation problem is inspiring. Tho a mere boy, he is a "pioneer" in aerial experimentation. Without funds and without any suggestion, support or encouragement from older persons, Shaffer as a boy of fifteen years, at a time when aviation was a subject engaging the attention of only a handful of men in the entire world, began persistent and systematic experiments. The lad became the laughing-stock of his home district in the Potrero hills. He was looked upon as a freak, a child with something wrong in his make-up—because of his unquenchable mania for air-travel experiments.—*Sunset Magazine.* (2350)

Persistent Effort — See DIFFICULTIES, OVERCOMING.

Personal Application — See ODD ONE, THE.

PERSONAL ELEMENT IN LITERATURE

As no glass is colorless, but tinges more or less deeply the reflections from its surface. so no author can interpret human life without unconsciously giving to it the native hue of his own soul. It is this intensely personal element that constitutes style.—WILLIAM J. LONG, "English Literature." (2351)

PERSONAL ELEMENT, THE

A great violinist being announced to play on his $5,000 instrument, the building was taxed to its utmost capacity to hold the eager throng. As he began to play they cheered his efforts and listened as if spellbound while he drew forth the rich strains of melody. Suddenly the character of the music changed and it was apparent to the people that something was wrong with the violin. The artist frowned, raised it high in air and in a tragic manner brought it down against a stand with such force that the instrument was shivered and flew in a thousand pieces.

The people were horrified that the man should, in a moment of ill temper, thus destroy a $5,000 instrument. As the manager gathered up the fragments, the musician exclaimed, "Friends, this instrument was a $2 violin I purchased on my way here and played on that you might know that it is not the price of the instrument which determines the value of the music. That depends on the player's touch. I will now play on my $5,000 violin."

So everywhere it is "the man behind the gun" that counts in the final results. (Text.) (2352)

PERSONAL EVANGELISM

President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, gives this incident of Dwight L. Moody:

Whenever I came into contact with Mr. Moody I got the impression that he was coming separately into contact with one person at a time. I remember that I was once in a very plebeian place; I was in a barber-shop, lying in a chair, and I was aware that a personality had entered the room. A man came quietly in upon the same errand that I had come in on and sat in the chair next to me. Every word that he uttered, tho it was not in the least didactic, showed a personal and vital interest in the man who was serving him, and before I got through with what was being done to me I was aware that I had attended an evangelistic service, because Mr. Moody was in the next chair. I purposely lingered in the room after he left and noted the singular effect his visit had upon the barbers in that shop. They talked in undertones. They did not know his name. They did not know who had been there, but they knew that something had elevated their thought. And I felt that I left that place as I should have left a place of worship. Mr. Moody always sought and found the individual. (Text.) (2353)

PERSONAL INFLUENCE

"The Catch-my-pal Movement" is attracting great public attention in the northern or Protestant section of Ireland. The nature of the movement will scarcely be suspected from the designation which has attached to it in popular speech; it is really an organization for the reclamation of drunkards. The originator, who is a Presbyterian layman living at Armagh—Patterson by name—had no intention of launching a general reform work; he stumbled into his present great service in a spontaneous attempt to help a poor fellow whom he found dead drunk at the foot of an Armagh lamp-post one day last July. By dint of genuine Christian sympathy and much hard work, Mr. Patterson succeeded in sobering the man up and persuading him to quit the drink. Then he sent the fellow to get a drunken "pal" and together they saved him. The three then went to work for a fourth. By the time Mr. Patterson had reformed six of the tipplers, he found to his surprize that he had actually started a "movement." It was organized later under the dignified name of "The Protestant Total Abstinence Union," but the public has not been able to remember that title. The main idea of using drunkards to save drunkards has been so perfectly exprest in the phrase "Catch my pal" that only that name is known to the "man in the street." (2354)

Personal Influence Pervading the World—See FAITH, A CHILD'S.

PERSONAL PREACHING

Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, of Arabia, says that forty years ago Dr. Talbot Chambers preached a missionary sermon in one of the New York churches, on a rainy Sabbath, when there was only one man in the audience. He made an appeal for the payment of the deficit of the Dutch Reformed Board. That deficit amounted to $55,000, and $11,000 were needed immediately to meet the crisis. Before Dr. Chambers went to bed that night there was a ring at the door, and Mr. Warren Ackerman announced himself as the man who had heard the sermon that morning. He drew out his check-book and wrote his check for $11,000. Early in the morning there was a ring at the door, and there stood Mr. Ackerman asking for a return of the check which he had given the previous night. "Now," Dr. Chambers thought, "he is coming back because he feels he has given too much, and is giving one-half of the total amount needed." But when the check was filled in the amount was $55,000, the largest single gift ever received by the Reformed Board. In such fashion does a sense of personal responsibility enable men to do exceeding abundantly above all that they are able to ask or think for the kingdom of God. (2355)

Personal Touch in Music—See MUSIC OF DESPAIR AND OF HOPE.

PERSONAL WORK

Our Roman Catholic brethren have a strong hold upon the cities—and why? Instead of putting a single priest in a great parish, as we put a single minister, they put a whole corps of clergy and a company of sisters to come into personal vital touch with the people, and especially with the sick and the poor.

Campbell Morgan became pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church in London with a beggarly attendance at the services. Soon the building was crowded to the doors. He said: "Do not give me credit for this great work. Give it to the twenty deaconesses who have gone from house to house, heart to heart, pleading the cause of Christ."

A priest of the Church of Rome says: "We have had very little anxiety in competition with Protestant church in our great cities, so long as a single man was both preacher and pastor in a great parish. But the deaconesses with black bonnets and white ties, who find their way to the hearthstones of the people, will win."—J. P. BRUSHINGHAM, *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.* (2356)

PERSONALITY AS A REDEMPTIVE FORCE

The salvation of the world is not to be by schemes of salvation, but by saviors, and the saviors of society are persons fit to be strong, good seed. Why is not social redemption accomplished by the vast movement of social mechanism, in which we are all so much involved that every man's trade—as Robert Louis Stevenson once said—is that of a joiner? It is because human society is not a factory, but a field; not a mechanical unity, but a vital unity; not made of wheels, but made of people. What is needed in our day, as never before, is not new social machinery, but new personality, more wisdom, sanity, patience, light, capacity to control the already elaborate mechanism of the time; and without these traits the wheels will soon run down and the work be undone, and the workers be smitten with despair; and the children of the kingdom will find themselves good people indeed, but not good seed, fit for the field of the modern world. —FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY, "The Religious Education Association," 1904. (2357)

PERSONALITY, INFLUENCE OF

Marian Bonsall, who was sent to Japan by *The Housekeeper* to prepare a series of articles on the home life of that country, writes as follows of the Empress:

American women read with interest and admiration of the active part taken by the Empress in Red Cross work during the war, and of how she spent many hours out of her days in making bandages. The effect of these bandages upon the wounded soldiers has been of deep interest to medical and scientific men, for the soldiers honored by them seemed to rally under a peculiar mental influence. All other bandages were destroyed after their first use; those made by the Empress were sterilized and used again for the simple reason of their effect on the recovery of the soldiers.

The Empress used to go personally to the hospitals many times, and visit among the wounded. One of the servants of a friend of mine in Tokyo, told her of his inability to speak when as a wounded soldier he had lain in an army hospital and had been addrest by the Empress. Tho she was so wondrously kind and gracious he could not thank her, and even had he been able, he said, he knew no words sufficiently polite. Then he added proudly, "The Empress could not speak to every one, but the soldiers are her children." (2358)

PERSONALITY IS A MYSTERY

Science hath measured man in part; in the laboratory, science points to an analysis of a man weighing a hundred and fifty pounds. In one jar are ten or twelve quarts of water, in another jar the lime, the ash, the carbon, the phosphates, and then a tiny vial holding a little iodin, and a little phosphorus. But that row of jars containing all the elements of the body must not be labeled man. Beyond those jars is a certain immeasurable element, an impalpable something, an invisible essence, a secret spirit, a hidden power, that is fenced about with bones and sinews, but that will suddenly compel you to laugh, to love, to burn with moral indignation, and will spread out before you a canvas and dim your eyes with tears; that will wave a wonder-working wand woven of words, and show you an imperial palace built yonder upon foundations of clouds, and then with a stroke dissolve all, and leave not a wrack behind. These twelve jars, analyzed by science, can not write poems or paint pictures, or carve altars, or enact laws, or sing lullabies, or create a Christmas tree.—N. D. HILLIS. (2359)

PERSONALITY, LOCATION OF

A writer in *The Atlantic Monthly* says:

The spinal cord runs along the back, with all its ganglia; the weight of the brain is well behind; yet we are not there. In other words, the curious thing is that we feel ourselves to be, not in the region where impressions are received and answered in the brain, and spinal cord, but where they first meet the nerve-extremities. We seem to inhabit not the citadel, but the outer walls. At the point of peripheral expansion of the nerves of sense, where the outer forces begin to be apprehended by us as inner—"in front," where the fingers feel, and the nose smells and the eyes see—there, if anywhere, we find ourselves to be.

I have often been interested to notice whereabouts on our bodily surface another animal looks to find us. The man or even the little child, looks at the face. Is it because the voice issues thence? Yet it is the eyes, rather than the mouth that is watched. Is it because the expression, the signal-station for the changing moods, is there more than elsewhere? A dog, also, invariably looks up into the face. So does a bird, nothwithstanding the fact that the food comes from the hand. Why does he not consider the "I," so far as his needs are concerned, to lie in the part that feeds him? But no; he cocks his head to one side, and directs his lustrous little eye straight to our own, in order to establish what communion he can with the very "him" of his master and friend.

It is hardly less pathetic than our own human efforts to pierce, by the searching penetration of eyes, to the real personality of each other. We never succeed. (2360)

Personality, Multiplex—See MULTIPLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

Personality Superior to Misfortune—See MISFORTUNE, SUPERIORITY TO.

Perspective—See POINT OF VIEW.

Perturbation—See BAPTISM.

Perversion—See GUIDANCE EVILWARD.

PERVERSION OF GIFTS

Dr. N. D. Hillis, speaking of the perversion of men's talents to low or bad uses, says:

And oh, the pity of the waste and abuse of these gifts! Oh, the sorrow of Jesus at these opportunities despised and flung away! Are roses reddened for the swine to lift its tusk upon? Are pearls made to be flung in the mire, in which they are trampled and lost? Is a hospital fitted up as a room in which physicians and nurses riot, drinking up the precious wines, consuming the jellies, wasting the soft linens, while wounded soldiers lie in the darkness without, moaning and dying as their own life-blood ebbs away in the black night? When Philadelphia, in the morning after Gettysburg, rushed a relief train to the battle-field, how would the whole land have quivered with indignation at the news that the officers in charge had forgotten sobriety and honor, and looted the train of its gifts, counting the treasure to be personal to themselves, in utter contempt of heroes wounded and dying? (2361)

See WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Perversity — See GIRLS, LITTLE, AND SLAMMING DOORS.

PESSIMISM

Carlyle was never a hopeful prophet. He called himself a radical of the quiet order, but he had none of the hopefulness of radicalism, nor was it in him to be quiet on any subject that interested him. There is a good deal of truth in the ironical remark of Maurice, that Carlyle believed in a God who left off governing the world at the death of Oliver Cromwell. He saw nothing in modern progress that justified its boasts, and it must be owned that his social forecasts have been all too amply fulfilled. The hopefulness of Emerson positively angered him. He took him round London, showing him the worst of its many abominations, asking after each had been duly objurgated, "Do you believe in the devil now?"—W. J. DAWSON, "Makers of English Prose." (2362)

PESSIMISM IN LITERATURE

A few days ago Mr. Berth, a young New Yorker, committed suicide in a hotel at St. Paul, Minn. The explanation given for his rash act is that constant study of pessimistic literature had affected his mind. Among his books was found a melancholy tale by Edgar Saltus, in which Berth had marked many depressing passages. About eighty years ago fashionable society in London affected great admiration for Addison's tragedy of "Cato." After one of the stage renditions of the play a man named Budgell, imprest by the closing scene of the play, in which the hero commits suicide, left the theater and plunging into the Thames was drowned. On his body was found this couplet:

What Cato did and Addison approves
Must needs be right.

While such susceptibility to pessimistic writing as was shown by Berth and Budgell is, of course, extremely rare, it is nevertheless, a fact that an author who depicts life in dreary colors is sure to exert a most undesirable influence over many of his readers. The force of this applies to all kinds of writing. Whether a man pens an epic poem or a newspaper editorial, the tone of his philosophy is sure to leave its ultimate effect on those who peruse his words.—New York *World.* (2363)

Pessimists, The, and the Optimists—See LOADS, BALKING UNDER.

PEST, CONTAGIOUS

The Survey, in commenting on Dr. H. G. Beyer's statement at a recent conference of the New York Academy of Medicine that the fly is "not merely a pest but an epidemic," says:

One fly lays 120 eggs in the season, and as each of these eggs takes but ten days to reach maturity, it has been computed that twelve flies surviving the winter will produce 40,000 the following summer. When to this estimate of numbers is added the experimentally proved fact that one fly carries upon his legs alone anywhere between one and six million bacteria, there seems little exaggeration in Dr. Beyer's characterization.

Observation has shown that the fly is omnivorous and ubiquitous, and that, certain unsanitary conditions being fulfilled, wherever the fly is, there also are certain diseases. In regard to these diseases the most startling evidence is given for typhoid, but careful experiments have shown that no less than ten others, among them tuberculosis, carbuncle, cholera, tapeworm and summer diarrhea, have been spread by flies, and there is good reason to believe that smallpox, leprosy and diphtheria might be added to the list.

It is the omnivorousness of the fly, together with his choice of breeding-places, that makes him a menace to health. A fruitful source of disease bacteria is damp, decaying organic matter, and it is just such matter, usually stable refuse, that is used for a breeding-place by flies. Experiments with young flies fresh from the breeding-ground showed them to have live bacteria either on the outside of their bodies or in the digestive tracts. This same decayed organic matter is also the food of the fly, but with true democracy of taste he is glad to share man's food also, and it is this willingness to take his dessert out of the sugar-bowl after a dinner of decayed fish that constitutes his chief danger to man. (2364)

Pests — See BARRIERS; PIRACY, BIRD; REMEDY FOR PESTS.

Pests, Utilizing—See INGENUITY.

PEW, IF I WERE IN THE

There are a great many things which can be done by those in the pew to assist the ministry, and to better the Church and her services. Here are a few of them. If I were in the pew:

I would acquire the habit of getting to church on time, for then I would get the full benefit of the service and would not disturb others by my late arrival.

I would have my regular seat, and see that it is occupied every Sunday.

I would have my entire family with me on the same bench.

Upon reaching my seat, I would kneel, or bow the head in a few words of silent prayer, asking the Lord to prepare my heart for a season of spiritual worship and the acceptance of the truths and instructions presented by His messengers.

I would join in the singing with my whole soul, not making it a mere word or note service, as it often is.

While public prayer is being offered, I would have a personal, silent prayer of my own to offer. This prayer would be short, so that, when through with it, I could follow the trend of the one who is praying aloud.

I would greet every stranger and make him feel that I appreciated his coming to worship with us.

I would see that every visiting member or stranger is invited into some home for lodging and entertainment. I would not forget to be hospitable.

I would frequently invite the minister into my home, feeling that his presence would increase the spirituality of my family.

I would not criticize the minister, the sermon, or the church, before my children, or non-church-members. I would exercise the greatest charity toward them all.

I would frequently remember the minister with little gifts and tangible assistance, and thus help to share the sacrifices he makes for the Church—which means me and my family.

I would occasionally call on the minister in his home.

I would not be slow to praise him for his successes, and encourage him in his efforts. If I had any suggestions for his improvement, I would make them in a tactful, kindly way.

I would actively cooperate with the minister in every church work.

I would attend all council-meetings, and endeavor to increase the spirituality, peace, and prosperity of the Church.—O. H. YEREMAN, *Gospel Messenger.* (2365)

PHILANTHROPY

Dr. John Barnardo, who devoted his life to the rescue and cure of poor children, tells the experiences here quoted:

A lady on one occasion came to Stepney in her carriage. A child was in it. I granted her an interview, and she laid down five 100-pound notes, saying they were mine if I would take the child and ask no questions. I did not take the child. Again, a well-known peer of the realm once sent his footman here with £100, asking me to take the footman's son. No. The footman could support his child. Gold and silver will never open my doors unless there is real destitution.

"It is to the homeless," said the doctor, "the actually destitute, that we open our doors day and night, without money and without price." (Text.)—*Westminster Gazette*, London. (2366)

PHILANTHROPY, PRACTICAL

Samuel Saucerman is the originator of the "Trimmer Band," which is an unique and effective method of promoting temperance and thrift in the young, from nine to sixteen years of age. To every boy in the State of Iowa who will take the pledge to *abstain from tobacco in every form, intoxicating liquor, gambling* and *profane language,* Mr. Saucerman will give $1.00 upon his joining one of these "Trimmer Bands," and will pay him *one cent a day for three years,* and *another* $1.00 at the end of that period. Members of these "Bands" are urged to save their nickels and dimes, which would otherwise be spent for tobacco and liquor, and also hold monthly meetings to discuss economy, finance, clean living, and everything in line with industry and morals. To show good faith, each boy must deposit 50 cents with his first dollar, and at the end of the three years, even if he has not himself saved a cent, he will have $12.00. The object is to establish habits of saving, which will enable every boy at twenty-one to have saved sufficient to start him in life, or to go to college.—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (2367)

Photography of Germs—See INVISIBLE, THE, MADE VISIBLE.

Physical Ailments — See REMEDIES, STRANGE.

Physical Training — See PLAY AND MORALS.

PHYSICAL WEAKNESS OVERCOME

Rev. W. F. Crafts, Ph.D., writes of the success of scores of men who were born physically defective:

The list includes club-footed Byron, halting Akenside, frail Spinoza, deformed Malebranche, disfigured Sam Johnson, Walter Scott, "a pining child"; Sir Isaac Newton, "who might have been put in a quart pot when born"; Voltaire, who was for some time too small and weak to christen; Charles Sumner, who weighed three and a half pounds at birth; Lyman Beecher, who weighed but three pounds at first, and was laid aside by his nurse to die; Goethe, Victor Hugo, and D'Alembert, who were so weak at birth that they also were not expected to live, and also Pope, Descartes, Gibbon, Kepler, Lord Nelson, Sir Christopher Wren, James Watt, John Howard, Washington Irving, William Wilberforce, and many others whom the world has delighted to honor as mental giants—a list that well-born children could hardly match—whose bodily weakness in infancy in any but a Christian land would have marked them as unworthy to be raised to manhood. The study of such a group ought to be an inspiration to boys handicapped by any physical weakness, and it also suggests that mind and will may conquer the most adverse circumstances. (2368)

Pibroch, The—See MUSIC OF DESPAIR AND OF HOPE.

PICTURE, RECORD PRICE FOR

Frans Hals was the hero of the evening at the Yerkes sale at Mendelssohn Hall, April 7, 1910. His "Portrait of a Woman" brought the highest price of the evening, $137,000, the highest price ever given for a picture at a sale in America and $8,000 more than the record-breaking price of the evening before, $129,000, which was paid for a wonderful Turner.

The dear old Dutch woman whose portrait Frans Hals painted more than 400 years ago could never have dreamed, if her practical soul was given to anything in the nature of visions, of ever being worth, in any form, so very many thousand dollars. She was the calmest-looking person in the hall when the curtains were drawn aside and she was revealed sitting quietly in her big chair, a wide ruff around her plump throat, a close cap encircling her placid face, one hand at her waist as she sat primly for her portrait, the other at her side clasping her Bible.—New York *Times.* (2369)

Pictures—See PIETY.

PICTURES, INFLUENCE OF

It pays to spend thought on the pictures we put on our walls. A charming woman once said:

"My earliest impression is a picture that hung on the wall over my bed and which I had to look at the last thing every night before I went to sleep. It was that of a white horse upon the back of which was crouched the body of a fierce tiger, with his teeth and claws embedded in the flesh of the horse. The blood ran down from the wounds and the whole thing was frightful to me. I went to sleep every night afraid and very uncomfortable. This picture is as vivid to me to-day as tho I was looking at the real thing, and will never be erased."

If that had been the picture of "The Guardian Angel," or "The Evening Prayer," or some one of the many that are pleasing and that teach some beautiful lesson, that woman would have had a happier remembrance, and would be better both physically and morally.—*Religious Telescope.* (2370)

While we empower the police to put down with a strong hand the exhibition in shop windows, and the censor of stage plays and spectacles to interdict the parade in theaters of pictures and scenes of an "immoral" character, because it is recognized that these have a tendency to corrupt the mind of youth—and age, too—nothing whatever is done to restrain the daily increasing evil of pictorial placards displayed on every boarding, and of highly-wrought scenes produced at nearly all the theaters, which not only direct the thoughts, but actively stir the passions of the people in such way as to familiarize the average mind with murder in all its forms, and to break down that protective sense of "horror" which nature has given us, with the express purpose, doubtless, of opposing an obstacle to the evil influence of the exemplification of homicide. It does seem strange—passing strange—that this murder culture by the educationary use of the pictorial art has not been checked by public authority. We have no wish to make wild affirmations, but knowing what we do, as observers of development, we can have no hesitation in saying that the increasing frequency of horribly brutal outrages is by no means unaccountable. The viciously inclined are, in a sense, always weak-minded—that is to say, they are especially susceptible to influences moving them in the direction their passions incline them to take; and when the mind (or brain) is imprest through the senses, and particularly the sense of sight, in such manner as to produce mental pictures, either in waking thoughts or dreams of homicide, the impulsive organism is, as it were, prepared for the performance of the deeds which form the subjects of the consciousness. We are, of course, writing technically; but the facts are indisputable, and we trust they will be sufficiently plain. It is high time that this ingenious and persistent murder-culture should cease.—London *Lancet.* (2371)

PICTURESQUE

Thomas Rowlandson, the artist, at one time in his career devoted himself to book illustration, in a series of plates on Goldsmith, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne and other humorists of his day. It was this that led William Combe, then in a debtors' prison, and who had never met the artist, to write his humorous poem, "Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque."

Ought not every Dr. Syntax of the pulpit or platform go in search of the picturesque? (Text.) (2372)

PIETY

In considering the pictures of sacred subjects produced in the early ages of faith and simplicity, we must not forget that the chief intention of the artist was to stimulate the piety of the spectator, and not to make a "pretty" picture. Thus it is recorded of the saintly Florentine monk, Fra Angelico (1387-1455), that before he began the painting of a religious subject he fasted and prayed, and that while he was at work on his picture he always remained kneeling.—Frederick Keppel, "Christmas in Art.' (2373)

PILGRIM, THE

Charlotte Wilson, in *Scribner's,* writes a song of the pilgrim who minds not the hardships or fortunes of the road so he but reaches the goal of the journey:

Ah, little Inn of Sorrow,
What of thy bitter bread?
What of thy ghostly chambers,
So I be shelterèd?
'Tis but for a night, the firelight
That gasps on thy cold hearthstone;
To-morrow my load and the open road
And the far light leading on!

Ah, little Inn of Fortune,
What of thy blazing cheer,
Where glad through the pensive evening
Thy bright doors beckon clear?
Sweet sleep on thy balsam-pillows,
Sweet wine that will thirst assuage—
But send me forth o'er the morning earth
Strong for my pilgrimage!

Ah, distant End of the Journey,
What if thou fly my feet?
What if thou fade before me
In splendor wan and sweet?
Still the mystical city lureth—
The quest is the good knight's part;
And the pilgrim wends through the end of
the ends
Toward a shrine and a Grail in his heart.
(Text.)
(2374)

Pilgrimage—See JOURNEY TO HEAVEN.

Pilgrimage, The Mecca—See MECCA, INFLUENCE OF.

PILOT, NEED OF

A man who spurns the guidance of others or of God is like this self-confident sea captain:

A bright boy went to sea; he loved it and rose to quick promotion. While quite a young man he became master of a ship. One day a passenger spoke to him upon the voyage, and asked if he should anchor off a certain headland, supposing he would anchor there, and telegraph for a pilot to take the vessel into port.

"Anchor! no, not I. I mean to be in dock with the morning tide."

"I thought perhaps you would signal for a pilot."

"I am my own pilot," was the curt reply.

Intent upon reaching port by morning he took a narrow channel to save distance. Experienced sailors on board shook their heads dubiously, while cautious passengers besought the young captain to take a wider course. He only laughed at their fears and declared he would be in dock by daybreak. A sudden squall swooped down upon them; wild alarm spread throughout the vessel. Enough to say that the captain was ashore earlier than he promised—tossed sportively upon the weedy beach, a dead thing that the waves were weary of, and his ship and freight were scattered over the angry sea. The glory of that young man was strength; but he was his own pilot. (2375)

See CHRIST OUR PILOT.

PIRACY, BIRD

The Buffalo *Evening News* gives us the following from the city forester of that city:

A war of extermination has been declared against the English sparrow by the Department of Agriculture, which has just issued a bulletin on the subject in which this busy, fighting bird is outlawed as a pirate of the air. It is declared that he studiously hunts and eats insects which are beneficial to plant life, while he more or less passes over those which are harmful. The only good thing he does is to eat the seed of weeds and prevent their spread. Aside from that there is nothing to be said in his favor.

More than that, he is murderous. He hunts the nesting-places and destroys eggs and young bluebirds, house-wrens, tree-swallows and barn-swallows. The robin, the catbird, and the mocking-bird he attacks and drives out of parks and shade-trees. He has no song, but he drives out the song-birds and brings only noise in return.

After having learned all this about the sparrow after an extensive investigation, the Department of Agriculture describes various ways to destroy him.

City Forester Filer said yesterday he has not seen a copy of the bulletin, but that he agrees with its conclusions. "There is a good deal of justice in declaring the English sparrow a pirate," said Mr. Filer. "These birds were originally imported to New York to get rid of an insect pest, the linden moth, which that city was then fighting. The sparrow didn't like these moths, and he doesn't like any caterpillar with fuzz on it, and he took to the streets for his living. They spread and multiplied very fast.

"The robin is the only other bird we have in Buffalo in numbers and the sparrows eat their eggs. In the parks we have a few other varieties, but they are not numerous, and the sparrows are not as plentiful in the parks as they are in the streets, where they prefer to get their living.

"Most of the destructive moths, particularly the gipsy, tussock and browntail, have hairy caterpillars, and the sparrows will not eat them, so they are no good for that purpose." (2376)

Placards—See PICTURES, INFLUENCE OF.

PLACE, FILLING ONE'S

Sir Michael Costa was once rehearsing with a vast array of performers and hundreds of voices, when, in the mighty chorus, amid the thunder of the organ, and the roll of drums, and the blare of brass instruments, and the clashing of cymbals, he suddenly stopt and exclaimed, "Where is the piccolo?" That little instrument had ceased to play, and the great master of music missed it.

So in life's chorus, the least man can make or mar it by faithfulness or neglect. (Text.) (2377)

PLACE, IN THE RIGHT

The rainbow is one of the most beautiful things in nature. It is made by a series and succession of falling drops, the series stretching across the sky, and the successive drops catching the reflection and refraction left by the drop below. Each drop has but a minute ray among the millions, and has this but for an instant as it comes into the right angle with the sun, but all together and in succession spread wide the beautiful arch of hope and promise. Each of us is among God's creatures only as a single drop in the broad shower, and only for a little is our opportunity; but if we are in our place and in the right angle toward God, we may help spread His glory far and wide.—FRANKLIN NOBLE, "Sermons in Illustration." (2378)

PLAGIARISM, DETECTION OF

A man might as well hoist a ladder in a village at noonday and try to steal the town clock without being observed as to expect to carry off literary ware in our time and not be found out. The newspaper editor, scissors in hand and mucilage on the table, sits up to his chin in exchanges from the four winds of heaven. Beside that, all the world is traveling now. Fares are so cheap and transportation so rapid that before every preacher, and before every lecturer, and before every religious exhorter, there may sit persons from the most unexpected quarter, and if they heard three years ago something delivered in New Orleans which you delivered in Brooklyn, the discovery will be reported. Quote from all books you can lay your hands on. Quote from all directions. It is a compliment to have breadth of reading to be able to quote. But be sure to announce it as a quotation. Ah! how many are making a mistake in this thing; it is a mistake that a man can not afford to make. Four commas upside down—two at the beginning of the paragraph, two at the close of the paragraph—will save many a man's integrity and usefulness.—T. DE WITT TALMAGE. (2379)

PLAN IN NATURE

There are several hundred thousand different kinds of animals living on this globe of the different types. Every one of them has its line of development. Every sparrow begins with the egg, and goes through all the changes which are characteristic of sparrow life, until it is capable of producing new eggs, which will go through the same change. Every butterfly comes from the egg, which produces the caterpillar, which becomes a chrysalis, and then a butterfly, laying eggs to go through the same changes. So with all animals, whether of higher or lower type. In fact, the animal kingdom as it is now, is undergoing greater changes every year than the whole animal kingdom has ever passed through from the beginning until now; and yet we never see one of these animals swerve from the plan pointed out, or produce anything else than that which is like itself.—Prof. LOUIS AGASSIZ. (2380)

PLAN, LACK OF

Emerson tells that when on a trip to New Hampshire he found a large building going up in a country town. Struck by its ungainly and rambling appearance, he asked a man who was working at it, who the architect was. And the reply was, "Oh, there isn't any architect settled on as yet. I'm just building it, you see, and there's a man coming from Boston next month to put the architecture into it." (2381)

PLANS, HUMAN, TRANSCENDED

The Rev. W. H. Fitchett says of John Wesley:

Had Wesley done nothing more than preach or write his memory might have failed. But at this stage Wesley links himself by one great achievement, not merely to English history, but to the history of religion. He creates a church! He did not do this consciously, or of deliberate purpose. He strove, indeed, not to do it; he protested he would never do it. But as history shows, he actually did it! And since history is not so much philosophy teaching by examples as God interpreting Himself by events, we are entitled to say that Wesley, in laying the foundations of a new church, did something that, no doubt, outran his own human vision, but which fulfilled a divine purpose.—"Wesley and His Century." (2382)

PLANT WORSHIP

The plant worship which holds so prominent a place in the history of the primitive races of mankind, would appear to have sprung from a perception of the beauty and utility of trees. Survivals of this still linger on in many parts of Europe. The peasants in Bohemia will sally forth into their gardens before sunrise on Good Friday, and falling upon their knees before a tree will exclaim: "I pray, O green tree, that God may make thee good." At night-time they will run to and fro about their gardens crying: "Bud, O trees, bud, or I will flog you." In England the Devonshire farmers and their men will to this day go out into their orchards after supper on the evening of Twelfth Day, carrying with them a large milk-pail of cider, with roasted apples prest into it. All present hold in their hands an earthenware cup filled with liquor, and taking up their stand beneath those apple-trees which have borne the most fruit, address them in these words:

> Health to thee, good apple-tree,
> Well to bear pocketfuls, hatfuls,
> Peckfuls, bushel bagfuls!

simultaneously dashing the contents of their cups over the trees.—*The Gentleman's Magazine.* (2383)

Planting That Multiplied—See MISSIONARY, A LITTLE.

PLAY AND MORALS

Play is related to morals. As we learn from Judge Lindsey: "The whole question of juvenile law-breaking—or at least nine-tenths of it—is a question of children's play. A boy who breaks the law is in nine cases out of ten not a criminal. He is obeying an instinct that is not only legitimate, but vital, and which, if it finds every lawful channel choked up, will seek an outlet at the next available point. The boy has no especial desire to come in conflict with the laws and usages of civilized society." Give a boy an opportunity to play at his favorite game, and the policeman will need, as Mr. Lee puts it, "a gymnasium himself to keep his weight down." Give children playgrounds, and the same spirit and imagination which form rowdy gangs will form baseball clubs and companies for games and drills. Precinct captains attribute the existence of rowdyism and turbulence to lack of better playgrounds than the streets. They break lamps and windows because they have no other provision made for them. London, after forty years' experience, says tersely, "Crime in our large cities is to a great extent simply a question of athletics." "This is not theory, but is the testimony you will get from any policeman or schoolmaster who has been in a neighborhood before and after a playground was started there. The public playground is a moral agent, and should be in every community." The play of youth needs careful and scientific direction, so as to develop active and manly qualities of mind and character.—GEORGE J. FISHER, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association," 1907. (2384)

PLAY, COMMENDABLE

Lovely human play is like the play of the sun. There's a worker for you. He, steady to his time, is set as a strong man to run his course, but also, he rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course. See how he plays in the morning, with the mists below, and the clouds above, with a ray here and a flash there, and a shower of jewels everywhere—that's the sun's play; and great human play is like his—all various—all full of light and life, and tender, as the dew of the morning.—JOHN RUSKIN. (2385)

PLAY NECESSARY

The child has an artificial occupation named play through games. Having the food as raw material for the body, that food can be built into the physique only through the free play of the legs and arms, through exercise and fresh air. In Prospect Park we behold the maple bough pushing out a soft growth of one or two feet, and then the sap coursing through the young growth furnishes food; then comes the spring and summer winds to give the sap and the bough its exercise; playing with the leaves in the air, bending it, twisting it, hardening the young growth, until it can stand up against the storms of winter. And not otherwise does the growing child need its exercise. The little boy flings out his arm with the ball, and so stretches the arm. Then, when the arm is stretched, along comes the angel of the blood and drops in a little wedge, so that the stretched arm can not draw back. Thus the growth is permanent. This is the function of all the games for little children, to stretch the blood into the body and then by forcing the arterial blood into the extremities to make the stretching permanent. One thing, therefore, is vital, the playground. (Text.)—N. D. HILLIS. (2386)

PLAY, SIGNIFICANCE OF

When things become signs, when they gain a representative capacity as standing for other things, play is transformed from mere physical exuberance into an activity involving a mental factor. A little girl who had broken her doll was seen to perform with the leg of the doll all the operations of washing, putting to bed, and fondling, that she had been accustomed to perform with the entire doll. The part stood for the whole; she reacted not to the stimulus sensibly present, but to the meaning suggested by the sense object. So children use a stone for a table, leaves for plates, acorns for cups. So they use their dolls, their trains, their blocks, their other toys. In manipulating them, they are living not with the physical things, but in the large world of meanings, natural and social, evoked by these things. So when children play horse, play store, play house or making calls, they are subordinating the physically present to the ideally signified. In this way, a world of meanings, a store of concepts (so fundamental to all intellectual achievement), is defined and built up.—John Dewey, "How We Think." (2387)

PLAYFUL ATTITUDE, THE

Playfulness is a more important consideration than play. The former is an attitude of mind; the latter is a passing outward manifestation of this attitude. When things are treated simply as vehicles of suggestion, what is suggested overrides the thing. Hence the playful attitude is one of freedom. The person is not bound to the physical traits of things, nor does he care whether a thing really means (as we say) what he takes it to represent. When the child plays horse with a broom and cars with chairs, the fact that the broom does not really represent a horse, or a chair a locomotive, is of no account. In order, then, that playfulness may not terminate in arbitrary fancifulness and in building up an imaginary world alongside the world of actual things, it is necessary that the play attitude should gradually pass into a work attitude.—John Dewey, "How we Think." (2388)

PLAYTHINGS, EARTH'S

He begged me for the little toys at night,
That I had taken, lest he play too long,
The little broken toys—his sole delight.
I held him close in wiser arms and strong,
And sang with trembling voice the evensong.
Reluctantly the drowsy lids drooped low,
The while he pleaded for the boon denied.
Then, when he slept, sweet dream, content to know,
I mended them and laid them by his side
That he might find them in the early light,
And wake the gladder for this joyous sight.

So, Lord, like children, at the even fall
We weep for broken playthings, loath to part,
While Thou, unmoved, because Thou knowest all,
Dost fold us from the treasures of our heart;
And we shall find them at the morning-tide
Awaiting us, unbroke and beautified.

—*Ainslee's Magazine.*
(2389)

PLEASANT LOOKS

If one does not believe that his countenance adds to or detracts anything from the lives or expressions of others, let him pause for a moment before that now celebrated "Billiken." It is almost impossible to look at the little imp and not smile. The Japanese teach their maids in the hotels, and those also in higher walks of life, the art of smiling. They are compelled to practise before a mirror. One can not stay long in Japan without being inoculated with the disposition to "look pleasant." The "look pleasant, please," of the photographer goes deeper than the photograph plate.

No one wants to associate long with an animated vinegar cruet. A disposition is easily guessed from the angle of the corners of the mouth; a disposition is molded by compelling those angles to turn up or down. If a merry heart maketh a glad countenance, it is also true that a glad countenance maketh a merry heart—in the one who has it and in the one who beholds it. "Iron sharpeneth iron. So a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."—*Baptist Commonwealth.*
(2390)

Pleasure a Deceiver—See Slaves of Pleasure.

PLEASURE, ETHICS OF

Mrs. Wesley discusses with exquisite good sense the whole ethics of pleasure:

"Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure take this rule:

Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things—in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."

The wisest of casuists might find it difficult to better that interpretation of human duty!—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (2391)

PLEASURE, MOCKERY OF

In the days of the Inquisition cruel men deceived the prisoner, as pleasure and sensualism deceive the young now. With soft words the jailer promised the prisoner release on the morrow. When the appointed hour came he opened the door and pointed down the corridor, and oh, joy of joys! yonder was the green sward, cool with grass, and gay with tulips and crimson flowers. With a shout of joy the prisoner ran forward to cast himself upon the cool ground, but lo! it was a mockery, a delusion, a lying deceit. What afar off seemed grass was really sheet-iron painted in the similitude of verdure. What looked like red tulips and crimson flowers was iron beaten into the similitude of blossoms and heated red hot by flames underneath. Where coolness was promised scorching was given. The vista promised pleasure; it gave pain. And when a man or a woman looks upon the worldly life, with all its pleasures of appetite and physical sense, from afar off, it wears a brilliant aspect and a crimson hue. But near at hand the scene changes, and lo, the honey is bitter, all the fountains of peace are poisoned.—N. D. HILLIS. (2392)

PLEASURES, POISONOUS

A gentleman in Paris desired to buy a ring, and, as he tried on several rings in the jeweler's store, he noticed one that was set with tiny eagle's claws. The next day his hand began to swell. The doctor told him that he was poisoned, and on inquiry he found that the old ring came from Italy, and was once used for poisoning an enemy. For four centuries that particle of poison had remained between the eagle's claws.

Watch the rings of pleasure which the world offers, there are within them the eagle's claws with the poison. Those pleasures may sparkle with fascination and seem greatly desirable, but they mean death in the end. The poison is subtle; the claws are concealed; but at last poison and claws do their fatal work. (2393)

Pledge—See LOYALTY.

PLEDGE-KEEPING

The Archbishop of York, at a recent meeting, told how, when he was at Portsmouth, he had induced a working man to sign the pledge. The man said: "Ah, sir, I won't be able to keep this pledge. Every night I have to pass ten public-houses, and my mates are with me, and we treat each other."

The archbishop said, "Do you think it would help you if I were to see you home?"

At this the meeting broke out into a cheer.

"Don't cheer that," said the archbishop; "that is the kind of work which the clergy are doing every day." The man replied, "If you could only see me past these houses, I should get home all right." (2394)

PLUCK

What a characteristic story of poverty and pluck is that of Andrew Carnegie! His father, a Scotch weaver who worked with hand-looms, thrown out of employment by improved machinery, came to Pittsburg when "Andy" was but ten years of age. The boy went to work as a bobbin-boy at $1.20 a week. At thirteen he was promoted to the post of engineer of the factory engine. At fourteen he became telegraph boy, and was promoted at sixteen, for quick intelligence, to the post of telegraph operator at a salary of $300 a year. About this time his father died, and the support of the family devolved on him. He soon got a dollar a week extra for copying telegrams for the papers, which he called his "first bit of capital." His salary went for household expenses, but the dollar surplus he invested wisely, first in the express business, then in sleeping-cars, and, finally, as an outcome of his management of transportation in the Civil War, in a plant to manufacture iron railway bridges. And so by alertness and economy and untiring energy he came to be the world's most distinguished manufacturer and philanthropist, putting as much talent into giving as he had before put into getting. (2395)

See COURAGE IN LIFE; STEDFASTNESS.

POET APPRECIATED

"If 'W,' at Haverhill, will continue to favor us with pieces as beautiful as the one inserted in our poetical department to-day, we shall esteem it a favor." This note appeared in the *Free Press*, of Newburyport, Mass., June 8, 1826. The "W" referred to was John G. Whittier, then in his nineteenth year, and the editor of the *Free Press* was William Lloyd Garrison, then in his twenty-first. "W" did continue to "favor us" with pieces quite as beautiful as the one inserted in the *Free Press* in 1826; indeed, with pieces more and more beautiful, of a wider and deeper application to American life, until he was recognized—tho not till after many years—as the chief of the purely American poets, indebted to America and its life in the highest degree for his equipment in song.

The first piece of "original poetry"—we are told by the sons of Mr. Garrison, in their admirable life of their father—was found lying near the door in the office of the *Free Press*. The editor, having a strong tendency to tear "original" sin—verse or otherwise—to pieces, says he had a momentary impulse to dispose of this in that way, without reading it; but summoning the resolution so needful in an editor, he read the poem and published it. He had the courage, moreover, to inquire about the writer, and found him to be a "Quaker lad who was daily at work on the shoemaker's bench, with hammer and lapstone, at East Haverhill. Jumping into a vehicle, I lost no time," says the editor, "in driving to see the youthful rustic bard, who came into the room with shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden." The parents of the lad were poor, "unable to give him a suitable education," and unwilling, as being unable to, let him indulge in the unprofitable but delightful pursuit of verse-making. "Poetry will not give him bread," they said, as many a father has had to say. But the poet, proverbially "born, not made," is not easily unmade, since nature presides at the birth and fosters her own.—*Journal of Education.* (2396)

Poetry and Religion—See Religion and Poetry.

POETRY, POPULAR POWER OF

Poetry is not always the possession of the mart and street, but in the case of a favored few who write, there is this high compliment of approval, as the following suggests:

Walter Camp was talking about football at a dinner at the New York Athletic Club.

"Had we not reformed our football," he said, "it would have fallen into grave disrepute—into such grave disrepute as surrounded cricket and football both during the Boer War, when Kipling wrote his poem about

"'The flannel fools at the wicket,
The muddied oafs at the goal.'

"That poem hit the English 'footers' hard. One of the English 'footers' during their visit to us told me how he was walking one day to his club in football clothes, when a newsboy hailed him.

"'Paper, sir?'

"The footballer walked on; whereupon the boy yelled after him:

"'Yah, ye muddied oaf! Like as not ye can't even read!'" (2397)

Poet's Insight—See Viewpoint, The.

POINT OF VIEW

The ancient Athenians demanded a last statue by their great sculptors, Alcamenes and Phidias. When the two Minervas were unveiled in the public square, the people declared the statue of Alcamenes to be perfect, believing it to be living. The judges were about to award the prize. Phidias calmly approached the tribunal and said: "Is it not for the top of a column the chosen statue is designed?" "Certainly," replied the magistrates. "Then," said Phidias, "is it not from the effects produced by its height that judgment should be pronounced?" The statues were raised to their positions by machinery. The Minerva of Alcamenes lost her charms in the ascent. The statue of Phidias, which had shocked the spectators by its massive, unpolished appearance in the Forum, from the column's height took on such grandeur and majesty that the multitudes shouted with one accord, "Phidias is the sculptor of the gods!" (Text.) (2398)

In "Stories of English Artists" we are told that Gainsborough's pictures can only be properly appreciated when viewed at the right distance. As Sir Joshua Reynolds remarked in one of his famous "Discourses," all those odd scratches and marks which on close examination are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, and which even to experienced painters appear rather the effect of accident than design, this chaos, this uncouth and shapeless appearance by a kind of magic at a certain distance assume form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places.

No doubt the apparent chaos and disorder of human events and careers, and of the natural world, would fall into order and express to us God's wise designs if we could place ourselves at the right point of view! (2399)

Two old darkies, lounging on a street corner in Richmond, Va., one day, were suddenly aroused by a runaway team that came dashing toward them at breakneck speed. The driver, scared nearly to death, had abandoned his reins, and was awkwardly climbing out of the wagon at the rear end. One of the old negroes said: "Brer' Johnson, sure as you born, man, de runaway horse am powerful gran' and a monstrous fine sight to see." Johnson shook his head doubtfully, and then replied, philosophically, "Dat 'pends berry much, nigger, on whedder you be standin' on de corner obsarvin' of him, or be gittin' ober de tail-board ob de waggin."
—Marion J. Verdery. (2400)

See Distance.

A skilful artist was traveling in Egypt, painting pictures as he went. One day he showed to a gentleman who had lived in that country for many years one of his pictures of the Nile. The friend criticized the picture somewhat severely, maintaining that it was not true to nature. Here on the canvas the Nile appeared blue and clear; whereas, through all the years of his residence by the very banks of the river, he had never seen its waters otherwise than brown and muddy. The artist replied that he had painted it as it had appeared to him. He invited his friend to a place situated at some distance from the stream and then turned round to look back. To the astonishment of the critic, there lay the river, clear, blue, and sparkling; however muddy it might be at close quarters, when surveyed from afar its surface reflected the brilliance of the sky overhead. The gentleman admitted that he had always been content to gaze down into the muddy waters by the bank and so had missed the charm of the best view of the Nile.

Would it not be better for many of us, supposing some things seem to be unpleasant, or ugly, or unnecessary, to view them from a more favorable position? (2401)

Poison, Disguised—See Death Masked in Beauty.

POISON DRINK

An officer from Japan, visiting America, one day, while looking about a big city, saw a man stop a milk-wagon.

"Is he going to arrest the man?" he asked.

"No," was the answer; "he must see that the milk sold by this man is pure, with no water or chalk mixed with it."

"Would chalk or water poison the milk?"

"No; but people want pure milk if they pay for it."

Passing a whisky saloon, a man staggered out, struck his head against a lamp-post, and fell to the sidewalk.

"What is the matter with that man?"

"He is full of bad whisky."

"Is it poison?"

"Yes; a deadly poison," was the answer.

"Do you watch the selling of whisky as you do the milk?" asked the Japanese.

"No."

At the markets they found a man looking at the meat to see if it was healthy.

"I can't understand your country," said the Japanese. "You watch the meat and the milk, and let men sell whisky as much as they please." (2402)

Poison Pleasures — See Pleasures, Poisonous.

POISONS AND MEDICINES

Almost all medicines are poisons. That which saves life in one dose causes death in another. There is no more useful medicine in the modern pharmacopoeia than arsenic; yet three out of five women who poison themselves do so with arsenic. Strychnine is a terrible poison, but nux vomica is a most valuable drug. In Greece criminals were sometimes forced to take their own lives by drinking a cup of hellebore; we in our day cure many diseases of the stomach with veratrum. If a drug which destroys life under given conditions saves it in others, why may not a disease germ which is noxious in one set of circumstances prove beneficial when the circumstances are changed and the exhibition of the germ regulated by scientific principles.—San Francisco *Call*. (2403)

POLICY, SELFISH

There is much that passes muster as acts of generosity which, if spiritually analyzed, would be found to be merely selfish policy, like that exercised by the spider:

The moment an ill-starred fly or other insect comes in contact with the net of the spider, it is sprung upon with the rapidity of lightning, and if the captured insect be of small size the spider conveys it at once to the place of slaughter, and having at its leisure sucked all its juice, throws out the carcass. If the insect be large and struggles to escape, the spider envelops its prey in a mesh of thread, and its legs and wings secured, it is conveyed to its den and devoured. But when a bee or large fly, too powerful to be mastered by the spider, gets entangled in its toils, then the wary animal, conscious of its incapacity to contend with such fearful odds, makes no attempt to seize or embarrass the victim. On the contrary, it assists the entangled captive in its efforts to free itself, and often goes so far as to break that part of the web from which it is suspended. This act has upon it the color of generosity, but it is really nothing more than the performance of selfish cunning. The tyrant, feeling himself incapable of doing an injury, determines to have no molestation. To this end he performs an act of manumission. (2404)

Polish—See Education.

POLITENESS

"Women should not complain that they have to stand in street-cars and other public conveyances," said an old gentleman. "Children learn common politeness at home, if they learn it at all.

"On the car that I just left was a handsomely drest woman and her son, a fine-looking boy of ten. The car was crowded when I got on and the little man and his mother sat near the door. As soon as I entered the boy made a motion to get up, but his mother held him down.

"'Mama, the man is lame,' I heard him whisper. 'I don't care if he is; you have paid for your seat and have a right to it,' she answered him pettishly. The little fellow blushed at his mother's remark.

"Now, that woman will probably read the riot act to the next man who refrains from giving her a seat in a crowded car, but what can she expect when she teaches her own son to be discourteous to the lame and the halt?" (Text.) (2405)

Politics—See Interests, Significant.

Politics a Duty—See Ballot a Duty.

POLITICS IN DISFAVOR

While the science of politics ought to be held in the highest esteem for what its true nature and possibilities are, yet in actual life and practise the reverse is often true. As an instance of popular disfavor, the following incident in *Success* is in point:

Representative Lorimer, of Chicago, who is a great walker, was out for a tramp along the conduit road leading from Washington, when, after going a few miles, he sat down to rest.

"Want a lift, mister?" asked a good-natured Maryland farmer driving that way.

"Thank you," responded Mr. Lorimer, "I will avail myself of your kind offer."

The two rode in silence for a while. Presently the teamster asked: "Professional man?"

"Yes," answered Lorimer, who was thinking of a bill he had pending before the House.

After another long pause, the farmer observed: "Say, you ain't a lawyer or you'd be talkin', you ain't a doctor 'cause you ain't got no satchel, and you shore ain't a preacher, from the looks of you. What is your profession, anyhow?"

"I am a politician," replied Lorimer.

The Marylander gave a snort of disgust "Politics ain't no profession; "politics is a disorder." (2406)

POPULARITY

John Wesley keenly appreciated the dangers that attend public favor.

Among the quaint but intensely practical counsels he gives are some as to the art of escaping popularity:

How shall we avoid popularity? We mean such esteem and love from the people as is not for the glory of God. 1. Earnestly pray for a piercing sense of the danger and the sinfulness of it. 2. Take care how you ingratiate yourself with any people by slackness of discipline. 3. Or by any method which another preacher can not follow. 4. Warn the people among whom you are most of esteeming or loving you too much. 5. Converse sparingly with those who are particularly fond of you.

Times and men are strangely changed since those words were written. What preacher to-day has to study anxiously "how to avoid popularity," or finds any necessity for warning the people among whom he labors against "esteeming him or loving him too much!"—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (2407)

Population—See CITIES OF THE WORLD; CITY, GROWTH OF A GREAT.

Population, Non-Church and Church-Membership—See CHURCH STATISTICS.

Population, Over-.—See SURVIVAL.

Populations, Religious, of World—See RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS OF THE WORLD.

Position, Advantage of—See FAVORITISM.

Position and Worth—See WORTH, ESTIMATING.

POSSESSION

When the Australian miner was drowned because he had heavy bags of gold round his waist, while trying to swim ashore from the wreck, it was an open question which possest which. Just so I am quite convinced that men stuffed with information or "the science of the day" are not always possest of true wisdom. Wisdom itself, anyhow, is not an end but a tool to work with. (2408)

Possessions—See AMBITION.

POSSESSIONS, UNDESIRABLE

"The regular practise of the Christian is exceptional with the world," says a writer in the *Pacific Monthly:*

"Out in Kansas when the bottom dropt out of the great boom in real estate some years ago, men found it harder to get rid of property than to acquire it. A lawyer going through the country one day met an old friend leading a reluctant cow toward town. Inquiry brought out the information that the cow had been secured in exchange for a city lot. 'And do you know,' said the new owner of the bovine, 'that I turned a neat trick on the old granger! He can't read a word, and in the deed I worked off two lots on him instead of one.'" (2409)

POSSIBILITIES, LATENT

The diamond unworn is still a diamond. And the power unused is not therefore less real, or less majestic. What men do, is by no means the measure of what they might do, if they used with a rational energy their powers.—RICHARD S. STORRS. (2410)

Posthumous Blessing—See REVENGE, A CHRISTIAN'S.

POST-MORTEM CONSEQUENCES

The start of tuberculosis in France in a serious sense may be traced to the great importation of mummies and mummy-cases at the time of the Napoleonic invasion of Egypt, and this start gave the disease its first great foothold in Europe, whence it has spread all over the Eastern world and throughout the Western hemisphere as well. Dead bodies preserved in the manner peculiar to the Egyptians of the time of the Pharaohs are undoubtedly favorite lodging-places for the tubercular bacilli. (Text.) (2411)

POVERTY

This letter was left by Miss Alice Law, aged 26, an editor employed by a local publishing firm in Chicago, who committed suicide by asphyxiation:

I am ending my life because I am seized with an acute disinclination to live, and I believe I have an absolute right to end my life if I wish. The struggle is too hard. There is too much work, too much monotony, too much weariness and not enough art, music, recreation and rest.

I am to change it. I am in my right mind. My reasoning powers are as good as ever. I go because I want to. The chief reason is because I am too near starved. Let the State pay my expenses. If I were blind, crippled or had an incurable disease the State would be obliged to take care of me. So I think I will take advantage of my rights and be buried at the public expense, as I have no money to defray the putting of me under ground.

The prices charged for a casket and burial are too exorbitant for persons in moderate circumstances. It just keeps the family in bankruptcy for a year. This condition is outrageous, and I do not want this injustice in my case.

Doubtless Christianity has achieved much, but in the light of such a revelation of suffering and despair, under conditions of modern life, there would seem yet much to do. (2412)

At a dinner given in honor of Mr. Carnegie by the surviving members of the United States Military Telegraph Corps of the Civil War, he said:

Comrades, I was born in poverty, and would not exchange its sacred memories with the richest millionaire's son who ever breathed. What does he know about mother or father? These are mere names to him. Give me the life of the boy whose mother is nurse, seamstress, washerwoman, cook, teacher, angel, and saint, all in one, and whose father is guide, exemplar, and friend. No servants to come between. These are the boys who are born to the best fortune. Some men think that poverty is a dreadful burden, and that wealth leads to happiness. What do they know about it? They know only one side; they imagine the other. I have lived both, and I know there is very little in wealth that can add to human happiness beyond the small comforts of life. Millionaires who laugh are very rare. My experience is that wealth is apt to take the smiles away. (Text.) (2413)

The reason the Yankees are smart is because they have to wrest a precarious subsistence from a reluctant soil. "What shall I do to make my son get forward in the world?" asked an English lord of a bishop. "Give him poverty and parts." Well, that's the reason the sons of the Pilgrims have all got on in the world.—JOHN R. PAXTON. (2414)

Poverty as a Stimulus—See COMPENSATION IN TRIALS.

POVERTY, CHRISTIAN

When before in history was there such an inexpensive order of preachers as these early helpers of Wesley? They laid up much treasure in heaven, but had very empty pockets on earth. One of them, John Lane, died at Epworth. His entire wardrobe was insufficient to pay his funeral expenses, which amounted to £1 17s. 3d. All the money he possest was 1s. 4d., "enough," records Wesley briefly, "for any unmarried preacher of the gospel to leave to his executors." (Text.)—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century." (2415)

POVERTY, EARLY, OF UNITED STATES

The present great wealth of this country forms a striking contrast to the facts given below:

So low were the funds in the public treasury of the United States at the close of 1789 that the Attorney-General and several Congressmen were indebted to the private credit of Alexander Hamilton, their Secretary of State, to discharge their personal expenses. President Washington was obliged to pass a note to Tobias Leer, his private secretary, to meet his household expenses, the note being discounted at the rate of two per cent per month, and members of Congress were paid in due-bills. (2416)

Poverty to Wealth—See AMERICAN OPPORTUNITY.

Power by Faith—See FAITH AND POWER.

POWER CONTROLLED

These verses on the locomotive are from the New York *Christian Advocate:*

Steed, with the heart of fire! Steed, with
the sinews of steel!
Full-blooded courser, careering onward, with
rail and with wheel;
Black with fuliginous breathing—panting of
wo and of weal.

Firm be his muscle who mounts thee, clear
and true be his eye;
Generous his heart with compassion, willing
if need be to die,
Who sets thy hot blood a-dancing, and forces
thy clarion cry!

For he reins a mightier stallion—a swifter
creature of awe,
Stronger and darker and wilder than the old
Arabian saw—
His neck clothed with the thunder, and ravin
and rage his law!

Like a planet out of its orbit he moves when
he leaps his rail:
Hold him and guide him, O rider! thy purpose
he will not fail;
But loose him, and man lies groaning, and
women and children wail.

O mighty creature of commerce! That
bringest the world its bread,
And bearest the journeying peoples with
limbs of thunder and dread,
To thee my life is committed, and safely let
me be sped!

Thou steed of fire and of iron, that bearest
me on my way,
Is life or death in thy destined course, is
rapture or sorrow—say?
O Christ of God, hold the driving-rod, and
mount this steed to-day! (2417)

Power from God—See SPRINGS FROM GOD.

POWER IN SELF-REPRESSION

Says a recent journal:

Many years ago, in the lecture-room of President Woolsey, of Yale University, a young man who did not know his lesson ventured to make a mock recitation and to give an impertinent answer. The president was a man of fiery temper, tho it had been curbed and subdued by the discipline of years. On this occasion his face turned white; he bowed his head upon the desk before him. There was a half-minute's silence of death; he raised his head, called upon another man, and the recitation went on. He knew that if he spoke to the offender he would speak too much, so he said nothing.

The students of that class knew well what a lava-flood was penned up there. Self-repression did not seem to them a sign of weakness—it was the greatest evidence of power.

Shall we call it a sign of weakness in God that he bears with the sins of men? When God humbles himself to behold and to forbear, shall we not see in this voluntary self-limitation one of the proofs of his greatness? (Text.) (2418)

POWER, SUSPENDED

In the early spring of 1848 occurred a natural phenomenon so strange, so sudden, and so stupendous that the older inhabitants of western New York still speak of it with awe and wonder. This phenomenon was nothing less than the running dry of Niagara Falls.

The winter of 1847 and 1848 had been one of extreme severity. Ice of such thickness had never been known as formed on Lake Erie that season. When the break-up came, toward the end of March, a strong northeast wind was blowing, which piled the great fields of ice in floes, and then in banks as high as miniature icebergs. Toward night on March 30 the wind suddenly changed to the opposite direction and increased to a terrific gale, which hurled back the piled-up ice and drove it into the entrance of Niagara River with such force that a huge and almost impenetrable dam was formed. For a whole day the source of the river was stopt up, and the stream was drained of its supply. By the morning of the 31st the river was practically dry, and thus for twenty-four hours the roar of Niagara Falls was stilled. Then in the early morning of April 1, the ice-pack gave way under the tremendous pressure from above, and the long-restrained volume of water rushed down and reclaimed its own. (2419)

POWER THROUGH UNION WITH GOD

It is only when we link ourselves with the power that lifts that we can accomplish results which are beyond our strength.

A great weight was to be lifted a little way out from the shore. Vain efforts had been made to bring it to the surface. Great chains had been wrapt about the mass and stout steam-tugs had puffed and strained without avail, and engines from the shore had exerted all their power with no result. A young man offered to raise the weight and he was told to try. A great flat barge was towed out over the sunken hulk, about which chains had been passed, and these were fastened to the barge. When the tide was out, the chains were wrapt still closer; then the young man sat down and waited. In the night the tide came in and the barge rose steadily with the incoming tide, bringing with it the burden to which it was chained. Higher and higher it rose, till at last it was out of the mud and mire. The seemingly impossible had been accomplished by linking the obstacle to the power of the tide. (Text.) (2420)

POWER WITHIN

Men and churches often wait for outside help to draw them along. They need the lesson taught in this anecdote:

When an engineer in Bolivia brought over the Cordilleras the first locomotive ever seen in these latitudes, the native Indians came up from the Amazon basin to see this sight, and sat on their haunches discussing what this strange monster could be. They said: "It is made to go; let's make it go"; and so they lassoed the buffers, and about thirty of them began to pull, and drew the locomotive a few yards. They exclaimed, "Ay-ay-ay-ay Tatai Tatito." "The great and little father hath enabled us to do something wonderful!"

The next day the engineer got up steam and hitched a couple of cattle trucks to the locomotive and, when the Indians came again, put them into the trucks and locked them in. Then he stood on the fire-plate of the locomotive and opened the regulator, and let the steam into the cylinder, and it began to move the piston, and the piston the crank, and the crank the wheel, and the wheel the locomotive; and the locomotive carried the Indians along ten miles an hour! What did they not say to their "great and little father!" But they learned this great lesson—that locomotives are not made to be moved along by outside human power, but by means of a power within, and so to carry human beings along. (2421)

Practicable and Impracticable—See PREDICTION, FALSE.

PRACTICAL RESPONSES CLARIFY CONFUSION

The acquisition of definiteness and of coherency (or constancy) of meanings is derived primarily from practical activities. By rolling an object, the child makes its roundness appreciable; by bouncing it, he singles out its elasticity; by throwing it, he makes weight its conspicuous distinctive factor. Not through the senses, but by means of the reaction, the responsive adjustment, is the impression made distinctive, and given a character marked off from other qualities that call out unlike reactions. Children, for example, are usually quite slow in apprehending differences of color. Differences from the standpoint of the adult so glaring that it is impossible not to note them are recognized and recalled with great difficulty. Doubtless they do not all feel alike, but there is no intellectual recognition of what makes the difference. The redness or greenness or blueness of the object does not tend to call out a reaction that is sufficiently peculiar to give prominence or distinction to the color trait. Gradually, however, certain characteristic habitual responses associate themselves with certain things; the white becomes the sign, say, of milk and sugar to which the child reacts favorably; blue becomes the sign of a dress that the child likes to wear, and so on, and the distinctive reactions tend to single out color qualities from other things in which they had been submerged.—JOHN DEWEY, "How We Think." (2422)

PRACTICAL, THE

According to Mr. Bliss Perry, the greatest idealists are the most practical workers:

Take those men of the transcendental epoch, whose individuality has been fortunately transmitted to us through our literature. They were in love with life, enraptured of its opportunities and possibilities. No matter to what task a man set his hand, he could gain a livelihood without loss of self-respect or the respect of the community. Let him try teaching school, Emerson would advise; let him farm it a while, drive a tin-pedler's cart for a season or two, keep store, go to Congress, live the "experimental life." Emerson himself could muse upon the oversoul, but he also raised the best Baldwin apples and Bartlett pears in Concord, and got the highest current prices for them in the Boston market. His friend Thoreau supported himself by making sandpaper or lead-pencils, by surveying farms or by hoeing that immortal patch of beans; his true vocation being steadily that of the philosopher, the seeker. (Text.)—*Atlantic Monthly.* (2423)

PRACTISE

No man ever yet learned by having somebody else learn for him. A man learns arithmetic by blunder in and blunder out, but at last he gets it. A man learns to write through scrawling; a man learns to swim by going into the water, and a man learns to vote by voting.—HENRY WARD BEECHER. (2424)

"Did you know this telephone business has resulted in a telephone ear?" said a clerk whose work called him constantly to the telephone, according to *The Tribune,* New York. "I don't mean that our hearing is injured, but that the left ear becomes more keen than the right. If you'll notice, all the telephones are left-handed. That is, the instruments are so placed that we hold the receiver with the left hand, so that we may have the right hand free to use in taking notes of messages, I presume. Of course, one naturally claps the receiver to his left ear, as it would be almost impossible to twist it around to his right ear. Consequently, the left ear gradually becomes much sharper in catching sounds than the right ear. If you don't believe it, just try holding the receiver in your right hand some time and use your right ear. You'll find that conversation which was perfectly distinct to the left ear sounds confused and muffled to the right, and there is a distinct effort to understand. It is simply that the left ear is a trained telephone ear, while the right ear is not. (Text.) (2425)

Rubinstein—that thunderer of the keyboard—is credited with the following dictum: "If I do not practise for a day I know it; if I miss two days my friends know it; and if I miss three days the public knows it." (Text.) (2426)

PRACTISE AND INDUSTRIAL TRAINING

Many children outside of the Sunday-school will learn the Bible from Christian parents or will study it for themselves; but there is no way, so far as I can conceive, of learning the industrial work of the church except in some such training-school as the young people's society furnishes. For this work can be learned only by doing it. It can not be taught by text-books, or imparted by instruction. Like every other kind of industrial training, it must be gained by practise. The carpenter learns to build a house with saw and hammer and nails in hand, not by reading an elaborate treatise on house-building. The painter takes his easel and brush, and practises long and patiently, if he would be an artist; there is no other way. It is exactly the same with the necessary activities of church life. If the church is worth sustaining, if its work is to be done in the future, if we are to have prayer-meetings and missionary activities and an earnest religious life, if the Church is to be a power for good citizenship and righteous living, it must have some such industrial training-school.—Francis E. Clark, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association," 1903. (2427)

PRACTISE, GRADUATED

In drilling recruits for the Chinese army, each man is required to carry sand in his knapsack. For the first day he carries two ounces; on each succeeding day he increases this amount two ounces, until at last he is carrying sixteen pounds. These men can run at a dog-trot for ten consecutive hours and arrive at the end of that time in a fit condition for fighting. — Marshall P. Wilder, "Smiling 'Round the World." (2428)

Practising What They Preach—See Evil, Self-destructive.

PRAISE

Ruby T. Weyburn, in *The Youth's Companion,* gives this fanciful origin of the music of praise:

The Jews have an old tradition that when the world was done,
And God from His work was resting, He called to Him, one by one,
The shining troops of the angels, and showing the wonder wrought,
The Master asked of His servants what they of the vision thought.

Then one white angel, dreaming o'er the marvel before him spread,
Bent low in humble obeisance, lifted his voice, and said:
"One thing only is lacking—praise from the newborn tongue,
The sound of a hallelujah by the great creation sung."

So God created music—the voices of land and sea,
And the song of the stars revolving in one vast harmony.
Out of the deep uprising, out from the ether sent,
The song of the destined ages thrilled through the firmament.

So the rivers among the valleys, the murmur of wind-swept hill,
The seas and the bird-thrilled woodlands utter their voices still;
Songs of stars and of waters, echoes of vale and shore—
The voice of primeval nature praising Him evermore.

And the instruments men have fashioned since time and the world were young,
With gifted fingers giving the metal and wood a tongue,
With the human voice translating the soul's wild joy and pain,
Have swelled the undying paean, have raised the immortal strain! (2429)

Perhaps in nothing connected with religious practise are opportunities more neglected than with regard to the praise of God. Multitudes who receive the bounties of Providence know nothing of the emotion of gratitude, and many awaken too late to a sense of their own ingratitude.

Billy Bray, the Cornish preacher, was a constant visitor among the sick and dying. On one occasion he was sitting by the bedside of a Christian brother who had always been very reticent and afraid to confess joyously his faith in Christ. Now, however, he was filled with gladness. Turning to Billy, whose beaming face and sunny words had done much to produce this joy, he said, "Oh, Mr. Bray, I am so happy that if I had the power I'd shout 'Glory.'" "Ah, mon," said Billy, "what a pity it was thee didn't shout 'Glory' when thee hadst the power." (Text.) (2430)

See Thanksgiving.

PRAISE DEPENDENT ON SUCCESS

Toward the close of his second administration, Grant thus reviewed, in a private conversation with Henry Clay Trumbull, the criticisms of his public career:

I don't wonder that people differ with me, and that they think I am not doing the best that could be done. I can understand how they may blame me for a lack of knowledge or judgment. But what hurts me is to have them talk as if I didn't love my country and wasn't doing the best I knew how. It was just that way in war-time. I didn't do as well as might have been done. A great many times I didn't do as well as I was trying to do. Often I didn't do as well as I expected to do. But I had my plans and was trying to carry them out. They called me "fool" and "butcher." They said I didn't know anything and hadn't any plans. But I kept on and kept on, and by and by Richmond was taken, and I was at Appomattox Court House, and then they couldn't find words enough to praise me. I suppose it will be so now. In spite of mistakes and failures I shall keep at it. By and by we'll have specie payments resumed, reconstruction will be complete, good feeling will be restored between North and South; we shall be at Appomattox again, and then I suppose they'll praise me. (2431)

Praise Helpful—See Encouragement.

Praise, Judicious—See Heart-hunger, Satisfying.

PRAISE, SEEKING

A delicate woman, without children, and married to a superior but occupied and preoccupied man, suffered intensely when her husband neither perceived nor commented upon a new costume, or upon some ornament she had added to the drawing-room. Never a word of praise escaped his lips. One day she told him the sorrow this caused her. "But what do you want?" he replied, distrest. "I don't know how to observe such things. What must I do?"

The wife reflected a moment, and then the two arranged that when there was anything unusual the wife was to make him a certain sign. His attention called, he would then understand, look, and admire. "And now I am satisfied," she said, a little ashamed of her childishness. "What he says will not be spontaneous, I know, and yet I shall be pleased to hear it; it will brighten my life."

This absurd, and yet touching incident reveals a state of mind that certain natures can not understand, but which is, nevertheless, more common than we think.—Dora Melegari, "Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy." (2432)

PRAISE-SPIRIT, THE

When Epictetus was a boy and a slave his angry master twisted his leg in an instrument of torture until it broke.

"Do you think," he says after he has worked out his philosophy of contentment, "that because my soul happens to have one little lame leg I am to find fault with God's universe? Ought we not when we dig, and when we plow, and when we eat, to sing this hymn to God, because He hath given us these implements whereby we may till the soil? Great is God because He hath given us hands, and the means of nourishment and food; and insensible growth, and breathing sleep; these things we ought to hymn, because He hath given us the power to appreciate these blessings and continuously to use them. And, since the most of you are blinded, ought there not to be one to fulfil this song for you, and on behalf of all to sing a hymn of happiness to God? And what else can I do, who am a lame old man, except sing praises to God?"

This was the epitaph given him: "Epictetus, a slave maimed in body, a beggar through poverty, and dear unto the immortals." (Text.) (2433)

PRAISE, TIMELY

Mrs. Marion Hutson indicates in this verse the desirability of praising the worthy while they are alive to appreciate it:

Sometime in the future—God knows where—
This troubled heart will find surcease of care,
And then—when consciousness has left my breast,
And angel lips have kissed my own to rest,
It will not matter what the world has said.
Nor praise, nor censure can affect the dead.
But now? As balm of Gilead to me
A little world of praise or cheer would be.
(2434)

PRAISE, UNITED

The British Government at great cost is causing the national anthem to be translated into the languages of India, including Arabic, Persian, Hindustani, Bengali, Sanskrit, Hebrew, Kavarese, Marathi, Gugerati, Tunjabi, Malay, Taniel, Tilugu, Singhalese and Burmese, so that the natives in their jungles may unite in "God Save the King" on all important occasions.

We have a greater spectacle described in Rev. 5:9-13, where the unity of praise includes all the tongues and nations of the earth. (2435)

PRAISE, UNNECESSARY

An interesting story in regard to General Miles comes from a recent encampment of the Grand Army at San Francisco, and is published in *The Saturday Evening Post.* The General, while being entertained at a club, was rallied good-humoredly by an old-time comrade for his failure to win a laudatory "send-off" in his retirement papers.

"In reply to that," remarked General Miles, "let me tell a story. The application may seem a trifle egotistical, but as the story is a good one, I'll venture it.

"In the early days of the West an itinerant preacher, stopping for refreshment one day at the pioneer home of one of his parishioners, was served, among other things, with apple-pie. It was not a good pie. The crust was heavy and sour, but the encomiums which that preacher heaped upon it were great. The good wife knew that she had had bad luck with the baking, and as she was in reality an excellent cook, she determined that the next time that preacher came her way he should have a pie that was faultless.

"He told her when he was to return, and on that day she set before him an apple-pie that was the real thing. He ate it, but to her astonishment vouchsafed not a word of commendation. This was more than the housewife would stand.

"'Brother,' she exclaimed, 'when you were here last you ate an apple-pie that wasn't more than half-baked, and you praised it to the skies. Now you have eaten a pie that nobody needs to be ashamed of, but you haven't a word to say in its favor. I can't understand it.'

"'My good sister,' replied the preacher, 'that pie you served me a few days ago was sadly in need of praise, and I did my full duty in that direction; but this fine pie, bless your heart, does not require any eulogy.'" (2436)

Praising Rival—See SELF-ESTIMATE.

PRAYER

Many prayers that fail would be answered if means were used by the petitioner like those employed by Paul Kruger, the former president of the South African Republic.

At one time, when game was very scarce, he went with a party to hunt the hartbeest. They scoured the veld for days without a sign for their prey. Paul Kruger announced then his purpose of going into the hills to pray for food, like a patriarch of old.

He was gone for a number of hours. When he returned he announced that in three days a large herd would pass that way. The party camped. In less than the appointed time the prophecy was fulfilled, and much game was secured. The Boer hunters were much struck with wonder, and dubbed Kruger "the man of prayer."

Some time after, the Kafir who accompanied Kruger on his expedition of petition told the truth of the affair. Kruger, when he left the hunting party, had struck out for a neighboring Kafir kraal, and informed the natives that his men were starving. If they, the natives, did not discover game in three days, he said, he would bring his whole party over the hill and kill every Kafir. The natives, being sore afraid of the Boer methods, all turned out, scoured the region, and drove the game to the Boer camp. Thus Kruger's "prayer" was answered. (2437)

Stonewall Jackson never failed to invoke the Prince of Peace to preside over his battles. Old Jim, his faithful servant, said: "De gen'al is de greates' man fo' prayin' night an' mornin' an' all times. But when I sees him git up sev'al times in de night, besides, an' start in prayin', I knows dar's gwine ter be semp'n up, an' I go straight an' pack his haversack, ca'se I know he'll be callin' for it 'fo' daylight."—*The Sunday Magazine.* (2438)

The tenor of Scripture is that if we are in tune with the divine mind, and so are receptive of the secret whispers and suggestions of the Spirit of God, then that Spirit will first inspire in us the prayers which our Heavenly Father can consistently answer.

Every prayer is a transaction with order. You go home with a packet of seeds for your little girl, and you take her out, and say: "This little plot shall be yours. Whatever comes of this packet of seeds shall be yours." Now, what can come of a penny packet of seeds in all this infinite universe, with stars and systems whirling round? Beauty can come of it! Life can come of it! Why? Because your little gardener is transacting with order. She is dealing with law, and law will deal with her, and out of the seed she sows there shall come beauty to gladden her. When she kneels an hour or two later, and breathes forth from a pure heart a prayer to the eternal God for blessing upon herself and you, will you say, "What good can come of it?" Good can come of it! Good must come of it! She comes to where law rules, where right is triumphant. Prayer is not a dip into a lucky bag. It is dealing with eternal law. (Text.) (2439)

See EARTH, CRY OF; FAITH AND PRAYER; PREJUDICE DISARMED.

Prayer, A Child's—See CHILDREN'S RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

PRAYER AND DEED

A farmer whose barns were full of corn, was accustomed to pray that the wants of the needy might be supplied; but when any one in needy circumstances asked for a little of his corn, he said he had none to spare. One day, after hearing his father pray for the poor and needy, his little son said to him, "Father, I wish I had your corn." "Why, my son, what would you do with it?" asked the father. The child replied, "I would answer your prayers." (2440)

PRAYER AND EFFORT

A pastor tells of a man who had been caught on the river in a sudden break-up of the ice, and who himself expected to be drowned, and whose neighbors had given him up as lost. The man had thrown himself on his knees on one of the pieces of ice, and was engaged in what he supposed was his last prayer on earth, when his friends on shore noticed that the pieces of ice had readjusted themselves so as to make a safe way from where he was kneeling to the land. They lifted their voices and shouted to the poor man to stop praying and run to the shore. He opened his eyes, saw his opportunity and was saved. Prayer and deeds must go hand in hand. (2441)

Governor William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, who died at the age of thirty-nine, but had in that short life been mayor of his city and governor of his State, and had gained national fame, early began to think and act right. As a school-boy, when boating with five companions, his craft was overturned and he swam a mile to shore. Asked by his mother about his struggle to reach land, he said, "I thought of you, prayed to God, and kept my arms and legs in stroke." (Text.) (2442)

Prayer and Guides—See Blessing the Ropes.

PRAYER AND THE BODY

In the shadow, unseen, keeping watch above his own, is the genius of the inventor. The earth gives iron, the sheep give their wool, the soil gives the dyes, the steel gives the shuttles, the spinner gives his fingers, but Arkwright and Jenner explain the warm cloth against the snow and chill of winter. Nature is a loom, the days and the nights are shuttles, the sunbeams tint the texture, forests and mines, herds and flocks furnish the threads, and the cloth of purple and gold is brilliant with towns and cities—but God is the weaver of the web. And if man with higher laws can set aside lower ones, if man with an X-ray can make the body transparent, think you that the great God by His influence upon man's intellect and imagination can not start influences spiritual that will soon manifest themselves through man's body upon forces that are physical? If man were spirit, and spirit alone, prayer could not be answered in a physical realm, because there would be no point of connection between a spiritual being and a physical universe. But man's body is the medium of communication, and the God of spirit moving upon the spirit of man acts through the body of inventor, scientist, surgeon, sower, reaper, nurse, teacher, statesman, and plays upon these delicate strings called the forces of nature and so answers prayer.—N. D. Hillis. (2443)

PRAYER ANSWERED

A penitentiary convict had been converted, and was released from prison in Chicago. He found it impossible to get work. He woke in the night, and arose and prayed for help. He prayed till daylight, crying in agony, "Oh, God give a poor fellow a chance!" Then he drest and went out again to hunt work. Presently he heard a cry and saw a runaway horse coming down toward him. He snatched up a cracker-box and smashed it on the horse's face. Then he seized the bridle and stopt him, tho he was dragged some distance; and in the crowd gathering about him was the father of the children in the carriage, and he was the man God sent to "give the poor fellow a chance."—Franklin Noble, "Sermons in Illustration."

(2444)

Those who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. How many of us really expect an answer to our prayers? How many of us wait for God as they who wait on the morning? Yet it is this expectant attitude of the soul resting upon the divine promise that triumphs over hindrances. There is an example of this in the life of Charles Kingsley. When a young man, he had become engaged to a beautiful girl to whom he had given his whole love. But her parents deemed him an unsuitable match, and they forbade absolutely all communication between the two young people for two years, which were to Kingsley the darkest and most terrible in his life. But in his diary he tells us that during that period he lived on one verse, Mark 11:24, "Therefore I say unto you what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Before the two years were over, Kingsley's prayer was answered, and the girl became his wife.—Donald Sage Mackay, "The Religion of the Threshold," page 296. (2445)

PRAYER, AVAILING

In the first parish where I labored lived a man who was not only agnostic in his attitude toward things religious, but even derided them, and was wont to chaff his wife on her devotion to her Church. The wife, however, went on her quiet but earnest way, living out her religion in the home. One morning very early the husband awoke and discovered his wife beside his bed absorbed in whispered prayer. Her pale, upturned face was fixt with intensity upon the Invisible, and her warm hand was resting upon his own, she supposing his to be asleep. As the husband's eyes opened on the unexpected scene, the suggestion came like a flash to his soul, "My wife's God is more real to her than her husband is. If she is so earnest for my welfare as to rise at such an hour and pray alone for me, it is time I had some care for my own soul"; and he instantly arose from his bed, knelt beside her and added his own prayer to hers. He gave his heart to God on the spot, and that very morning came to the early meeting at the church and announced his change of heart; the next Sabbath he united with the Church.—H. C. MABIE, "Methods in Evangelism." (2446)

PRAYER BY GREAT LEADERS

The following is from *The Saturday Evening Post:*

At the critical hours of American history when the noonday sky was midnight and the atmosphere saturated with murk—where do we find our great American leaders unable by human eyes to see before them? We find them, do we not? on their knees beseeching divine guidance and groping for a clasp of the Unseen Hand which would lead them and this people into the light again. The whole winter of the American troops at Valley Forge is an historical panorama of heroism, self-denial, and sacrifice. Yet every noble incident of that season of doom and dread furnishes but details of the background for the great central picture which the American mind loves to dwell upon—Washington on his knees at Valley Forge. It was Lincoln who in 1864 declared: "God bless the churches, and blest be God who in this hour giveth us the churches." And Washington, in 1789, immediately after he was made the first President of the republic, wrote to the bishops of the Methodist Church:

"I trust the people of every denomination will have occasion to be convinced that I shall always strive to prove a faithful and impartial patron of genuine, vital religion. . . . . I take in the kindest part the promise you make of presenting your prayers at the throne of grace for me, and that I likewise implore the divine benediction on yourself and your religious community." (2447)

PRAYER, CONVINCING

George W. Coleman, in his book "Searchlights," says:

One of my ministerial friends, who has resigned his pulpit because of his out-and-out socialistic views, naturally stirred up a good deal of angry opposition in some quarters, altho he has one of the sweetest characters I have ever known. Hateful and contemptuous things were said. There was much damning with faint praise, especially among former friends.

A level-headed friend of mine, a woman of sixty years or thereabouts, heard something of the commotion, and, to satisfy her curiosity, dropt into the church one Sunday to hear for herself what the minister really had to say for his peculiar and unpopular views. When I met her soon afterward, her only comment was, "Well, I have only to say that a man who can pray like that can't go very far wrong, whether its socialism or anything else." (2448)

PRAYER FOR COMMON NEEDS

Mrs. Scranton, a missionary in Korea, writes in the Bible Society's *Reporter* of a Korean Christian woman whose reply to a neighbor was a beautiful testimony to her faithfulness in prayer:

The neighbor said she could not pray—she had no time, and furthermore she had no skill with her lips. The Christian replied, "Am I not a busy woman, and yet I pray. When I get up in the morning I say, 'My Heavenly Father, You have given me these garments with which I clothe my naked body. Without them I should be ashamed. Now please clothe my soul that it may never be ashamed or afraid.' When I wash my face and hands I pray that I may be made clean inside as well as outside. I make the fire; and if I put on much wood it burns brightly, and I ask that the Holy Spirit may kindle just such a fire in my heart. Then I sweep the room and I say, 'Please sweep away all the bad there is in and around me.' When I cook the rice I pray that heavenly food may be given to my soul to keep it from starving to death." Has not this woman learned the secret of prayer? (2449)

PRAYER FOR OTHERS

James Whitcomb Riley writes this altruistic prayer:

Dear Lord, kind Lord,
  Gracious Lord, I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love,
  Tenderly to-day!

Weed their hearts of weariness
  Scatter every care
Down a wake of angel-wings
  Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing
  All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
  Overflow again;
And with all the needy
  O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
  That is mine to-day! (Text.)
—*The Reader Magazine.*
(2450)

Prayer for the Devil—See READINESS IN RETORT.

PRAYER IN SECRET

After I became interested in religion, in seeking a place for retirement for my secret devotions, I thought of a large closet out of the spare chamber. That closet was a place where my mother kept her blankets, comforters and various kinds of bed-clothes. It was large and without a window. When the door was shut it was total darkness; no eye but that of Him who "seeth in secret" could behold any one who there sought retirement from the world.

In that closet I erected my altar for secret prayer. It was my Bethel; and none but God can ever know the Bethel seasons I there enjoyed in communing with the Savior in that time of my first love, and until I left my home to prepare for the work of the gospel ministry. (Text.) — ASA BULLARD, "Incidents in a Busy Life." (2451)

See SERVICE, UNSEEN.

PRAYER MEDIA

The ether is the medium not only of light, electric and other force-vibrations, but of thought-vibrations also. The two souls at the ends of the two thousand miles of distance are something like two wireless telegraphic stations. One sends up its cry for help, its prayer-vibration, into the ether; the whole celestial hemisphere quivers with that cry, that soul-vibration. The soul of the friend at this end of the line, being sympathetic, or keyed in unison, picks out of the ether its own; it hears and reads the cry of the beloved soul yonder, and sends back, through the ether, its answer of comforting thought and suggestion. Now, grant that that sort of thing is a fact in human experience, and we have what is very nearly a demonstration of the possibility and nature of prayer. If two human souls can hear and answer each other irrespective of space and time, then the human soul and the divine soul can do likewise. We have only to think God immanent in the universal ether, filling it as a soul fills the body, and our case is complete.—JAMES H. ECOB. (2452)

Prayer-meeting Maintained—See IMMIGRATION.

Prayer Only in Name—See DIPLOMACY, COWARDLY.

Prayer, Power of—See PERSECUTION AND PRAYER.

PRAYER, TAKING TIME FOR

"One might as well rush into the street unclothed," said Mr. Spurgeon, "because he had no time to dress, or into battle unarmed because he had no time to secure his weapons, as to go forth to the experiences of any day without taking time to pray."
(2453)

PRAYER, THE CALL TO

The call to prayer heard from minarets five times daily in all Moslem lands is as follows: The muezzin cries it in a loud voice and always in the Arabic language: "God is most great! God is most great! God is most great! God is most great! I testify that there is no god but God! I testify that there is no god but God! I testify that Mohammed is the apostle of God! I testify that Mohammed is the apostle of God! Come to prayer! Come to prayer! Come to prosperity! Come to prosperity! God is most great! God is most great! There is no god but God!" In the call to early morning prayer the words "prayer is better than sleep" are added twice after the call to prosperity. (Text.)—SAMUEL M. ZWEMER, "The Moslem World." (2454)

PRAYER, VIEWS OF

The Christian conception of prayer is "enter into thine inner chamber and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father, who is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret shall recompense thee."

With the Moslems the first requirement of correct prayer is that it be in the right direction; that is, toward the Kaaba at Mecca. Because of this, private houses, as well as mosques, all over the Mohammedan world, are built accordingly, and not on meridian lines. It is often pathetic to hear a wayfarer or a Moslem who travels on an ocean steamer ask which is the proper direction to turn at the hour of prayer. To pray with one's back to Mecca would be unpardonable. Many Moslems carry a pocket-compass on their journeys to avoid all possible errors of this character. (Text.)—SAMUEL M. ZWEMER, "The Moslem World." (2455)

PRAYERS

Mr. Keppel in his book "Christmas in Art," tells this story:

I remember a touching little incident which occurred in New York. My dear old mother, who was a Methodist, had died, and our kindly Irish cook prayed twice daily for the repose of the old woman's soul. A Catholic friend of the cook's told her that it was wrong to pray for a deceased heretic, and the cook carried the question to her father-confessor. The good priest's decision was in this wise: "My daughter, I can not tell you whether such prayers can do good to the soul of a deceased heretic—but your prayers will certainly do good to your own soul."

(2456)

Prayers Unanswered—See FAITH, STEDFAST.

PREACHING

Whitefield was just twenty-one when he received deacon's orders, and he at once leapt into fame as a preacher. "I intended to make 150 sermons," he says, "and thought I would set up with a good stock-in-trade." As a matter of fact, this greatest of English preachers only possest a single sermon when he began his preaching career. In his humility he put his first and solitary discourse into the hands of a friendly clergyman, to show how unprepared for the work of the pulpit he was. The clergyman used one-half of the sermon at his morning service, and the other half at his evening service, and returned it to its astonished author with a guinea by way of payment. — W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century."

(2457)

See CONSECRATION; EDUCATION TO BE PRIZED; SPEECH, COMMON.

Preaching, Call To—See INFLUENCE, INDIVIDUAL.

PREACHING CHRIST

Some man went to hear Spurgeon preach one day, and when he came back to his friend's house, his friend asked him: "What do you think of Spurgeon?" He replied: "Nothing at all." The friend in amazement repeated his question, and again the answer was: "I do not think anything of him at all," and then he brushed away some moisture in his eyes and added: "But I never can forget his Savior."—CORTLAND MYERS.

(2458)

Preaching, Fearless—See FITNESS.

PREACHING FROM MANUSCRIPT

One year I invited the pastor of a great church in Cincinnati, and he came, and he spoke on Sunday morning. He pulled out a forty-page manuscript and stood there and read the gospel for a whole hour, and those good country people never saw it done before, and when they adjourned for dinner they got under the trees and talked about the proceedings. They said, "What do you think of that letter from Cincinnati?" And I never see a fellow pull his manuscript now that I don't wonder where that letter is from.—"Popular Lectures of Sam P. Jones." (2459)

PREACHING, GOSPEL

I have seen an advertisement reading thus: "If the druggist says, 'We haven't Brown's soap, but here is something just as good,' don't take it! Go somewhere else." The Church is in business, and Church attendance is controlled by business principles. The man who drops in wants the gospel, nothing else will answer, and he can not be expected to continue dropping in unless he gets it.—DAVID JAMES BURRELL. (2460)

Preaching Occasions—See OPPORTUNITIES IMPROVED.

PREACHING, RESPONSIBILITY IN

Those who have inadequate views of their responsibility in preparing to preach the gospel ought to be impressively reminded of their failure in this respect, as was a moderate minister, who was a keen fisher, when he said to Dr. Andrew Thompson: "I wonder you spend so much time on your sermons, with your ability and ready speech. Many's the time I've written a sermon and killed a salmon before breakfast." To which saying Dr. Thompson replied, "Well, sir, I'd rather have eaten your salmon than listened to your sermon." (2461)

Preaching, Roosevelt's—See SPEAKING TO DO GOOD.

Preaching Spoiled—See SYMPATHY, LACK OF.

PREACHING THE WORD

When Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, died, the Sunday-school remembered that he used to come in every now and then during the years of his history, and repeat just a single verse from the superintendent's desk; and the next Lord's Day after the funeral, they marched up in front of it in a long line, and each scholar quoted any of the texts that he could recollect. The grown people wept as they saw how much there was of the Bible in the hearts of their children, which this one pastor had planted. Yet he was a very timid and old-fashioned man; he said he had no gift at talking to children; he could only repeat God's Word. If preachers and teachers would follow such a simple example, what a power there would be in their ministrations. (Text.) (2462)

PRECAUTION

A California vine-grower, in a region where once in a great while the temperature fell a few degrees below the freezing-point, thus endangering his crop, rigged up an electric-alarm system which signalled to him when the temperature out in the fields had fallen low enough to require the lighting of fires to prevent frost. A neighbor, more fond of his ease, immediately improved on this apparatus. He fixt his brushwood ready for firing, and then arranged his electrical apparatus so that when the temperature fell to thirty-two degrees a current should be sent through a platinum wire in some fine combustibles and light the fires, instead of signaling him to do the work himself. The apparatus is cheap and more reliable than hired men, so that it is likely to be adopted in the parts of the state exposed to inopportune frosts.—Philadelphia *Ledger*. (2463)

Justice Willes about 1780 sentenced a boy at Lancaster to be hanged, with the hope of reforming him by frightening him, and he ordered him for execution next morning. The judge awoke in the middle of the night, and was so affected by the notion that he might himself die in the course of the night, and the boy be hanged, tho he did mean that he should suffer, that he got out of his bed and went to the lodgings of the high sheriff, and left a reprieve for the boy, or what was to be considered equivalent to it, and then, returning to his bed, spent the rest of the night comfortably. (Text.)—CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (2464)

PRECAUTIONS

The day when an engineer could drive his train ahead at full speed, at his own discretion, and make up as much lost time as the recklessness of his daring permitted, has passed with the romantic age of railroading. No longer does he gamble thus with death to win back minutes. A cool-nerved human machine sits in an office miles away and tells him exactly how fast he may go. Mute signals stretch out their arms to him by day or glow red-eyed at night along the track and halt him if he rides too fast or if there is danger ahead. At intervals of from a thousand feet to five miles there are towers with men in them who note the minute and second of his passing, and telegraph it forward and back over the line. Nowadays the engineer is rarely out of touch with possible orders for more than a few minutes at a time. In place of the daring and the old speed madness that used to characterize the making up of time, the man who lasts the longest now in the cab is the one who possesses the calculating skill developed by long experience. He accomplishes much more simply by taking advantage of every trifle in winning back his time second by second.—THADDEUS S. DAYTON, *Harper's Weekly*. (2465)

It is said to be scarcely possible to induce working men engaged in dangerous employments to take the most rudimentary precautions against disease and accident. The knife-grinder neglects his mask, the collier his lamp; they are ingenious in evading the regulations framed for their safety.

Similarly in our recklessness and presumption we ignore the things which are designed to secure the safety of our character, the peace of our soul. Let us be sure that we prize those manifold and gracious arrangements by which God seeks to save us from the power of evil, that we profit by them to the utmost.—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (2466)

Probably the greatest menace to the safety of navigation at sea is the fog. Modern steamships are seldom endangered by the severest storms, but when the impenetrable envelop of mist encloses a vessel, she is exposed to the most terrible of perils—a collision at sea. A single ship may be comparatively safe even in a fog, but when there are a fleet of vessels the danger is greatly multiplied. In addition to the customary fog-horns and sirens a fleet of war-ships often will keep informed of their relative positions by the firing of signal-guns from the flag-ship. Another excellent method generally employed is the use of the fog-buoy.

Each vessel in a war-ship fleet carries a fog-buoy, a large cask painted a bright red. This is cast overboard at the first sign of any fog and floats from the stern of the vessel attached by a rope of grass fiber which does not sink beneath the surface of the water. Sufficient rope is paid out by each vessel, so that its fog-buoy floats at the bow of the ship next astern—two cable's-length (four hundred yards) when in close order and double that distance in open order. By this means the exact stations of the individual ships of a fleet are maintained even tho proceeding at a moderate rate of speed.—*Harper's Weekly.* (2467)

PRECAUTIONS, SCIENTIFIC

The teller of a bank standing behind his window in these days of electricity can touch a push-button close to his hand and close the door of every safe in the place before a thief could have time to operate, and by the same signal he can call the police or give the alarm to all the bank officials. (2468)

PRECEPT AND PRACTISE

One of the great railroad companies has begun a campaign against the use of tobacco by its employees, and, while none are to be discharged because they indulge in it, they are requested to break the habit if possible. This may be a good thing, but example speaks louder than precept; if the officers want the employees to abandon smoking and chewing, the reform ought to begin in the president's office and go down all along the line until it reaches the trackmen and laborers. A well-known railroad executive, now deceased, said it was of no use to preach temperance to railroad employees if officers' special cars ran over the road with wines and liquors on board to be consumed *en route.* He set an example by keeping intoxicants out of his car even when he had guests.—*Manufacturers' Record.* (2469)

I am unjust, but I can strive for justice,
My life's unkind, but I can vote for kindness.
I, the unloving, say life should be lovely;
I, that am blind, cry out against my blindness.

Man is a curious brute—he pets his fancies—
Fighting mankind to win sweet luxury.
So he will be, tho law be clear as crystal,
Tho all men plan to live in harmony.

Come, let us vote against our human nature,
Crying to God in all the polling-places
To heal our everlasting sinfulness,
And make us sages with transfigured faces.
—NICHOLAS V. LINDSAY, *Unity.*
(2470)

Preciseness Overdone—See SCRUPLES, MINUTE.

Precision—See AHEAD OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

PRECOCITY

Precocity is not always a cerebral disease, certainly, tho where it is pronounced the presumption is not in its favor. Slower growths are the surer and attain the greater heights. Usually precocity wants a depth which is not supplied to the subject in more mature years. With the comparatively few exceptions that can be noted, it lacks staying power. The most remarkable case of collapsed precocity that occurs to us is that of the Englishman Betty, the "young Roscius." He went on the stage at the age of twelve years in 1803, played *Hamlet* and other prominent characters, and in four years amassed a fortune of over $150,000, at a time when money was worth twice its present face value. For twenty-eight nights in Drury Lane he earned over $3,000 a night. He left the stage to go to school, and on his return, three years later, made an utter failure and never amounted to anything as an actor thereafter. —New York *World.* (2471)

It is said of Jonathan Edwards that he commenced the study of Latin at six years of age; at eight he was keenly interested in spiritual matters. At ten he wrote, like a philosopher, a quaint and humorous essay on the immortality of the soul, and at twelve years of age wrote an original paper on the habits of the flying-spider. (2472)

Of Mrs. Wesley's father it is gravely recorded that "when about five or six years old he began a practise, which he afterward continued, of reading twenty chapters every day in the Bible." The phenomenon of a child not six years old who solemnly forms, in the cells of his infantile brain, the plan of reading twenty chapters of the Bible every day—and sticks to it through a long life—would in these modern days be reckoned nothing less than astonishing. Of Hetty Wesley, the sister of John, it is on record that at eight years of age she could read the Greek Testament. Do any such wonderful children exist in these days?—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century. (2473)

See PRODIGY, A.

PREDICTION, FALSE

Mr. James A. Briggs cites a paragraph from the Boston *Courier* of June 27, 1827, then edited by Joseph T. Buckingham, one of the ablest and most liberal of New England editors. It was but sixty-two years ago that he thus spoke of the projected railroad from Boston to Albany:

Alcibiades, or some other great man of antiquity, it is said, cut off his dog's tail that quidnuncs might not become extinct from want of excitement. Some such motive, we doubt not, moves one or two of our natural and experimental philosophers to get up a project for a railroad from Boston to Albany—a project which every one knows, who knows the simplest rule in arithmetic, to be impracticable and at an expense little less than the market value of the whole territory of Massachusetts; and which, if practicable, every person of common sense knows would be as useless as a railroad from Boston to the moon.

The road was built, and there is no more prosperous road in the country.—*Harper's Weekly*. (2474)

Preferences—See SELECTION.

PREFERRED CREDITOR

An Israelite without guile, doing business down in Chatham Street, New York, called his creditors together, and offered them in settlement his note for ten per cent on their claims, payable in four months. His brother, one of the largest creditors, rather "kicked"; but the debtor took him aside and said, "Do not make any objections, and I will make you a preferred creditor." So the proposal was accepted by all. Presently, the preferred brother said, "Well, I should like what is coming to me." "Oh," was the reply, "you won't get anything; they won't any of them get anything." "But I thought I was a preferred creditor." "So you are. These notes will not be paid when they come due; but it will take them four months to find out that they are not going to get anything. But you know it now; you see you are preferred."—HEMAN L. WAYLAND. (2475)

PREHISTORIC WOMAN

In the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons lies a famous skull. Discovered at Gibraltar many years ago, it has been agreed to be that of a human being of prehistoric times. Professor A. Keith, curator of the museum, has compared the skull minutely with those of the people of all nations today, and has set it side by side with all other available prehistoric relics. "The skull, I have little doubt, is that of a woman," he said. "From the size of her brain she must have been shrewd—probably a woman, too, of considerable spirit. One can reckon pretty accurately also the time at which she lived. It must have been at least 600,000 years ago. From the jaws and the fact that the muscles of mastication were remarkably strong it is possible to deduce what this prehistoric woman ate. Nuts and roots probably entered very largely into her diet. She was in the habit of eating things which required a great amount of mastication before much nourishment could be derived from them, hence the unusual development of the jaw muscles." (2476)

PREJUDGMENT

It is not uncommon for men to judge a cause before they have heard the facts:

Lord Eldon said, "I remember Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed, 'Here are only eleven jurymen; where is the twelfth?' 'Please you, my lord,' said one of the eleven, 'he is gone away about some business, but he has left his verdict with me.'"—CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (2477)

PREJUDICE

Take equal parts of malice, ignorance and hate, mix well and serve hot, and you have prejudice.—N. D. Hillis. (2478)

PREJUDICE DISARMED

There is a certain famous preacher, perhaps the leading man in his denomination, against whom I have had a prejudice which has been slowly increasing for the last twenty-five years. When he used his influence a few years ago to prevent the recognition in a great ecclesiastical council of two of the noblest spiritual leaders of this generation, because of their adherence to the old-fashioned faith and methods, my bump of prejudice against that man reached full-sized proportions.

It was my lot very recently to be a member of a house of mourning where this same minister was the officiating clergyman, and I had to meet him personally. But when he had finished his prayer, my prejudice had all melted away like dew before the rising sun, and I felt like rushing up to him, putting an arm in his, and saying, "You didn't do it, did you? I'm sure I've misunderstood; please set me right about yourself."—George W. Coleman, "Searchlights." (2479)

PREJUDICE, RELIGIOUS

An old woman at Jhansi, in North India, a Brahman of strictest sect, and mother of a princess who was very ill, called in Dr. Blanche Monro, of the Woman's Union Missionary Society. She dismissed the lady doctor each time with smiles, thanks, and rich rewards, then grimly ordered her servants to wash everything the foreign lady had touched—the floor, table, chairs, her own clothes, and finally herself. After she has taken a bath, she feels pure once more. (2480)

PREPARATION

Many disappointments and failures are simply the results of superficial expectations of easy success without patient preparation of the needed preliminary conditions.

A famous English gardener once heard a nobleman say complainingly, "I can not have a rose garden, tho I often have tried, because the soil around my castle is too poor for roses." "That is no reason at all," replied the gardener. "You must go to work and make it better. Any ground can be made fit for roses if pains are taken to prepare it. The poorest soil can be made rich." It was a wise saying, and it is true in other cases than rose gardens. Some young people say, "I can't be cheerful," or, "I can't be sweet-tempered," or "I can't be forgiving," as if they were not responsible for the growths in their soul-garden because the soil is poor. But "any ground can be made fit for roses," and any heart can be made fit for the loveliest blossoms of character. (Text.) (2481)

Preparation a Safeguard Against Loss—See Control of Circumstances.

Preparation, Aimless—See Aimlessness.

Preparation by Training—See Toughness.

PREPARATION CONTINUOUS

Michelangelo, when an old man, said: "I carry my satchel still!" indicating that his life was a perpetual study and preparation. (2482)

PREPARATION, COSTLY

Alonzo Cano, a Spanish sculptor, being employed by a lawyer of Grenada to make a statue of St. Antonio de Padua, and having mentioned how much it would cost, the lawyer began to reckon how many pistoles per day the artist had earned. "You have," said he, "been five-and-twenty days carving this statue, and your exorbitant demand makes you charge the rate of four pistoles per day, while I, who am your superior in a profession, do not make half your profits by my talents." "Wretch!" exclaimed the artist; "do you talk to me of your talents? I have been five-and-twenty years learning to make this statue in five-and-twenty days." So saying, he dashed it on the pavement.—Croake James, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (2483)

PREPARATION, PROPHETIC

Shortly before the death of Mozart, the musician, a stranger brought him an anonymous letter in which a request for a requiem was made. To its composition he gave the full strength of his powers. The conviction seized him that he was composing a requiem for his own obsequies. While engaged in this work and under this strange inspiration, he gathered all his strength to complete his work. And when the task was finished, a strange fire lighted his eye, as the melody, even to his exquisite sensibility, was perfect. It bore an unearthly sweetness that was to him, too truly, a warning of his future and fast-coming doom.

All our life work is, in a way, a preparation for death. (2484)

PREPARATION SUCCEEDS

A life sketch of Richard Mansfield, the great actor, contains the following account of his first success on the stage:

A noted actor had been offered the part but shrank from it, and finally absolutely refused to take it. Mansfield saw its possibilities and was in a fever of eagerness to get it. In the distress and pressure of the situation the manager reluctantly gave it to him. Then the young man began to prepare for the part. He studied everything which would throw light on the character. He interviewed people, visited the haunts of such men as the character represented, and he rehearsed and rehearsed until his eyes gleamed and his whole being was on fire. When he came on the stage for his first act the people were indifferent, not even paying attention to the play, but talking and laughing. Soon a hush fell upon them. They were spellbound. When the curtain fell there was a roar of applause which shook the building, and at the close of the play the audience went out dazed. Richard Mansfield was never to go hungry again. At a bound he had leapt from the dust to the top of the ladder. It makes one's heart leap just to read about it. (2485)

Preparation, Thorough—See THOROUGHNESS IN PREPARATION.

PRESENCE OF GOD

One day a poor leper came to Dr. Pauline Root's dispensary, in Madura, India, with a small, dirty cloth about his waist. He begged a new garment. It was given and was the cause of great delight. Two weeks later he appeared again, making the same request. Dr. Root asked him, "Where is the cloth I gave you?" "I have it," the old man replied, "but I am old, and will not live long, and some morning it is probable that the people in passing by my little mud hut to the river will look in and see me lying there dead. When I go into God's presence I want to be nice. All day long I go about for my food and I am very dirty and very tired, but when I go home I wash myself and I have kept that beautiful long piece of cloth to wrap myself in when I lie down. I commit myself to God thinking that perhaps the next morning I shall have gone into His presence. (Text.) (2486)

Beneath the shadow of the Great Protection,
  The soul sits, hushed and calm.
Bathed in the peace of that divine affection,
No fever-heats of life or dull dejection
  Can work the spirit harm.
    Diviner heavens above
    Look down on it in love.
And, as the varying winds move where they will,
  In whispers soft, through trackless fields of air,
So comes the Spirit's breath, serene and still,
  Its tender messages of love to bear,
From men of every race and speech and zone,
Making the whole world one,
Till every sword shall to a sickle bend,
And the long, weary strifes of earth shall end.

—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. (2487)

This metrical prayer is from the New York *Christian Advocate:*

Stay with me, Lord; the evening sun declineth,
  And I am weary of this rugged way.
To find repose my fainting spirit pineth—
  O Lord, be Thou my comfort and my stay!
  Tremble my steps with age, my hair is gray,
And earth-born hopes allure me now no more.
  But Thou, my Savior, cast me not away.
O lead me gently till, my journey o'er,
I reach my Father's house, safe sheltered evermore.

Stay with me, Lord; even now to the dark valley
  My step descendeth, and the chilling gloom
Is gathering o'er my pathway deep and dreary—
  Dread shadows of the ay mysterious tomb.
  Now may Thy lamp this fearful vale illume;
Its light alone these terrors can dispel.
  Where Thou, my Lord, art guide, no ill can come.
Thou mighty Conqueror of death and hell,
To Thee I trust my soul and know that all is well. (2488)

What may be round the next headland we know not; but this we know, that the same sunshine will make a broadening path across the waters right to where we rock on the unknown sea, and the same unmoving mighty star will burn for our guidance. So we may let the waves and currents roll as they list, or rather as He wills, and be little concerned about the incidents or the companions of our voyage, since He is with us.—Alexander McLaren. (2489)

See Perseverance.

PRESENCE OF MIND

On New-year's eve at one of the largest restaurants in New York, a woman's dress caught fire, and, altho surrounded by other diners, the flame was not extinguished until she had received burns from which she subsequently died.

It seems incredible, yet it is a fact. And while the woman blazed, and shrieked in her agony, the men sought to extinguish the flame with napkins and their hands!

As I journey through life in town or in the wilderness, the quality I find most lacking in the human animal is presence of mind; and that is one of the good reasons why I am so persistent and outspoken an advocate of games for boys, especially games where the action is quick and where the boy must needs think, and quickly, under stress of combat, so to say.

Had there been any football players within reach of that poor woman, one of them would probably have had the sense to take off his coat and smother the flame.—Caspar Whitney, *Collier's Weekly*. (2490)

PRESENCES, UNRECOGNIZED

In a German art gallery is a famous canvas entitled "Cloudland." To a casual glance it looks like a daub of confused color without form or beauty. But upon close examination it reveals a mass of exquisite little cherub faces—an innumerable multitude of angels. So Milton:

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep." (Text.) (2491)

Present Alone is Ours—See To-morrow, Uncertainty of.

Present, The—See Night, God's Presence in the; Now, Do It.

PRESERVATION

It was one of the coldest days of winter. Benny came home from school, intending to brave the cold and go coasting till dark; but, when he found mama had a sick headache, he said nothing about coasting, but volunteered to amuse four-year-old Lulu while mama lay down for a nap. That's the kind of a boy Benny was!

"Let's blow soap-bubbles," he said, taking Lulu into the kitchen, where he made a cup of beautiful soap-suds. Each had a pipe, and they blew bubbles for a long time. The sun shone in at the window, making them all the colors of the rainbow.

"Oh, I wish I could keep 'em!" sighed Lulu. "They are so pretty!"

An idea came into Benny's wise young head. He took a piece of an old, soft, woolen blanket, and carrying it out into the shed, spread it very smoothly on the floor in an out-of-the-way corner. Then, going back into the kitchen, he said:

"Now, Lulu, I'm going out into the shed to work a few minutes. It's too cold for you out there, but, if my plans work well, I'll wrap you up warm and take you out to see what I have done. You keep on blowing bubbles here."

"All right," said Lulu cheerfully.

Benny carried out part of the soap-suds, and as rapidly as possible blew about a dozen bubbles, floating them on to the soft blanket. The cold was so intense that they froze instantly before they could burst; and there they stood, looking like so many delicate glass balls.

When the blanket was well filled, Benny went in and, putting on Lulu's warm wraps, took her out to see the bubbles. How surprized she was!

"Can't I roll 'em round?" she asked.

"No indeed!" said Benny. "The least touch would break them all to smash!"

When mama got up with her headache relieved, she had to go out and see the bubbles, and so did papa when he came home.

The night was so cold, and the shed door and windows being closed, so that there was no draught of air, the bubbles were as good as ever in the morning. But before noon they began to crack open and dry away, and, when Benny came home at night, the weather was milder and each bright bubble had vanished, leaving only a bit of soap-suds in its place.

This is a true story, and some sharp day this winter you bright boys and girls can try the experiment for yourselves.—Mattie A. Baker, *Youth's Companion.* (2492)

See Resuscitation.

PRESERVATION, A PROCESS OF

It is not hard to believe that the passage through death will be the occasion for a new blossoming of the flowers of character, after the analogy of the frozen flowers about which this account from *Harper's Weekly* is given:

The latest and most approved method of preserving flowers during transportation is that of freezing them. When this process is employed the flowers are picked while in the bud and will keep perfectly for several weeks in refrigerator boxes. No deterioration in their beauty results from this treatment, and after they have been unpacked and placed in water they slowly revive and the blossoms develop fully. During the period of refrigeration all growth is suspended, and so slowly do the flowers return to their natural state that such blossoms will last much longer in a room than would be the case had they been brought directly from the greenhouse or the garden.

The facility with which horticultural specimens have been transported by this new method has led to experiments in South Africa, with a view to determining whether many of their wonderful flowers may not be safely exported in bulk to supply the trade in Europe and America. (2493)

Preservatives — See Evil, Protection from.

PRESS, OMNISCIENCE OF THE

I have been somewhat of a reader of the newspapers for forty years; I could read very well when I was eight years of age. It has given me forty years of observation of the press; and there is one peculiarity that I have observed from reading it, and that is, in all of the walks of life outside of the press, people have entirely mistaken their profession, their occupation. I never knew the mayor of a city, or even a councilman in any city, any public officer, any government official—I never knew a member of Congress, a Senator or a President of the United States, who could not be enlightened in his duties by the youngest member of the profession. I never knew a general of the army to command a brigade, a division, a corps of the army, who could begin to do it as well as men far away in their sanctums.—U. S. Grant. (2494)

PRESS, PROSTITUTION OF THE

The Salt Lake *Herald* abstracts from "The Press of the World" some of the "rules of conduct" which Benjamin Franklin followed in his first journalistic venture. "They are so perfectly applicable to present-day newspapers," it says, "that they are worth preserving and emphasizing." He had just begun the publication of his *Pennsylvania Gazette* when an article was submitted to him that did not meet his views of propriety. With his customary deliberation he did not at once reject it, but told the writer he would sleep over it and give his decision the next day. This is how he applied his rules to the subject:

"I have perused your piece," he wrote, "and find it to be scurrilous and defamatory. To determine whether I should publish it or not, I went home in the evening, purchased a two-penny loaf at the baker's, and, with water from the pump, made my supper; I then wrapt myself up in my great coat, and lay down on the floor and slept till morning, when, on another loaf and a mug of water, I made my breakfast. From this regimen I feel no inconvenience whatever. Finding I can live in this manner, I have formed the determination never to prostitute my press to corruption and abuse of this kind for the sake of gaining a more comfortable subsistence." (2495)

Press, Using the—See Newspapers and Missionary Intelligence.

PRETENSE

About the time when it was fashionable in France to cut off men's heads, as we lop away superfluous sprouts from our apple-trees, the public attention was excited by a certain monkey that had been taught to act the part of a patriot to great perfection. If you pointed at him, says the historian, and called him an aristocrat or a monarchist, he would fly at you with great rage and violence; but, if you would do him the justice to call him a good patriot, he manifested every mark of joy and satisfaction. But, tho the whole French nation gazed at this animal as a miracle, he was, after all, no very strange sight. There are, in all countries, a great many monkeys who wish to be thought patriots, and a great many others who believe them such. But, because we are often deceived by appearances, let us not believe that the reality does not exist.—Daniel Webster. (2496)

At a recent horse-race one of the horses attracted a great deal of attention before the start by his remarkable appearance, and many spectators thought he would surely win. He was so full of life, and so eager to begin the race, that he broke through the barrier and ran several hundred feet before the jockey could stop him. The animal was full of confidence and life, but he finished fifteenth in a race of sixteen.

This horse furnished a pretty good illustration of the human bluffer, the man who struts and brags, who makes great pretensions, lots of noise, but never gets anywhere. The silent, unpretentious man, who keeps pegging away, distances him in the great life race.—*Success Magazine.* (2497)

See Envy Gratified.

PRETENSE OF VIRTUE

It is a cynical saying that "every man has his price," but it is difficult at times to judge what any man might do under stress of unusual circumstances. An illustration of this point is the following:

A Scots business representative called upon a firm whose principal desired to make him a Christmas present. The honest fellow was scandalized. He could not dream of accepting presents. If such a thing were in the minds of the firm, let them transfer their favor in the shape of discount to the house which he represented. They did not mean anything of the sort, they told him; this was a little matter personal to himself. He threw back his shoulders; he was not to be bribed. "Oh, but this is no bribe," he was answered; "all we propose to do is to offer you a nice box of cigars, for which you shall give us, say, sixpence." The choler of the virtuous one died away. He put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a coin. "I'm to take a box and give you sixpence? Well, I havena' a sixpence. Here's a shillin'; I'll tak' twa boxes!" (2498)

PRETENSE, SELFISH

An English writer thus speaks of an indiscreet adventure of a costermonger with an electric eel:

Before this gymnotus was publicly exhibited it was deposited at a French hotel in the neighborhood of Leicester Square. A burly fishmonger's man, named Wren, brought in the daily supply of fish to the establishment, when some of the servants told him they had an eel so large that he would be afraid to pick it up. He laughed at the idea of being afraid of an eel, and when taken to the tub boldly plunged in both hands to seize the fish. A hideous roar followed this attempt. Wren had experienced a demonstration of the "psychic force" of the electrical eel, and his terror so largely exaggerated the actual violence of the shock, that he believed for the remainder of his life that he was permanently injured by it. He had periodical spasms across the chest, which could only be removed by taking a half-quarter of gin. As he was continually narrating his adventure to public-house audiences, and always had a spasm on concluding, which his hearers usually contributed to relieve, the poor fellow's life was actually shortened by the shock from the gymnotus.

The man's recurring pains usually made their appearance at places and times when thirst could be quenched. Many bodily ills are simulated or imaginary. (2499)

PREVENTION

John S. Wise records this conversation with Grover Cleveland:

"I ought to have a monument over me when I die." "I am sure of that, Mr. Cleveland," I answered; "but for what particular service?" "Oh, not for anything I have ever done," said he, "but for the foolishness I have put a stop to! If you knew the absurd things proposed to me at various times while I have been in public life—things which I sat down on, and sat down hard on—you would say so, too!"—"Personal Reminiscences of Cleveland," *The Saturday Evening Post.* (2500)

In morals, quite as truly as in physics, the profitable time to deal with any evil is in its incipient stage:

The diseases that occupy the physician most are maladies that have reached an advanced stage, when it is not easy to combat them. On the other hand, the study of diseases at their outset, when they yield best to treatment, is almost neglected. It is certain that if every physician were also a trained physiologist, watching to relieve the slightest functional troubles, he would often be able to recognize small changes that are the common preludes to grave maladies.—*Revue Scientifique.* (2501)

See FEAR AS A MOTIVE; WARNING.

PREVISION

Otto Meyer and his wife, Mary, solved the difficulties attending the high cost of living as far as they are concerned. They have lived for years on a thirty-acre farm near the village of Riverside, Cook County. By a deed filed in the Recorder's office, Meyer, for a consideration of $6,000 in cash, conveyed to his son, Fritz H. Meyer, the farm. But in return for this, the elder Meyer is to be furnished with all the necessities of life, including a house, regardless of the market price, as long as he or his wife lives.

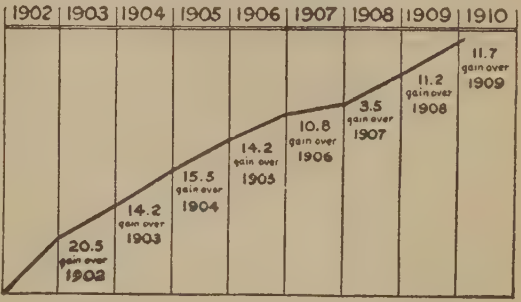
A part of this unique deed reads as follows:

"The grantee is to provide a sufficient supply of fruit, a sufficient supply of vegetables of all kinds, to be delivered on demand; one drest hog of 200 pounds weight, one forequarter of fresh beef, to be delivered on December 15 in each year; one-half dozen fat ducks, one-half dozen fat roosters, drest, to be delivered November 1 of each year, and three barrels of best quality of wheat flour, to be delivered, one barrel each time on January 1, May 1, and September 1 of each year; twenty bushels of good eatable potatoes, to be delivered on demand; two pounds of fresh butter each week, one dozen fresh eggs each week, one quart of fresh milk each day, except Saturday; one half-gallon of fresh milk and $40 in cash, $20 on March 1 and $20 on July 1 in each year." (2502)

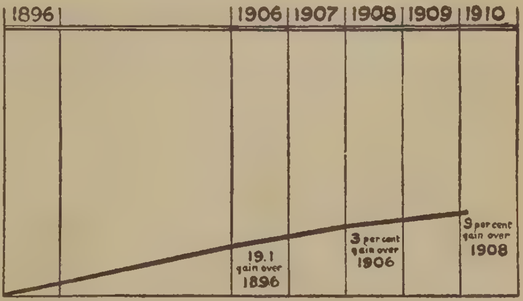
Price as a Test—See GOLD, TAINT OF.

PRICES AND WAGES

The welfare of wage-earners is intimately affected by the relation between the rate of wages and the prices of necessary commodities that wage-earners have to buy. The diagram below from *The Literary Digest*, gives the comparison of wages and prices for a term of recent years. (2503)



SHOWING THE RISE IN THE AVERAGE PRICE OF 96 STAPLE COMMODITIES.



SHOWING THE AVERAGE RISE IN WAGES BASED ON AN INVESTIGATION OF 4,000 LARGE INDUSTRIAL ESTABLISHMENTS.

Prices, Extravagant—See EXTRAVAGANCE, MODERN.

PRIDE

E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, has a big country place in Virginia—a hunting-box, he calls it, but it is more like a hunting Waldorf-Astoria. One morning Mr. Harriman arose early and was sitting on one of the porches.

A milkman drove up and got out to bring in some milk. The milkman started in the front door.

"Here, you," snapped Harriman. "Take that milk around the back way. What do you mean by bringing it in this way?"

"Mean?" said the milkman. "I mean that I am a Virginia gentleman, and I am not accustomed to be talked to in this manner, suh. I shall deliver this milk where I please, suh. If you do not like it you have a means of obtaining satisfaction, suh. No No'therner like you can talk to me like that, suh."

Harriman retired. Next morning, when the same milkman arrived, Harriman greeted him with a low bow: "You are right," he said. "Take the milk in the front way and leave it on the piano." (Text.) (2504)

Recently I read the experience of a yachting party on the Mediterranean. A sudden storm had come up and threatened to overwhelm the boat. One of the two women on board lost her head completely and seemed crazed by fear. Suddenly she cried out to the other woman sitting calmly beside her: "You know you are as frightened as I am. Why don't you show it, too?" "Oh, yes, I am frightened," replied the other woman, "for I know the danger we are in. But, if we are going to die, do let us at least die like ladies." And that appeal to pride wrought a complete change in the frightened woman, she became calm and even spoke words of encouragement to the others.—M. O. Simmons. (2505)

There was once a proud little Icicle who stood all alone out in the cold. She wore a dress that sparkled like diamonds, but for all that, no one cared to go near her. The snowflakes were having a game of tag in the sky. Nearer and nearer the earth they played until some of them espied Miss Icicle.

"Do come and play with us!" they cried.

But the proud Icicle shook her head. "No," she said, "you are entirely too common to play with me; I am a princess."

"I'll show the world what you are, you silly thing," called Grandfather Sun from his cloud chariot. So he sent some of his children, the Sunbeams, to breathe on Miss Icicle's head. This made her feel so sick that she wept great tears. The more she wept the thinner she grew, till at last a tiny pool of water was all that was left. (Text.) (2506)

A gourd wound itself around a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top. "How old mayest thou be?" asked the gourd. "About a hundred years," was the reply. "A hundred years and no taller! Only look, I have grown as tall as you in less than a hundred days," said the puffed-up gourd. The stately palm calmly replied: "I know that well. Every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up my body and spread over my branches, as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou shalt be." (2507)

See Vanity.

PRIDE IN ONE'S TASK

The following is told of John F. Stevens, who was appointed by President Roosevelt to take charge of the Panama Canal:

Sometime in the seventies, and somewhere in Arizona, both the time and place where the Apaches were very seriously on the warpath, it became necessary to send a message across a hundred or two miles of desert. There was offered a reward of five hundred dollars to the man who would carry it. The peril was undeniable and nobody seemed to consider the reward worth the probable cost of it. But presently John Stevens undertook to deliver the message. He eluded the Apaches and made the journey successfully on foot, but declined the five hundred dollars. The thing had been there to do; he preferred to do it for its own sake. (Text.) —*American Magazine.* (2508)

Primitive Organisms—See Choice in Primitive Organisms.

PRINCIPLE

One Sunday morning in Genoa a woman whom British people love stood by the dying bed of a man whose memory the world reveres. Josephine Butler stood by the bedside of Garibaldi, the old hero's gaunt figure still clothed with the scarlet tunic which recalled the day when ten thousand "Garibaldis" swept on to victory and liberty with his name upon their lips. And the dying man said to the living woman:

"Never forget that tho we pass away and the leaders of a cause fall one by one, principles never pass away. They are worldwide, unchangeable and eternal."—Charles F. Aked. (2509)

The Rev. W. F. Crafts tells this story of a clerk who stood by his principles:

Stephen Girard, the infidel millionaire of Philadelphia, one Saturday bade his clerks come the following day and unload a vessel which had just arrived. One of the clerks, who had strong convictions and the power to act upon them, refused to comply with the demand. "Well, sir," said Mr. Girard, "if you can not do as I wish, we can separate." "I know that, sir," said the hero; "I also know that I have a widowed mother to care for, but I can not work on Sunday." "Very well, sir," said the proprietor, "go to the cashier's desk, and he will settle with you." For three weeks the young man tramped the streets of Philadelphia, looking for work. One day a bank president asked Mr. Girard to name a suitable person for cashier for a new bank about to be started. After reflection, Mr. Girard named this young man. "But I thought you discharged him?" "I did," was the answer, "because he would not work on Sunday, and the man who will lose his situation from principle is the man to whom you can intrust your money." (Text.) (2510)

See Feeling and Principle.

PRINCIPLES, MASTERING

Learning must be transformed into life. One would not expect to find the yeast if he made a cross-section of a loaf of bread. A cow eats grass all day, but we do not expect the cow to give grass. She is expected to give milk. A boy may study arithmetic and learn to do a few examples correctly. He can tell if each shoe is to have five nails, how many it will take to shoe a horse. But suppose the horse's shoes needed six nails? He is baffled because he has found a case which was not met by his example; but when he masters the principle of which his sum is but an illustration, he can address himself to the problems of life as they come.—Everett D. Burr, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association," 1905. (2511)

PRISON LIFE, EASY

French prisons, it is said, are such pleasant places of confinement that at the approach of every winter they are besieged by requests from vagrants for shelter.

Fresnes is notorious for its "hospitality," and so agreeable is a sojourn there that many criminals, at the approach of winter, regularly arrange to get locked up until it is time to come out into the balmy air of springtime and the genial sunshine.

A short time since, the story goes, a new prison in France was opened to receive its first prisoner, sentenced to six months' detention. The new establishment had cost nearly $20,000 to build and equip, but unfortunately the prison budget made no allowance for the warders and their "guests."

The governor finally solved the dilemma by deciding that a policeman, who was married, should take up his quarters in the prison and serve the prisoner with his meals. But after a few days the policeman got tired of this. The profit made on the arrangement was very small, and in a confidential tone he confided to the prisoner that, if he cared to take "French leave," he would see that every facility was given him to do so. But his charge quickly reassured him on the point.

"I'm all right here," he said. "Your wife is an excellent cook. You are all very kind to me. This is a nice, new prison. I haven't been so well off for a long time. You don't catch me running away. What's more, if you discharge me, I'll jolly soon be back."

Then the chief warder tried to persuade the prisoner that he would be well advised to make himself scarce. But he might as well have saved himself the trouble, for he met with no more success than the policeman. All the doors and windows of the prison were left wide open. He was given permission, he was even asked to go for a walk, in the hope that he would disappear for good. He thanked his jailers, and several times went for a stroll around the neighborhood.

But he always returned again in time for his meals. One night recently, however, he met an old friend when he was out, and after a glass or two of wine they found so many things to talk about that it was three o'clock in the morning when the "prisoner" returned to his lodgings. But altho he hung on to the bell and rung for all he was worth, no one came to the prison gate. At last the policeman opened a window and shouted angrily:

"If you don't begone, I'll fire on you."

The lodger took the hint, but at six o'clock he was back again, and his guardian had to comply with his request to be admitted to his cell. How the affair will end no one knows, but it is said that the Sous-Préfet is seriously thinking of offering the "prisoner" a louis to go elsewhere for his food and lodging.—Baltimore *Sun*. (2512)

PRISON LITERATURE

Dumas is of all authors the favorite at Sing Sing, and 1,413 volumes of his work were read by convicts in the course of the year. This shows good literary taste. Other authors, as represented by the number of their books read, ranked as follows: Charles Reade, 720; Collins, 649; Corelli, 596; Doyle, 584; Dickens, 567; Haggard, 481; Crawford, 415, and Henty, 402.

After fiction came biography, of which 1,227 volumes were read; history followed with 953 volumes; religion with 792, and poetry with 205. Of books in foreign languages, German led with 1,686 volumes, Hebrew was next with 1,259; Italian third, with 1,067, and French last, with 545.

What intelligence and vitality is enclosed in the walls of prisons! But it is, at least, something of a comfort to realize that men's lives no longer drag out in the silence and neglect that once attended punishment. Now the influences of the outside world reach them, conveying still some sense of fellowship, for many, of coming opportunity. (Text.)—*The Reader Magazine.* (2513)

Prisoner, A, and His Liberty—See Dead Tho Alive.

PRISONERS, EMPLOYMENT FOR

The Maryland Prisoners' Aid Association have established a woodyard and novelty manufacturing shop at No. 311 North Street, Baltimore, where steady employment is furnished those desiring to start anew after liberation from penal institutions. Like all work of this kind, the new plant is conducted with the idea of defraying its own expense, and not to realize profits.

All the machinery in the woodyard, which, in full operation, employs twenty men, is driven by electricity. The principal product is kindling, manufactured from cordwood shipped from Anne Arundel County. The wood is unloaded from cars alongside the sawmill, where it is cut, split and loaded on wagons ready for delivery.

An important feature of the plant is the shop on the second floor, where light cabinet articles of all descriptions are manufactured. Many of the men going to the Aid Society for help in obtaining employment are of a mechanical turn, and these are given positions in the shop. In charge of a skilled cabinet-maker and woodworker, John McVauley, tables, chairs, magazine racks, umbrella-stands, settees, stools, upholstered furniture and miscellaneous household articles are turned out for which the men are paid wages about equal to the rates paid by manufacturing plants.—Baltimore *Sun.* (2514)

PRIVACY, LACK OF

Korean homes are in a sense open to all the world. Any one who pleases may try the door, push it open, and come in. He needs no first acquaintance, and no introduction. An ordinary Korean guest-room is free to all the world. On the other hand, the inner quarters are separate, and for a male traveler to venture there would be a breach of the most sacred law of society. Into this outer room come gentlemen of leisure, tramps, fortune-tellers, Buddhist priests, all mankind, in fact. Here is located the high seat of the master. As you live in this guest-room, you feel the fearful lack of privacy. You are as tho encamped on the open highway, under the gaze of all men. If you write a letter, the question is, to whom are you writing it. "Why do you write thus and thus? What reference is here? Who? When?" These are the questions that are asked by those who look over your shoulder, without any breach of proper form or infraction of the eternal law that governs things.—James S. Gale, "Korea in Transition." (2515)

PRIVATION, COMPARATIVE

While her husband was still lying in prison for debt, the Archbishop of York asked Susannah Wesley:

"Tell me, Mrs. Wesley, whether you were ever really in want of bread?"

"My lord," she answered, "strictly speaking, I never did want bread. But then I had so much care to get it before it was eaten, and to pay for it after, as has often made it very unpleasant to me; and I think to have bread under such terms is the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all."—W. H. Fitchett, "Wesley and His Century." (2516)

PRIVILEGE

In "The Gospel of Life," Charles Wagner writes this sound wisdom:

Never is knowledge more touching or art more radiant than when they illumine the brow of the obscure. I am quite familiar with the fact that there are certain privileged ones of the earth who believe that this kind of good is reserved for them, that these are meats too delicate to be set before common folk. Scandalized at seeing the people walking about in the Louvre or in the halls of the Hotel de Ville, some one said to me one day, "Do you think that it was for these people that Puvis de Chavannes painted his ceilings?" "I don't know as a matter of fact," I said, "whether it was for them that he painted them. But I know another ceiling more beautiful than are these of earth;

that which at night the myriads of stars cover with their constellations, that on which according to the magnificent image of the poet:

"'God paints the dawn, like a fresco, on the
dark wall of night.'" (Text.) (2517)

PRIVILEGE INVOLVES RESPONSIBILITY

When T. H. Benton was in the House he was of the opinion that the third day of March, and consequently the congressional term, ended at midnight of that day, instead of at noon on the fourth, as unbroken usage had fixt it. So on the last morning he sat with his hat on, talked loudly, loafed about the floor, and finally refused to vote or answer to his name when the roll was called. At last the speaker, the Hon. James L. Orr, of South Carolina, picked him up and put an end to these legislative larks.

"No, sir; no, sir; NO, sir!" shouted the venerable Missourian; "I will not vote. I have no right to vote. This is no House, and I am not a member of it."

"Then, sir," said Speaker Orr like a flash, with his sweetest manner, "if the gentleman is not a member of this House, the sergeant-at-arms will please put him out."

And so this vast constitutional question settled itself. (2518)

PRIVILEGES SLIGHTED

Mrs. Mary A. Wright, a veteran Sunday-school teacher of New Jersey, relates an odd story of human interest taken from personal observation.

I went to see a beautiful new farmhouse near Fort Wayne, Iowa. A friend who accompanied me explained that the owner, a prosperous ranchman, had been forty years building it. He had started life in a small home of logs—but in his early days had dreamed of a larger and better home for himself and family. Every tree he saw that struck his fancy he cut down and hewed into lumber so that when he was finally ready to erect his mansion he had all the seasoned material at hand. The new home was at last completed and beautifully finished upon the interior in polished natural woods. There were soft carpets for the floors, and rich furnishings; a bath-room, steam heat, and other modern conveniences.

That was several years before my visit, but I learned that, altho surrounded by all of this luxury, the farmer and his family lived in the basement. He had spent the best years of his life striving to build such a beautiful home, but, after getting it, he thought it too good to use and the family kept it to look at. The farmer and his family washed at the old pump in the yard while the costly tiled bath-room, with hot and cold water equipment, stood idle. They drank out of tin cups and ate off of cracked earthenware in their humble abode in the basement, while fine cut-glass and delicate china pieces reposed undisturbed in china-closets in the elegantly furnished dining-room up-stairs.

All the members of the family entered into the spirit of "keeping the house looking nice," and they kept it so nice that the wife and mother who had worn out her life in helping to secure the luxuries that she afterward thought too good to enjoy, begged to be allowed to die on a straw mattress in the cellar rather than muss the clean linen in the bed-chambers above.

How much that is like some people. They are living in life's basement, carefully cherishing the higher and nobler things to look at and show their friends, when they might experience life's fullest joys and privileges for the choosing. (2519)

Prize—See DISCOVERY, FORTUNATE.

PROBATION

Judge Mulqueen, of General Sessions, New York City, explained why he had sentenced two prisoners to "go home and serve time with their families." This "punishment" was imposed when both men pleaded drunkenness as their excuse for trivial offenses.

In the case of the first man, said the judge, the offense had been assault. The prisoner, an employee of the Street Cleaning Department, had a wife and five children to support, and had already spent more than a month in the Tombs, waiting for his trial.

"Now, to send such a man to jail," continued Judge Mulqueen, "would do decidedly more harm than good. He wasn't a criminal. I think he was penitent, and he promised to do as I said, to cut out drink and attend to business.

"Still, his offense was a misdemeanor in the eyes of the law, and I might have given him a year in the penitentiary and $500 fine, which usually means another year, since the men pay their fines by working for the State

Instead of that, I placed him on probation for a year.

"He must report once a week to the probation officer. Also, he is watched, not suspiciously, but merely as a matter of precaution. If he is caught entering a saloon—I warned him of this—he will be punished. It's simply giving him a chance to make good. (2520)

See EXCLUSION FROM HEAVEN.

Problems, Gaging—See DISTANCE.

PROCRASTINATION

He meant to insure his house, but it burned before he got around to it.

He was just going to pay a note when it went to protest.

He was just going to help his neighbor when he died.

He was just going to send flowers to a sick friend when it proved too late.

He was just going to reduce his debt when his creditors "shut down" on him.

He was just going to stop drinking and dissipating when his health became wrecked.

He was just going to provide his wife with more help when she took her bed and required a nurse, a doctor and a maid.—*Success Magazine.* (2521)

PRODIGAL, THE

Theodosia Garrison shows in these verses the melting power of love:

When I came to you banned, dishonored,
Brother of yours no more,
And raised my hands where your roof-tree stands,
Why did you open the door?

When I came to you starving—thirsting,
Beggared of aught but sin,
Why did you rise with welcoming eyes
And lift me and bid me in?

You have set me the first at the feast
And robed me in tenderness,
Yet, brothers of mine, these tears for sign
That I would your grace were less.

For I had not been crusht by your hate
Who courted the pain thereof,
But you stab me through when you give anew,
O brothers, your love—your love!

(Text.)
(2522)

This pathetic incident is told by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman:

Mr. Moody told me that he was once invited to luncheon in one of the great homes in the city of New York. He noticed that his hostess was continually rising and leaving the room. He said to himself, "She must be in trouble. If she goes again I will follow her." She did go out again and our great evangelist rose from the table and went out into the next room. When the mother saw him she was plunged into confusion. Her face flushed a fiery red. Seated upon the couch in the room was a boy with dishevelled hair, with bloodshot eyes, with clothing in rags. The mother recovered herself in a moment, walked across the room as if she had been a queen, threw her arms around her boy. Then, walking over to our great preacher, she said: "Mr. Moody, I do not think you have ever met my son. This is my boy, Mr. Moody; he is a prodigal, but I love him." Mr. Moody said she put her lips up against the boy's cheek and he suddenly burst into a flood of tears, dropt on his knees and, after Mr. Moody had spoken to him, he came to Christ. (Text.) (2523)

PRODIGY, A

Professor Boris Sidis has given, in response to requests, an authentic account of the scope and aims of his son's intellectual career. "I do not believe in the prevailing system of education for children," writes Professor Sidis. "I have educated my son upon a system of my own, based to some extent upon principles laid down by Professor William James." This system, Professor Sidis insists, has justified itself by its results in the case of the boy prodigy of Harvard. He knows as much at eleven, the father says, "as a gifted professor of mature years," and when he grows up "he will amaze the world." Nor is the result due to heredity or to abnormality of the child's brain. The results achieved in the case of this eleven-year-old lad are due wholly to the methods of training pursued. To quote the father's words as given the New York *American:*

"As the baby grows more rapidly after birth than at any other time, so his brain develops most rapidly then and becomes less sensitive to impressions as he grows older. The process of education can not begin too soon.

"I began to train my boy in the use of his faculties immediately after his birth. He was bound to use them anyway, and therefore I took care that he used them properly. I taught the child to observe accurately, to analyze and synthesize and make sound deductions. Neither his mother nor myself confused him with baby talk, meaningless sounds or foolish gestures, and thus, altho he learned to reason so early, his mind was no more burdened than that of the ordinary child.

"I knew that as soon as he began to speak his first interest would be in the sounds he was uttering, and so I trained him to identify the elements of sound. Taking a box of large alphabet blocks I named each to him day after day.

"In this way he learned to read and spell correctly before he was two years old. What was still more important, he learned to reason correctly." (2524)

Productions, Interchange of—See Christianity, Social.

Profanity—See Ambassador, The Minister as an; Swearing.

PROFANITY AND PRAYER

Is not much of our praying of as little significance as the profanity mentioned below:

Mr. Pierson was a man of no religious principles. Without exception he was the most profane man I ever knew. He would hardly utter a word without an oath. His habit of profanity had become so inveterate that it seemed almost as involuntary as his breathing. The wife of a clergyman, for whom he was working at one time, reproved him, when he pleasantly replied:

"Why, madam, I don't mean anything when I swear, any more than you do when you pray."—Asa Bullard, "Incidents in a Busy Life." (2525)

PROFANITY IN FORMER TIMES

Swearing in the drawing-room and in the "best society" was no uncommon thing ninety years ago. Even the ladies themselves not rarely indulged in it. Dean Ramsey tells an anecdote that well illustrates how it was regarded. A sister was speaking of her brother as much addicted to the habit, and she said, "Our John swears awfu', and we try to correct him for it; but," she added, apologetically, "nae doubt it is a great set-off to conversation."—Minot J. Savage, *The Arena.* (2526)

PROFESSION

The lives of some who are estimated as men of holiness are like the bodies in certain ancient tombs, that retain the form and features they had when living, but which crumble at a touch. They are surrounded with all the ornaments of the living, and have the shape of men, but they are only dust. So a touch of temptation or any test of life applied to some men causes their apparent saintliness to crumble. (2627)

Profession, Empty—See Church, Deadness of the.

PROFESSION VERSUS CHARACTER

In a former pastorate there was a man in my congregation who could talk like Demosthenes or Cicero. He used excellent grammar, and seemed to know the Bible pretty well from Genesis to Revelation. He could quote Longfellow, and Tennyson, and Whittier, and a stranger would be charmed by his eloquent utterances. And yet when he rose to talk in a prayer-meeting, the crowd began to wither, and when his talk was over the prayer-meeting was like a sweet-potato patch on a frosty morning, flat and blue. The people knew that in his life there was something unsavory, that he would drink before the bar with worldly friends, and that he was not as honest as he might be. His good grammar and fluent utterances did not make amends for the unsavoriness of his character. There was another man in that congregation who would sometimes come to prayer-meeting with a circle of coal-dust around his hair. He was a coal-cart driver, and he was now and then so hurried to get to the prayer-meeting that he did not make his toilet with as much care as he ought. But the people leaned over to listen when he talked. And why? Because they knew that he lived every day for God. He would pick up a tramp on the road, and give him a mile ride on his cart, that he might talk with him about Jesus. His religion tasted good. Bad religion in good grammar does not taste good. I would rather have good religion in bad grammar, than good grammar in bad religion. (Text.)—C. A. Dixon. (2528)

PROFESSIONALISM

The subtle casuistry of Johnson's reply in this dialog from Boswell's "Life of Johnson" would excuse any amount of lying, if it were only in the interest of one's profession.

Boswell—"But, sir, does not affecting a warmth when you have no warmth, and appearing to be clearly of one opinion, when you are, in reality, of another opinion—does not such dissimulation impair one's honesty? Is there not some danger that a lawyer may put on the same mask in common life, in the intercourse with his friends?" Johnson—"Why, no, sir. Everybody knows you are paid for affecting warmth for your client; and it is, therefore, properly no dissimulation; the moment you come from the bar you resume your usual behavior. Sir, a man will no more carry the artifice of the bar into the common intercourse of society than a man who is paid for tumbling upon his hands will continue to tumble upon his hands when he should walk upon his feet." (Text.) —CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (2529)

PROFIT

S. E. Kiser expresses in the verse below the thought that our kind words and deeds are helpful to ourselves, no matter how small their objective effect:

You may not profit by my word of cheer,
  The cares you have may weigh upon you still;
My word of kindness may not dry your tear,
  Nor smooth your path upon the storm-swept hill.

The word of hope I speak may not impart
  To you the courage that I wish it might;
But, speaking it, I win new strength of heart
  And make the burden I am bearing light.
(2530)

PROFIT FROM PESTS

Some points in muskrat-farming are related by a Vermont man in the *New England Homestead* as his own experience. Some years ago he dammed a small brook on his farm for the purpose of making a trout-pond. The muskrats, however, speedily took possession of it and made it their home, from which they organized forays into the farmer's corn-field. This suggested a way of getting even. The next year he enlarged his dam, making a shallow pond covering four acres of marsh-land of no use for crops. The rats appreciated the enlarged accommodations and also the marginal corn crop which he planted for their sustenance, and did not suspect the wire traps set for them when the water should be drawn off.

After a couple of seasons he considered the quarry sufficiently mature to test results. The water was drawn off and the game was caught in the netting. A hundred of the largest and darkest of the captives were returned to the pond for breeding purposes, while more than four hundred were put under tribute of their pelts. The result was more than enough to pay for the construction and labor, and he expects a much larger return of better fur next year. Hundreds of New England farms have brook-fed marshes that could be utilized to equal advantage.

The fur market is a rising one; more in proportion, perhaps, for cheap furs than for the more expensive. The trolley and automobile have increased the demand enormously. The people who buy rich furs are constantly becoming more numerous, and they have their imitators among the many who can afford only the lower grades.—Boston *Transcript.* (2531)

Prognosis, Cure in—See WOUNDS, CURIOUS.

PROGNOSTICATION OF WEATHER

Character has its signs, often accurately read by the simple-hearted man, as easily as farmers foretell the weather.

"I reckon we'll have to stop hay-carting to-morrow," said a laborer to me one splendid cloudless July day.

"Why?"

"'Cause I heerd one o' them old woodpeckers hallerin' fit to bust hisself while I was a-gettin' my dinner."

Next morning the daily paper spoke of settled fine weather, but the rustic was right—it rained heavily. He was a man utterly uneducated, who, without reference to any scientific instrument, could forecast the morrow's weather with accuracy, when the meteorological office, with all its appliances, was at fault. "Hinery" was only a specimen of hundreds of his fellows who can predict to-morrow's (and often longer) weather with unerring accuracy, merely from noticing common details of natural phenomena open to every one.—*Cassell's Magazine.* (2532)

PROGRESS

Faith in divine progress is exprest in these verses by John Philo Trowbridge:

The eternal truth of God moves on
In undisputed sway,
While all the narrow creeds of men
Decline and pass away.

The eternal light of God shines on
Beneath an eternal sky,
Tho human luminations cease,
And human watch-fires die.

But faith still mounts the endless years,
And truth grows lovelier still,
And light shines in upon the soul
From some immortal hill. (2533)

Professor Guyot, of Princeton, says that progress in the world is like the development of plant life. It has three periods of growth. The first is that in the soil—growth by the root. The second is more accelerated—growth by the stem. The third is the most rapid of all—growth by the blossom and fruit. The world has been growing by the root, obscurely, lingeringly, slowly. It is growing by the stem now, very much faster. It is beginning to break into the blossom and fruit, when progress will be wonderful compared with our past experience in all other periods.—Henry Ward Beecher. (2534)

Modern ministers, while they should not be stagnantly conservative, are sometimes apt to make too little allowance for the inveterate habits in old saints of clinging to the past. These old saints in many cases can not easily get into line with the word "go." They are not prepared for new eras of thought or the inauguration of new epochs. Hume destroyed the faith of his mother and made it a wreck. Arterial sclerosis is a hardening of the walls of the arteries, so that they become unable to bear the pressure of the blood when impelled by the heart under excitement. A similar process of hardening of the avenues of mental operations characterizes many excellent folk in old age. (2535)

See Improvement.

Progress, a Sign of—See Surgery, Improvement in.

PROGRESS BY DISPLACEMENT

It is estimated that more than 20,000 families, aggregating 100,000 persons, have been driven from their homes by the steady transformation of New York City which is now near completion. The destruction of homes has not been confined to one locality, nor has it come as the result of one event. Every large undertaking has contributed its quota of persons whose homes literally have been pulled down about their heads.

This transformation is most conspicuous at the approaches to the new bridges across the East River, in the erection of new and stupendous railroad terminals, the encroachment of modern business buildings upon residence property, and the widening of streets. (2536)

It is the law of progress that the old shall be displaced by the new and better.

Progress by Ideals—See Ideals and Progress.

Progress by Necessity—See Necessity and Progress.

Progress by Struggle—See Struggle.

Progress, Keeping Pace with — See Modernity.

Progress, Lack of—See Motion Without Progress.

PROGRESS, MODERN

The late Professor Dolbear, of Tuft's College, summed up the progress of the nineteenth century as follows:

The nineteenth century received from its predecessor the horse; we bequeath the locomotive, the bicycle, and the automotor. We received the scythe; we bequeathed the mowing-machine. We received the painter's brush; we bequeathed lithography, the camera, and color photography. We received twenty-three chemical elements; we bequeathed eighty. We received the sailing ship; we bequeathed the magnificent steamships which are the glory of Belfast and of Ireland. We received the beacon signal-fire; we bequeathed the telephone and wireless telegraphy. Best of all, we received unalleviable pain, and we bequeathed aseptics, chloroform, ether, and cocaine. We received an average duration of life for thirty years; we bequeathed forty years. (Text.) (2537)

Progress of Indians—See INDIANS, AMERICAN.

Progress Resisted—See DROUGHT, RESPONSIBILITY FOR.

PROGRESS, TRUE

Surely we should judge of a man's progress by inquiring what he has been rather than by his present stage alone:

Men march toward civilization in column formation, and by the time the van has learned to admire the masters the rear is drawing reluctantly away from the totem-pole. Anywhere in the middle you may find a veneration for china pugdogs or an enthusiasm for Marie Corelli—still an advance. Literary people seem to think that every time a volume of Hall Caine is sold, Shakespeare is to that extent neglected. It merely means that some semisavage has reached the Hall Caine stage, and we should wish him godspeed on his way to Shakespeare. It is only when a pretended Shakespeare man lapses into Hall Cainery that one need be excited.—FRANK MOORE COLBY, "Imaginary Obligations." (2538)

PROGRESS UNFINISHED

To the end of his life, the student whose frame remains unshaken, writes on morals and history, on science and on fine art, and his inquiries in all the departments of nature are marked by as keen and strenuous an enthusiasm as when in his youth he traversed the hills and the valleys on foot. Each process becomes but a basis for higher ones; and each successful and wide research but opens the path to new discoveries. As the skiff which the boy builds grows at last to the steamship, and the hut of the pioneer to the palace which the citizen rears and adorns—while yet neither of these is felt to be final with him, or adequate to the highest conception he can form—so the thought of the child expands and accumulates to the science of manhood, and still is admitted insufficient and transient.—RICHARD S. STORRS. (2539)

PROHIBITION

Of course, the experienced drinker can buy liquor in a prohibition State like Maine. Let me say to any old toper present, going to Portland for his summer vacation, that he can find a drink by going into a side street, slipping down a dark alley, rapping three times at a door, wriggling up a back stairway, and by much twisting, convolution and squirming like a serpent, find what he desires. But boys and girls will grow up without the temptation of the open saloon. Of course, prohibition is not ideal. Making man temperate by law is a makeshift. There are men who have not been drunk for ten years—they are in Sing Sing.

Perhaps, however, if you can not keep some men from committing crime in any other way, it is best to build a stone wall around them. The ideal thing is law enthroned in the heart, an automatic commandment in the brain and will. But the necessary thing for poorly born people may be legal restraints.—N. D. HILLIS. (2540)

An English writer refers thus to some impressions of a brother Englishman, traveling through the United States:

When traveling through the United States some years ago, he was much struck with the difference in appearance of the houses in districts where the Maine liquor law was in force, and soon learned to distinguish where it was adopted, by the clean, cheerful look of the workmen's dwellings, the neatness of the gardens, and the presence of trees and flowers which, in other districts, were wanting. He was not a teetotaler himself, and was not advocating such restrictions; but he could not help noticing the contrast; and he felt sure that in all our large towns great progress in civilization and morals would be effected if such an attraction were offered to the working classes.

It is another of the long line of illustrations showing the intimate connection between moral and material weal. (2541)

PROHIBITION ARGUED AGAINST

At the fiftieth annual convention of the United States Brewers' Association, the following absurdity was submitted as part of a report:

The whole vegetable world is in a conspiracy against the prohibitionist. The bees become intoxicated with the distillation of the honeysuckle; the wasps grow dizzy in the drowsy clover-patch, and even the ants wobble in their walk after they have feasted upon the overripe fruit fallen from the tree, which has started a natural fermentation.—New York *Evening Post.* (2542)

PROHIBITION AS A BENEFACTOR

"A Swedish teacher going abroad for study," writes the Karlstadt *Tidning*, "gave a patriotic lecture in the cabin of a North Sea steamer to Swedish emigrants. After it was over a nice-looking young fellow came up to him and said: 'Greet the dear old land for me when you return. I should never leave it if the prohibition rescript continued in force. You see, I am a drinking man, tho I have a wife and children to care for. I have a good employment always open to me in Stockholm, but I don't dare take it. For a whole month under prohibition I have been a free and happy man. If it had continued I should have stayed in Sweden, but now I am making for some American prohibition State where I can't get drink.' And he was not the only one. Other passengers said the same thing. The five weeks had brought hope into their life and they were going where the law helped them rather than crusht them."—*The Christian Statesman.* (2543)

PROMISE, AN INDIAN'S

"Sonny" Smith, charged with the murder of Frank Miller, sat in the sheriff's office at Tulsa, Okla. His two sons were fugitives from justice on the same charge.

"Let me go," pleaded the half-breed Creek Indian to the sheriff of the county, "and I will go and bring in the two boys you are looking for. If you do not let me go you will never catch those boys."

Sheriff Newblock smiled grimly.

"What guarantee have I if I let you go after the boys that you will come back? You know you are charged with a capital offense."

"You have the word of an Indian that he will come back," replied the half-breed. And the sheriff, with a knowledge of Indian character, let "Sonny" go as a special commissioner to hunt his own boys in the swamps and hills and bring them in.

As time passed there was much grumbling in the community that the sheriff had let a cold-blooded murderer loose among the people. The victim was a young man, popular in the town and connected with the best families in the country. But on the fifth day "Sonny" appeared with his two sons and their wives and all the rest of the kin of the tribe of Smith.

"Here I am," he announced proudly, "and here are my two boys, whom I arrested in the swamps of the Arkansas, close to Muskogee. I would have written to let you know I was on the trail, but the most of the time I was away from the railroad lines and could not quit the trail long enough to mail you a postal. And if there is anything against me I am going to stay here and fight it out." (2544)

Promise, Failing—See Early Promise.

PROMISE, INVIOLABLE

The following is one of Dwight L. Moody's illustrations, with the exhortation that followed it:

It is recorded in history that some years ago a man was condemned to be put to death. When he came to lay his head on the block, the prince who had charge of the execution asked him if there was any one petition that he could grant him. All that the condemned man asked for was a glass of water. They went and got him a tumbler of water, but his hand trembled so that he could not get it to his mouth. The prince said to him, "Your life is safe until you drink that water." He took the prince at his word, and dashed the water to the ground. They could not gather it up, and so he saved his life. My friend, you can be saved now by taking God at His word. The water of life is offered to "whosoever will." Take it now, and live. May God give you grace to do so this moment! Let feelings go! Say in your heart, "I do believe, I will believe, I now believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart," and life everlasting is yours! (2545)

PROMISED LAND, THE

These verses are part of a longer poem by Michael Lynch:

So we sailed and sailed over stormy seas,
till we came to a pleasant land,
Where forever were peace and happiness,
and plenty was on each hand;
And no man wronged his brother there, for
no man counted it gain
To live by the sweat of another's brow, or
to joy at another's pain.

And the strong man there was a kindly man
and aided the one who was weak,
And for those who were simple and trusting
men their wiser brother's would speak;
And creed, or color, or land, or birth, caused
no man to hate another,
For the same red blood filled each man's
veins, and every man was a brother.

. . . . . .

And the old man there was a blessed man,
for toilless he wanted nought,
And vice and toil on the little ones no longer
their ruin wrought;
And the feeble in body and mind had there
no longer a care for bread;
For out of the plenty that was for all, 'twas
theirs the first to be fed.

. . . . . .

And peace was forever in that fair land, for
no man envied his mate,
And no man's treasures, where all were rich,
woke his brother's sleeping hate,
And the kingdom that Christ had promised
was now for all men to see,
And the name of that happy kingdom was,
"The land of the soon be be." (Text.)
(2546)

PROMISES

"Oh, grandpa," said Charlie, "see how white the apple-trees are with blossoms."

"Yes," replied grandpa; "if the tree keeps its promises, there will be plenty of apples; but if it is like some boys I know there may not be any."

"What do you mean by keeping its promises?" Charley inquired.

"Why," returned grandpa, "blossoms are only the tree's promises, just as the promises little boys make sometimes are blossoms. Sometimes the frost nips these blossoms, both on the tree and in the boy."

"I see," Charlie remarked; "then you think when I promise to be a better boy, I am only in blossom. But I'll show you that the frost can't nip my blossoms."—*The Young Evangelist.* (2547)

Dr. Alexander MacLaren writes as follows about following the promises:

In the crooked alleys of Venice there is a thin thread of red stone inlaid in the pavement or wall which guides through all the devious turnings to the plaza, in the center where the great church stands. As long as we have the red line of promise on the path faith may follow it, and it will lead to God. (Text.) (2548)

PROMISES, BROKEN

I remember when I lived in Brooklyn there used to be a fence around the City Hall. A man used to stand there, grasping the iron railing in his hand, and looking up at the clock, every day at noon; and when it struck 12, he would count each stroke and look about him, his face full of joy and hope. But after two or three minutes the light would fade out of his eyes, and he would be turned into an old man, and would drag his feet slowly away. For nine years he did this, until death took him. I was told that at some great business crisis of his life a man had promised to bring him some hundreds of dollars at a particular time, to rescue him from failure. The man did not come, and he found out he never intended to come; and the great disappointment shattered his brain, and day after day he was at the City Hall, looking for the man who never came. The guilt of human hearts has made men give promises to get rid of importunate persons. Some of us have become cynics because we have found men so ready to promise falsely.—D. A. Goodsell. (2549)

PROMISES, IMPLIED

A promise may sometimes be binding on the conscience even when not made in specific terms:

M. Fallieres was presiding at a banquet at Agen, when a piece of money dropt from his waistcoat pocket to the floor. His neighbor said: "I think you have let fall a 2f. piece." But he replied, "Let it be; that will be a lucky find for the waiter," and he called the latter, whispering to him to look out for a 2f. piece, which he would find somewhere under his seat on the floor. Toward the end of dinner M. Fallieres was seen by his neighbor to be feeling with a preoccupied air in his waistcoat pockets. As he rose he looked round, fancied he was not observed, and gently let a 2f. piece slide down to the floor. His neighbor, who had noticed the strange proceeding, asked M. Fallieres afterward if he would tell him what it meant. "The fact is," Mr. Fallieres answered, "that I remembered that I keep only coppers in my left-hand pocket, from which the piece dropt that you supposed was 2f., whereas it must have been only 2 sous. So I took out of my right pocket, in which I keep my silver, another coin, which that time really was a 2f. piece, and dropt it for the waiter to find. I did not want to disappoint the man after telling him, you see." (Text.) (2550)

PROMOTION, HINDRANCES TO

He watched the clock.
He was always grumbling.
He was always behindhand.
He asked too many questions.
His stock excuse was "I forgot."
He wasn't ready for the next step.
He did not put his heart into his work.
He learned nothing from his blunders.
He was content to be a second-rate man.
He chose his friends among his inferiors.
He ruined his ability by half-doing things.
He never dared to act on his own judgment.
He did not think it worth while to learn how.
He thought it clever to use coarse and profane language.
He imitated the habits of men who could stand more than he could.
He did not learn that the best part of his salary was not in his pay envelop.—*Success.* (2551)

PROOF

A Christian Korean who had his hair cut like a Japanese was met by a company of his fellow countrymen who were out looking for Japanese sympathizers. They accused him of being a traitor, but he insisted that he was not—that he was a Christian. "Have you a Bible and a hymn-book?" they demanded. He produced them. "Repeat the Lord's Prayer." He did so. "The Ten Commandments and the Apostles Creed; sing the Doxology." The Christian was ready with all these, and his captors were satisfied and released him. (Text.) (2552)

Dr. Ogden, professor of geology at Cambridge, had taken a fancy to a lad, who had been in his service for some years, and used to manage the garden with great cleverness and skill, much to the admiration of his employer. The doctor, however, came, after a few years, to notice that his favorite cherry-tree never seemed to yield any presentable fruit in due season. At last, one year, some twelve cherries seemed to be approaching the long coveted fruition; but as the doctor was returning from a ride one day, what should he behold but these pet cherries gone! He accused the boy rather abruptly and warmly, but the latter with equal warmth replied, "I have not touched them, as true as God's in heaven." The doctor at once went to his closet, told the boy to wait, and gave him a strong dose of antimonial wine as a sort of treat. The boy, who was kept in some conversation, soon began to be uneasy, and wanted to go, saying he felt unwell. "No, no, my lad," said the doctor; "sit thee still, I'll soon make thee better of that," and gave him a glass of warm water from a basin also at his elbow. Very soon nature was irresistible. The boy hiccuped, looked pale, and up came all the cherries.—CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (2553)

PROOF BY EXPERIENCE

In a military journal is related this incident of the ill-starred voyage of the Russian fleet to Eastern waters:

One day, during some gunnery practise, Admiral Rozhestvensky was greatly angered by the poor display made by a certain vessel, which he boarded in a towering rage. "Who is in command here?" he asked excitedly. "I am, sir," replied an officer, stepping forward. "Consider yourself under arrest," said Rozhestvensky; "your men are trained disgracefully." "It is not my fault," answered the officer. "Our shells won't explode." "I'll soon see whether you are right," thundered the admiral, and, taking up a small shell, he lit the fuse and held it out at arm's length. If that shell had burst, both men would have been blown to atoms. But the fuse spluttered out, and the admiral remarked simply, "You are right. The fault is not yours. I will see to it that you have proper shells in future."

The expedient of the admiral was exceedingly dangerous, but it was highly effective. This proof admits of no gainsaying. (Text.) (2554)

Proof, Sufficient—See EVIDENCE, CHRISTIAN.

Propagation—See IMPROVEMENT.

Propagation of Life—See LIFE, SELF-PROPAGATING.

PROPAGATION OF THE GOOD

Great minds that are full of light; great hearts that are full of love—their light will go out into the ends of the earth, and their shining unto the ends of the world.

A recent history of the steam-engine says Stephenson knew "that if he could get his engine perfected, the rest would take care of itself." Certainly! That man who discovered the lucifer match did not have to force it upon poor men, shivering in the cold and frost of winter. When James Watt has an engine that will lift coal out of a mine, he does not have to insist that it be accepted by laborers bowed to the very ground by sacks of mineral. Let Gutenberg get his printing-press, and all these copyists, weary of writing, and the millions of men hungry for knowledge, will greet his printed page with shouts and cheers. Get your seedless orange, and it will take feet unto itself and travel over the world. Get the new palm, the new peach or pear, and millions will stretch out their hands pleading for it. Get Luther—the new Germany will follow. Get Livingstone, and the Dark Continent will soon be full of light. Get your Pilgrim Fathers—the republic will tread closely upon their heels. Get your twelve apostles, and you will soon have a New Jerusalem, a new Antioch, a new Ephesus, a new Rome. Get your new Pentecost for the American churches, and you will have a new era and a golden age of industrial peace and commercial prosperity.—N. D. HILLIS. (2555)

PROPAGATION, PROLIFIC

The May-flies, in their flying stage, make up for their frailness and feebleness, their inability to feed—they have really no mouth-parts and do not eat at all in their few hours or days of flying life—by existing in enormous numbers, and millions may be killed, or may die from very feebleness, and yet there are enough left to lay the eggs necessary for a new generation, and that is success in life for them. Nothing else is necessary. Their whole aim and achievement in life seems to be to lay eggs and start a new generation of May-flies.—VERNON L. KELLOGG, "Insect Stories." (2556)

Property, Church—See CHURCH STATISTICS.

Property, Unvalued—See APPRECIATION, LACK OF.

PROPHECY

There have been many uninspired prophets, but Joan of Arc was the only one who ever ventured the daring detail of naming, along with a foretold event, the event's precise nature, the special time-limit within which it would occur, and the place—and scored fulfilment. At Vauchouleurs she said she must go to the king and be made his general, and break the English power, and crown her sovereign—at "Reims." It all happened. It was all to happen "next year"—and it did. She foretold her first wound and its character and date a month in advance, and the prophecy was recorded in a public record book three weeks in advance. She repeated it the morning of the date named, and it was fulfilled before night. At Tours she foretold the limit of her military career—saying it would end in one year from the time of its utterance—and she was right. She foretold her martyrdom—using that word, and naming a time three months away—and again she was right. At a time when France was hopelessly and permanently in the hands of the English she twice asserted in her prison before her judges that within seven years the English would meet with a mightier disaster than had been the fall of Orleans. It happened within five—the fall of Paris. Other prophecies of hers came true, both as to the event named and the time limit prescribed. (Text.)—MARK TWAIN, *Harper's Magazine*. (2557)

In the "Autobiography" of Albert Pell, that fine old English gentleman whose whole life was devoted to the reform of the English poor-laws and to the general uplifting and improvement of the condition, moral, social and political, of the English agricultural laborer, it is related that one of the first well-known men whom he met as a small boy was Wilberforce, who used to stay with his father, Sir Albert Pell, in the country.

When one of Pell's friends was an infant in arms, his nurse was swept by an election mob to the very foot of the York hustings at a famous contest for the county in which

Wilberforce was one of the principal actors. With all the earnestness and vigor which distinguished him he was pressing his beneficent views on the abolition of slavery.

Carried away by the depths of his convictions and enthusiastic inspiration, he reached over the balcony, and snatching the baby from the arms of its astonished nurse, held it up over his head in the face of the people, exclaiming:

"See this and hear my prophecy! Before this child dies there will not be a white man in the world owning a slave."

My friend, adds Mr. Pell, survived the Civil War in the United States, and virtually Wilberforce's prophecy was fulfilled.—*The Youth's Companion.* (2558)

Propitiation, Evil—See SACRIFICE, PAGAN.

PROPORTION

"I thought it was a pretty fair sort of telescope for one that wasn't very big," said Uncle Silas. "I rigged it up in the attic by the high north window and had it fixt so it would swing around easy. I took a deal of satisfaction in looking through it, the sky seemed so wide and full of wonders; so when Hester was here I thought I'd give her the pleasure, too.

"She stayed a long time up-stairs and seemed to be enjoying it. When she came down I asked her if she'd discovered anything new.

"'Yes,' she says; 'why, it made everybody's house seem so near that I seemed to be right beside 'em, and I found out what John Pritchard's folks are doin' in their outkitchens. I've wondered what they had a light there for night after night, and I just turned the glass on their windows. They are cuttin' apples to dry—folks as rich as them cuttin' apples!'

"And actually that was all the woman had seen! With the whole heavens before her to study, she had spent her time prying into the affairs of her neighbors! And there are lots more like her—with and without telescopes."—*Christian Endeavor World.* (2559)

The necessity of having right proportion between the place and the occasion is illustrated by the following:

The only musical sounds which really master vast spaces like the Albert Hall are those of a mighty organ or an immense chorus. The Handel Festival choruses are fairly proportioned to the Crystal Palace, but on one occasion, when a terrific thunder-storm burst over Sydenham in the middle of "Israel in Egypt," every one beneath that crystal dome felt that, acoustically, the peal of thunder was very superior to the whole power of the chorus, because the relation between the space to be filled and the volume of sound required to fill it was in better proportion.—H. R. HAWEIS, "My Musical Memories." (2560)

Proportion Distorted by Fatigue—See FATIGUE.

Proportion, Sense of—See FATIGUE.

PROPRIETY

During the battle of Waterloo a British artillery officer rode up to the Duke of Wellington and said, "Your Grace, I have a distinct view of Napoleon, attended by his staff; my guns are well pointed in that direction; shall I open fire?" The duke replied, "Certainly not; I will not allow it; it is not the business of commanders to fire upon each other."—EDWARD COTTON, "A Voice from Waterloo." (2561)

The home is where the missionary spends most of the time during the first year. A native of the country to which you go comes in to call, and the first thing noticed may be pictures upon your walls. They may or may not violate the sense of propriety of your caller, but in general one may say that statues, or any pictures approaching the nude, are decidedly out of taste. I recall coming in one Sunday and finding Mrs. Beach hard at work. She was painting, and as we had been brought up as Presbyterians, I was surprized to see her working on Sunday. "Well," she said, "I must go out to my Sunday-school, and the last time I went they struck. I have been teaching the story of Joseph, and these cartoons of the Religious Tract Society of London represent him with bare calves, and the women simply will not endure them. I have nothing but water-color paints, and I have painted Chinese trousers five times on these legs, and they are bare yet." We used to have picture-cards sent out by Sunday-school children to help us on in our work. We had to censor those picture-cards, there is no question about that. You can not use every kind of picture-card and preach a pure gospel.—H. P. BEACH, "Volunteer Student Movement," 1906. (2562)

See RELIGIOUS INFRACTIONS OF PROPRIETY.

Propriety a Matter of Religion—See RELIGIOUS INFRACTIONS OF PROPRIETY.

Propriety and Taste Violated—See MISSIONARIES' MISTAKES.

Propriety, Lack of—See ACCOMMODATION.

PROPRIETY, OBSERVING RULES OF

Leaving the home (in China), you go out into the street, and what is there that first offends your friends—those whom you have come to help? Very possibly it is your dress. You do not have enough of it oftentimes. One function of garments is to conceal the form, and many modes of dress do not conceal but simply reveal it. While we are to remember this, going to the other extreme and walking the streets in bath-robe coats is also questionable. Anything approaching decolleté would weaken a woman's influence, even if she appeared thus only on a state occasion.

Over against this lack of dress is too much dress, which is quite as offensive. I saw the other day a photograph of Governor Tuan, one of the two commissioners who have just been visiting the United States. He sat in his yamen surrounded by some missionaries and other foreigners living in the governor's province. It was a very beautiful picture, but one of the missionaries in the group, who was stylishly drest, had a cane—a dapper little pipe-stem cane in China! To Governor Tuan there could be no rational explanation of that sort of thing. If it had been a staff and the missionary had been lame, it would have been appropriate. But he was not lame, no beggars were allowed in the governor's yaman, there were no dogs to bite him, and why in the world should this man bring a cane? It was just as if native Australians were being received by President Roosevelt and had brought with them boomerangs. Boomerangs have their place, but not in the White House; and to swing a cane causes trouble for China missionaries. Glasses are a necessity, but the missionary to the Chinese unconsciously offends high officials by his glasses, especially if he does not remove them when greeting the official. Many, even of the older missionaries, do not know such a fact as that.—H. P. BEACH, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (2563)

Prosperity and Temperance—See PROHIBITION.

PROSPERITY AS AN ADVERTISEMENT

The United States Immigration Commission informs the American Congress that savings of immigrants to the amount of $275,000,000 are annually sent abroad to be used in foreign countries, and the commission says in its report: "The sum is sent abroad for the purpose of supporting families in foreign countries, for bringing other immigrants to the United States, for the payment of debts or for savings and investment in the countries from which the immigrants come."

More than 2,300,000 persons throughout the United States are doing an unregulated banking business, handling yearly hundreds of millions of dollars, their customers being found wholly among immigrant laborers who for the most part do not speak English.

The money actually sent abroad is thus distributed according to countries: Italy, $85,000,000; Austria-Hungary, $75,000,000; Russia, including Finland, $25,000,000; Great Britain, $25,000,000; Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, $25,000,000; Germany, $15,000,000; Greece, $5,000,000; the Balkan States, $5,000,000; Japan, $5,000,000; China, $5,000,000; all other countries, $5,000,000.

Even reducing the amount estimated as being too large, there must be an immense outflow of money from the United States in the direction indicated, and it helps explain why there is an excess of commodity exports, averaging $400,000,000 annually, over imports, to settle the invisible indebtedness of the country abroad.

The great outflow of cash sent home by immigrants serves one useful purpose: it advertises the general prosperity of the great republic, and so helps keep up the volume of emigration from Europe. A growing country requires people as well as capital.

It has been estimated that every able-bodied immigrant is worth to the country $5,000; the Northern republic is receiving nearly a million immigrants annually, and allowing that a fifth part are workers of sound physique the gain to the United States is $1,000,000,000, gold, value a year.—*Mexican Herald.* (2564)

PROSPERITY, PERIL OF

The following extract points a needed caution to those who are blest with prosperity:

Some time ago we saw a tree that had been struck by lightning and actually rent asunder. It had been blown open as perfectly as if the pith of the tree had been lined with gunpowder and touched off. The reason for this is easily explained. The tree had been struck by lightning before it had been wet by the storm. Consequently the lightning bolt followed the line of least resistance, which was the damp wood under the bark. The electric current heated the sap, and, converting it so quickly into steam, the explosion was the result.

How very like that tree are a great many people! Prosperity is the electric current. Coming upon them so suddenly, as is so often the case, they are unable to bear the pressure of elevation and honor and distinction, and are rent asunder with a crash. They "go down" with a thud.

As the forest tree that has been struck by the killing bolt drops only to rot, so does the man who has been overelated by prosperity. (2565)

PROTECTION

One of the artizan class of Manchester was the owner of a very pretty black spaniel dog. The little thing followed him and nestled to his side as a child might, and by many endearing ways evinced the winsomeness of its disposition. It happened that the man was worse for drink, became irritated by the affectionate attentions of his dog and vowed he would throw her into the lion's den in Manchester; went there for the purpose, and reaching out, took up the little fawning thing and flung her through the bars of the cage. The spectators expected that the lion with one muscular movement of its paw would stun and kill it, but the dog fawned up to the lion and the lion turned and licked her. They became good friends, and when presently the lion's food was brought, the dog even snarled at her new protector and began to partake first, keeping the lord of creation waiting. So it went on for some weeks. The papers were full of it; crowds came to see. The news came to the man; he repented of his rash act; he went to the gardens and said to the keeper, "I want my dog." The keeper said, "I don't dare to attempt to bring your dog out of the den." "Oh," the man said, "of course I must have it." "Well," said the keeper, "if you want it, you must get it yourself." But when he called to the dog, the dog slunk closer to her new protector, and when presently he tried to exert force, the lion gave such an ominous growl that the man shrank back. From that moment the lion and the dog lived together, and any attempt made to extricate the dog was met instantly by the low growl of the lion.

You have been too long the slave of lusts, of passion, of pride, of sin. I want you to get under the covert of the Lion of the tribe of Judah, and then if your old enemy shall endeavor to induce you and get you back, remember that the Lion of the tribe of Judah is going to interpose between you and your old master.—F. B. MEYER. (2566)

There are ways of escaping evil influences, just as there are of protecting oneself from sunstroke:

Attention is called in the New York *Medical Journal* to the fact that sunstroke is due to the chemical, and not to the heat rays, as generally supposed. The writer's argument is based on "the fact that no one ever gets heat-stroke from exposure to a dark source of heat, and when there is an absence of chemical rays. The actinic rays are the dangerous ones. They will pass through anything except an interposed color filter. It is therefore necessary, in order to ward off sunstroke, to treat the body as a photographer treats his plates, and surround it with red or yellow. He mentions the case of an Egyptian army officer, who had had several sunstrokes, and avoided further difficulty of the kind during five years' exposure by lining his helmet and coat with yellow. (Text.) (2567)

The queer Chinese change pigeons into song-birds by fastening whistles to their breasts. The wind of their flight then causes a weird and plaintive music that is seldom silenced in the pigeon-haunted cities of Peking and Canton. The Belgians, great pigeon-fliers, fasten whistles beneath the wings of valuable racing carriers, claiming that the shrill noise is a sure protection against hawks and other birds of prey. As a similar protection, reeds, emitting an odd wailing sound, are fixt to the tail-feathers of the dispatch-bearing pigeons of the German army.

Hannibal's army withdrew from Rome, it is said, at the sound of a tumultuous laughter inside the walls. Luther said: "The devil hates music." (Text.) (2568)

Paul speaks of a breastplate even more secure than that mentioned in the extract:

The authors who tell us of the conquests of Cortez say that to protect his soldiers from the arrows of the Mexicans, which could pierce the cuirasses of hammered iron that they wore, he replaced these with thick breast-plates of wool prest between two layers of linen. In fact, he practically covered his men with mattresses, and they were thus enabled to defy the arrows and lances of the Mexicans. (Text.)—Dr. BATTANDIER, *Cosmos.* (2569)

The birds were the red- and blue-headed parrakeets. When frightened they always flew to a curious tree which, tho bare of leaves, was sparsely covered with an odd-looking, long, and four-sided fruit of a green color. Under such circumstances they alighted all together, and unlike their usual custom of perching in pairs, they scattered all over the tree, stood very upright, and remained motionless. From a distance of fifty feet it was impossible to distinguish parrakeet from fruit, so close was the resemblance. A hawk dashed down once and carried away a bird, but the others remained as still as if they were inanimate fruit. This silent trust in the protective resemblance of the green fruit was most remarkable, when we remembered the frantic shrieks which these birds always set up at the approach of danger, when they happened to be caught away from one of these parrot-fruit trees.—OLIVE THORNE MILLER, "The Bird Our Brother." (2570)

See NATURE'S PROTECTION.

In the tropics of Mexico, where torrential rains fall a part of each year, raincoats are a very necessary part of man's apparel. Owing to the intense heat which prevails in the summer season, the ordinary rubber raincoat can not be worn. A rain-proof coat is made from native grasses. The grasses are woven close together, and it is impossible for the rain to beat through them, no matter how hard the storm may be. It would be the height of folly for a man in that part of Mexico to fail in providing himself with this most necessary part of his raiment. "The fiery darts of the wicked one" may be shed by a certain breast-plate mentioned by Paul. (2571)

PROTECTION, UNSEEN

A butterfly was once seen behind a window-pane fluttering in fear of a sparrow outside that was pecking at it in an attempt to get at its victim, which, after all, was beyond the sparrow's reach.

That window-pane was an unseen protector. (Text.) (2572)

Protective Coloration—See NATURE'S PROTECTION.

Protective Occupations—See DISEASE, EXEMPTION FROM.

PROVIDENTIAL INTERPOSITION

I had an experience a while ago on a Chautauqua platform that I never shall forget.

It was a very large assembly, and it was held in a place where I had never been before, and where I had no old friends on hand to serve as "claqueurs." I discovered very soon after beginning my lecture that for some unaccountable reason I was not *en rapport* with my audience, who listened to me, as it were, out of the corners of their eyes and with half-averted faces.

I felt instinctively that that lecture was foredoomed to failure unless in some way Providence interposed for my deliverance.

Well, Providence did; for presently a big dog entered the auditorium, and gazed wistfully about him. Then, facing the platform and seeing me hard at work, he compassionately concluded to come up and help me. And on he came, straight up the aisle, and climbed the platform steps, while everybody watched him.

He walked around me, sized me up, and then deliberately planted himself in front of me, sat down, and pricked up his ears like a pulpit committee listening to a candidate.

I ceased addressing the audience, and, turning to the dog, I said: "I am delighted to welcome you to this platform. I have been anxiously waiting for you, and had begun to fear that you would not be here. You have come to the kingdom for just this time, and I am happy to discover that in this large and evidently critical audience I have at last found one hearer who has sense enough to appreciate a good thing when he hears it."

The dog seemed to understand that he was addrest; and so he howled, and then the people howled, and I went on howling. The dog went his way without ever knowing that he saved my life that day.—P. S. HENSON, *Christian Endeavor World*. (2573)

Providential Rescue—See KONGO PIONEER MISSIONARY WORK.

Providing Against Disaster—See CONTROL OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Providing for Great Men—See GREAT MEN SHOULD BE PROVIDED FOR.

PROVIDENCE

Men who know all the risks attending an unguided machine going eighty miles an hour will calmly tell you that a planetary system moving thousands of times as fast needs no guidance of God.

When these racing motor-cars reach a speed of eighty miles an hour, they must drive themselves, for no human brain is capable of dealing with all the emergencies that may arise should that rate be maintained for any period worth speaking of. The human animal is not designed to travel eighty miles an hour. Neither the human brain nor the human eye can keep pace with it. The brain declines to respond to the tax upon it; so the big racing-car dashes on minus the brain by which it is supposed to be controlled, and the unexpected obstruction is smashed up, or the car is, before the mental activities come into play.—FORBES WINSLOW, *The Automobile Magazine*. (2574)

Grant planned, but a power unseen disposed. It was his firm purpose not to remain in the army. He could not warm up to the profession of arms. He saw nothing in it for one of his temperament and bent of mind. So he resolved to prepare himself for the chair of mathematics in some college, preferably a professorship in the military academy. He wrote a letter to Professor Church, at West Point, asking to become his assistant when the next detail should be made. The answer was satisfactory, and the lieutenant was hopeful. He began to review his West Point course, but this was as far as he ever got toward the goal of his ambition. As the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, so the course of events defeated all his cherished plans to escape an army life. The trouble with Mexico began before Professor Church saw an opportunity to give the lieutenant an assistant professorship, and his hope of ever being ordered to the academy vanished forever.—NICHOLAS SMITH, "Grant, the Man of Mystery." (2575)

See FAITH AND SUPPORT.

PROVIDENCE, DIVINE

Wordsworth expresses the thought of an infinite and beneficent power guiding the affairs of men in the following lines:

One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only; an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
(2576)

Providence, Unswerving—See STEADINESS OF PROVIDENCE.

PROVINCIALISM

Provincialism is local pride unduly inflated. It is the temper that is ready to hail as a Swan of Avon any local gosling who has taught himself to make an unnatural use of his own quills. It is always tempting us to stand on tiptoe to proclaim our own superiority. It prevents our seeing ourselves in proper proportion to the rest of the world. It leads to the preparation of school manuals in which the threescore years and ten of American literature are made equal in importance to the thousand years of literature produced in Great Britain. It tends to render a modest writer, like Longfellow, ridiculous by comparing him implictly with the half-dozen world poets. In the final resort, no doubt, every people must be the judge of its own authors; but before that final judgment is rendered every people consults the precedents, and measures its own local favorites by the cosmopolitan and eternal standards.—BRANDER MATTHEWS. (2577)

PROVOCATION, SILENCE UNDER

I have read somewhere the following arrangement for avoiding quarrels: "You see, sir," said an old man, speaking of a couple who lived in perfect harmony in his neighborhood, "they'd agreed between themselves that whenever he came home a little contrary and out of temper, he wore his hat on the back of his head, and then she never said a word; and if she came in a little cross and crooked, she threw her shawl over her left shoulder, and then he never said a word." As it takes two to make a quarrel, either the husband or the wife might often prevent one by stepping out of the room at the nick of time; by endeavoring to divert attention and conversation from the burning question; by breathing an instantaneous prayer to God for calmness before making any reply; in a word, by learning to put in practise on certain occasions the science of silence. Robert Burton tells of a woman who, hearing one of her "gossips" complain of her husband's impatience, told her an excellent remedy for it. She gave her a glass of water which, when he brawled, she should hold still in her mouth. She did so two or three times with great success, and, at length, seeing her neighbor, she thanked her for it, and asked to know the ingredients. She told her that it was "fair water" and nothing more; for it was not the water, but her silence which performed the cure. (Text.)—J. E. HARDY, *The Quiver.* (2578)

Pruning—See IGNORANCE, THE COST OF; SOUL SURGERY.

PRUNING TO DESTROY

Said Luther: "Sin is like the beard, the oftener it is cut off, the more shaving seems to be necessary!"

Perennial weeds continue to live and bear seeds from year to year. Some weeds of this class, as the quack-grass, sow-thistle, and the wild morning-glory, multiply from buds on underground parts as well as by seeds. They are the hardest of all to destroy. As the leaves manufacture the food that nourishes roots, by preventing the leaves from growing, the roots will starve—the surest way to kill perennial weeds, tho often hard to carry out. (Text.) (2579)

Psychical Activity—See MULTIPLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

Psychology in Penology—See CHILDREN, SAVING.

Psychology of Suggestion—See NEGATIVE TEACHING.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

A greenhorn, who had never seen a great banquet, came to the city, and, looking through the door, said to his friends who were showing him the sights: "Who are those gentlemen who are eating so heartily?" The answer was: "They are the men who pay for the dinner." "And who are those gentlemen up there on the elevation looking so pale and frightened and eating nothing?" "Oh," said his friend, "those are the fellows who make the speeches."—T. DE WITT TALMAGE. (2580)

PUBLICITY

A woman took a pair of gloves to Wanamaker's not long ago, insisting that she bought them there, notwithstanding that the head of the department told her the house never carried that make of gloves. She insisted, however, and the gloves were taken and she was given the money for them. The manager says that he knew the woman was telling an untruth, but that he did not want to quarrel with her, and he regarded the transaction as a very good advertisement for the house, because she would probably many times tell her friends how she beat Wanamaker's, and that this publicity would be worth more than the gloves.—*Success Magazine.* (2581)

Pulpit Raving—See HEADS, LOSING.

PUNCTILIOUSNESS

Concerning whistling on Sunday in Scotland, two men, who had done a housebreaking job on Saturday night, went on Sunday morning into a wood to divide the plunder. One of them began to whistle over the sharing out when his companion said, with horror: "Hoot, mon, I would no have come out wi' ye if I had known you would whustle on the Sawbath." (Text.) (2582)

When Justice Lovell, a Welsh judge, was traveling over the sands at Beaumaris, while going his circuit about 1730, he was overtaken at night by the tide, and the coach stuck in a quicksand. The water rose in the coach, to the horror of the registrar and other officers, who crept out of the windows and scrambled on the top behind the coach-box. They urged his lordship to do the same, but with great dignity and gravity he sat till the water rose to his lips, and then he was just able to exclaim, "I will follow your counsel if you can quote to me any precedent for a judge mounting on a coach-box." No "authority" could be produced, owing to the darkness of the night! (Text.) —Croake James, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (2583)

PUNCTILIOUSNESS IN LITTLE THINGS

The late Edmund Clarence Stedman told of his experiences as a clerk in the office of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad:

Finding his cash short one day, to the extent of two cents, Stedman took the money out of his pocket and dropt it into the till. After he had left the employment of the company he met in the street one day the treasurer of the company, who asked him whether his cash account was right every time while he was with the company. When the treasurer's attention was called to the exception he exclaimed, "Confound you, Stedman, we have had the whole force of the office at work for weeks trying to find that two cents." (2584)

PUNCTUALITY

A New York motorman is the subject of the following news item in a daily paper:

For the first time in thirty years Robert Willoughby failed to wake up this morning when his thirty clocks, simultaneously setting off a series of gongs, gave their customary alarms at six o'clock. He had died some time during the night of Bright's disease.

Willoughby was fifty-seven years old and had been employed as a motorman by the Third Avenue Elevated Railway. He was the most punctual employee in the service. No matter what the weather was, Willoughby was never late.

The secret of his punctuality came to light when his room was inspected to-day. Ranged round his bed were thirty clocks of different sizes and makes. All struck the same hour at the same time. (2585)

Punishment—See Crime Exposed.

Punishment Escaped—See Discipline Evaded.

Punishment Fitting Offense—See Patriotism, Lack of.

PUNISHMENT, FORMER SEVERITY OF

In the reign of Henry VIII, 72,000 thieves were hanged, being at the rate of 2,000 a year. In the reign of George III, twenty persons were executed on the same morning in London for stealing. In 1785, ninety-seven persons were executed in London for stealing from a shop to the value of five shillings or more. If the amount were less than five shillings the punishment was not capital.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the punishment of death might be inflicted for more than two hundred crimes. These are some of the offenses that were punished with death: Picking a man's pocket, taking a rabbit from a warren, stealing five shillings or more from a shop, cutting down a tree, catching and stealing a fish, personating a Greenwich pensioner, stealing a sheep or horse, harboring an offender against the revenue acts. (2586)

Punishment in China—See Crime Exposed.

Punishment of Sinners—See Sinners and God.

PUNISHMENT, PROFITABLE

Oscar Wilde wrote:

I want to get to the point when I shall be able to say quite simply, and without affectation, that the two great turning-points in my life were when my father sent me to Oxford, and when society sent me to prison. I will not say that prison is the best thing that could have happened to me; for that phrase would savor of too great bitterness toward myself. I would sooner say or hear it said of me that I was so typical a child of my age that, in my perversity and for that perversity's sake, I turned the good things of my life to evil, and the evil things of my life to good.

And if I then am not ashamed of my punishment, as I hope not to be, I shall be able to think, and walk, and live with freedom.

In the very fact that people will recognize me wherever I go, and know all about my life, as far as its follies go, I can discern something good for me. It will force on me the necessity of again asserting myself as an artist, and as soon as I possibly can. If I can produce only one beautiful work of art I shall be able to rob malice of its venom, and cowardice of its sneer, and to pluck out the tongue of scorn by the roots. (Text.) (2587)

PUPILS OF CHRIST

It is customary for students who have been attending colleges and academies to return home during the summer vacation or during the Christmas or Easter holidays, when they will recount to their father their trials and triumphs in the field of literature, and express to him their gratitude for the education they receive. They will gladly listen to his counsel, and will sit once more with joy at the family table.

We all are, or we ought to be, pupils of Christ, preparing ourselves during this life of probation to receive a diploma of sanctity which will admit us to the kingdom of heaven.—Cardinal Gibbons. (2588)

PURIFICATION

Moral life is often purified by storms, as the air by a rainy day:

The health-giving properties of rain are not appreciated by the general public. Rain is an essential to physical vigor in localities that have any extensive population. Man and his occupations load the air with countless and unclassified impurities. The generous, kindly rain absorbs them, even as a washerwoman extracts the dirt from soiled clothes. The ammoniacal exhalations, the gases resultant from combustion and decay, are all quietly absorbed by a brisk shower. People talk about a "dry climate," but it is a snare and a delusion. There is nothing in it. A very dry climate will never support a large population, for it would soon become so poisoned that it would be fatal to the human race. A scattering few might inhabit it, but not the multitude.—*Colliery Guardian.* (2589)

The life of God, if allowed to sweep through the earth unhindered, would purify man's life, as ocean waves, described below, purify the lands they reach:

The air of the sea, taken at a great distance from land, or even on the shore and in ports when the wind blows from the open sea, is in an almost perfect state of purity. Near continents the land winds drive before them an atmosphere always impure, but at 100 kilometers from the coasts this impurity has disappeared. The sea rapidly purifies the pestilential atmosphere of continents; hence every expanse of water of a certain breadth becomes an absolute obstacle to the propagation of epidemics. Marine atmospheres driven upon land purify sensibly the air of the regions which they traverse; this purification can be recognized as far as Paris. The sea is the tomb of molds and of aerial schizophytes.—*Public Opinion.* (2590)

Longfellow pictures life as a wave hastening to cleanse itself in the ocean:

Whither, thou turbid wave?
Whither with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou?
  I am the Wave of Life
Stained with my margin's dust;
  From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of time. (2591)

God uses many unseen agencies to offset the moral poisons of the universe:

"A device has been perfected by the chemist of the mechanical department of the Erie Railroad," says *The Railway and Engineering Review* (Chicago), "by which all the cars on the Chicago limited train are thoroughly sterilized at Jersey City after each round trip between Jersey City and Chicago, a run of about 2,000 miles. Experiments looking to this method of cleaning cars so as to kill all disease germs and destroy all bad odors have been in progress for some time. A deodorizing apparatus has also been devised which is placed under the seats in the cars, out of sight of passengers, and gives off an odorless gas, which combines with the stale tobacco-smoke or other offensive odors which may accumulate in the cars, and serves to completely nullify them. This treatment has been so effective that it is expected it will be extended to all the passenger cars in the Erie service." (2592)

See Evil, Purging from.

PURIFICATION BY PRESSURE

The man in narrow circumstances, or prest severely with many cares may be purified by such pressure like the water described in this extract:

The best water is that which has gone deepest in the earth, where there is the tightest pressure, atmospheric and telluric. Continued and intensified filtration has refined it; but it is here, and not in its open-air exposure, before or after, that the water gets effective oxidation. The remarkable fact that water absorbs oxygen in something like a geometrical ratio to the increase of pressure, coupled with the other equally important fact that under a certain pressure and temperature organic germs cease to exist; both these conditions, protracted for the water by a long detention in the depths of the earth, secure the rarest refinement and also vitalization of the element.—*The Sanitary Era.* (2593)

PURITANISM, POETRY OF

How is it, then, that out of the hard soil of the Puritan thought and character, out of the sterile rocks of the New England conscience, have sprung flowers of poetry? From those songless beginnings have burst, in later generations, melodies that charm and uplift our land—now a deep organ peal filling the air with music, now a trumpet blast thrilling the blood of patriotism, now a drum-beat to which duty delights to march, now a joyous fantasy of the violin bringing smiles to the lips, now the soft vibrations of the harp that fill the eyes with tears. What is it in the Puritan heritage, externally so bare and cold, that makes it intrinsically so poetic and inspired?—SAMUEL A. ELIOT. (2594)

PURITY

A pastor visiting in the home of a laundress exprest admiration of the whiteness of the linen hung out upon the lines. They gleamed in beautiful purity as compared with the dark slates on the roof of the house behind them. But presently snow fell and quickly covered the roofs and streets with an absolutely unsullied mantle, and now the linen clothes seemed actually to have lost all their whiteness. The preacher said to the laundress that the clothes did not look anything like so white as before. She replied, "Ah, sir, the clothes are just as white as they were, but what can stand against God Almighty's white?"

It is a fact that the whitest sheet of paper looks yellow and dingy when placed on freshly fallen snow. So looks the morality of ordinary man beside the sinlessness of Jesus. (Text.) (2595)

The ermine, whose fur is so famed for its perfect whiteness, has been taken as the emblem of the integrity and incorruptibility that should characterize the judiciary. Thus a judge is spoken of as wearing the ermine. The dainty little creature makes it the business of its life to keep clean. So strong is this instinct that it will suffer capture or welcome death rather than defilement. Knowing this, trappers and others seeking its fur will smear the paths it might take to escape, and it keeps itself unspotted, tho it yields its lift. (Text.) (2596)

See ASSOCIATIONS MOLD MEN.

PURITY OF ASSOCIATIONS

Most people would like to be reckoned with the good and true of earth, but they often overlook the necessity of a change in their moral conditions before that which they hope for can come to pass. A mother, speaking on this point, says:

As a companion for my children there was brought into the family a little lamb, to which, in its helplessness, our hearts went out in love. We were about to take it in our arms to love and cherish when we discovered it was alive with what are commonly called "ticks." Horrified, I ordered the lamb tied to a tree, and forbade the children, or any one, in fact, to go near it until it could be cleansed. I stood with my children on the piazza, watching it with mingled emotions. Its pathetic bleatings made us long to take it in our arms and caress it, "mother" it, in its separation and loneliness. But I and my children were clean. The lamb was not. Far from being clean, it was alive with filth. The standard of approach to me, as to all cleanly people, was cleanliness. Much as we yearned over the lamb and longed to care for it, until purified with a cleansing wash, communication could not be established. When the conditions were fulfilled, children and lamb, the latter white as newly-fallen snow, "clean every whit," played together in happy companionship. (Text.) (2597)

PURPOSE

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder; a waif, a nothing, no man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose; and having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you.—THOMAS CARLYLE. (2598)

See RESOLUTENESS.

PURPOSE DISCERNED

A stone-mason may be a mere machine for breaking rock or he may be an architect's assistant. It all depends on his point of view. If he is absolutely ignorant of the purpose of the stone which he hammers he will be the machine. But if he has even a remote idea that his block of stone is going to be set somewhere between the base line and the finial of a cathedral of a thousand years his work graduates into the artistic. The knowledge that the earnest expectation of the cathedral waits for his chunk of stone makes that stone mean something more than stone to him.—T. C. MCCLELLAND. (2599)

Purpose of God—See PLANS, HUMAN, TRANSCENDED.

Purpose, Organic—See DESIGN OF GOD.

Puzzling, Things that are—See MYSTERY IN RELIGION.

Q

Qualities Admired—See APPRECIATION OF CHARACTER.

QUARRELSOMENESS

The New York *Times* comments upon a disagreeable trait in a great artist:

The quarrelsomeness of Whistler began with a combination of nervous fastidiousness and temperamental gaiety of disposition. That spring, that elasticity of mind which kept his hand so full of craftsmanship, was the source of his eternal youth, his quips and cranks and love of teasing. In time the habit became fixt and Whistler developed a Mephistophelean dexterity in touching the raw, ever losing thereby one friend after another. Like the dog that has a reputation for biting, the genial master made a desert about his den, but consoled himself with noting how efficacious this reputation was in holding off bores. (2600)

QUIBBLING

Many a man makes excuses for his errors that are no more reasonable than those of the lawyer whose client was sentenced by Judge Kent, the well-known jurist:

A man was indicted for burglary, and the evidence showed that his burglary consisted in cutting a hole through a tent in which several persons were sleeping and then projecting his head and arm through the hole and abstracting various articles of value. It was claimed by his counsel that, inasmuch as he did not actually enter the tent with his whole body, he had not committed the offense charged, and must, therefore, be discharged. Judge Kent, in reply to this plea, told the jury that if they were not satisfied that the whole man was involved in the crime, they might bring in a verdict of guilty against so much of him as was thus involved. The jury, after a brief consultation, found the right arm, the right shoulder and the head of the prisoner guilty of the offense of burglary. The judge sentenced the right arm, the right shoulder and head to imprisonment with hard labor in the State prison for two years, remarking that as to the rest of his body he might do with it what he pleased. (Text.) (2601)

QUICKENING

An old legend tells that Adam lay buried on the very spot on which the cross of Christ was planted and that a drop of blood trickling down touched him instantly starting him into life. It is in allusion to this curious legend that in very old paintings of the crucifixion a skull is introduced. (Text.) (2602)

Quiet—See Sounds.

QUIET, STUDY TO BE

One of the darkest and most trying experiences of the war was at the time Lincoln relieved McClellan of his command:

Loud cries of dissatisfaction arose in the north. Men came to Lincoln clamoring for changes in commands and plans and policies. "Gentlemen," he said to one delegation of advisers, "suppose all the property you were worth was in gold and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope. Would you shake the cable or keep shouting at him, 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter; Blondin, stoop a little more; go a little faster; lean a little more to the north; lean a little more to the south'? No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The Government is carrying an enormous weight. Untold treasures are in our hands; we are doing the very best we can. Don't badger us. Keep silence and we will get you safe across."—James Morgan, "Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man." (2603)

QUIETNESS

Scientific authorities are generally agreed that the night air contains less dust and fewer germs than the atmosphere during the day time. This is, of course, due to the fact that greater quietness prevails at night, and the traffic of the street is practically at a standstill. The still night air is more wholesome to breathe and is in a purer state than the air obtained in the daytime.

For the enjoyment of the best spiritual conditions we need frequently to seek intervals of retreat from the restless distracting world. (Text.) (2604)

QUIETNESS IN DANGER

A lion in India had stolen a man and ran away with him to the jungle. A young officer loaded his weapon and followed in close pursuit. He discharged his piece full at the lion, which caused the animal and his victim to fall to the ground at once. While the officer was reloading his weapon, the lion began to crunch the captain's arm. Notwithstanding the pain, the brave man, knowing the lion's habits, resolved to lie perfectly still. The beast freed the man's arm and crouched down with his paws on the thigh of the fallen foe.

While in this dangerous situation, the captain unthinkingly raised his hand to support his head. The moment he moved the prostrate man's lacerated arm was seized the second time and crunched as before. This second painful lesson was sufficient to enable him to keep quiet until the young officer arrived and rescued him.

Quietness in time of danger has saved many a man from sad consequences. (Text.) (2605)

Quietude—See Silence.

R

Race Improvement—See Improvement.

RACE LOYALTY

Lieut. David J. Gilmer, of the Forty-ninth Volunteer Infantry (colored), commanding a detachment at Linao, was crediting his men for some good work they had done.

When he concluded, one of his men asked the lieutenant if he thought the Forty-ninth would be sent to China. The lieutenant said: "I don't know, but I hope so." Then some other soldier said: "Why, lieutenant, don't you think we are doing enough?" The lieutenant said: "No! I wish that we could take part in all wars for our country; for the more good work we do the more benefit our race derives from it. If to sacrifice my life would cause our race to receive the same consideration in public affairs in the United States as other races, I would gladly walk out to any selected place and accept the death penalty." (Text.) (2606)

Race Prejudice Overcome—See CIVICS.

Race-track, The—See GAMBLING.

RACE TRAITS

All the white race have teeth vertical, the jaw short; and the manner in which the teeth fit one upon the other is perpendicularly, so that when we close the mouth we bring the lower teeth against the upper teeth in such a juxtaposition that the two sets stand vertical, one above the other. The races of men which have that kind of dentition are called orthognate; that is, straight-jawed races; while there are other races—and, among others, all the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands and all the inhabitants of Africa south of the Atlas—that have their front teeth inclined, so that the upper teeth and the lower teeth, when brought against one another, form an angle and the mouth is more prominent; these men are called prognate. And that difference is a constant one. All the races of men with prognate jaws have also thicker and more prominent lips. They have also flat noses, which I have already described, with broad partitions between the nostrils, and the nostrils opening sideways.—Prof. LOUIS AGASSIZ. (2607)

RADIANCE, REFLECTED

The human soul may see God as veiled in the incarnation, tho we are told that none can look on Him (in His full glory) and live:

Lighting by "glow," or by the reflection of rays from a dull white surface, is becoming more and more common. According to the writer of an article in *The American Magazine*, this was first done on a large scale at the Chicago Exposition in 1893, where it was adopted by Luther Stieringer. The cafe of the Adams House in Boston is lighted by a domed ceiling that glows gently and evenly with the reflected light of hundreds of invisible incandescent bulbs hidden around its base. In the great blue dome of the great pillared reading-room of Columbia University Library—the noblest educational building in the country—hangs what is locally known as "the mothball," a huge globe of ground glass. It is perhaps a hundred feet above the floor, yet at night, when four calcium lights are turned on it, its subdued, reflected radiance fills the whole hall. (2608)

RADIATION

God is eternally radiating His life into the universe as the sun from its glowing center rays forth heat:

The most recent estimates place the effective temperature of the sun's radiating surface at about 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

This vast globe of gases and vapors is radiating heat into space, is cooling off. The intensely heated particles of the interior rise to the surface, give off their heat, and sink back again, just as do the bubbles of steam in a kettle of boiling water. This circulation from within outward takes place over the whole of the sun and, as a rule, it proceeds steadily and quietly, without any marked disturbance.—CHARLES LANE POOR, "The Solar System." (2609)

RANK, OBSEQUIOUSNESS TO

"In Europe, and especially in France, people have the greatest regard for any one who has received a medal or other decoration of honor," said Dr. Helms, of Buffalo, in the course of a sermon on "France and the French." And to prove this he related a little anecdote. "A friend of mine," said Dr Helms, "visiting a popular summer resort in southern France, became annoyed at the manner in which he was neglected in the dining-room. Men who came in long after he did would be served, while he sat unnoticed. Finally he became curious to know the reason for this, and slipping a coin into the hand of a friendly-looking waiter, he asked him why it was.

" 'Because,' replied the waiter, 'Mr. So-and-So belongs to the Legion of Honor, and Mr. Blank has received the Order of St. Michael, and Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones and all the others have some decoration.'

"My friend was equal to the occasion," added Mr. Helms. "In his trunk up-stairs was the badge he had worn at the Republican convention which nominated President Taft, and he wore it prominently displaced on his coat lapel when he came down to dine again. Thereafter he had no occasion to complain about the service and nothing in the dining-room was too good for him."—Buffalo *Evening News*. (2610)

Rapidity in Nature—See GROWTH IN NATURE.

RAPPORT

In missionary work, first and foremost, confidence must be established and the heart won. The missionary may be learned, may be hard-working and godly, may be earnest as John Knox, and indefatigable as Mr. Moody, but if the people do not love him, they will not listen to his doctrine. It is a terrible fact that there are some missionaries on the field who are not loved by the people. While unlovely and unloved, all they do is as wood, hay, and stubble. As in wireless telegraphy, there must be harmony of note between despatcher and receiver, so, ere messages to the soul pass, despatcher missionary and receiver Oriental must be in tune. What wonders you can do when the heart is won! The multitude may hold you in its grip, from dawn till sunset, still next day you are full of hope again. It is the missionary in tune with God and with the heart of the East who does the work. Let much emphasis be put on the right key as to the heart, for therein lies the secret.—JAMES S. GALE, "Korea in Transition." (2611)

Rated High, Brought Low by Drink—See DRINK, PERIL OF.

Reaction, The Law of—See CONFIDENCE, INSPIRING.

READINESS IN RETORT

Jedediah Burchard, the brilliant evangelist of the middle years of the nineteenth century, who swept like a flame over New York and New England, was holding great prayer-meetings at Danbury, Conn., before his preaching services. At one of these crowded prayer services, when many were asking prayers for unsaved relatives and friends, and a young man had earnestly besought prayer for an aged father, a blatant infidel who haunted the meetings simply to interrupt, jumped up and said, "Mr. Burchard! I want to ask prayers for—the Devil!" "Go right on praying, brethren," said Mr. Burchard, "this man also wants his father prayed for!" That interrupter never again was heard of at a meeting. (2612)

READING BY SCHEDULE

Rev. W. H. Fitchett writes about a great Methodist pioneer a paragraph that shows how an education may be acquired by regular and persistent toil.

The Staffordshire peasant, Francis Asbury, traveling five thousand miles a year, preaching incessantly, spending three hours a day in prayer, and without a settled home, yet had it as a fixt rule to read a hundred pages daily. He made himself a scholar, and mastered Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.—"Wesley and His Century." (2613)

Reading Current Literature—See LITERATURE, CURRENT.

Reading, Eloquent—See LORD'S PRAYER INTERPRETED.

Reading Indispensable—See EDUCATION TO BE PRIZED.

Reading the Gospel in Faces—See FACE, THE, REVEALING THE GOSPEL.

REALISM

The art of painting pictures so near to life as to deceive the naked eye is very old. Pliny relates that Zeuxis once painted some grapes so naturally that birds used to come and peck at them, and that Parrhasius once painted a curtain so artfully that Zeuxis desired to draw it aside so that he could see the picture it hid. Discovering his error, he confest himself outdone, as he had only imposed on birds, whereas Parrhasius had deceived the human intellect. Another time Zeuxis painted a boy with some grapes, and when the birds again flew at the grapes he was very angry, saying that he was certainly at fault with the picture. He reasoned that had it been perfect the birds would have been frightened away by the boy.

Caius Valerius Flaccus says that Zeuxis' death was occasioned by an immoderate fit of laughter on looking at the comic picture he had drawn of an old woman.—Philadelphia *Ledger.* (2614)

REALISM, REFRAINING FROM

He came unto the door of heaven,
  Free as of old and gay;
"What hast thou done," the porter cried,
  "That thou should'st pass this way?"

"Hast fed the hungry, clothed the poor?"
  The vagrant shook his head.
"I drank my wine and I was glad,
  But I did not give them bread."

"Hast prayed upon the altar steps?"
"Nay, but I loved the sun."
"Hast wept?" "The blossoms of the spring
I gathered every one."

"But what fair deed can'st thou present?
Like light, one radiant beam?"
"I robbed no child of his fairy-tale,
No dreamer of his dream."
—Anna McClure Sholl, *Appleton's.* (2615)

REALITIES INVISIBLE

The schoolboy writes these figures on his slate: 2+2=4, and says two and two make four. But the two and the two which he has written on the slate do not make the four which he has written on the slate. For both the twos are there unchanged, and the four also. The two and two that make four are in his head—invisible. The figures on the slate are not the realities, they are only symbols which interpret the realities, and the realities are invisible—Lyman Abbott, *The Outlook.* (2616)

REALITY

It takes actual experience to bring realization of many things that we thought we knew before. This is the way one of the passengers of the ill-fated steamship *Republic* (January 23, 1909) speaks of her experience:

"I have read sea stories," she said, "and have read time and again of the command, 'to the boats; women first,' but, let me tell you, I knew what it meant last Saturday morning for the first time. Out of the fog-hidden night it came; I could not trace the speaker at first, as we all huddled on the deck. Out of the dark it came, straight and true and strong, and with all the chivalry of man at his highest behind it. 'Women and children will enter the boat first.' I think more of bravery now that I know what it means; I think more of manhood. I am glad I heard that command, as Captain Sealby hurled it at us through his megaphone." (2617)

Reality Exprest in a Dream—See Christ in the Congregation.

REALITY VERSUS ILLUSION

We should steer clear of a credulity that accepts ghosts and visions because some good people testify about them.

A whole ship's company was thrown into the utmost consternation by the apparition of the cook who had died a few days before. He was distinctly seen walking ahead of the ship, with a peculiar gait by which he was distinguished when alive, through having one of his legs shorter than the other. On steering the ship toward the object, it was found to be a piece of floating wreck.

It is not surprizing, therefore, that there are apparently well-authenticated stories of ghosts who have been seen under different circumstances by people, and, moreover, by people of unquestioned mental ability, people of strong mentality concerning whose integrity and reliability there can be no question.—Edwin J. Houston, "The Wonder Book of Light." (2618)

Reason, The Real—See Confidence, Lack of.

REASON VERSUS INSTINCT

A boy was asked to explain the difference between animal instinct and human intelligence. "If we had instinct," he said, "we should know everything we needed to know without learning it; but we've got reason, and so we have to study ourselves 'most blind or be a fool." (2619)

REASONABLE RELIGION

Mr. Robert E. Speer tells of going to the house of a friend in Japan to meet a number of old Biblewomen who were being trained for Christian service, some of whom were fifty or sixty years of age before they found Christ. Mr. Speer asked them what they found dearest in Christianity. He supposed they would say that what they valued most was the moral peace and joy that it brought them. Instead, these old women, some of whom had not been able to read before they became Christians, said instantly that what they prized most in Christianity was the intellectual solution of their difficulties that it had brought. They had come into contact with a Savior who had set their minds free. Moral rest and peace were sweet, but it was sweeter still to realize that they were at last serving a reasonable Master. (Text.) (2620)

REASONING POWER IN ANIMALS

As throwing light upon the question of the intelligence of the animal creation, in the exhibition of memory and reasoning power, beyond the mere pale of recognized instinct, I wish to give a brief account of an interesting incident of which I was the witness. On a very warm day in early summer I happened to be standing near a chicken-coop in a back yard when I noticed the head of a very gray and grizzled rat thrust from a neighboring rat-hole, and concluded to watch the movements of the veteran. After a careful survey of the surroundings, our old rodent seemed to be satisfied that all was right, and made a cautious exit from the home retreat. A fresh pan of water had been recently placed before the chicken-coop for the use of Mother "Chick" and her interesting brood. These all seemed to have satisfied their thirst, and the water looked a friendly invitation to the thirsty old rat, which immediately started toward it. The rat had not reached the pan before five half-grown young ones rushed ahead and tried to be first at the water. The old rat thereupon immediately made a leap like a kangaroo, and was at the edge of the dish in advance of the foremost of her litter. Then ensued a most remarkable occurrence. The mother rat raised herself on her haunches and bit and scratched her offspring so severely, whenever they attempted to reach the water, that they all finally scudded away, evidently very much astonished and also frightened at the strange and unaccountable behavior of their mother. I was as much astonished as they, and waited with renewed interest the outcome of this remarkable performance. When the little ones were at a safe distance, the reason for her extraordinary behavior began to be revealed at once in the intelligent actions of the old mother rat. She first wet her whiskers in the water, looked suspiciously about her, then very cautiously and carefully took a dainty little sip of the liquid. She tasted it as tentatively and critically as a professional tea-taster, and when she was satisfied that it contained no poisonous of other deleterious matter, she gave a couple of squeaks, which quickly brought her young and thirsty brood to her side, and all fearlessly drank to their fill. Now, this old mother rat was experienced, had evidently learned her lesson in that school thoroughly, and so she would not allow her young and untaught litter to taste water which might have contained rat-poison, or what not, until she had satisfied herself that the liquid was harmless. As I witnessed this little scene in lowly animal life the thought would keep coming, does not this look very like reason?—F. Croll Baum, *American Naturalist.* (2621)

Reasoning Successful—See Tact.

REASONS

Lord Mansfield, when a friend of his own was appointed governor of a West India island, and complained that he would have also to sit as a judge and decide cases, which he dreaded, advised him to decide according to his notions of common sense, but never to give his reasons; for, said he, "your judgment will probably be right, but your reasons will certainly be wrong." Many years afterward, Lord Mansfield, while sitting on Privy Council appeals, had a judgment of this governor brought before the court, which seemed so absurd in its reasons that there was a serious clamor for a recall of the governor as incompetent. It was found, however, that the decision itself was perfectly right. It appeared that at first the governor acted on Lord Mansfield's advice by deciding without giving reasons; and finding that he acquired great reputation by these decisions, began to think himself a great lawyer, and then gave his reasons at length, which had the result above mentioned.

(Text.)—Croake James, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (2622)

Reasons, Clear—See Good for Evil.

REASONS VERSUS EXCUSES

"What is the difference between a poor excuse for being late at school and a real reason for being late? Give an example." Out come examples of oversleeping or dilly-dallying as contrasted with the unavoidable fact that the cars were blocked. "An excuse is hollow; a real reason is stout and whole." "An excuse is a method of concealment; a good reason is its own justification." So write my girls. One delightful girl of twelve explained, "This morning I was late but I had a real reason. When I went upstairs after breakfast to feed my animals, my favorite guinea-pig, Christopher Columbus, was so sick that he could hardly stand up. I had to stay and make him comfortable, and so I was late to school. But the teacher said it was a good reason." Echoes of the difference between poor excuses and good reasons resound for several weeks. "To-day I have no reason for being late, only an excuse. I didn't know what time it was, but then I ought to have found out."

With older pupils I take up more complicated cases illustrating the tendency of any selfish person to deceive himself or herself. "I am traveling from New Hampshire to Boston with a large number of bundles and am delighted to secure an extra seat on which to deposit them. Gradually the car fills up and all who pass by look wistfully at my seat. If I continue to keep my parcels on it by what arguments can I pretend that it is right?" We bring out together all the half-conscious sophistry that clings like a burr to selfishness. "There may be seats farther on; if they want the seat they can ask for it; it would only crowd any one to sit with me; it is really more comfortable for her to stand. Every one in the class realizes that these excuses are weak subterfuges; for as one girl said, "Such sputtering people deceive themselves."—ELLA LYMAN CABOT, "Proceedings of the National Education Association," 1909. (2623)

REBUFFS A STIMULANT

I knew a student paying his way through college who was so poor that the wealthier students made fun of him. They were always guying him about his short trousers, seedy clothes, and general out-at-elbow condition. He was so stung by their jibes that he made a vow not only to redeem himself from ridicule, but to make himself a power in the world.

This young man has had most remarkable success, and he says that the rebuffs he met with and the ridicule that was heaped upon him in his student days have been a perpetual stimulus to his ambition to get on in the world.

A successful business man tells me that every victory he has gained in a long career has been the result of hard fighting, so that now he is actually afraid of an easily won success. He feels that there must be something wrong when anything worth while can be obtained without a struggle. Fighting his way to triumph, overcoming obstacles, gives this man pleasure. Difficulties are a tonic to him. He likes to do hard things because it tests his strength, his overcoming ability, his power. He does not like to do easy things because it does not give one the exhilaration, the joy that is felt after a victorious struggle.—*Success.* (2624)

Rebuke, Appropriate—See SELFISHNESS REBUKED.

Rebuke, Results of—See TESTIMONY, FRUIT OF.

RECALL, THE POWER OF

Many persons are under the impression that a letter once mailed is no longer the property of the sender, but belongs to the person to whom it is addrest. This is an error. Under the postal regulations of the United States and the rulings of the highest courts in the land, a letter does not belong to the addressee until it is delivered to him.

The writer has a right to reclaim and regain possession of it provided he can prove to the satisfaction of the postmaster at the office from which it was sent that he was the writer of it.

Even after the letter has arrived in the office which is its destination and before it has been delivered to the addrest it may be recalled by the writer by telegraph through the mailing office.

It would be a great boon to all of us who speak in haste and repent at leisure if we could as easily recall our spoken messages. (2625)

RECEPTIVENESS

The *British Weekly* gives a good rule in rime to those who need more openness to good influences and blessings:

Open the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair.
Joy is abroad in the world to-day;
If our door is wide, it may come this way.
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the rain-drops gold and gems;
He may change our tears to diadems
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin.
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.
Open the door!

Open the door to the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door! (2626)

Art thou a beggar at God's door? Be sure thou gettest a great bowl, for as thy bowl is, so will be thy mess. "According to thy faith," saith He, "be it unto thee."—UNIDENTIFIED. (2627)

RECLAMATION

"There are no useless American acres," Secretary Wilson is reported to have said. "The Government is seeking in all parts of the world for crops that have become acclimated to dry conditions, and it has been so successful that many places that were once accounted desert land are to-day supporting productive farms." Says Guy Elliott Mitchell, secretary of the National Irrigation Association, in an article on "Resources of the American Desert," contributed to *The Technical World* (Chicago):

> "It has been estimated that in the neighborhood of 100,000,000 acres of the American desert can be reclaimed to most intensive agriculture through irrigation; yet Frederick V. Coville, the chief botanist of the Department of Agriculture, does not hesitate to say that in the strictly arid region are many millions of acres, now considered worthless for agriculture, which are as certain to be settled in small farms as were the lands of Illinois; and this without irrigation. This applies particularly to the great plateaus in the northern Rocky Mountain region. 'I would confidently predict,' said Mr. Coville, 'that the transformation of these barren-looking lands into farms, through the introduction of desert plants, will be as extensive a work as the enormous reclamation through irrigation."

Moral wastes should be and can be reclaimed, as surely as the American deserts. There is no such thing as a wholly useless life. (Text.) (2628)

See IRRIGATION.

Doctor John Clifford, of London, tells this story about Gladstone. It relates to two young men who had got into drinking habits:

> Gladstone knew of them, heard of the downward road they were traveling, and felt necessity laid upon him to try and reclaim them. He invited them to Hawarden, impressively appealed to them to mend their ways, and then knelt and fervently asked God to sustain and strengthen them in their resolve to abstain from that which had done them so much harm. "Never," says one of the men in question, "can I forget the scene, and as long as I have memory the incidents of the meeting will be indelibly impress upon my mind. The Grand Old Man was profoundly moved by the intensity of his solicitation. Neither of us from that day to this has touched a drop of intoxicating drink, nor are we ever likely to violate an undertaking so impressively ratified in Mr. Gladstone's library." (Text.) (2629)

Recluse Ignorance—See MONEY, IGNORANCE OF.

RECOGNITION BY ONE'S WORK

Sir Antony Vandyck, the artist, once visited the studio of Frans Hals, a fellow craftsman, disguised as a stranger, and sat for his portrait. Professing surprize at the work, he said: "Painting is doubtless an easier thing than I thought. Let us change places and see what I can do." When his work was finished, so skilful was it that Hals rushed at his guest, and clasped him round the neck in a fraternal hug. "The man who can do that," he cried, "must be either Vandyck or the devil." (Text.) (2630)

RECOMPENSE

Lizzie L. Baker, in *The Watchman*, voices a common hope that the life to come will make the suffering of this life seem of no moment to us:

As they who cross with only sails
The wave-lashed ocean wide and deep;
Slow journey, baffled by the winds,
At last strike sail, safe harbor reached,
Forget the hardships of the way.

So when we reach yon heavenly shore,
The toil and suffering undergone
Will not find place in memory's crypt,
So fair the port for which we sailed.
(2631)

RECOMPENSE FOR KINDNESS

Ariosto tells us of a gentle fairy, who, by a mysterious law of her nature, was at certain periods compelled to assume the form of a serpent and to crawl upon the ground. Those who in the days of her disguise spurned her and trod upon her were forever debarred from a participation in those gifts that it was her privilege to bestow, but to those who, despite her unsightly aspect, comforted her and encouraged her and aided her, she appeared in the beautiful and celestial form of her true nature, followed them ever after with outstretched arms, lavished upon them her gifts, and filled their homes with happiness and wealth.—HORACE PORTER. (2632)

RECORD, KEEPING THE

In "Famous Stories of Sam P. Jones," appears the following:

Start an engine from New York to San Francisco, and there is attached to its side a little piece of mechanism which indicates the number of miles it has traveled, the stoppages it has made, and how long it stopt at each station; and if you want to know the record of the journey you need not ask the engineer a word. The little piece of mechanism on the side of the engine tells you its record.

In the same way the thoughts, deeds, and progress of a soul are self-registering. (Text.) (2633)

RECORD, LIVING

The tympanum of the ear will vibrate no longer when the music or the clamor that arrested and aroused it has subsided into silence. But that invisible yet living spirit, which watches through the eye, and harkens through the ear, and which takes instant note of whatever surrounds it, has caught the sight and the sound now vanished, and it will keep them forever. It writes its records, not as the Roman laws were written, first on wood, then on brass, and afterward on ivory; but at once on a tablet more impressible than wood, more vivid than brass, more precious than ivory, and more imperishable than either.—RICHARD S. STORRS. (2634)

We are all writing our lives' histories here, as if with one of these "manifold writers," a black blank page beneath the flimsy sheet on which we write; but presently the black page will be taken away, and the writing will stand out plain on the page behind that we did not see. Life is the filmy unsubstantial page on which our pen rests; the black page is death; and the page beneath is that indelible transcript of our earthly actions, which we shall find waiting for us to read, with shame and confusion of face, or with humble joy, in another world.—ALEXANDER MCLAREN. (2635)

Recovery, Difficulty of—See MATURITY, SINS OF.

Recovery, Instant—See DIABOLICAL POSSESSION.

Recuperation—See NATURE'S RECUPERATIVE POWERS.

Redeemed by Song—See WANDERER'S RETURN.

REDEMPTION FROM EVIL

Our forefathers sat in despair before yellow fevers, black deaths, sweating-sicknesses, cholera, and similar pestilences, but science is now gradually feeling its way to the minute and obscure causes of epidemic diseases, and year by year we draw closer to the time when it may probably put into our hands the means not only of arresting these epidemics, but of stamping them out altogether. The physician has become familiar with the bacteria; and with ceaseless patience he tracks down the mischief to its origin and birth. The scientist anticipates the time when the whole range of zymotic disease will be conquered. Will any call this foolish dreaming, and argue that because these sad scourges have always been they always will be? Such a pessimist is unworthy of the privilege of living in this glorious age. It is a delightful and legitimate hope that the race may yet master all its physical foes.

But if these physical evils are to be subdued, is not that moral evil, which is the root of all other evils, to be subdued also? Christ came to assure us of this, and the absolute casting out of the demon is the sign of the glorious truth.—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (2636)

Reductio ad Absurdum—See ART UNAPPRECIATED.

REENFORCEMENT FROM WITHOUT

Many a man who, standing alone, fails in fruitfulness, might reenforce his powers by availing himself of the help of others, much as this pear-tree was reenforced:

An ingenious plan to save a dying pear-tree was adopted in the gardens of L. M. Chase, of Boston. The mice had girded the tree so that it seemed bound to die. Mr. Chase planted four small trees around it, and close to it, cut off the tops, pointed the ends, and, making incisions in the bark of the pear, bent the small trees, and grafted them upon the dying trunk. They all lived, and that tree draws its nourishment from the small ones. A bushel of handsome pears were taken from it.—*Public Opinion.* (2637)

REFLECTION, DISTURBED

If the sea does not throw up in beautiful reflection the hills and foliage that are along its shore, it is not because they are not mirrored there, it is not because there are not there still reflective depths, but because the tremulousness of its furrowed surface has shattered the reflection and made it indiscernible and unintelligible, and those quiet depths are only waiting for the opportunity.

That is the only reason why the beauty that is in the world does not stir in us our sense of beauty and make us beautiful; why the grandeur of God's created universe does not move in us mightily and broaden our thoughts to something of the scope of the universe; why the mystery of things does not quicken us into impassioned inquiry and send our thoughts ranging fascinatedly along the aisles of the unknown.—Charles H. Parkhurst. (2638)

REFLECTION, IMPERFECT

Rector W. B. Salmon gave an apt tho homely illustration of the harm done by the low level on which some Christians live, by saying: "I was traveling by night in a London train, trying to read some small books, and a man opposite leaned across to me. 'It is not good for the eyes,' he said, 'to read by such a bad light,' and to that I assented. But when I looked up the light was not a bad one at all. There was a good lamp, well trimmed, giving a good light, only the reflector was wrong—broken and dull. We were blaming the light when the fault lay with the reflector." (Text.) (2639)

REFLECTION OF GOD

The beauty of character is to reflect God; and just so far as we color this reflection of God with anything of self, so far do we fail of that clarification of inward thought and outward life which makes us like Him. The diamond is the perfect type of character. Every other precious stone reflects the light colored by its own texture. Only the diamond reflects light in its essential purity. This is the secret of its superiority among gems. Other gems may be beautiful, but the diamond is transcendently beautiful.—*Zion's Herald.* (2640)

Reflex Values—See Prayers.

REFORMATION

John E. Gunckel, a very desirable citizen of Toledo, has accomplished a good work through the Newsboys' Association of Toledo, which he organized. At present (1909) he has 6,267 members on the roll. "Just as you are" is the appeal made to the boy of the street.

Five years ago a prominent business man called Mr. Gunckel on the telephone and inquired what he could say for W— K—, a young man who had applied for a position. Mr. Gunckel consulted the book of errors and said, "He stole a package of papers thrown from a train, and sold them. Stole twenty-five cents that a man gave him in payment for a paper—"

"That's enough; this is a position of trust. We must have an honest young man."

"Hold on, hold on," said Gunckel, "that record is ten years old; let me give you something up-to-date. Last Christmas eve, just as I was retiring, I was called to the door and there was W— K— with a horse and pung. He had twenty-one baskets of turkeys, vegetables, fruit, and all conceivable goodies that he was taking to as many families in the slums of his district. He had raised the money himself, had investigated each case, and was distributing the baskets. He has been an officer for about nine years. Hasn't stolen, lied, or gambled, used liquor or tobacco for more than nine years. Has brought in scores of valuable articles found that he might have stolen—"

"There, hold up, that'll do; he is just the fellow I want." He has made good. (Text.) —*The World To-day.* (2641)

With Bunyan's marriage to a good woman the real reformation in his life began. While still in his teens he married a girl as poor as himself. "We came together," he says, "as poor as might be, having not so much household stuff as a dish or spoon between us both." The only dowry which the girl brought to her new home was two old, threadbare books, "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," and "The Practise of Piety." Bunyan read these books, which instantly gave fire to his imagination. He saw new visions and dreamed terrible new dreams of lost souls; his attendance at church grew exemplary; he began slowly and painfully to read the Bible for himself, but because of his own ignorance and the contradictory interpretations of Scripture which he heard on every side, he was tossed about like a feather by all the winds of doctrine.—WILLIAM J. LONG, "English Literature." (2642)

REFORMERS, ERRATIC

On the farm there grows a weed called the tumble-weed. When October comes, the wind breaks the stalk. As round as a dandelion puff-ball, the tumble-weed is as large as a bushel basket. When the wind blows from the north the tumble-weeds start across the field, toward the fence-corners. That evening, when the wind changes, the tumble-weed starts rolling across the meadow toward the same fence from which it started in the morning. With the new day, the tumble-weed takes up fresh journeys. At night the wind rises, and tho the farmer and his flocks sleep, not the tumble-weeds. They are still traveling. We all are familiar, alas, with the career of Mr. Tumble Weed, the false radical, tumbling into every public meeting, Sunday-afternoon-gathering reform club. The moment the meeting opens he unrolls his fad and reform, and away he goes—now toward this extreme, now toward that, driven every whither by the new wind, issuing from the puffed-out cheek of any new faddist in reform. (Text.)—N. D. HILLIS. (2643)

Reforms not Sudden—See IMPATIENCE OF REFORMERS.

REFRESHING SPRINGS

Prof. C. D. Hitchcock writes interestingly about fresh-water springs that rise under the sea, and near the seashore in Hawaii:

Powerful streams discharge millions of gallons of water through the artificial openings very near the seashore. If not intercepted, they must continue a considerable distance out to sea, and hence must well up to the surface amid saline billows.

Inquiry about these springs during the past summer in the territory of Hawaii has resulted in the discovery of several upon Oahu; there is one off Diamond Head, a second off Waialae. At the east of Maui, in Hana, there was a fortress named Kaimuke, occupied by soldiers in the ancient times. As it was almost an island, communication with the mainland was not feasible in the time of a siege, and for the lack of water it could not have been held except for the presence of submarine springs. The natives would dive down to collect water in their calabashes, which supplied all the wants of the garrison. (Text.)—*The Popular Science Monthly.* (2644)

Refreshment—See OASES.

REFUGE

The old sanctuary of the abbey and palace of Holyrood House was an interesting institution. The debtor was free from arrest during the week. On entering the sanctuary he enrolled himself in a formal manner and obtained a room—that is, if he could pay for it. There was a public house within the boundaries, and it was not uncommon to see the debtor in the inn playing dominos and his creditors standing looking in at the window with wistful eyes. The debtor was safe, and he knew it, and the face of the creditor told the same tale. Sunday being a *dies non,* the debtor could leave his sanctuary and visit his family, but he had to be careful to get back to Holyrood on Sunday night. Sometimes a debtor had the temerity to leave on a week day, but he did so at his peril.

Once in the ark, God himself having shut in the occupant, the latter could not be safer. A city of refuge, indeed! (2645)

REFUGES OF SIN

Caves are found along the sides of the banks of the Jordan that are at first one story high, then two stories and, as the river increases in depth, three-story caves are found.

At certain periods of the year the river overflows its banks. The wild animals native to that country seek a refuge in the one-story caves for a time. As the river swells and grows more turbid, the wild creatures seek shelter in the two-story caves. When the river attains to high-water mark, the animals run for their life to the third-story caves. When these overflow, then these beasts at bay are caught and killed.

How many men are hiding away from God in the caves and strongholds of their transgressions. But when the high tides of misfortune come, their sin will find them out. (2646)

Refused in Need—See NEED, REFUSED IN THE HOUR OF.

REGENERATION

When the first experiments upon the tulips and wild asters were undertaken, some said that it was a sin, because if God had wanted tulips to be double and have different colors, God would have made them that way. But scientists in Holland, and Burbank in California, and a thousand others, are standing over the grains and whispering, "Ye must be born again." The scientist has touched the wild aster, and it has become the chrysanthemum. He has touched the black tulip, and it has become a flower of many hues and quadruple size. He has whispered to the little field-daisy, and it has become the Shasta daisy, that waves in the fields like a bunch of women's hats. He has touched the wild sloe, and it has become a luscious plum. He has touched a bitter orange, and, lo! it has lost its seed, doubled its sweetness and quadrupled its size. And to-day the whole world is on tiptoe of expectancy.

There is no new fruit or flower that is not possible, for the horizons have been pulled down. A great, wide vista of possibility opens up. The berries, the vegetables, the fruits, the grains, must all be born again. Now all this is only a revelation of what is possible for the soul.—N. D. Hillis. (2647)

REGISTER OF LIFE

"An apparatus called a 'pulse register' has been devised by a Viennese physician, Dr. Gartner. It is intended," says *The Medical Times,* "to watch and register the action of the heart and pulse while the patient is under the influence of chloroform, ether, or cocain. The apparatus consists of a watch-like box, to be attached to the patient's forearm. The box has a graduated dial and hands, working according to pulse and blood-pressure vibrations, which are registered by an elastic spring in the most precise manner imaginable. The physician in attendance, or operator, is all the time kept informed of the exact degree of the unconscious person's pulse and heart action. The controller, furthermore, shows the action of pulses which the physician's fingers can not feel nor find." (2648)

REGRET

Mrs. Marion M. Hutson writes a lesson as to appreciating the troubles of friends while they live:

Somewhere in the future, soon or late,
My weary feet will reach the outer gate,
Where rest begins, and earth's long highway ends,
And then, perhaps, through misty eyes my friends
Will see how rough the path has been, and say,
"Would we had tried to smooth the rugged way."
Oh, friends and loved ones! do not wait, but give
A little help and comfort while I live.
(2649)

See Lost Chords.

Regular Inspection—See Cleanliness.

REGULARITY, ECCLESIASTICAL

Butler, the famous author of Butler's "Analogy," himself, with all his high gifts, supplies, in his own person, an expressive proof of the spiritual blindness and death which lay on the churches of Wesley's day. He forbade Whitefield and the Wesleys to preach in his diocese, tho all around his cathedral city lay the most degraded and hopeless class in England—the coal-miners of Kingswood, as untouched by any of the forces of Christianity as if they had been savages in Central Africa. That the best, the wisest, the most powerful, the most earnestly convinced of the bishops of that day should take this attitude toward Wesley and his work shows what was the general temper of the clergy of that time. Butler's conscience was not disquieted by the lapse into mere heathenism of a whole class within sound of the bells of his cathedral; but he grows piously indignant at the spectacle of an ecclesiastical irregularity.—W. H. Fitchett, "Wesley and His Century."
(2650)

Regulation, Timepiece—See Synchronism.

REJECTION OF CHRIST

George Frederick Watts, the great symbolical artist of "Love and Death," "Hope," "Time, Death, and Judgment," and other famous pictures, painted "The Ruler." Speaking of the picture afterward he said, "Now I am doing a man's back—little else but his back, to explain 'he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions.' Fancy a man turning his back on Christ rather than give away his goods! They say his back looks sorry; I don't know. It is what I meant his back to express." (Text.)
(2651)

RELATIVITY

If we were to note that, suddenly and in the same proportions, the distance between two points on this earth had increased, that all the planets had moved farther from each other, that all objects around us had become larger, that we ourselves had become taller, and that the distance traveled by light in the duration of a vibration had become greater, we should not hesitate to think ourselves the victims of an illusion, that in reality all these distances had remained fixt, and that all these appearances were due to a shortening of the rule which we had used as the standard for measuring the lengths.—LUCIAN POINCARE, "The New Physics and Its Evolution." (2652)

Releasing the Word of Life—See WORD OF GOD FREED.

RELIC VALUED

Byron's remains rest in an old leaden coffin, side by side with those of his mother, and close by lies his daughter, Ada, Countess of Lovelace, who died in 1852. When the vault was opened to permit of the interment of Lady Lovelace many persons visited the church in order to catch a glimpse of the coffin. Upon one occasion a little girl was prevailed upon to descend by the stone staircase into the vault and she returned carrying a narrow strip of faded velvet in her hand, torn from the poet's coffin. Among the group around the mouth of the graves was a tall, dark foreigner, who eagerly questioned the child as to her possession, and finally, in exchange for a piece of gold, received the strip of cloth. That man was Kossuth.—*Frank Leslie's.* (2653)

Relief by Crying—See CRYING BENEFICIAL.

Religion—See ALTAR, THE; CHARACTER.

RELIGION A GROWTH

Time goes to the making of the oak, and the man and the Christian. Moral development is slow. We must not be surprized nor disappointed to find it so. As one says:

> The sunrise is gradual, as we have seen—there are many tremulous gleams before the wheels of his chariot are moving over the sea. And so we should beware in a measure of momentary impulsive religion: the idea that we can pass in a moment from deadness, darkness, worldliness, to the full assurance of the favor of God. There are such cases, but they are rare, and the religion of sudden emotion is apt with many to prove not lasting.

If religion is a growth, let us be patient in the process. (2654)

RELIGION, A TEST OF

Addressing a big Methodist camp-meeting, Bishop Quayle informed his audience how to discern a Christian by street-car manners. "If you are hanging on a strap in a crowded street-car, and the conductor calls out 'Step forward, please,' and there is no place in front where you can step forward, the way you act will be a test of your religion. If you are a woman, and a man gives you his seat, and you act as if you thought it was your right and not his kindness that gave you the seat, the way you act will test you more than answering questions in theology. It is not how you treat some big body, but how you treat a little urchin, dirty in tears, that tests your religion. What you do when you are off duty—that's what counts. What if the people who see us at church and at weddings should see us in the betweens? What we Christians do ofttimes kills faith in the Church. Anybody can see a rose-garden in the daytime, but we can also smell it in the dark. What we do when nobody sees us ought to be as beautiful as what we do in the open." (2655)

RELIGION ALLAYING FEAR

Athens had two cities—down in the plain was the city of work, with shops, ox carts, plows and hoes, on the hillside were the shops where men bought and sold. But the crags above were crowned with temples, where beauty and worship had their home. Oft in the hours of tumult and strife, when the workers feared the coming of enemies, they turned their thoughts upward toward the Parthenon, and drank in the beauty of Athena's face, and her calm, white hand seemed to fall upon the brow, to allay the fear, and breathe peace to the frightened working men. Greek culture and character represented the interplay of the upper and the lower city. So it is that man's life of work, and his invisible life of faith and worship are knitted together. The inventor, the statesman, not less than the saint and the martyr, endure, as seeing God. (Text.)—N. D. Hillis. (2656)

Religion Among Immigrants—See Immigration.

Religion and Dying—See Death, The Christian's.

Religion and Parents—See Parents as Teachers of Religion.

RELIGION AND POETRY

When will the true prophet, priest, poet, preacher come to us? For we are continually reminded that it is by the voice of the poet only that a nation is permitted to survive. Jerusalem has been permitted to come down to us forever glorified; she cherished the poets; but where is Babylon, who cast the prophets in the lion's den? Nineveh was a city of three days' journey; Nineveh would not hear; and where is Nineveh now? But, Jerusalem, city of poetry and song! A little place; you can cover it with a pin's head on the maps of the world; and yet she covers more space in history, sacred and profane, than all the other cities of the world together. And this is simply because she had faith and hope; and so had her poets, and did not despise them, and her poets made her immortal. The cloven foot of the golden calf is stamping out every page of this great, neglected book. So great is the wealth of the leading families of our cities that almost every hearthstone might be paved with gold. Yet Socrates died for want of money enough to pay a fine. True or false, the Greeks had gods, even the unknown God of which Paul spoke, and they believed. They had faith and hope. And so their poets sang, sang in marble. Song is music, song is the eternal melody of beauty, and their country lives.—Joaquin Miller, *Belford's Magazine.* (2657)

Religion Demanded — See Influence, Personal.

RELIGION DIFFUSED

Three hundred years ago there was but one Bible in a parish in England, and that was chained to a column in the church; and there was but one man to read it—the priest. And the people did not understand it then, and it was a part of official duty to go from house to house on the theory that the average parent did not know enough to teach the children the first principles of morality and of religion. Go to-day over the same community, and on the Sabbath morning you shall see the girls and the young men with Bibles under their arms, themselves teachers, going down to mission-schools, going down to instruct their inferiors. The profession has distributed its functions among the common people. Has it destroyed the profession? It never was stronger, never was as strong as it is to-day.—Henry Ward Beecher. (2658)

RELIGION, EARLY

The following letter was written by the late Prof. Borden P. Bowne, of Boston University, when he was a boy in Pennington Seminary. It foreshadows his long life of Christian service:

Pennington, October 10.

Dear ———:

His name is still Jesus, for He saves His people from their sins. By His grace I have kept the faith, and have not denied His name. On Sunday night we had service in the chapel of the institution. I told of the power of Jesus' blood to cleanse from all sin. There seemed to be none that believed my report; at least none gave in such a testimony. I felt rather deprest in spirit; but after service was over, as I was talking to some other brother, I heard a noise in one of the rooms; proceeding thither, we found that a young man had just been blest. We rejoiced with him and we held an impromptu prayer-meeting, and then God was pleased to make Himself known in power to four or five more; and together we glorified the God of Israel. Glory to Jesus! I was comforted and blest. The tempter whispered to me sweetly that I had best not mention the matter of sanctification any more. But by God's grace I shall hold up the standard of holiness to the Lord. There are one or two who profess it here, but they don't seem to say much about it. ———, it is my ambition to be one of the best of men. I want to be able to look at the promise alone; and because God has said it I believe it. I have instituted family worship with my roommate; morning and evening I endeavor to call upon God with him. He is not religious; he is a young boy fifteen or sixteen years old, a very nice young fellow. May the Lord lead him to Himself. Amen and amen. (2659)

RELIGION, FAMILY

In a sermon on "The Debt Parents Owe to their Children," Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, told of a parent who had said to him: "For twenty years neither myself nor my family have paid attention to Christianity. And now I have learned to my sorrow that the Christion Church is the only place in which to bring up a family. If I had ten sons I would compel them to marry wives reared in the Christian Church and the Christian home, who have the Christian method and Christian spirit of rearing children. (Text.) (2660)

RELIGION, IMPORTANCE OF

Lecky says that the humble meeting in Aldersgate Street where John Wesley was converted forms an epoch in English history; and he adds that the religious revolution begun in England by the preaching of the Wesleys is of greater historic importance than all the splendid victories by land and sea won under Pitt.—W. H. Fitchett, "Wesley and His Century." (2661)

Religion in Work—See Work Proving Religion.

Religion of Great Men—See Prayer by Great Leaders.

Religion, Practical—See Witness of Service.

RELIGION, SHADES OF

It has been well said that as the prism exhibits the various colors contained in light, so mankind displays the various forms and shades of religion. (2662)

RELIGION, SHALLOW

Religion has not done much for a man if it has not moderated the savage passions of his nature. Prof. Fred. M. Davenport says:

I once spent an evening listening, with a couple of friends, to an old darky's account of his conversion. He had reached the climax of the recital, was in a considerable state of ecstasy, and was very anxiously seeking to impress us all with his spiritual experience, when suddenly his dog began barking furiously just behind him and utterly broke the continuity of his thought and of his speech. I think no one of us will ever forget the dash of savagery that came into his face as he turned with flashing eye and foaming lip upon that canine intruder. It was a startling transition, revealing the crater of primitive passion just underneath the crust of religious culture and nurture.—*The Contemporary Review.* (2663)

RELIGION THAT WEARS

The Persian carpet may be meant for the feet, but few things are so full of lessons for head and heart and life. When choosing one the first thing to do is to make sure that the colors are fast, which is done by moistening a handkerchief and rubbing the carpet to see if the color comes off. Next, count the stitches. A good carpet contains 10,000 stitches to the square foot, while the better ones have as many as 40,000. The weaver does not see the pattern as he works, as the reverse side of the web is toward him. When a native buys a new carpet he immediately puts it down in the bazaars for all the traffic to pass over it; and the more muddy the shoes of the passers-by the greater will be the beauty of the carpet afterward, provided the colors are fast, as it acquires that beautiful silky gloss, so dear to the heart of the carpet-lover.

A man needs a character that will wear, whose colors are fast, and that will grow more beautiful when exposed for the world's use. (2664)

RELIGION TO DIE BY

Wesley always insisted on judging religion by the most severely practical tests. Life was one test, and he mistrusted profoundly a religion which did not fill life or its possessor with gladness and strength. But he knew that death, with its mystery and loneliness, was the last and sorest test of religion. Did the religion he preached make that last darkness luminous? Did it put songs on dying lips and gladness in dying hearts? "The world," wrote Wesley, "may not like our Methodists, but the world can not deny that they die well," and the religion which teaches men to die well may surely find in that fact its best credentials.—W. H. Fitchett, "Wesley and His Century." (2665)

RELIGION UNCHANGEABLE

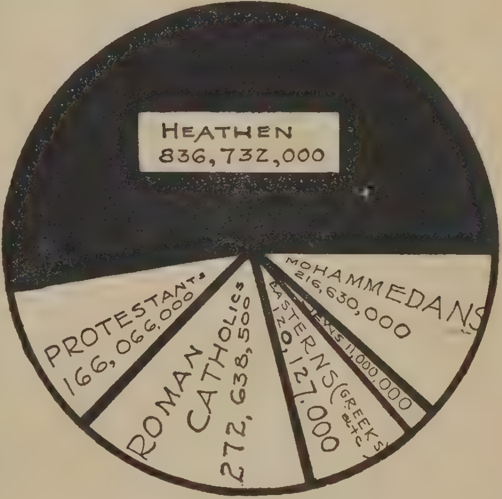
Farmers once plowed with a forked stick, and now with the steel gang-plow. But Julius Cæsar said, nearly twenty centuries ago, that a soldier should have a pound of wheat per day, and the German Government allows the same pound of wheat per day to its soldiers, for their day's march. Gone Julius Cæsar's forked stick for raising the pound of wheat. The Italian plows with a steel mole-board, but he still wants his pound of flour for his hunger. Gone also the old offerings in the temples, and the old creeds, and the old views of the Sabbath. But man still sings, and prays, and struggles with temptation, and weeps, smiting upon his breast, and is forgiven, and dies. This religious nature of man abides unshaken; the credal leaves fall off; but the tree grows on. That vital growth is called religion—the life of God in the soul of man. —N. D. Hillis. (2666)

RELIGION VERSUS BUSINESS

The improvement of Egypt in the control of inundation by the great Assouan dam of the Nile has unfortunately drowned and is destroying the magnificent temple ruins on the island of Philæ. That only hurts a sentiment of antiquarian reverence and makes bread for many poor. But if our rush of business drowns out our family worship, and tires us too much for a second Sabbath service, it may cost us more than its gains are worth. We need to remember that our life is sacred, for we are the temple of God. (Text.)—Franklin Noble, "Sermons in Illustration." (2667)

RELIGIONS CONTRASTED

Seventeen hundred years ago a Christian teacher gave a description of an Egyptian temple, with its porticoes and vestibules and groves and sacred fields adjoining, the walls gleaming with precious stones and artistic paintings, and its shrines veiled with gold-embroidered hangings. "But," he says, "if you enter the penetralia of the enclosure and ask the officiating priest to unveil the god of this sanctuary, you will find a cat, or a crocodile, or a serpent—a beast—rolling on a purple couch." And a modern writer asks us to contrast this with the temple of Jehovah at Jerusalem. Here, too, you would find a gorgeous building, a priesthood, altars, and a shrine hidden by a veil. Within the veil stands the Ark of the Covenant, covered by the mercy seat, sprinkled with the blood of atonement, and shadowed by the golden cherubim. Let that covering be lifted, and within that ark, in the very core and center of Israel's religion, in its most sacred place, you find, what? The two tables of the moral law. There, in a word, you have the contrast of the two religions. The moral law, enforced by the belief in the one true God—that is the religion of Israel—and that religion was interpreted, fulfilled, and consummated by the revelation of the Christ.—Thomas F. Gailor, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (2668)



RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS OF THE WORLD

This chart indicates the magnitude of the task before the Christian forces of the world in bringing humanity up to Christian standards. The significance of Christian missionary and evangelizing work may be represented as an attempt of one-third of mankind constituting the Protestant, Roman Catholic and Greek Christian countries through a small band of picked workers, to change the religious habits, opinions and faith of the other two-thirds. But God has provided that this great task shall be accomplished. (2669)

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

A friend tells me that one of her earliest childhood memories is of being awakened by her mother before daybreak on a June morning. "Come, child," she said, "come with me over to the pines, to hear the thrushes sing."

Across the dew-wet meadows they went, in the early flush of morning, and the child, her hand clasped in her mother's, listened with her to the exquisite music of the thrush in the holy hour and place.

What need of words? It is the spirit that giveth life. The flame was kindled in the heart of the child because it burned undimmed in the mother's heart. Not by preaching, nor even by much speaking, will our teachers teach religion. But they will surely teach whose lives abide in the shadow of the Almighty. We can not but speak the things we have seen and heard. Striving to do His will in the school-room, we slowly learn of the doctrine, and the truth we have made our own we are enabled to share.—SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association," 1905. (2670)

RELIGIOUS INFRACTIONS OF PROPRIETY

There are religious infractions of propriety, and they are serious. The Chinese word for propriety is an ideograph made up of two parts; one means to proclaim, or to reveal; the other means a sacrificial vessel. That is, propriety in the group of countries dominated by Chinese etiquette is a matter of religion and so is not to be lightly regarded. But what does one witness at the temples? Not infrequently one sees a missionary stalk boldly into a temple. He may not take off his shoes in Japan before walking over the polished temple floors. Very possibly he walks up to the idol and familiarly pats him with his ever-present cane. It is to the believer in those faiths like taking hold of the Ark of the Covenant in ancient Jewish times. We should remember that ridiculing the beliefs of people is poor missionary policy. They are usually the best that that country, or people, know. Let us not profane those things which are held most sacred. We may argue against them and reason about the unwisdom of holding them, but let us never laugh at the religious views and practises of the non-Christian world.—H. P. BEACH, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (2671)

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

"Let the child wait till he has grown and then choose his own religion," said an English statesman in the hearing of Coleridge. Coleridge, leading his friend into the garden, said: "I have decided not to put out any vegetables this spring, but to wait till August and let the garden decide for itself whether it prefers weeds or strawberries." This is the logic of the delayed instruction theory.—A. B. BUNN VAN ORMER, "Studies in Religious Nurture." (2672)

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION DENIED

In the psychological confession of a writer (Sentenis), a German philosopher whom his father had submitted to the experiment advised by the author of "Émile," he tells us that, left alone by the death of a tenderly loved wife, this father, a learned and thoughtful man, had taken his infant son to a retired place in the country; and not allowing him communication with any one, he had cultivated the child's intelligence through the sight of natural objects placed near him, and by the beauty of language, almost without books, and in carefully concealing from him all idea of God. The child reached his tenth year without having either read or heard that great name. But then his mind formed what had been denied it. The sun which he saw rise each morning seemed the all-powerful benefactor of whom he felt the need. He soon formed the habit of going at dawn to the garden to pay homage to that god that he himself had made. His father surprized him one day, and showed him his error by teaching him that all fixt stars are so many suns distributed in space. But such was the keen disappointment and the grief of the child deprived of his worship, that the father, overcome, acknowledged to him that there is a God, the Creator of the heavens and the earth.—A. B. BUNN VAN ORMER, "Studies in Religious Nurture." (2673)

Religious Narrowness—See REGULARITY, ECCLESIASTICAL.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING

Suppose a sculptor should take a piece of marble and stand it in front of his studio on the sidewalk, and should invite every passer-by to have a stroke at it with mallet and chisel, shaping it according to the fancy or the caprice of the moment, and then at the end of the year have it suddenly endowed with life, and ask it to choose what it would be—the shape of a god or of a satyr, of beauty or ugliness, pure and white or stained and soiled—this man would be rational as compared with the one who believes that you can let a child grow up until he is twenty unbiased, without absorbing any religious ideas or convictions, and then freely choose what he will be. If you do not bias the child, the first that he meets on the street, or in his school, or among his companions, will begin the work of biasing, of impression, of education, of training; for this is a continuous process. Whether you will or not, it is something over which you have no choice. It is something that will be done either wisely and well, or unwisely and ill.—MINOT J. SAVAGE. (2674)

Remainders Saved—See CONSERVATION OF REMAINDERS.

Remains of Insects—See INSECTS OF REMOTE TIMES.

REMEDIES, STRANGE

There are many remedies, real or reputed for physical ills, but there is but one sovereign remedy for body, soul and spirit, namely, the life of God fully received into the human soul. In an article on "Strange Medicines," in the *Nineteenth Century,* Miss Cumming quotes a few of the healing spells which to this day are practised by the peasantry of various districts in Great Britain, and which are considered certain remedies:

The Northumbrian cure for warts is to take a large snail, rub the wart well with it, and then impale the snail on a thorn-hedge. As the creature wastes away the warts will surely disappear. In the west of England eel's blood serves the same purpose. For goiter or wen, the hand of a dead child must be rubbed nine times across the lump, or, still better, the hand of a suicide may be substituted. In the vicinity of Stamfordham, in Northumberland, whooping-cough is cured by putting the head of a live trout into the patient's mouth, and letting the trout breathe into the latter. Or else a hairy caterpillar is put into a small bag and tied around the child's neck. The cough ceases as the insect dies. Another cure for whooping-cough is offerings of hair. In Sunderland the crown of the head is shaved and the hair hung upon a bush or tree, with the full faith that as the birds carry away the hair, so will the cough vanish. In Lincolnshire a girl suffering from the ague cuts a lock of her hair and binds it around an aspen-tree, praying the latter to shake in her stead. The remedy for a toothache at Tavistock, in Devonshire, is to bite a tooth from a skull in the churchyard and keep it always in the pocket. At Loch Carron, in Ross-shire, an occasional cure for erysipelas is to cut off half the ear of a cat and let the blood drip on the inflamed surface. In Cornwall the treatment for the removal of whelks or small pimples from the eyelids of children is to pass the tail of a black cat nine times over the part affected. Toads are made to do service in divers manners in Cornwall and Northampton for the cure of nose-bleeding and quinsy, while "toad powder," or even a live toad or spider shut up in a box, is still in some places accounted as useful a charm against contagion as it was in the days of Sir Kenelm Digby. The old small-pox and dropsy remedy known as *pulvis Ethiopicus,* was nothing more nor less than powdered toad. In Devonshire any person bitten by a viper is advised to kill the creature at once and rub the wound with its fat. It is said that this practise has survived in some portions of the United States, where the flesh of the rattlesnake is accounted the best cure for its own bite. Black, in his "Folk Medicine," states that the belief in the power of snake-skin as a cure for rheumatism still exists in New England. Such a belief is probably a direct heritage from Britain. (2675)

The following is the belief of Eastern Jews in very queer remedies:

For hoarseness and complaints of the throat and air-passages an approved prescription is to take a new plate, write on it with ink the three mystic names compounded of the Hebrew letters, "Ain, Yod, Aelph," "Vau, Teth," and "Teth, Yod, Koph"; then wash them out with wine, and after adding three grains of a citron used at the tabernacle festival, drink the beverage. Fits, epileptic, and ordinary, are treated after the following fashion: The patient's head is covered and a pious neighbor stands by the bedside while the "practitioner" called in recites this invocation: "In the name of the Lord of Israel, in the name of the angel Raphael, and in the name of the hosts of heaven, and in the name of the One hidden and concealed, I adjure you to quit the body of So-and-So, the son of So-and So, to quit him at once and without doing him hurt; and if you do not go, I curse you with the curse of the tribunal above and of the tribunal below, and with the curse of Joshua, the son of Nun." In cases of severe prostration and debility, pounded mummy and human bones are administered, but this is considered a very dangerous medicine and great precautions are taken to prevent evil spirits interfering with the patient or hindering his recovery.—*Public Opinion.* (2676)

REMEDY FOR PESTS

Is not the remedy for many evils to be found by allowing one destructive force to overcome another? God so makes "the wrath of man to praise him."

One day a very small orange-tree was taken out of the ground in Australia and sent with many others across the ocean to California. On this small tree there were a few white insects. The little tree was planted again in California and soon put out many fresh, fragrant leaves. The white insects were astonished and rejoiced that day after day went by without the appearance of any red beetles. The white insects increased in numbers; there were thousands of fragrant-leaved orange-trees in California, and in a few years there were millions of white insects in them. One morning a man stood among the trees and said, "Confound these bugs; they'll ruin me; what shall I do?" and a man who knew said, "Get some red beetles from Australia." So this orange-grower, with some others, paid a man to go to Australia and collect some live red beetles. The collector went across the ocean, three weeks' steady steaming, and sent back a few of the voracious little beetles in a pill-box. They were put into a tree in a California orange-orchard in which there were many cottony-cushion scale insects. The red insects promptly began eating the white ones; and their children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren have kept up this eating ever since. And so the orange-growers never tire of telling how the red beetles (whose name is *Vedalia*) were brought from Australia to save them from ruin by the white insects (whose name is *Icerya*).—VERNON L. KELLOGG, "Insect Stories." (2677)

Remembering—See FORGETTING AND REMEMBERING.

Remembering the Good—See OLD YEAR MEMORIES.

REMINDER, SEVERE

The Burgundians in France, in a statute now eleven hundred years old, attributed valor to the east of France because it had a law that the children should be taken to the limits of the district, and there soundly whipt, in order that they might forever remember the boundary-line. — WENDELL PHILLIPS. (2678)

REMINDERS

A little boy had lost both parents by death. There were no relatives to care for him, and a place had therefore been found for him with a family in the country.

It was a ride of several miles to the strange home, and the farmer, who had agreed to transport him thither noticed that the little fellow sitting so shyly beside him in the great wagon often thrust his hand into his worn blouse as if to make sure of some treasure. Curiosity at last prompted the man to ask what it was. He had been kind during the journey, and so the child hesitatingly confided his secret.

"It's just a piece of mother's dress. When I get kind—kind o' lonesome—I like to feel it. Most seems 's if she—wasn't so far off." (2679)

REMINDERS, UNPLEASANT

The man in the following incident underwent a painful operation to remove marks that reminded him of unpleasant things. There is a promise of greater blessing from one who said, "Tho your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow."

Dr. Berchon was consulted by a rich man who asked him to remove a tattooed design that had been made in his youth and doubtless reminded him constantly of his humble beginnings. Berchon, a well-read man, used the ancient method of Crito, described by Paul of Ægina. Crito washed the tattooed part with niter and then enveloped it in resin, which was allowed to remain several days to soften the skin. The design was then scraped with a sharp instrument, the wound was washed and rubbed with salt, after which a sort of plaster was applied, consisting of frankincense, nitrate of potash, lye, lime, wax, and honey. Several days later the marks disappeared. (Text.)—*La Nature.* (2680)

REMORSE

Haime was a Dorsetshire lad, violent in temper, gross in speech, utterly lawless in conduct. He was visited with what is to-day an almost unthinkable spiritual experience—a very violent temptation to blaspheme God. He yielded at last, in the silence of his heart framed the dreadful words, and was then told by the tempter, "Thou art inevitably damned." The unhappy youth was broken-hearted. He swung for a time betwixt plans of suicide and wild rushes into vicious pleasure. The terrors of sin haunted him. He had experiences which can hardly be paralleled out of monkish literature.

"One night, as I was going to bed, I durst not lie down without prayer. So, falling upon my knees, I began to consider, 'What can I pray for? I have neither the will nor the power to do anything good.' Then it darted into my mind, 'I will not pray, neither will I be beholden to God for mercy.' I arose from my knees without prayer, and laid me down; but not in peace. I never had such a night before. I was as if my very body had been in a fire, and I had a hell in my conscience. I was thoroughly persuaded the devil was in the room."—W. H. FITCHETT, "Wesley and His Century.". (2681)

RENEWAL

M. E. Hume-Griffith, in her "Behind the Veil in Persia and Turkish Arabia," tells of a little Persian boy badly disfigured from a "hare-lip," who was brought by his father to the medical mission at Julfa to be operated upon for the trouble.

The Persians believe that this congenital malformation is the mark left by the Evil One, so this afflicted boy was known in his village by the unenviable title "little devil," and had been a good deal tormented by his playfellows. The operation was a complete success. After ten days' careful treatment the dressing was finally removed, and the boy was handed a mirror that he might look for the first time upon his "new" face. Tears of joy rolled down his face as he kissed the hand that had wrought the change, and he murmured brokenly: "I am no longer a little devil, I am no longer a little devil!" And he went back to his comrades to be a hero and an idol. (2682)

The difference between men who are taking in and giving out life and knowledge and men who are living in their own selfish circle is like the difference in lakes stated below:

Fresh-water lakes are always only expansions of rivers, due to the particular topographical configuration of a valley. They are all characterized by the fact that the water that they receive runs out, either continuously or intermittently, and that the chemical constitution of their water remains constantly the same as that of the streams and rivers of the same region.

Salt lakes, on the other hand, are always closed basins, without outlet, and their water is removed only by surface evaporation. These facts being well understood, we see at once why the former lakes contain fresh water and the others salt water. (Text.)—PAUL COMBES, *Cosmos.* (2683)

See INNER LIFE.

RENEWAL NECESSARY

If I have a certain sum of money, I can calculate what necessities it will meet, and how far it will go; but it will go only so far; beyond that is exhaustion. But if I have a bed of strawberries in my garden, after it has borne the crop of the season, and there is no more to be got from it, I can weed and cultivate and fertilize it, and next year it will bear again. And tho the whole bed shows exhaustion, I can set its runners in new rows and nurture them into new life, tho the old plants are only fit to be dug under; and I can renew the life of my bed, and after a season it will be as young and fresh and fertile as ever. I have completely renewed its life. So I can renew the life of a note, or lease, or partnership. So bodily strength, tho exhausted every day, is renewed every night; and even if impaired by disease, it may be recovered. There is nothing necessarily hopeless in the exhaustion of anything that has life in it; but all living things need renewal.—FRANKLIN NOBLE, "Sermons in Illustration." (2684)

RENEWAL, SPIRITUAL

A lady calling upon a friend one day, exprest surprize that she had both windows open while the thermometer was at zero, saying that she never opened her windows in winter, adding that even then she was unable to keep warm.

"I open my windows," was the explanation, "to warm the rooms by filling them with fresh air. It is impossible to heat dead air. To inhale the same air over and over again is to breathe in poison."

As "it is impossible to heat dead air," so it is impossible to incite zeal in a dead church. The breath of the Spirit is first needed to change the spiritual climate. (Text.) (2685)

Renewing the Faith—See EXTREMITY NOT FINAL.

RENOVATION

The verses below by Sam Walter Foss, from a poem on "The Soul Spring Cleaning," have in them a suggestion that every man may now and then utilize:

Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
  An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
  An' sweep the snow-banks from yer heart.
Yes, w'en spring cleanin' comes aroun'
  Bring forth the duster an' the broom,
But rake yer fogy notions down,
  An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard,
  Set out new shade an' blossom trees,
An' let the soul once froze an' hard
  Sprout crocuses of new idees.
Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
  An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
  An' sweep the snow-banks from yer heart!
(Text.) (2686)

Each great European cathedral has its regular corps of repairers—architects, engineers, masons, carpenters, every man a master of his craft. The work of renovation goes on at all seasons; crumbling stones must be replaced, fresh cement supplied, broken parts mended; there is always something needing to be done. The inexperienced traveler is at first much annoyed by the sight of the stagings and scaffoldings from which cathedral walls seem never wholly free. "When," he exclaims, "shall I at last find a façade which is not in the process of repair?" But with larger knowledge and more careful thought his feelings change. The flimsy, unsightly framework clinging to the ancient gray stone no longer seems a blemish, but a true adornment, since it eloquently tells of the reverent, affectionate care which faithfully preserves for the future these "poems in stone" handed down from the mighty past.—"Monday Club, Sermons on the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1904." (2687)

RENUNCIATION

Dr. R. F. Horton, in the *Christian Endeavor World*, tells this incident concerning a wedding where he officiated:

A very little man had brought to the altar a very big bride, who, moreover, was attired in purple, and certainly bore a formidable aspect.

Whether the situation affected the bridegroom, or in a dreamy reminiscence his mind wandered back to childhood and the catechism when, on the mention of the world and the flesh and the devil, he promised to have nothing to do with them, I can not say. But sure enough, when I put to him the crucial question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the answer came, low but clear, "I renounce them all!" It was with some compunction that I said to him, "You must say, 'I will.'" (2688)

RENUNCIATION, COMPLETE

There is an ancient legend of a devout man who had, among many other virtues, the gift of healing, unto whom divers made resort for cure; among the rest one Chromatius, being sick, sent for him. Being come, he told of his sickness, and desired that he might have the benefit of cure as others had before him. "I can not do it," said the devout person, "till thou hast beaten all the idols and images in thy house to pieces." "That shall be done," said Chromatius. "Here, take my keys, and where you find any images let them be defaced," which was done accordingly. To prayer went the holy man, but no cure was wrought. "Oh!" saith Chromatius, "I am as sick as ever. I am very sick and weak!" "It can not be otherwise," replied the holy man; "nor can I help it, for certainly there is one idol more in your house undiscovered, and that must be defaced, too." "True," said Chromatius. "There is so, indeed; there is one all of beaten gold. It cost two hundred pounds. I would fain have saved it, but here, take my keys again. You shall find it locked up fast in my chest. Take it and break it in pieces." Which done, the holy man prayed and Chromatius was healed. (Text.) (2689)

REPAIR OF CHARACTER

After every trip a locomotive goes into the round-house, where it is overhauled, cleaned, and every bolt and nut is tightened. About every four years it goes into the shop, is taken to pieces and made over anew. The criteria in every case are: Can she haul the load? and can she make schedule time?

It would be a good thing for men thus to overhaul their habits and tendencies, in order to maintain the integrity and efficiency of character. (Text.) (2690)

Reparation—See DUTY, SENSE OF.

REPARTEE

We rejoice more than all in the constant progress of those liberal ideas to which such an impulse was given by the victory of Yorktown. You remember that Fox is said to have heard of it "with a wild delight"; and even he may not have anticipated its full future outcome. You remember the hissing hate with which he was often assailed, as when the tradesmen of Westminster whose vote he had solicited flung back at him the answer: "I have nothing for you, sir, but a halter," to which Fox, by the way, with instant wit and imperturbable good nature, smilingly responded: "I could not think, my dear sir, of depriving you of such an interesting family relic."—RICHARD S. STORRS. (2691)

REPAYMENT

The baronet in the following story followed nature's favorite method of repaying in kind:

James McNeil Whistler, the famous artist, was extravagantly fond of a French poodle that he owned, says the New York *Tribune,* and once, when the little dog had some trouble with his throat, he sent for Sir Morell Mackenzie, the great throat specialist. Mackenzie was not a bit pleased by being called in to treat a dog, but he prescribed, nevertheless, and had a partial revenge by charging a big fee. The next day he "got even" most effectually by sending for Mr. Whistler in great haste, and the artist, thinking that he had been summoned on some matter connected with his beloved poodle, dropt his work and rushed to Mackenzie's house. On his arrival, Sir Morell said very gravely: "How do you do, Mr. Whistler? I wished to see you about painting my front door." (Text.) (2692)

REPEATED EFFORT

Persuasion is constantly tried, often with no success whatever. The reason of failure is frequently found in the neglect of perseverance.

In a very small Bible class of young men the fall of Jericho was the subject of discussion on a certain Sunday. One of the members suggested that more members might be brought in if some of the faith of the besiegers of old were used. Another member at once suggested that a list of those advisable should be made, and that each should be "encompassed" by calls on seven days, each day by a different man. The suggestion was adopted. Next day a young business man received a visit and an invitation to attend the class next Sunday. He was indifferent and did not promise. On Tuesday the second called and was treated coldly. But on Wednesday when a third man called the effect showed. "Two men have called already; I am considering," said he. On Thursday when the fourth visitor called, down came the walls. He promised to attend and attended regularly. Others were won. Among them was a musician, who organized a fine orchestra. (Text.) (2693)

REPENTANCE

When I've a quarrel in my mind
With one who's far away
To scorching letters I'm inclined,
In which I say my say.

And then I take those scorching screeds
So full of ink and ire,
In which I threaten awful deeds,
And mail them—in the fire.
—*Success Magazine.*
(2694)

REPENTANCE, LATE

The following striking illustration of the effect of delay in serving God is by James Drummond, in "Parables and Pictures":

There was once a horse that ran away in the morning and did not return till evening. When the master upbraided him, the horse replied, "But here am I, returned safe and sound. You have your horse." "True," answered the master, "but my field is unplowed." If a man turns to God in old age, God has the man, but He has been defrauded of the man's work. (2695)

REPENTANCE, NATURE OF

No more vivid illustration of what evangelical repentance is can be framed than that which is found in the Greek original, *"straphate,"* rendered "convert," which means to face about, or turn around, in allusion to the movement of a ship when it is put about on an opposite course; or to the action of a flower when it turns its face toward the sun. The change of mind becomes a change of life. (2696)

REPENTANCE, PRACTICAL

When Thomas Olivers, the Welsh cobbler who became noted as a Methodist, itinerant and a hymnist, turned from a reckless life, carousing and incurring many debts, to a profession of a change of heart, he deliberately set about settling his financial obligations, nor ceased until the last penny was paid.

He brought forth fruit meet for repentance. (Text.) (2697)

REPENTANCE THE GIFT OF GOD

John Wesley, that preacher of repentance, sings:

"Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin but can not feel;
I can not till thy Spirit blow,
And make the obedient waters flow.
Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart." (2698)

REPETITION, FORCE OF

Continuous repeated acts of kindness breaking down the pride of an enemy, repeated annoyances that shape the temper; these or similar experiences may be illustrated by this extract:

A stalwart young man at Leavenworth, Kan., recently accepted a wager that he could stand a quart of water dropt into his open hand, drop by drop, from a height of three feet. Before 500 drops had fallen into his hand he almost cried with pain and said he had enough. After a little water had fallen each drop seemed to crush his hand, and a blister in the center of it was the result.—Boston *Journal.* (2699)

A minister in his walk saw a stone-mason who was trying to break a large stone with what seemed a very small hammer. "You never can do it," the minister prophesied. "Sure, sir, that's all you know about breaking stones," replied Pat, as he hammered away industriously. After hundreds of these peckings there came a slight crack. A few more, and the great stone fell apart.

"Now," asked the Irishman, "would your honor tell me which one of these blows it was that broke the stone?" "Why, the last one, to be sure," said the minister. "There you're wrong, sir," was the reply. "It was the first blow, and the last blow, and all the middle ones, sir." (2700)

REPLENISHMENT

The moral life of man would soon be exhausted if God by His Spirit did not continually renew it.

Water plunging over the rocks at Niagara is intercepted and made to turn the giant turbines of electric power plants before it is allowed to hurry on its way to the sea. If the waters of the Great Lakes were not replenished Niagara would soon run dry and our mill-wheels stop. But year by year, and day by day, the sun's rays evaporate the waters of the ocean and lift them back again to the mountain tops, whence they flow downward into the lakes and rivers.—Charles Lane Poor, "The Solar System." (2701)

REPORTS TO ORDER

It was my pleasure, some years ago, to report a religious meeting for three papers in New York. A discussion of vital importance to the Presbyterian Church was promised. The lines were closely drawn and the feeling was intense. The day before the meeting I went to the editorial offices for instruction. Mr. A. said: "We want a fair report, but you know we publish a conservative paper, and our space is limited. Give us all that is said by the conservative leaders. Of course, the others must be treated fairly, but we shall not have space enough for any of the addresses on that side; give us a fair report, however." Mr. B. said: "We want a fair report, but you know we publish a liberal paper, and our space is limited. Give us all that is said by the liberal leaders. Of course, the others must be treated fairly, but we shall not have space for any of the addresses on that side; give us a fair report, however." Mr. C. said: "We want an absolutely impartial report. Give the leading speeches on both sides as fully as possible, and mention every speaker who takes part in the discussion. We want a true picture of the debate in your report. On the editorial pages we shall express our opinion of the arguments advanced, but your report should be absolutely colorless."—JOHN BANCROFT DEVINS, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (2702)

Repose—See SOUNDS.

REPRESENTATIVE DIGNITY

There was great wisdom sententiously exprest in the exclamation of a little constable I heard of once who went to arrest a burly offender against the statutes, and was threatened with a shaking if he did not "clear out." If it had been a matter of fists and muscle, the majesty of the law would have been miserably bruised. But the intrepid officer responded: "Do it if you please; only remember, if you shake me you shake the whole State of Massachusetts." — THOMAS STARR KING. (2703)

Repression—See POWER IN SELF-REPRESSION.

REPRISAL

The story of an intelligent dog given below may suggest that the deceits we practise on others will, sooner or later, be repaid against ourselves:

An old lady rented a furnished villa for the summer, and with the villa a large dog also went. In the sitting-room of the villa there was a very comfortable arm-chair. The old lady liked this chair better than any other in the house. She always made for it the first thing. But, alas! she nearly always found the chair occupied by the large dog. Being afraid of the dog, she never dared bid it harshly to get out of the chair, as she feared it might bite her; but instead she would go to the window and call "Cats!" Then the dog would rush to the window and bark, and the old lady would slip into the vacant chair quietly. One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in possession of the chair. He strolled over to the window, and, looking out, appeared very much excited, and set up a tremendous barking. The old lady rose and hastened to the window to see what was the matter, and the dog quietly climbed into the chair. (2704)

REPUTATION

After the Civil War many offers of places of honor and fame came to Gen. Robert E. Lee. He refused them all, says Thomas Nelson Page, in his biography of the soldier. The only position which he finally did accept was the presidency of Washington College, with a small salary.

On one of these occasions Lee was approached with the tender of the presidency of an insurance company at a salary of $50,000 a year. He declined it, saying that it was work with which he was not familiar.

"But, general," said the representative of the insurance company, "you will not be expected to do any work. What we wish is the use of your name."

"Don't you think," said General Lee, "that if my name is worth $50,000 a year, I ought to be very careful about taking care of it?" (Text.)—*The Youth's Companion.* (2705)

REPUTATION AND CHARACTER

Into a certain London establishment some burglars one night made their way, expecting a big haul of valuables. They commenced operations on an immense and very strong iron safe, feeling sure that tho it would be very difficult to force it open, their strenuous efforts would be rewarded at last. For several hours they used their drills and other implements. When the safe was opened they perceived another safe inside the first one, just as strong and fully as difficult to open. They at once realized that their night's toil had been all in vain, for it would be impossible to open the inner safe before the world would be resuming work.

So long as the inner life is strong and unbroken, attacks on a man's reputation can not rob him of his real treasure of a good character. (2706)

REPUTATION, VALUE OF

The following is related of "Stonewall" Jackson:

He was never an ornamental soldier, being roughly clad and so plain as to be frequently taken for far less than he was. He and his staff were once compelled to ride through a field of uncut oats. The owner rushed out in great indignation, demanding the name of the leader that he might report him.

"My name is Jackson," replied the general. "What Jackson?" asked the irate farmer. "General Jackson." "You don't mean to tell me that you are the famous Stonewall Jackson?" the farmer stammered. "That's what they call me." "The farmer took off his hat with great reverence and said: "General Jackson, ride over my whole field. Do what you like with it, sir."—*The Sunday Magazine.* (2707)

Requital—See Grace; Repayment.

RESCUE

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the pioneer missionary to Turkey, was one day crossing the Galata Bridge in Constantinople when his attention was attracted to a crowd. He prest into it to see its object of interest and found a cursing American sailor dying of cholera. The missionary asked him a few questions and was answered by oaths. He had the man removed to a house, and after a few months' nursing by the Christians of the mission he was able to ship for America. On the morning he left, he called on Dr. Hamlin and said, "I have been a very wicked man, and have done all the evil I could in the world, and now I am going to do all the good I can."

Three years later, the mission received this letter from him:

"Dear Mr. Hamlin: Thank God, I will survive the dead! I am here workin' and blowin' the gospel trumpet on the Eri Kanal. Yours Brown."

Twenty-five years later Dr. Hamlin met a gentleman in Paris who had just returned from Honolulu. Said he, "I met a man named Brown who has done a great deal of good among the sailors in the Pacific. He can go everywhere and anywhere with the Bible. He told me that once he was dying, a blasphemous dog, in the streets of Constantinople, and you picked him up and saved him soul and body." (2708)

The worth of man is independent of conditions of life or color of skin. An exemplification of that fact is recorded in the history of a rescue in Hongkong harbor:

While the cyclone was at its highest and it was still a question whether the largest steamers in the port would survive the storm, the officers of the *Schuylkill* noticed a vague pencil of light through the sheets of rain, lighting up a confusion of loose and drifting shipping. For the first two or three flashes they thought they were menaced with the new peril of lightning, but no detonation followed the flash. A lull in the rain showed that the search-light of the second-class British cruiser *Azelia* was following one of her boats while it made a desperate struggle to reach the crew of a foundering Chinese junk. The pencil of light, now bright, now dim, followed the boat as it was pulled by a crew of stout British tars and managed with almost incredible cleverness by its officer. They saw it alongside the junk, saw the Chinese tumble into it half dead with fright and fatigue, and disappear beyond the rays of the searchlight. Next morning they learned that the Chinese were landed safely farther down the harbor, but that the boat was crusht like an eggshell against the sea-wall, tho the sailors were saved to a man. (2709)

Many straying souls who have lost the way may be but fallen angels, whom love and kindness might restore.

George MacDonald tells of a young woman who had been led astray. A minister found her one night on his doorstep, and brought her into his house. His little daughter, who was up-stairs with her mother, asked, "Mama, who is it papa has in the library?" Her mother replied, "It is an angel, dear, who has lost her way, and papa is telling her the way back." (2710)

This incident has been related of the eminent divine, Edward Irving:

When a boy in Scotland with his little sister he went down on the sands of Solway Firth to meet his uncle, who was coming to visit their home. When the tide comes in there, it flows in with a rush. It sweeps on like a flood. All the people there know this danger of the onrushing sea and guard against it, but these little children forgot the time and tide. They were playing in a little pool of water. Suddenly a horseman dashed down from the mountain side. Without a word he came up on a run, secured the two children to the saddle and started for the hills. Faster and faster followed the rising tide, but at last the horseman and his precious load were saved.

The Christian must waste no time if he would save imperilled men. (Text.) (2711)

A policeman shouted to a boy in the Lancaster Canal at Preston, England, "Hullo! Why are you bathing there?" "Please, sir, I'm not; I'm drowning," was the boy's answer, and he promptly sank. The policeman dived and rescued him.

Many persons who are supposed to be having a good time in the world are really losing their lives. (2712)

See Kongo Missionary; Listening for Signals.

RESENTMENT, FREE FROM

A writer in the *Saturday Evening Post* speaks thus concerning Lincoln and Lee:

On several occasions I heard him speak most feelingly of the defamation heaped upon him by the South, but never did he exhibit the semblance of resentment. More than once I have heard him say: "If these people only knew us better it would be well for both of us." He always spoke of them as "these people," as did General Robert E. Lee, who in personal intercourse usually referred to the Union army when in front of him as "these people." His last order to Longstreet before Pickett's charge at Gettysburg was: "These people are there and they must be driven away." Both of these great characters of our Civil War are now remembered, and will be remembered for all time, as having never uttered a sentence of resentment relating to their opponents in the war. (2713)

RESERVATION

An old Indian in northwestern Canada, who for many years had hated Christians, was at last brought to the Savior and wished to be baptized. The examining missionary, the Rev. E. D. Thomas, was convinced that the old man was keeping back something from him, and was clinging to some form of his old belief. It proved to be a charm which he had purchased years before from a very great medicine-man. After a long talk he was persuaded to give it up. It was a small, round tin box wrapt in pieces of dirty calico and sealed with grease and clay. Inside were half a dozen little pieces of stone, each wrapt in brown paper and embedded in down. (Text.) (2714)

RESERVE POWER

No life can be vigorous if it is not kept fresh, responsive, by great physical and mental reserves. As hibernating animals, like the bear, in cold climates sustain life through the winter wholly upon the reserve fat and nutriment stored up in the tissues, so patients who have splendid physical reserves and resisting power are carried through severe sicknesses and sustained through severe illnesses by this reserve surplus, stored-up vital power, while those who lack it, those who have dissipated it in abnormal living and excesses, often lose their lives, even in much less severe illnesses.

Great business men accomplish marvels with their reserves. Many of them work but a few hours a day, but they have such tremendous physical reserves and so much stored-up mental energy that they are able to accomplish wonders in a short time, because of their ability to work with great intensity and powerful concentration.

People who keep their physical and mental surplus drawn down very low by working a great many hours and almost never taking vacations, who do not fill their reserve reservoir by frequent vacations and by a lot of recreation and play, do not work with anything like the freshness and mental vigor of those who work less hours and constantly accumulate great reserve power.

There comes into every life worth while a time when success will turn upon the reserve power. It is then a question of how long your stored-up energy will enable you to hold out. There will often arise emergencies when your success will depend upon how much fight there is in you.—Denver *Republican.* (2715)

Reserved Merit—See Books and Worth.

RESIGNATION

This note of resignation is written by F. C. Browning:

I can not feel
That all is well when darkening clouds conceal
The shining sun;
But then, I know
God lives and loves; and say, since it is so,
Thy will be done.

I do not see
Why God should e'en permit some things to be,
When He is love.
But I can see
Tho often dimly through the mystery,
His hand above!

I do not know
Where falls the seed that I have tried to sow
With greatest care,
But I shall know
The meaning of each waiting hour below,
Sometime, somewhere!

I do not look
Upon the present, nor in nature's book,
To read my fate;
But I do look
For promised blessings in God's holy Book,
And I can wait. (Text.)
(2716)

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet, occupied a unique position in the literary world. W. D. Howells called him the only man of pure African blood and of American civilization to feel the negro life esthetically and express it lyrically. While he was dying of consumption, he contributed to *Lippincott's* this verse-sermon of resignation:

Because I had loved so deeply,
Because I had loved so long,
God in his great compassion
Gave me the gift of song.
Because I had loved so vainly
And sung with such faltering breath,
The Master in infinite mercy
Offers the boon of death. (Text.)
(2717)

RESISTANCE

Sit upon the shore close to the water's edge, and let the sand teach you how to resist. It runs out underneath the water, and just lies there; and when the wave hurls its tons upon it, the sand gives way, but makes the water move it. When the water rushes furiously landward, the sand goes with it, but not quite so fast; and when the wave retreats, the sand runs back, but not quite so far. It always stands close to its enemy, and a little in front of him, never lets him strike from a distance, and never allows him to make any permanent mark. It never runs away, and never melts, and it always separates itself from its antagonist and lies ready for another attack. Always prepared for a blow, it never gives one.—James M. Stifler, "The Fighting Saint." (2718)

The modern treatment of moral germs should be similar to that used in modern surgery:

The new era, which is to succeed the present or "pathologic" era in surgery, is the "physiologic," and in it we are to take less care about the entrance of possible germs into our surgical wounds and more about keeping the patient in such condition that he can resist them if they do get in.—*Literary Digest.* (2719)

It is said that Napoleon once ordered a coat of mail. When the artizan completed and delivered it, the emperor ordered him to put it on himself. Then Napoleon, taking a pistol, fired shot after shot at the man in armor. It stood this severe test, and was accepted. (2720)

RESISTANCE AS A LEVERAGE

I know not how the stork, "leaning upon the sirocco," makes a leverage of the opposing element for her swift flight. I leave the naturalist to explain that. But I do know that the sirocco is a challenge to her unerring instinct and strength of wing. God manipulates the wind. The stork manipulates her wings. And the working of the combination results advantageously to the stork. She does not lean upon the sirocco wind as you would lean upon a couch. That would result in a fall and the bird would be dashed in pieces. The leaning is accompanied by action. While the buoyancy of the air bears her up, the balancing of the wings bears her on. That air-cushion is no "downy bed of ease." It is a thing to be encountered and overcome. She makes the adversary contribute to her progress. The thing from which men shrink is the thing the bird dares.—C. J. Greenwood. (2721)

Resistance by Softness—See Substances, Penetrating.

RESOLUTENESS

The famous antarctic explorer, Sir Ernest Shackelton, has astonished his friends by his persistency of purpose. He was long ill during the progress of the "discovery" expedition. His lungs bled for months, but his indomitable purpose prevailed. He struggled heroically against a malady that threatened his life hour by hour. Before he set out he had looked at the map and said at a banquet, "Thanks, here's to our success. I must not touch wine again until I return. I think we shall do it; at least we will try." And he reached within ninety-seven miles of the South Pole, and returned to England sound and well. (2722)

RESOLUTION

Robert Louis Stevenson, in "Virginibus Puerisque," writes an account of a sea-fight in which he relates this:

Duncan, lying off the *Texel* with his own flagship, the *Venerable,* and only one other vessel, heard that the whole Dutch fleet was putting to sea. He told Captain Hotham to anchor alongside of him in the narrowest part of the channel and fight his vessel till she sank. "I have taken the depth of the water," added he, "and when the *Venerable* goes down, my flag will still fly." (Text.) (2723)

See Convictions, Strong.

RESOLUTIONS, GOOD

When Admiral Farragut's son was ten years old the father said in his hearing that when he was old enough to make a contract and keep it, he had a bargain to offer him. The son rose up and asked the father what the contract was. The admiral said, "The proposal I intend to make is this: If you will not smoke or chew tobacco, drink intoxicating or strong wines, till you are twenty-one years of age, I will then give you one thousand dollars." "I am old enough to make that bargain now," said young Farragut. "I will accept the offer." The bargain was closed, and when young Farragut was twenty-one the cash was handed over to him. A smoking boy can save a thousand dollars in a few years in the same way, besides saving physical energy and moral power. (2724)

RESOURCEFULNESS

"Where there is a will there is a way."

"According to a Pittsburg telephone manager," says *Telephony,* "the telephone was put to a novel and unusual use in Washington County recently, enabling two boys, sons of farmers, to hold their positions in their classes in the public schools from which they will graduate in another year. Incidentally, the patience and long-suffering of the country school-teacher was put to an admirable test. Smallpox broke out in the neighborhood in question, and the two scholars were among the early victims. The home was quarantined, and there was every indication that the instruction which they had been receiving would be cut off for an indefinite period. But the teacher was resourceful and willing. He called up the stricken home one evening and proposed that the boys study their lessons as usual, and he would hear them over the telephone. The idea was eagerly received. Each evening they took down the receiver, and the teacher, located several farms away, heard them recite. Neither suffered to an appreciable degree through their absence from school, and their chances for graduation are just as bright as before the disease entered their home." (Text.) (2725)

See Medical Missions.

Resources, American—See Waste.

RESOURCES, EXHAUSTED

No life is self-sustained. For the individual and the nation, isolation means death. If the resources by which life is sustained were not furnished by others we should soon be at the end of our career.

Charles Francis Adams, the historian and publicist, of Boston, Mass., in his address at Lexington, Va., on January 19, 1907, at the centennial celebration of General Lee's birth, told the throng of Southerners, there in the shadow of Lee's old home, that the Confederacy was beaten in the markets of the world, that the economic laws held it in an iron grip, that if 100,000 men could have been sent to reenforce Lee, in the last days of the war, his condition would have been worse than before, as even their meager food-supply would only the sooner have been exhausted. With the South depleted of food by the four years' of conflict, with the markets of the world closed to her, and no source of subsistence open to her armies, valor and devotion could count for only little.

This consideration enters largely into England's determination to keep her navy stronger than those of any other two powers. So much of her food-supply comes from abroad that she must maintain control of the ocean routes of trade. (2726)

RESOURCES, GOD'S

Disposed somewhat to gloomy thoughts, especially at such times as her husband was maligned or persecuted by his enemies, Luther's wife was on one occasion given a lesson by the great reformer in this wise: "Indeed, you torment yourself as if God were not Almighty and could not produce new Doctor Martins by the score if the old doctor should happen to drown himself in the Saal." (2727)

Resources, Inner—See Water of Life.

RESOURCES, MAKING THE BEST OF

In the Tate Gallery in London there is a picture entitled "Hope." Seated on a globe representing the earth is a woman blindfolded. The water which encloses the globe reaches to her feet. In her hands is a lyre with all the strings broken excepting one. She does not mend the broken chords, she does not wring her hands in helpless remorse over opportunities that are gone forever, but continues playing on the single string that is left unbroken.

It is the part of a brave man to do his best with what material is still at his disposal, instead of wasting time in vainly regretting what might have been. (Text.) (2728)

RESOURCES, SMALL

A general who rose from the ranks in our army told me, not boastingly, that all he inherited from his father, in Vermont, was a pair of second-hand trousers, a sealskin cap, and a tendency to rheumatism. The Spartans gave their cooks only vinegar and salt and commanded them to look for the rest of their sauce in the meats they were to serve.—James T. Fields. (2729)

RESPECT FOR TEACHER

In Morley's "Gladstone" there is a passage from the pen of the great premier, telling how, years after his Eton career, he sat down to a dinner in honor of the severe old head-master who had flogged every boy in the school, most of them many times. They had all hated him, they said. But when he rose to speak at that dinner, such a storm of applause never greeted a triumphant parliamentarian; and tears of affection actually overflowed all eyes.—Burris A. Jenkins, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association," 1904. (2730)

Respect for the Dead—See Sympathy by Pleasure-goers.

RESPECT, NO, OF PERSONS

When King George the V was in the navy, he associated on terms of perfect equality with his messmates, among whom he was known. As an illustration of the indifference of his messmates to his royal birth, and of the spirit of equality with which he was treated by them while at sea, an incident may be related.

One night he declined to turn out, as he should have done, to go on watch. His fellow middy, whom he was designated to relieve, and who wanted to turn in, endeavored to arouse the prince. The latter, on receiving two or three shakings, opened his eyes, swore picturesquely, but refused to turn out. He hit the man who had called him one blow on the eye and went to sleep again.

The young fellow made no response, but returned to his post, resumed his watch, and thus did duty for the prince. Now, if there is one offense that is heinous, according to midshipman ethics, it is the shirking of a watch.

On the following day, the lad who had done double duty, reported the case to his comrades. It was immediately decided to hold a drumhead court-martial in the gun-room. Prince George was brought before it, found guilty by unanimous count, and sentenced to be spanked by the middy who had done his work.

The royal culprit was seized by four of the seniors and held face downward, while the middy with the disfigured eye, his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, carried out the sentence of the gun-room court. When the prince was released he was furious with rage and mortification, and threatened all sorts of things. But a few hours after he thought better of it, came to his messmate who had spanked him, and apologized for the blow he had given him, as well as for making him do double duty. (2731)

RESPONDING TO THE CALL

I went a few weeks ago out to Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, to attend the dedication of the gymnasium there built in memory of Hugh McAllister Beaver; and as I came away, his father gave me the history of his regiment in the Civil War, the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers. One of the first chapters of all is entitled "The Sister's Story." It is the story of how some of the lads of the regiment came to be enrolled. It was in the year of 1862. President Lincoln had issued a call for 300,000 men and then a call for 300,000 more, and the War Department had drawn up provisions for a draft in case the men were not voluntarily offered; and this one county in Pennsylvania did not wish to stand under the ignominy of a draft, but desired that the men who were to go from that county should offer themselves freely in response to that call. This sister tells of how the appeal came to the little village in which she and her brother lived, in Center County, Pennsylvania. There was a small country academy there, and the summer vacation was just over, and the boys and girls had come back from the farms for the first day of the academy year again. She said that she came walking up the village street with a friend of hers, another little child, and as they came up the pathway through the yard of the school, arm in arm, with a little bunch of flowers held in both their hands and their heads bowed down very close together, as little girls would talk with one another confidentially, they were suddenly imprest with the silence of the school-yard. Instead of the noise of play and the chatter of an opening day at school, all the boys and the little girls were sitting quietly on the school stoop, and when they came they asked the older boys what the trouble was. Was there any specially dark tidings from the war? And they said: "No, it was not that; but Professor Patterson had decided to enlist and he wanted to know how many of the boys of the school would go with him, and a meeting was to be held in the village church that evening, in which they were all to be given an opportunity to say what they would do. She said that at once she left her little companion and sought out her brother, and she said to him, "Harry, are you going to enlist?" and he said, "Yes, he thought he would." "Well, but," the mother argued after they reached home, "you are only sixteen years old; you can not enlist without father's allowing you to go, and you know how we have all built on you, on your brightness, and are making sacrifices at home in order that you might go to college. You must not go away now to the war." He insisted that when the opportunity came he was afraid he would have to respond. And the sister tells how that night, in the little village church, when Mr. McAllister, of Bellefonte, made his appeal for volunteers and had finished, the principal of the academy rose with a long paper in his hand; and her girlish heart almost stopt beating when she realized what it was that he was going to do, and then when he had made his careful, simple statement as to the purpose that led him and the motives that constrained him, he said he was going to call the school roll, and every boy who wanted to could respond "Ready" to his name; and in a silence like the silence of death he began at the top of the line: "Andrews," "Ready"; "Baker," "Ready"; and when he came down to K the little girl said her breath just absolutely stopt, and when the name Keller was called, she heard a clear, boyish voice answer without a tremor, "Ready" to his name.—R. E. Speer, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (2732)

Response—See Character.

Response of God—See Fatherhood.

RESPONSIBILITY

God has crammed both thy palms with living seed;
Let not a miser's clutch keep both hands tight,
But scatter on the desert's barren need,
That fragrant blossoms may reward God's sight.

God has dipt deep thy cup into his spring,
Which drippeth over, it is so well filled;
Lend it to some parched life, and let it bring
Laughter and song to voices drought has stilled.

God gave to thee His only well-loved Christ,
Whose steps have smoothed the road that leads thee home;
Tell those whose road is rough, whose way is missed,
That He has called all weary men to come.

So shall thy giving set for thee God's smile,
And thine own soul drink deep draughts of His love;
Earth's shadows shall grow bright as heaven, the while
A web of glory round thy life is wove.
—*The British Congregationalist.*
(2733)

Dignity sometimes goes down before a solemn responsibility. Susannah Wesley started some prayer-meetings in her house. When her husband, the rector, heard of it, it seemed to him to infringe on the dignity of the Anglican order and he wrote to her in disapproval of the meetings. Her reply is quoted in part by Rev. W. H. Fitchett:

If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you desire me to do this; for that will not satisfy my conscience. But send me your positive command, in such full and express terms as may absolve me from guilt and punishment for neglecting this opportunity for doing good when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ.

That terrible sentence was too much for the little rector, and the meetings were continued until he returned from London.—"Wesley and His Century." (2734)

Men are often exalted in their best moral attitudes by being entrusted with great responsibilities. Thus Lamar Fontaine writes:

I received from Major Livingston Mimms, the chief quartermaster of the Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana, and also of Johnston's army, a *carte blanche* on the Confederate treasurer, in these words:

"The Confederate States treasurer will honor any draft presented to him signed by Lamar Fontaine."

As I realized the immensity of the trust that this paper conveyed to me, and imposed upon my integrity, I trembled and could hardly sit on my steed, but there arose in my heart a something, a feeling beyond my powers to describe. I was transported to a higher, better plane than I had ever before trod, and a determination that all the gold of earth could not have purchased.—"My Life and My Lectures." (2735)

We may often accomplish more by putting responsibility on others rather than exercising it ourselves:

Daniel O'Connell had to defend a prisoner for a capital crime, and the defense was said by the attorney to be hopeless. Sergeant Lefroy happened to be acting for the judge, who had been suddenly indisposed, and being then young and his character known to O'Connell, the latter purposely put several inadmissible questions to the witness, which, of course, were objected to by the opposite counsel. The sergeant at last rather peremptorily stopt further questions of the same kind. O'Connell then, with great warmth, said, "As you refuse me permission to defend my client, I leave his fate in your hands—his blood be on your head if he be condemned." He left the court at once with majestic stride, in a huff, and paced up and down outside the court for half an hour. At the end of that time his attorney rushed out of court, exclaiming, "He's acquitted! he's acquitted!" This stratagem was successful, and O'Connell with complacency told his friends that he had intended to throw the responsibility of the conviction on the judge. (Text.)—Croake James, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (2736)

One of the particulars in which we are drawn away from our traditions is in respect to the make-up and government of society, and it is in that respect we should retrace our steps and preserve our traditions; because we are suffering ourselves to drift away from the old standards, and we say, with a shrug of the shoulders, that we are not responsible for it; that we have not changed the age, tho the age has changed us. We feel very much as the Scotchman did who entered the fish-market. His dog, being inquisitive, investigated a basket of lobsters, and while he was nosing about incautiously one of the lobsters got hold of his tail, whereupon he went down the street with the lobster as a pendant. Says the man, "Whustle to your dog, mon." "Nay, nay, mon," quoth the Scotchman, "you whustle for your lobster."—Woodrow Wilson.
(2737)

See Desires, Inordinate.

RESPONSIBILITY AFFECTS JUDGMENT

Judge Collamore, who for many years was a distinguished United States Senator from Vermont, used to illustrate his troubles by this story:

He was sitting on the porch of his law office during a recess of Congress, when a farmer drove by and said, "Judge, my conscience troubles me so I can not sleep, about keeping four millions of fellow human beings with the same souls and the same Creator as ourselves in slavery. With all this wealth, I am sure that we, as a nation and as a people individually, will be curst unless slavery is abolished. Now, it is hardly fair to destroy the property of the South, who are not directly responsible, and so I think we ought to all bear our share and buy them out."

Senator Collamore replied: "Well, in part I think you are right. Now, let's see practically how it works out. The estimated price is four thousand millions of dollars. It would have to be raised by a direct tax proportioned among the States. Vermont's share would be so many millions. This county, so many hundreds of thousands, this town so many tens of thousands." Sitting in the same place the next afternoon, and greeting friends as they passed to and from the market, the old Puritan farmer reappeared. Reining up his horses, he shouted: "Judge, I have been thinking over that question. Crops are poor, taxes are high; I don't think we need bother just at present about them infernal niggers." (2738)

RESPONSIBILITY EVADED

When the Massachusetts Sixth was there in Baltimore and being mobbed, and stood for a long time perfectly patient till their officers commanded them to fire, a long Yankee—who had stood watching this crowd and saw that the poor ruffians round about were merely the tools of the respectable scoundrels standing away across the square on boxes and barrels—stept out from the ranks and drew his bead and sent a bullet through one scoundrel's heart, and knocked him like a pigeon off a branch. In Baltimore I heard the other side of that story, when a clergyman of that city told me, "We lost a good deal out of our church that day." "Ah?" said I, "how was that?" "Well, one of the class-leaders of our church was down there looking-on. He stood on a box on the other side of the square; he was not among the crowd at all, but a stray bullet came across the end of the square and shot him!" He was one of those broadclothed scoundrels, with a gold-headed cane, surrounding those poor fellows, and ought to have been shot.—Henry Ward Beecher. (2739)

Responsibility for Others—See Mutualism.

RESPONSIBILITY OF GREATNESS

Does some Napoleon "wade through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind," and break the hearts of a million peasant women, and handicap the careers of ten millions of orphan children? Recently when I used Napoleon in an address as an illustration of unbridled and selfish ambition, and spoke of him as a man raised up to correct the abuses of the French Revolution, who ought to have imitated Washington and Jefferson, and as a man of patriotism all compact concluded his career without a mixture of meanness and sin, a score of people wrote protesting against judging Napoleon by the ordinary standards of morality. Does Goethe forget the law of marriage? For thirty years cast the reins loose on the neck of passion? Use a score of women as material and dynamic for literary work? It is said Goethe was too great to be held down to the ordinary petty rules that control the limited career of peasant souls. Does Byron forget the law of sobriety, and fling himself into wild excesses and lift the cup of flame to his lips? It is said that Byron is a child of genius, quite beyond the pale of convention. Does some Crœsus with the money-making gift get his hands on the reins of power use his secret knowledge to secure exemption from taxes and enjoy special privileges, freeing himself from economic duties that his competitors must bear, not only for themselves alone but for him? The excuse is that the moral laws that hold for those that buy and sell a few pounds of groceries are to be laid on the table and abrogated in the presence of the merchant princes owning uncounted millions.

The biographies of great men are filled with excuses for great generals who have been selfish, of poets who have been wild and lawless, apologies for statesmen who have been drunken, merchants who have been false. And the whole world has suffered through this misconception. As men go toward greatness they go toward responsibility and obligation. It is true that the great man with his gifts must not be judged by ordinary rules—he must be held to extraordinary rules and standards doubly severe. Selfishness can be pardoned in a peasant soldier, not in a great general.—N. D. HILLIS. (2740)

Responsibility of Privilege—See PRIVILEGE INVOLVES RESPONSIBILITY.

Responsibility, Personal—See PLACE, FILLING ONE'S.

Responsibility, Sense of—See PERSONAL PREACHING.

RESPONSIBILITY, UNDESIRABLE

The following Lincoln anecdote is quoted in the *Literary Digest:*

One evening, just before the close of the Civil War, he had some visitors at the White House, among them some Senators and members of Congress. One of the guests asked the President what he would do with Jefferson Davis if he were captured. Crossing his legs and looking at his friends with that peculiar twinkle in his eyes, he said: "Gentlemen, that reminds me of an incident of my home in Illinois. One morning, when I was on my way to the office, I saw a small boy standing on a street corner crying as if his heart would break. I asked him what was the cause of his sorrow. He said, 'Mister, don't you see that coon?' pointing to a poor little beast that he had tied to a string. 'Well, that animal has given me a heap of trouble all the way along, and now he has nearly gnawed the string in two. I wish to goodness he would gnaw it in two and get away, so I could go home and tell my folks he had escaped from me.'" (2741)

RESPONSIVENESS

One of the wonders of China is the Bell Temple near Peking. Its great curiosity is the great bell. It was cast five centuries ago and weighs fifty-three and a half tons—the largest hanging bell in the world. It is covered all over with extracts from the Buddhist canon, in Chinese characters. It is rung by means of a huge hanging timber swung against it, calling forth tones the sweetest, most melodious, and resounding, as if echoing the chords of eternity. But the striking thing about this great bell is that its tones vary in proportion to the quality of the sounding-board receiving them.

Does not a ringing truth or a loving deed depend upon the response it gets? (2742)

We are told that if one were to suspend a bell weighing a hundred tons, and a little child were to stand beneath it and play upon a flute, the vibrations of the air produced by the playing of the flute would cause the bell to tremble like a living thing and resound through all its mass.

As bell responds to flute, so the heart of the Christian responds to the music of the message that issues from that manger cradle of the Babe of Bethlehem. The time will come when the music from that manger shall melt into itself all earth's Babel sounds and fill the world with harmony.—J. D. FREEMAN, "Concerning the Christ." (2743)

REST

There is no music in a rest, but there is the making of music in it. In our whole life-melody the music is broken off here and there by "rests," and we foolishly think that we have come to the end of the time. God sends a time of forced leisure, sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts, and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent, and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator. How does the musician read the rest? See him beat the time with unvarying counts and catch up the next note true and steady, as if no breaking place had come between. Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the time, and not be dismayed at the "rests." They are not to be slurred over, not to be omitted, not to destroy the melody, not to change the keynote. If we look up, God Himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on Him, we shall strike the next note full and clear. If we say sadly to ourselves, "There is no music in a rest," let us not forget "there is making of music in it." (2744)

Rest-day, Weekly—See SUNDAY WORK DISCONTINUED.

RESTITUTION

One of the strangest wills ever made was that of George Brown, Jr., the noted gambler and race-horse man, which was filed in the Probate Court at Kansas City, Mo., recently. "It is my desire, as far as possible," a clause of the will reads, "to repay every person, man, woman and child, any money which I may have won from him by gambling during my lifetime; and I direct my executor to make efforts to learn their names and reimburse them to the full amount, with interest from the day the money was won." This penitent gambler has set an example here which it would be well for those to follow who make larger pretensions to integrity. There are some wrongs to fellow men which never can be repaired, but there are others that can and should be made right. (Text.) (2745)

General John Gibson, of Ohio, in old age was asked what he was doing. Said he: "Well, I am a very old man, and I suppose that most people would think I am not doing much of anything. But, to tell the truth, I am trying to hunt up every person whom I have wronged in life, and if I can find them, to ask their forgiveness and make atonement for all the wrongs I have done. And I am trying to be as good and kind and loving to all my neighbors as I know how. And I am becoming one of the biggest beggars for mercy at the Bank of Grace you ever saw. In short, during the little time that is left me on earth, I am fixing up for a mighty big funeral."

It is no small duty to make amends for all the wrong-doing of a life whether long or short. (2746)

RESTORATION

The following illustration is from a sermon by Dr. Henry Van Dyke:

The portrait of Dante is painted on the walls of the Bargello, at Florence. For many years it was supposed that the picture had utterly perished. Men had heard of it but no one living had ever seen it. But presently came an artist who was determined to find it again. He went into the place where tradition said that it had been painted. The room was used as a storeroom for lumber and straw. The walls were covered with dirty whitewash. He had the heaps of rubbish carried away, and patiently and carefully removed the whitewash from the wall. Lines and colors long hidden began to appear, and at last the grave, lofty, noble face of the great poet looked out again upon the world of light.

"That was wonderful," you say; "that was beautiful!" Not half so wonderful as the work which Christ came to do in the heart of man—to restore the forgotten image of God and bring the divine image to the light. (2747)

The blood of Christ is a symbol under which is often described the vitality of divine life restoring the image of God in the soul of the sinner. An illustration from nature of this process may be found in this extract:

A valuable discovery has been made whereby the faded ink on old parchments may be so restored as to render the writing perfectly legible. The process consists in moistening the paper with water, and then passing over the lines in writing a brush which has been wet in a solution of ammonia. The writing will immediately appear quite dark in color; and this color, in the case of parchment, it will preserve. On paper, however, the color gradually fades again; but it may be restored at pleasure by the application of the sulfid. The explanation of the action of this substance is very simple. The iron which enters into the composition of the ink is transformed by the reaction into black sulfid.—*Electrical Review.* (2748)

See Nature's Recuperative Powers.

RESTORATION IN NATURE

"It is a libel on Nature," says Dr. Ambrose Shepherd, "to declare that it never forgives. On the contrary, Nature is ever seeking to repair injuries and to forgive errors."

Every surgeon knows that but for nature's restoring tendencies his skill would be applied in vain. Illustrative demonstrations of these beneficent proclivities multiply daily. When an accident happens in which a limb is broken, what follows? With surgical assistance the fracture is set and the limb is bound up and left to rest for a time. Nature instantly, delicately, but powerfully and unerringly begins the beautiful and wonderful process of reparation. The cementing of the broken parts is mysteriously inaugurated. But, of course, much depends on a man's previous life. If he has been a wise man, nature works rapidly; if a fool, more slowly; but nature always seeks to work in the direction of restoration. (Text.) (2749)

RESTORING GOD'S IMAGE

Not long ago, a lady living in Hartford, Conn., bought at an auction in New York a painting begrimed with smoke and dirt. Her friends laughed at her for buying such a "worthless daub," but she took the picture to a restorer of old paintings, who, after hours of patient labor in removing the dirt, brought to view a beautiful sixteenth century painting, representing a mother with her children. The painting is of almost priceless value. The penny they brought the Master was coined from base metal, but the image on it gave it value.

We are made in the image of God, and that makes us precious in His sight. The skin may be black or yellow, or brown or white—it matters not. Sin may have obscured the image, but we are Christ's coins; He paid a great price for us, and seeks in every possible way to restore in us the image of Himself. (Text.) (2750)

RESTRAINT

A traveler among the Alpine heights says:

We were at the foot of Mt. Blanc, in the village of Chamouni. A sad thing had happened the day before we reached the village. A young physician, of Boston, had determined to reach the heights of Mt. Blanc. He accomplished the feat, and the little village was illuminated in his honor; the flag was flying from the little hut on the mountain side—that all who have visited Chamouni well remember—that told of his victory. But after he had ascended and descended in safety, as far as the hut, he wanted then to be relieved from his guide; he wanted to be free from the rope, and he insisted that he could go alone. The guide remonstrated with him, told him it was not safe, but he was tired of the rope and declared he would be free of it. The guide had to yield. The young man had only gone a short distance when his foot slipt on the ice and he could not stop himself from sliding down the inclined icy steeps. The rope was gone so the guide could not hold him or pull him back. And out on a shelving piece of ice lay the dead body of the young physician, as it was pointed out to me. The bells had been rung, the village illuminated in honor of his success, but, alas, in a fatal moment he refused to be guided; he was tired of the rope.

The restraints of life are usually salutary. Those of the gospel always so. (Text.) (2751)

Wild forces may be sublime and majestic, but it is when force submits to authority that it becomes power for usefulness, for service, for benefit.

Venice lies in a lovely and gentle series of lagoons. The sea, which is terrible in storms when it is uncircumscribed, has here built barriers of sand in which it becomes self-restrained. In the lagoons the Adriatic is tamed to rest, and even in furious weather it remains tranquil. It has lost its recklessness and terror but has gained in beauty, reflecting everything in pictures of incomparable loveliness. The sea at Venice by sacrifice enters into service and ministers both utility and charm to humanity. Over the quiet lagoons are built scores of bridges, and along their borders stand lines of stately edifices, and here stands in its matchless beauty a city unique in the world. (Text.) (2752)

See PROHIBITION.

RESULTS AS EVIDENCE

I get into what were once the Black Lands, of Arizona, known as the great American desert, and I find it blossoming with fertility, and I say, "How is this?" The reply is that irrigation has been established. How can you prove it? Look about you. It is interesting to know what engineers built the reservoirs on the mountain tops and how much they cost, but the evidence that they have been built are the rills of water running through the land and the crops growing there. Now I look upon the world that nineteen centuries ago was desert and I see flowers of hope and fruits of love and visions of faith springing up. That is the evidence.—LYMAN ABBOTT. (2753)

RESULTS ENLARGED BY GOD

When David Livingstone went to Africa there was a Scottish woman by the name of Mrs. MacRobert who was quite advanced in years. As she was unable to go herself she gave Livingstone thirty pounds which she had saved and said, "When you go into Africa I want you to spare yourself unnecessary exposure and bodily toil by hiring some competent servant, who shall go with you wherever you go and share your sacrifices and your exposures." With that money he hired the faithful Sebalwe, who saved him from death by a lion, and this added those last thirty years of wonderful service to the world. (2754)

Results not Processes — See Silent Processes.

RESULTS OF GOOD DEEDS

Charles Mackay writes of the good that is done by apparently insignificant services:

A little stream had lost its way
  Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
  Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in and hung with care
  A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
  But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
  By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
  And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
  That thronged the daily mart
Let fall a word of hope and love,
  Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
  A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
  It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
  O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
  But mighty at the last. (2755)

Results Unforeseen—See One, Winning.

RESULTS VERSUS DISPLAY

It is not by the number of discourses that you can test the effect of the ministry of any preacher, but has it brought those who heard him nearer to the divine life, nearer to the life in God? Sir Astley Cooper, when in Paris once, met the chief surgeon in France, who told him about a difficult operation he had performed. He said: "I have performed this operation 160 times; how often have you performed it?" Sir Astley replied: "I have performed it thirteen times." "And how many of your operations were successful?" "Eleven of my cases have lived," said Sir Astley; "how many of yours?" The great French surgeon replied: "All my 160 cases have died, but the operation was most brilliant." (2756)

RESURRECTION

The following gives an idea of the strong faith of D. L. Moody; it is the law of the resurrection in operation:

"Some day," he said, "you will read in the papers that D. L. Moody is dead. Don't you believe a word of it. At that moment I shall be more alive than I am now. That which is born of the spirit will live forever." (Text.) (2757)

See Judgment Day.

RESUSCITATION

Lamar Fontaine describes his sensations when he was about to be buried alive after being desperately wounded on the battle-field:

Some time in the night I heard the approach of voices and the tramp of men. Soon I heard the sound of picks and spades and caught the gleam of lanterns, and knew a burial-party was on the field, and that surgeons, with their attendants, had come to pick up and care for the wounded. Again and again I tried to speak, but no sound came. Presently I felt the jar of the picks and spades as they dug a grave by my side, and then I felt a strong hand grasp my head and another my feet, and lift me clear of the ground. There was a sharp click, and then a loud buzzing sound in my ears, and my whole body was in an agony of pain. A fearful thirst tortured me. I spoke, and my friends let me drop suddenly to the ground. The jar awoke every faculty to life. I asked for water, and at once a strong light was flashed in my face, a rubber canteen applied to my lips, and I felt a life-giving stream of cold, refreshing water flow down my swollen throat, and seemingly into every part of my frame.—"My Life and My Lectures." (2758)

RETALIATION

During the South African War, when that country was under martial law, every letter which was sent home had to pass through the hands of the press censor.

A private in the Yorkshire Volunteers had sent four or five letters home, telling his parents about the doings of the regiment, which portions had been obliterated by the censor, and were therefore unreadable on their arrival at the destination.

He decided to get square with the censor, and at the foot of the next letter he wrote the following words:

"Please look under the stamp."

"At the censor's office the letter was opened and read as usual. The officer in charge spent some time in steaming the stamp from the envelop so that he could read the message which he was certain he would find there.

At last his patience was rewarded; but his feelings can be better imagined than described when he read these words:

"Was it hard to get off?"—*Tid-Bits.* (2759)

We never can tell when rudeness and ill-manners may return upon our own heads:

George Ade, in the early days of his career, before his "Fables in Slang" had brought him fame, says the New York *Tribune,* called one morning in Chicago upon a Sunday editor, on a mission from a theatrical manager.

"I have brought you this manuscript," he began, but the editor, looking up at the tall, timid youth, interrupted:

"Just throw the manuscript in the waste-basket, please," he said. "I'm very busy just now, and haven't time to do it myself."

Mr. Ade obeyed calmly. He resumed:

"I have come from the ——— Theater, and the manuscript I have just thrown in the waste-basket is your comic farce of 'The Erring Son,' which the manager asks me to return to you with thanks. He suggests that you sell it to an undertaker, to be read at funerals."

Then Mr. Ade smiled gently and withdrew. (2760)

RETARDATION

Many Christians converted years ago show no more progress than the subject of this sketch:

"There is a young man in England," says *The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette,* "who at the age of twenty-four is developing at the rate of only one-sixth of that of the average human being. At present he is learning his alphabet and can count up to ten only. During the last nineteen years he has eaten but three meals a week, has slept twenty-four hours and played twenty-four hours, without the slightest variation. In spite of his twenty-four years he looks no older than a boy of four or five and is only thirty-six inches in height. For the same period his development physically and mentally has been at only one-sixth the ordinary rate, while absolutely regular and perfect in every other way. At his birth this child weighed ten pounds and in no way differed from any other child. He grew and thrived in the usual way until he attained the age of five. Then his progress was suddenly and mysteriously arrested, and since then six years have been the same to him as one year to the normal person. He has attracted the attention of many medical and scientific men, more than one of whom has exprest the conviction that this remarkable man will live to be no less than three centuries old." (Text.) (2761)

RETICENCE

There are times and circumstances in which one may well refuse to be pumped of what he knows.

A Scotch laddie was summoned to give evidence against his father. "Come, my wee mon, tell us what ye ken aboot this affair." "Weel, ye ken Inverness Street?" "I do, laddie," said his worship. "Weel, ye gang along and turn into the square." "Yes, yes." "Turn to the right up into High Street till ye come to a pump." "I know the old pump well," said his honor. "Weel," added the laddie, "ye may gang and pump it, for ye'll no pump me." (2762)

RETORT, A

President Taft was hissed by a number of women when he was courageous enough to confess at the convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association that he was not altogether in favor of women having the right to vote. President Taft was welcoming the delegates to Washington, but told them frankly that he was not altogether in sympathy with the suffrage movement. He said he thought one of the dangers in granting suffrage to women is that women as a whole are not interested in it, and that the power of the ballot, so far as women are concerned, would be controlled "by the least desirable citizens." When these words fell from the President's lips the walls of the convention hall echoed a chorus of feminine hisses. It was no feeble demonstration of protest. The combined hisses sounded as if a valve on a steam-engine had broken, according to one correspondent. President Taft stood unmoved during the demonstration of hostilities, for the hisses lasted only a moment, and then smiling as he spoke he answered the unfavorable greeting with this retort: "Now, my dear ladies, you must show yourself capable of suffrage by exercising that degree of restraint which is necessary in the conduct of government affairs, by not hissing." The women who had made the demonstration were duly rebuked. The suffrage cause was undoubtedly hurt by the demonstration, as the President, regardless of his personal views, is entitled to consideration and respectful attention.—*Wisconsin Farmer.* (2763)

Retort Effecting a Change—See ECCENTRICITY.

RETORT, PERSONAL

Victor Hugo did not love the brilliant son of Alexander Dumas, and when the latter was a boy the poet was very fond of snubbing him. It is on record that one day young Dumas asked Victor Hugo why he did not allow his children to take walks and have talks with him. "It is," answered the poet, "because Mme. Hugo is alarmed about your morals. She is afraid you will lead away the boys; in short, you pass for having violent passions." "Monsieur," said the young Dumas, looking the poet in the eye, "if one has no passions at twenty he is likely to have vices at forty." A day or two afterward the elder Dumas, meeting with Hugo, said: "How do you like my son? Do you not think he is witty?" "Yes," said Hugo, "but he makes very bad use of his wit."—Philadelphia *Press.* (2764)

Retracing Steps—See BARRIERS.

RETREAT DISCOURAGED

The battle of the Cowpens, altho hardly more than a skirmish when tried by modern standards, was in its day, according to the British historian Stedman, "a very principal link in the chain of circumstances which led to the independence of America." To draw up an inferior force for a pitched battle directly in front of a broad river has always seemed to the military critics very imprudent. But this very act showed the daring and the foresight of Morgan. When blamed he afterward answered: "I would not have had a swamp in view of my militia on any consideration; they would have made for it, and nothing could have detained them from it. . . . As to retreat, it was the very thing I wished to cut off all hope of. I would have thanked Tarleton had he surrounded me with his cavalry." Braver and shrewder words never were spoken by a military commander.—THOMAS W. HIGGINSON. (2765)

RETRIBUTION IN THE INDIVIDUAL

What is true of the mass is first true of the atom; what is true of the ocean is first true of the drop. It is easy to see the law of retribution when it is exemplified in the broad effects of national calamity, but not so easy to apprehend its action in the individual fortune. We stand in awe over the shattered greatness and buried splendor of Egypt, Babylon, Judea, Phoenicia, Greece; but the ruin that sin works in the individual destiny is just as certain, and infinitely more awful. If we could once see a soul in ruins, we should never speak again of Nineveh, Memphis, Jerusalem, Tyre, Athens. "Deceive not yourselves." (Text.)—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (2766)

RETRIBUTION INEVITABLE

With great injustice and cruelty the French drove out the Huguenots, but in expelling these sons of faith, genius, industry, virtue, the French fatally impoverished their national life, and they are suffering to-day from these missing elements which none may restore. It is impossible for a people to increase in material wealth and political consideration while its true grandeur, its greatness of soul, is gradually passing away. Very strange and subtle are the causes of the decay of nations, and little by little, quite unconsciously, does a people lose the great qualities which made it. Poets lose their fire, artists their imagination, merchants their enterprise, statesmen their sagacity, soldiers their heroism, the people their self-control; literature becomes commonplace, art lifeless, great men dwindle into mediocrities, good men perish from the land, and the glory of a nation departs, leaving only a shell, a shadow, a memory. Retribution may not come suddenly, but it will come.—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (2767)

Retribution, Just—See RESPONSIBILITY EVADED.

RETRIBUTION, THE LAW OF

For centuries did the kings and nobles of France oppress the peasantry. It is impossible for us to think adequately of the vast, hopeless wretchedness of the people from the cradle to the grave. When Louis XVI came to the throne it seemed incredible that the long-suffering people would ever avenge themselves upon the powerful classes by whom they were ground to the dust, and yet by a marvelous series of events the "wounded men" arose in awful wrath, burning palaces with fire and trampling greatness under foot. "Pierced through" were those hungry, hopeless millions; but the day of doom came, and every bleeding wretch arose invincible with torch and sword.—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (2768)

RETRIEVED SITUATION, A

When Senator Hanna was walking through his factory in Cleveland some years ago, says *The National Magazine*, on the lookout for new ideas, or anything which would aid the progress of business, he overheard a little red-headed lad remark:

"Wish I had old Hanna's money, and he was in the poorhouse."

The Senator returned to his office and rang to have the boy sent to him. The boy came to the office timidly, just a bit conscience-stricken, wondering if his remark had been overheard and ready for the penalty. As the lad twisted his hands and nervously stood on one foot before the gaze of those twinkling dark eyes fixt on him by the man at the desk, he felt the hand of Uncle Mark on his shoulder.

"So you wish you had old Hanna's money, and he was in the poorhouse, eh? Suppose your wish should be granted, what would you do?"

"Why," stammered the lad, "the first thing I would do, sir, would be to get you out of the poorhouse."

The Senator laughed and sent the boy back to his work. To-day he is one of the managers of a large factory, but he never tires of telling the story that held his first job. (2769)

Retrogression—See DOWN GRADE, THE.

RETROSPECT

We all know what distance does. Standing on the floor of a cathedral in St. Petersburg, the loud conversation of the multitudes surging in and out seems to roar in the ear. But standing in the tiny dome, three hundred feet above, all the harshness is strained out and the sounds become song. Those who dwell inland know how the trees strain out the roughness, and the surge and the roar of the waves turn to music, falling on the fluted tree-tops. Near at hand the frescoes in the cathedral dome are blotches of blue and red; from the floor beneath they melt into the most exquisite tints, and shaded lines proclaim the genius of an artist. For the architect planned that dome to be seen from afar, and God plans the events of childhood and youth to be surveyed from the summit of maturity.—N. D. HILLIS. (2770)

Reunion—See FUTURE REUNION.

Revealing Stolen Property—See EXPOSURE.

Revelation—See UTTERANCE.

Revenge—See ANGER, FUTILE.

REVENGE, A CHRISTIAN'S

A bed in the Bannu mission hospital in India is known as "The Christian's Revenge." It is supported by a sister of Captain Conolly, who was cruelly murdered by order of the Ameer of Bokhara after long incarceration and many tortures, because he refused to become a Mussulman. She endowed this bed twenty-one years after the captain's death, when a full account of his sufferings, written by his own hand in prison, came unexpectedly to light, a little prayer-book containing the record coming into the hands of his relatives.

That bed is an object-lesson to the inmates and visitors of the hospital, teaching the gentle and forgiving spirit that the gospel of Jesus ever breathes and inculcates. (2771)

REVERENCE FOR PARENTS

The family of Jonathan Edwards consisted of three sons and eight daughters. It is said that when Mr. Edwards and his wife entered the room the children rose and remained standing until father and mother were seated. (Text.) (2772)

REVERSED ATTITUDE

The moral health of some could be restored only by turning their thoughts and inclinations upside down, as patients are treated according to this description:

In France, when a patient is under chloroform, on the slightest symptom appearing of failure of the heart, they turn him nearly upside down—that is, with his head downward and his heels in the air. This, they say, always restores him; and such is their faith in the efficacy of this method that the operating tables in the Paris hospitals are made so that in an instant they can be elevated with one end in the air, so as to bring the patient into a position resembling that of standing on the head.—*Scientific American.* (2773)

Reversion of Nature—See CIRCULATION IMPEDED.

REVIVAL

In some neglected church-yards there are old inscriptions so moss-grown and weather-beaten that they can no longer be easily deciphered. So there are men who in early life were marked by high and noble principles, which the wear of the world has almost destroyed in them. They need a thorough regeneration to revive the old lines and ideals of duty and character. (2774)

Like pneumatic tires, the Church needs to be "pumped up" by special efforts from time to time. The same is true of the individual.

Pneumatic tires, whether on a bicycle or an automobile, always become more or less deflated in the course of time, even when there is no puncture and the valves are perfectly tight. All cyclists and chauffeurs know that a tire needs pumping up, from time to time, to keep it hard and rigid. This is because the enclosed air constantly tends to escape through the envelop; the phenomenon, which is due to what chemists call osmose, is quite complex and is worth attention. (Text.)—*Cosmos.* (2775)

Reviving the Forgotten—See MEMORY RENEWED.

REVOLUTION, CAUSES OF

It becomes us to watch carefully against crowding society to that point of compression where the mass of men have nothing to lose and little to live for, with the balance rather in favor of dying. Then the last argument, the bayonet, fails against a people whom it is of no use to kill. They are the innumerable majority. A citizen soldiery sickens at the work of slaughter, and like the soldiers of France in the Revolution, will walk over to the mob, guns and all. Then, what are you going to do? How far are our great cities from that condition? Go through the "slums" and see. Look at the wan faces leaning from high windows for a breath of what is not the air of heaven. See the pallid little children in broken rocking-chairs sitting out on the balconies of the fire-escapes, or the five-year-old holding the two-year-old from falling out as they lean over the window-sill. Coming on the elevated road through such a scene one sultry evening lately, the writer saw a woman sitting near a window with a look of unutterable sadness; and, while we looked, a stout man in shirt sleeves came across the room, stooped down and kissed her. She looked up at him pitifully but despairingly, shook her head, and began wiping away the tears. Then the swift train whirled us from where hearts were breaking. It is ill for such men to reach the point where they know that no toil, no frugality, no self-denial can make things any better to-morrow, or next year, or ten years hence—that no work of arm or brain can lift his face from the grindstone, and that this—or worse—is all the inheritance he can leave his children. Then the sight of a carriage with gold-caparisoned horses, a flash of a diamond, or the sweep of a silk dress will make that man clench his fist. Thousands of such will pull down a Bastile with their bare hands. And in the midst of all this, social leaders withdraw into a little clique and parade and proclaim their fewness—they are "the Four Hundred."—J. C. FERNALD, *The Statesman.* (2776)

Reward for Service—See COURAGE, MORAL.

REWARD, RIDICULOUS

During the heavy rains and floods in the cantons of Geneva and Vaud at the end of January (1910), a Swiss railway gatekeeper at level crossing named Allaman, hearing an unusual hissing sound, walked along the lines, having a presentiment that there was something wrong. He found that a stream flowing from the Jura mountains into Lake Geneva had become a torrent, and overflowing its banks had swept away about thirty yards of the permanent way, leaving the rails suspended in the air.

As the Geneva-Lausanne express traveling at sixty miles an hour was due in a few minutes and would be precipitated into the torrent with its sixty passengers, Allaman ran to his little house for a red flag and stopt the express fifty yards from the suspended rails, and then returned home pleased with the fact that he had prevented a terrible accident. Some days ago the news of the affair arrived at the Bern headquarters of the Federal Railway Company, and the Swiss managers thought that such an act on the part of a gatekeeper should be rewarded.

Allaman received his reward this morning for saving the express and its sixty travelers from destruction. The reward was 8s., which works out at 1½d. a life.

If the accident had occurred the Federal Railway Company would have been obliged to pay between £8,000 and £10,000 damages.—Pittsburg *Sun*. (2777)

REWARD, THOUSANDFOLD

In India a number of years ago there lived a good Christian English judge who was a warm supporter of missions. It came to his ears that a certain rich native, possessor of an indigo farm, had been cast out of his home and had lost everything because of acknowledging Christ as Lord. "Let him come to me," said the judge, "I will employ him as a household servant." So Norbuder came and was child's attendant in the judge's family. Every evening after dinner the judge assembled the household for family prayers, and read the Scripture from the native version. One day he came to the verse, "There is no man that hath left home or parents or brethren or wife or children for the kingdom of God's sake who shall not receive an hundredfold and shall inherit everlasting life." The judge paused and looked at the dark eyes fixt on him, and said, "None of us have left houses or lands or wife or children for Christ's sake but you, Norbuder. Will you tell us, is it true what this verse says?" Quietly Norbuder took up the Mahratti Testament and read the verse through. Then he raised his hand and said, "He says He gives a hundredfold; I know He gives a thousandfold." (2778)

Rewards, Pecuniary—See Motive, Mercenary.

REWARDS, SPIRITUAL

Here is a boy, who, in sweeping out the shop to-morrow morning, finds sixpence lying among the orange-boxes. Well, nobody has missed it. He puts it in his pocket, and it begins to burn a hole there. By breakfast-time he wishes that sixpence were in his master's pocket. And by and by he goes to his master. He says (to himself, and not to his master), "I was at the Boys' Brigade yesterday, and I was to seek first that which was right." Then he says to his master, "Please, sir, here is sixpence that I found upon the floor." The master puts it in the till. What has the boy got in his pocket? Nothing; but he has got the kingdom of God in his heart. He has laid up treasure in heaven, which is of infinitely more worth than sixpence. Now, that boy does not find a shilling on his way home. I have known that to happen, but that is not what is meant by "adding." It does not mean that God is going to pay him in his own coin, for He pays in better coin. (Text.)—Henry Drummond. (2779)

Rhythm—See Music, Good Cheer in.

Riches—See Wealth, Comparative.

RICHES, IMAGINARY

A Russian folk-story tells of a man who entered a diamond-mine in quest of riches. He filled his pockets with precious stones, and forthwith flung them all away to make room for larger ones. Thirst coming on, he was dismayed to find that there was no water. In his delirium he imagined he could hear the flow of water, which proved, however, to be the flow of gems and jewels running in rivers and falling in cascades.

Only one thing could meet his need in his dire distress, and that was, not imaginary wealth, but real water. So it is with the soul. (Text.) (2780)

RICHES UNREALIZED

George Macdonald, in one of his stories, tells of a father and his daughter who lived in an old Scotch castle in poverty, while all the time in a secret cupboard were masses of jewels which had been put there by an ancestor long years before.

Many a soul is living in poverty of life and experience equally ignorant of the wealth of joy and service that has been laid up for him in the purpose of God. (Text.) (2781)

Riddles of Life—See SPHINX, THE.

RIDICULE, APT

A very self-respecting and self-asserting bon vivant showed his desire to cut down the fees of waiters to a minimum and at the same time to ridicule the whole system. As the waiter held out his itching palm for the gratuity the epicure dropt a cent into it. "Oh, sir, you've made a mistake!" blurted out the waiter. "No," replied the donor, with an air of dignified benevolence; "I never give less."—TAVERNER, Boston *Post*. (2782)

Ridicule Rebuked—See KINDNESS.

Right and Wrong—See ETHICAL PRINCIPLE.

RIGHT LIVING

What is right living? Just to do your best
When worst seems easiest. To bear the ills
Of daily life with patient cheerfulness,
Nor waste dear time recounting them. To talk
Of hopeful things when doubt is in the air.
To count your blessings often, giving thanks,
And to accept your sorrows silently,
Nor question why you suffer. To accept
The whole of life as one perfected plan,
And welcome each event as part of it.
To work, and love your work; to trust, to pray
For larger usefulness and clearer sight,
This is right living, pleasing in God's eyes.
—ANONYMOUS.
(2783)

RIGHT, TRIUMPH OF

Too apt are we to forget the need of patience and to lose sight of the promise of a sure reward to those who are not weary in well-doing.

For two generations in the Turkish Empire, during the latter half of the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth, the world at large took little notice of the obscure party known as the Young Turks, seeing that its representatives for a long period consisted mainly of exiles whose lot seemed to be hopeless. But one day it was reported to the amazement of the whole world that six hundred young officers of the Turkish army had gone up to the mountains at Monastir, and had startled the Sultan by sending a telegram to Constantinople demanding the convocation of the Parliament which he had suppress long before. Rigid orders were immediately sent from the capital to shoot them to the very last man. Now these officers formed the flower and hope of the country. They were brave, cultured, and patriotic, and the rest of the army well-knew their quality. The regiment from Anatolia sent to shoot them not only refused to raise arms against their brethren, but immediately joined them, and regiment after regiment followed suit. Then came the revolution and the reward of those who had waited so long. (Text.) (2784)

RIGHT VERSUS EXPEDIENCY

During the unparalleled excitement caused by Wilkes' outlawry in 1768, Lord Mansfield, on pronouncing the judgment of the King's Bench reversing the outlawry, discoursed on the terrors held out against judges, and the attempts at intimidating them. He said: "I honor the king and respect the people, but many things acquired by the favor of either are in my account objects not worth ambition. I wish popularity; but it is that popularity which follows not that which is run after; it is that popularity which sooner or later never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. I will not do that which my conscience tells me is wrong upon this occasion to gain the huzzas of thousands, or the daily praise of all the papers which come from the press. I will not avoid doing what I think is right tho it should draw on me the whole artillery of libels—all that falsehood and malice can invent, or the credulity of a deluded populace can swallow." (Text.)—CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (2785)

Righteousness—See CONVICTIONS, STRONG.

Rights Preferred to Privilege—See POLITENESS.

RISK

It is better to go down on the great seas which human hearts were made to sail than to rot at the wharves in ignoble anchorage.—HAMILTON W. MABIE. (2786)

RISK SHIFTED

A young lady, in giving her reasons for preferring a particular church, remarked that she "liked it best because it allowed its members to dance." She had been brought up to regard this as inconsistent for a professor of religion. She could not help feeling that it was running a risk to try to get to heaven and carry the world with her. But here was comfort. She had found a religious guide on which she could, as she fancied, shift off the responsibility. Instead of deciding for herself, in the light of Christ's teachings, she chose to take a second-hand opinion of a mere man as a rule.

One is reminded of an incident related by Dr. Whately, of an old bridge which had long been thought unsafe even for foot passengers. People usually went a considerable distance around rather than venture upon it. But one evening a woman in great haste came up to the bridge before she reflected on its unsafe condition. It was late, and she had yet to dress for a party. She could not go all the way around, tho still afraid to venture. At last a happy thought seemed to strike her. She called for a sedan chair, and was carried over. Now the young lady who desired to follow the world and go to heaven too, was afraid to trust her own judgment on the subject of dancing. She feared the tottering arch might give way, and she be lost forever. To make all safe, she added to the weight of her own chance of error the additional chances of her human authority being wrong also. (2787)

Risking Life—See Coolness in Danger.

Rivalry—See Stimulus from Rivalry.

RIVERS OF GOD

The Rev. Thomas G. Selby says:

Copious and unfailing rivers run just beneath the burning desolations of the Sahara. Twenty or thirty feet under the sand-drifts there is an impervious sheet of rock which prevents the escape of the collected rain-waters. It is easy to see the oasis, but not so easy to track the windings of the hidden river. The skilled engineer can get at the river, bring it up through his wells, and change the desert into an earthly paradise.

Society at large is not the dreary, all-devouring, illimitable ethical waste we often imagine. The rivers of God flow under natures we call reprobate, and create penitential moods which are the earnest of a coming righteousness. It is easy to map out the strips of moral fruitfulness which appear here and there in the world, but not so easy to find the deep secret contrition of those who are often classed as abandoned outcasts. The Savior of the world has an insight into character which enables him to see promise where men less sympathetic and discerning see the black marks of reprobation; and the angels share the visions of the Lord on whom they wait. It is by His art, as the Prophet of coming good, that the desert is made to bloom.—"The Divine Craftsman." (2788)

Robbery, Moral—See Repentance, Late.

ROBBING JUSTIFIED

A wife has a right to rob her husband, in some cases, according to a decision of Judge Gemmell in the Municipal Court (Chicago). Gustave H. DeKolkey had had his wife arrested for taking money from him by force.

"My wife robbed me right in my own home," said DeKolkey. "She got a boarder and her brother to help hold me. Then she went through my pockets and got $11."

Mrs. DeKolkey was led up in front of the court's desk.

"Did you rob him?" asked the judge.

"Yes, I did," she said. "There was no other way to get money out of him. He hasn't given me a cent for over a year. So I decided to rob him. I called my brother and we held him and I got what was in his pockets."

"This is a plain case of robbery," said the judge, "but it was perfectly justifiable under the circumstances. The defendant is discharged. A wife has the right to hold up her husband when he squanders his wages and does not give her enough for her support." (2789)

Rock of Ages—See Security.

Room Enough—See Upward, Look.

ROOT CONNECTION

To-day I have been transplanting magnolia-trees. There is one that stands among the earliest I planted, twenty years ago, and now it is a vast ball of white. I suppose five hundred thousand magnificent cups are exhaling thanksgiving to God after the long winter has passed. Now, no man need tell me that the root that nestles in the ground is as handsome or smells as sweet as these vases in the air; but I should like to know what would become of all these white cups in the air if the connection between those dirt-covered roots and the blossoms should be cut to-night. The root is the prime provider, and there can be no life and no blossom where there is no root connection.—Henry Ward Beecher. (2790)

ROTE VERSUS REASON

Soon after I had left school—and when I was a freshman at college—I made the acquaintance of a young man of about my own age who possest a most marvelous memory, while he also showed most marvelous mental density. He had occasion to pass examination in Euclid, as we all of us did at the university at those times, and one would have said that he would have been singularly successful in these examinations, for, tho he had only read through our college Euclid once, he could recite or write out the whole of it; or, if preferred, he could begin at any point where one might start him and reproduce any quantity *verbatim et literatim—atque punctuatim*—so far as that was concerned. But not only was he utterly unable to understand a word of it all, he had not even brains enough to keep his real ignorance of Euclid to himself. He was always forgetting the good old rule *ne quid nimis,* and as he did not know where to stop in his marvelous recitations, the examiners naturally came to the conclusion, perfectly justified by the facts, that he knew his Euclid by heart, but knew nothing about geometry. —Richard A. Proctor, New York *Mail and Express.* (2791)

ROUTINE

Commenting on the well-known dislike of the late Russell Sage for vacations, *Forest and Stream* says: "An office dig who digs voluntarily is as uneasy and as unhappy on a holiday as were those Pennsylvania mine mules which, on the occasion of the coal strike, were for the first time in many years lifted to the surface and turned out into the green fields in the sunlight. The poor creatures were in actual pain until they got back again into the darkness and the close atmosphere in the mine. The trouble with them was, that their whole nature as surface-dwellers had been supplanted by the attributes common to moles and the blind fishes of Mammoth Cave, and they could not stand in the open air and the light. So with a human being under the obsession of inordinate money-getting. The loss of time is only one component of the restlessness which attacks him after he gets away from the rut. His nature has become so molded and restricted to the ruling passion that he has lost capacity for finding employment in other things, least of all in vacation surroundings and vacation ways." (2792)

ROYALTY

Where was the real royalty as between the two individuals mentioned in this historic incident?

It was arranged by his friends that Doctor Morrison should be presented to George IV that he might bestow a copy of the Chinese Bible upon His Majesty. Who would not have liked to witness the interview! On the throne sat "the handsomest prince in Christendom, the finest gentleman of Europe" (so his courtiers told him), but whom Thackeray dubs "a monstrous image of pride, vanity and weakness," who had lived sixty-two years and done nothing but invent a shoe-buckle; who had spent hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, on mere sensual gratification. Fifty thousand dollars a year, we are told, it took to clothe that royal back. Before His Gracious Majesty stood the son of a farm-hand, Robert Morrison, twenty years his junior, who had lived simply and given largely; who had found out a useful thing to do, and had worked at it so faithfully that he had raised himself to be the equal of the greatest man in the realm.

Robert bent the knee and presented the Chinese Bible to his sovereign, which gift His Imperial Highness was pleased to accept. But it is to be feared that His Imperial Highness' morals were no more benefited by the Chinese than by the English version. (2793)

Royalty, Spirit of—See Christian Spirit, The.

Royalty Unrecognized—See Bargain-making.

Royalty's Kindness—See Appreciation.

Rubbish—See Value in Rubbish.

Rudeness, Reaction of—See Retaliation.

Ruin, Spiritual—See Neglected Lives.

RUINS UTILIZED

A news item from Gainesville, Fla., says:

English and Eastern capitalists have bought a site here and it is said will invest $2,000,000 in mills for the manufacture of paper from the fiber obtained from pine stumps, thousands of which may be had in the immediate neighborhood.

The old pine stumps are useless. They are only the remains of past possibility and power. Their hope for future usefulness seems gone. Yet there is a new and better future for them, a greater possibility than ever known before. So in the realm of human lives a character that seems to be ruined is often reclaimed to useful living. (2794)

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SABBATH-BREAKING REBUKED

I remember on one occasion, when an immense quantity of freight was to be brought from New York to Boston, they undertook to run on the Sabbath day. They came up with a large load of cotton, and on coming near to M— a bale got afire, and there were not hands enough to roll it off. They then drove to M— and rang the bells, and the people came down to the number of three hundred. "Help us," said the railway people, "to put out the fire." "No; you have no business to run that train on the Sabbath." They then sent up to one of the directors and said: "If you speak a word, these men will bring us water; there is property being destroyed." "I voted in the board of directors," he replied, "against this running on the Sabbath, and if you burn the whole freight, I will not raise a finger." And the two carloads of cotton were destroyed. The company had to pay for them—but they ran no more trains on the Sabbath. (Text.)—John B. Gough. (2795)

Sabbath Desecration—See Punctiliousness.

SABBATH DESECRATION GRADUAL

The desecration of the temple in Jerusalem did not spring up full-statured in a day. The court of the Gentiles was a spacious place, having an area of fourteen acres. Round its four sides there ran a colonnade with four rows of marble pillars and a roof of costly cedar. Many things were needed in the sacrifices of the temple, and what place more convenient for the buying of them than this great, spacious court? One day, I imagine, a man stept inside with a cage of pigeons. A bird so small and sweet-voiced as a dove could not hurt the sacred place! By and by a man with a sheep to sell led it in. A sheep is the most innocent of all animals. No harm could come to God or man from the presence of a sheep. Still later the man with a steer to sell brought him in. "I have as much right here as you have," he said to the man with the sheep and the man with the pigeons, and soon there were a dozen steers. That is the way it all happened. The abuse grew up so gradually that nobody observed it, and before men knew it the sacredness of the place was gone. Just so does the desecration of the day of rest take place in great cities. One man steps into the temple of rest, saying: "Let me sing you a little song." His voice is sweet and the song is pretty, and what is so beautiful and innocent as a song? And a man outside hearing this song inside the temple says: "I think I'll come in and sing, too." His voice is harsh and his song is a different kind of a song, but in he comes, and who is wise enough to draw the line and say this song is proper, that song will never do? And while these two men are singing, another man who can not sing at all, and who can only use his feet, decides that he, too, has a right to exercise his gifts inside the temple, and in he comes, and after him a dozen others, and after them a hundred others, some bringing doves, some sheep, some steers, until the whole day is trampled into sordidness and one of the most precious of all the privileges of man has been wrested from him.—Charles E. Jefferson. (2796)

SABBATH, OBSERVING THE

In northern Canada Mr. Evans, the apostle to the Indians there, induced a large number to become Christians, and said to them, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." At this time all the furs were carried by brigades of Indians, and the exchange cargo taken away by them. The Indians had been in the habit of traveling seven days a week, but when the mission was established, the observance of the Sabbath began. At once there was opposition from the Hudson Bay Company. They argued "Our summer is short, and to lose one day in seven is a terrible loss to us. We will run you missionaries out of the country if you interfere with our business." There was downright persecution for years, but there is none now, for it was found that the Indians who traveled only six days and rested quietly on the Sabbath made a journey of a thousand or fifteen hundred miles without a single exception in less time, and came back in better health than those who did not observe the Sabbath rest. (Text.) (2797)

The last sermon that was preached by Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission, was one which the *North China Mail* characterized as "a mile long." He was under appointment to preach that same day at a station one mile distant from his home. He was too feeble to walk that distance without rest, and he was unwilling to be carried in a sedan-chair because he feared the evil influence of what would have been—to him—perfectly innocent. So he made the journey on foot, helped by his son, who carried a stool. Every few rods the stool was placed and Mr. Taylor sat on it and rested. The attention of the Chinese, Christians and Confucianists alike, was attracted. Every little while some one would ask: "Why does not the old man ride?" "Because he will not make any one else work on the Sabbath day." "Why not?" "Because God said, 'Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy,'" was the reply. (Text.)

See PRINCIPLE; SUNDAY RECORDED. (2798)

The true philosophy of religion invariably teaches that we act wisely when we conform to the requirements of Sabbatic rest from toil. Such conformity is simply the recognition of a beneficent natural law.

In 1909 Mr. Selfridge, of Chicago, established a great American store in London. It immediately became a great popular success. Speaking to an interviewer, Mr. Selfridge said: "I am a business man, and not a preacher, but still I feel strongly that fair dealing is not only right, but wise—to put it on the lowest ground. If you treat people fairly, you will be fairly treated by them in return, and somehow or another the religious method of carrying on business has not failed in the case of Marshall Field. I will give you one curious instance of this. Our house never advertises in the Sunday papers, with the extraordinary result that we prospered in direct consequence. Many warned us that we were holding to a suicidal policy, for in America Sunday papers are the chief means of publicity. Our method turned out most effective, because it forced itself upon the notice of every woman in the United States that Marshall Field & Co. did not advertise on Sunday, and that fact was a great advertisement in itself. But who—out of a religious tract—would ever have dreamed of such a topsyturvy result? (Text.) (2799)

SABBATH, PROFITABLE

Egerton Young gives this testimony about Sabbath-keeping by the Indians of British Columbia:

When our mission was established, all the missionaries went in for the observance of the Sabbath day. At once there was opposition from the Hudson Bay Company. They argued, "Our summer is short, the people have to work in a hurry, and to lose one day in seven will be a terrible loss to us, and you missionaries must get out of the country if you are going to interfere with our business." There was downright persecution for years, but there is none now, for it was found that the brigades of Indians who traveled only six days, and quietly rested on the Sabbath, made the journey of perhaps fifteen hundred miles, without a single exception, in less time, and came back in better health, than those who traveled without observing the Sabbath.—PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions." (2800)

SABBATH, REGARD FOR

Rev. Egerton R. Young, a missionary among the Canadian Indians, tells the following:

The governor of our colony sent out one of his commissioners to meet the Indians and give them their supplies in accordance with the treaty. The commissioner sent word to one of our Christian Indians to bring his people as far as a certain place and he would be there to distribute their allowances. The Indians were on hand at the time appointed. They came empty handed, expecting to receive an abundance immediately, but the big white commissioner did not arrive. One day passed, then another, and the Indians were hungry. The food was there in tantalizing abundance, but the commissioner did not come to distribute it. The young Indians came to their chief and said, "Pakan, our wives and children are crying for food; will you not open the boxes and give us enough to satisfy them?" "No, my children," said the chief, "I have never broken a word of treaty and I do not want to do it now." Another day passed and the commissioner did not come. The young Indians' eyes began to flash forth something that boded trouble, but the old chief answered, "Have patience a little longer, my people," and he called on an Indian who had a splendid horse to accompany him to find and hurry up the dilatory commissioner. About noon they met the commissioner with a large retinue and a company of his friends coming leisurely along, stopping for sport where the country abounded in game.

They were just halting for such an afternoon's sport when Pakan rode up. "You have broken your promise to my people," he said solemnly. "You were to have met with them three days ago. Don't stop here, my people are hungry. Come with me and give them food."

The commissioner replied with an easy smile, "Oh, Pakan, I'm glad to see you. Come and dine with us. Meet my friends; have an afternoon of hunting and then to-morrow I will go with you."

"No," said Pakan, "to-morrow is the Sabbath. I and my people have been taught to keep the Sabbath, and hungry as we are, unless you come to-day, I and my people will wait until Monday for the supplies."

The commissioner quailed before him, and sent a sub-officer back with him to open the supplies. The next day the commissioner rode into camp. He expected the Indians to meet him with firing of guns and waving of flags, but no one came to receive him, and no guns were fired. The only wigwam where a flag was flying was the place where the people were meeting to worship God. The commissioner called a council, but not an Indian responded. The commissioner wanted Pakan to dine with him with other guests that day. It is a great honor to dine with a royal commissioner; but Pakan said, "I dine with my family quietly on the Sabbath day, for God has said, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'" (2801)

SABBATH, THE, FOR MAN

Among those who opposed and criticized Father Mathew were the Sabbatarians, who opposed the holding of temperance meetings on Sunday. Father Mathew replied: "They must well know that if we did not assemble on the Lord's day, we could not hold our meetings at all, for the great majority of those who compose our society are from that useful and virtuous body, the operatives, who on every other day labor from the rising to the setting sun. The temperance cause is the work of the Most High God, and it is admirable in our eyes." (2802)

Sackcloth—See Bible Customs To-day.

SACRED THINGS

A Scotch preacher tells this story. He said that he was going through the highlands of Scotland when a storm came on. He stept out of his carriage, and went up to a little Scotch hut. He was invited to enter by the woman whose home it was. In one corner of the room there stood an old rocking-chair, and he was just going to sit in this, when the Scotch woman made one spring, and stopt him. She said: "No, no. Do not sit there." And the preacher said: "Why?" "Well," she said, "look." And round about it was wrapt a scarlet cord. She said: "It was a year ago this week, sir, when our good lady, her Majesty Queen Victoria was driving along this road and a storm came on. She came in, and we gave her this chair. And when the Queen went away, we said, 'We will put a scarlet cord around it, and nobody else shall ever sit in it. It is the Queen's chair.'" (2803)

SACRIFICE

John B. Kissinger submitted to the bite of a yellow fever mosquito in the interest of science while in the army in Cuba and was for years almost helpless.

Kissinger was bitten by mosquitoes carrying yellow fever germs and was then treated by the best medical experts in the army. It was supposed he had recovered his health and that as a result of the experiment yellow fever could be guarded against, but he later suffered a breakdown and became a physical wreck, unable to use his feet and legs.

Is not the willingness to suffer for man the very spirit of Christ? (Text.)
(2804)

Rev. E. J. Marsh, missionary at Hay River, Alaska, told his Indian boarding-school children about the needs of the leper children in China. They were moved to help, and asked Mr. Marsh how they could do so. Their clothing and food were all supplied them by the mission, and they had nothing to give. After a little they proposed that they should give up their pudding on Sunday. Their fare consisted of fish three times a day, sometimes potatoes, but on Sunday as a special treat they had rice pudding without sugar. They were so insistent, that they were allowed to go without it every second Sunday and at the end of the year a gift of two pounds was sent to the leper children in China. (2805)

One of the New York dailies printed in one of its issues as a sort of sensational advertisement, coupons, which served, when filled out, as life insurance policies for the remainder of the day on which they were issued. One of the newsboys read it over and over, then called some of his companions and wanted to know if they supposed that "was on the level"; if the newspaper "would make good." He decided at last that the proposition was one to be trusted and he cut out the coupon, tucked it away in the pocket of his ragged coat. A half-hour later he threw himself beneath the wheels of one of the surface electric cars and was instantly crusht to almost a shapeless mass. In his pocket was the coupon, together with a letter, stating that his mother was sick and in need of such assistance as he had not been able to obtain for her, and so had sacrificed his life for the insurance money that was to be paid to her.

As we read the story one does not think of the grimy hands and the unwashed face and the ragged coat. He does not hear the roar of the elevated trains above or the tumult and voices of the street below, but his eyes catch the glory of a second calvary and the soul is hushed before the divine and the eternal that beat in that little heart behind that stained and tattered coat. (Text.) (2806)

See Offerings, Extravagant; Science, Devotion to.

SACRIFICE, FILIAL

The Japanese have a legend of an Emperor who commanded a bell-founder to cast a bell that would be more beautiful than any ever made and to be heard a hundred miles away. It must be made of gold, silver and brass. But the metals would not mingle, and the founder failed. The Emperor was angry, and bade him try again. His beautiful daughter was troubled for her father in his perplexity. So she consulted an oracle. "How can I save him?" she asked. "Metals will mingle if the blood of a virgin be mixt with them," said the oracle suggestively. At the proper moment the devoted daughter threw herself into her father's melting-pot. The bell was perfect, and was hung in the palace tower.

This kind of sacrifice is not to be commended as a literal process, but it remains true that no great music of the soul is born that does not have in it some sacrificial element. Heaven's melodies would never sound if lives were not cast into the furnace. (Text.) (2807)

SACRIFICE FOR CHRIST

Rev. Robert P. Wilder, of India, tells of a Brahman who decided to become a Christian.

The day he published the fact that he was a Christian an official seal was placed on his house, signifying that he had lost his position under the native government. A friend with whom he had placed his money, sent word that he knew nothing of the money, and his wife said that she could no longer live with him, and she left his home, taking with her their child. For four years he suffered the loss of position, money, wife, son and friends; altho at any moment he could have regained all by denying Christ and going back to Brahmanism. Mr. Wilder then received this glad letter from him: "You will be delighted to hear that we are still fast friends—Jesus and myself. He says to me, 'I chose you and appointed you that you should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide.' I say to Him, 'Then never leave me even for a minute. Let me abide in Thee and Thou in me.' You will be glad to hear, too, that I have been permitted to spend a fortnight with my wife and child, and I believe that they will soon now come to Jesus and to me. God has been keeping them away from me for my good in this—that I should feel undivided love for my Savior." (2808)

Sacrifice for Missions—See Opposition to Missionary Work.

SACRIFICE FOR RELIGION

Mrs. W. F. Armstrong tells this incident of the native Karens, of Burmah:

An old Karen pastor came one day with a large contribution for the foreign mission work. I said to him, "How can your people give so much? I know they are very poor, the overflow of the river has swept away your crops, your cattle are dying of disease, it is the famine time with you." "Oh," he said, with such a contented smile, "it only means rice without curry." They could live on rice and salt, but they could not live without giving the bread of life to their brethren.—Pierson, "The Miracles of Missions." (2809)

Sacrifice for the Gospel—See Slave for the Gospel's Sake.

SACRIFICE, LAW OF

The great law of sacrifice, so dimly understood by Western people, is the commonest talk of Korea. For thousands of years sheep and oxen have died for the sins of the people. Birds and beasts have been offered in a vain effort to lift this burden from the human soul. I read in a history of Korea that in the year when our Savior was born in Bethlehem, the King of Kokuryu went out into the open plain to offer sacrifice to God. Two "swine beasts" were to be offered, but in the preparation of the sacrifice they took to their heels and ran away. The King sent two officers in pursuit, Messrs. Takni and Sappi. They chased the pigs to Long Jade Lake, caught them and hamstrung them, so that they could not run again; then they dragged them before the King. "How dare you," said he, "offer to God a mutilated sacrifice?" He had these two gentlemen buried alive for their sin, but behold he himself shortly after fell seriously ill. A spirit medium called and told him his sickness was due to the sin of having killed Takni and Sappi. He confest, and prayed, and was cured of his complaint.—James S. Gale, "Korea in Transition." (2810)

SACRIFICE OF OUR BEST

Sir Charles Halle, the famous musician, dearly loved his flute. His son, a boy of eight years, lay ill, and his father tenderly watched beside the sufferer's bed. One night the father fell asleep and the fire burned low. He awoke in alarm to find his son cold. The father threw his precious flute on to the coal to increase the heat.

Love gave its best and silenced the music of the flute for the sake of love for his son. So did divine love, for a sinsick world, give its best, and silence its music in the sorrow of the Man of Sorrows. (Text.) (2811)

SACRIFICE, PAGAN

On the 4th of March, 1899, a Hindu laborer lodged a complaint at the police office at Hingoli. He said that as he was passing a cotton-ginning mill some of his countrymen came out and asked him to enter the compound. When he did so they seized him and bore him off to the furnace-room and attempted to put him into the fire. He showed the magistrate some terrible burns he had suffered, and his story, upon investigation, was found to be true. The *Indian Antiquary*, telling of the incident, remarked that the unanimous opinion among all the natives was that it was the workmen's idea to offer the poor man as a sacrifice to the steam-engine, which had not been running satisfactorily. (2812)

SACRIFICE TOO COSTLY

Mrs. Pickett, the widow of General George E. Pickett, of the Confederate Army, narrating the story of the charge at Gettysburg so gallantly led by her husband, says:

They were not strong enough to hold the position they had so dearly won; and broken-hearted, even at the very moment of his immortal triumph, my Soldier led his remaining men down the slope again. He dismounted and walked beside the stretcher upon which General Kemper, one of his officers, was being carried, fanning him and speaking cheerfully to comfort him in his suffering. When he reached Seminary Ridge again and reported to General Lee, his face was wet with tears as he pointed to the crimson valley and said:

"My noble division lies there!"

"General Pickett," said the commander,

"you and your men have covered yourselves with glory."

My Soldier replied:

"Not all the glory in the world, General Lee, could atone for the widows and orphans this day has made." (2813)

SACRIFICE, VICARIOUS

Among the Tsimshean Indians of Alaska is the following curious superstition: Some boys had "shamed" a salmon; that is, offended its dignity. They caught it, cut a slit close to its fin and put gravel and stones in the wound so that it could not use its fin, and then let it go. The poor salmon wriggled and suffered trying to swim, but in vain. This made the god of the mountain angry, and he spewed out fire which ran down the mountain-side into the river, making it sputter all around. But a god of another mountain, near by, thought it was too bad, so he rolled down a big rock, and stopt the fire stream. The people, coming together, consulted as to the best way to propitiate the irate mountain-god, and the salmon as well who was "shamed," and came to the conclusion that the naughty children had to be killed. The mothers, hearing of this, would not allow the sacrifice. The people compromised the matter by agreeing, instead, to kill the dogs of the village, which were thereupon all sacrificed and burned as a peace-offering to the "shamed" salmon.

Man has "shamed" his Maker but He has become our propitiation by a nobler sacrifice. (Text.) (2814)

SACRIFICIAL MEDIATION

H. M. Stanley, in Africa, had much trouble with his men on account of their inherent propensity to steal, the results of which brought upon the expedition much actual disaster. At last Stanley doomed to death the next man caught stealing. His grief and distress were unbounded when the next thief, detected in a case of peculiar flagrancy, was found to be Uledi, the bravest, truest, noblest of his dusky followers. Uledi had saved a hundred lives, his own among the number. He had performed acts of the most brilliant daring, always successful, always faithful, always kind. Must Uledi die? He called all his men around him in a council. He explained to them the gravity of Uledi's crime. He reminded them of his stern decree, but said he was not hard enough to enforce it against Uledi. His arm was not strong enough to lift the gun that would kill Uledi, and he would not bid one of them to do what he could not do himself. But some punishment, and a hard one, must be meted out. What should it be? The council must decide. They took a vote. Uledi must be flogged. When the decision was reached, Stanley standing, Uledi crouching at his feet and the solemn circle drawn closely around them, one man whose life Uledi had saved under circumstances of frightful peril, stood forth and said, "Give me half the blows, master." Then another said in the faintest accents, while tears fell from his eyes, "Will the master give his slave leave to speak?" "Yes," said Stanley. The Arab came forward and knelt by Uledi's side. His words came slowly, and now and then a sob broke them. "The master is wise," he said; "he knows all that has been, for he writes them in a book. I am black, and know not. Nor can I remember what is past. What we saw yesterday is to-day forgotten. But the master forgets nothing. He puts it all in that book. Each day something is written. Let your slave fetch the book, master, and turn its leaves. Maybe you will find some words there about Uledi. Maybe there is something that tells how he saved Zaidi from the white waters of the cataract; how he saved many men—how many, I forget; Bin Ali, Mabruki, Kooi Kusi—others, too; how he is worthier than any three of us; how he always listens when the master speaks, and flies forth at his word. Look, master, at the book. Then, if the blows must be struck, Shumari will take half and I the other half. The master will do what is right. Saywa has spoken." And Saywa's speech deserves to live forever. Stanley threw away his whip. "Uledi is free," he said. "Shumari and Saywa are pardoned."—*Christian At Work.* (2815)

SAFEGUARD FOR DRUNKARDS

Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, has an ordinance requiring the photographs of known habitual drunkards to be placed in all the saloons in the city, with a notice forbidding saloon-keepers to sell liquor to them, on penalty of losing their licenses.

This new sort of rogues' gallery is growing rapidly, but one addition to it was made voluntarily. It is the photograph of a poor fellow who begged to have it placed with the others, as his only chance of freedom from the tyranny of strong drink.

Set off against this pathetic story, how inhuman seem all the arguments for the licensing of saloons! The pitiable victims of the saloon-keeper would gladly escape his snare, but usually they can not. The insidious liquid has robbed them of their will-power. It has planted in their blood a horrible desire which nothing but more alcohol can satisfy. (2816)

SAFETY FROM WATER-BROOKS

T. DeWitt Talmage notes some interesting facts about deer and water-brooks.

But there are two facts to which I want to call your attention. The first is that water-brooks not only saved the hunted deer by throwing the dogs off the trail, but also by making it possible for the deer to run in a straight line away from the dogs. I was very much surprized to find out that these water-brooks are to the deer what the compass is to a hunter in the woods—it keeps the deer from traveling in a circle.

The pursued deer, unless drawn by the scent of water, always runs in a circle. No sooner has a deer been shot at and the dogs been turned loose, than at once the deer, unless he has the guiding scent of water, seems to lose his reasoning faculties. He will run like the wind. He will run on and on—five, ten, fifteen or even twenty miles; but unless he can scent the water-brooks from afar, he will always travel in a circle and come back to the very place where the hunter first shot at him—back to the place where he will be shot at again. This circling flight of the deer is universally recognized. Some of the different State Legislatures have enacted game laws, which make it a felony for any man to hunt the deer by the means of hounds. Why? If they did not make such a law, the deer of those States would soon be exterminated. The circling flight of the deer makes it a very simple matter for a few hunters to stand in one place and shoot at the running game again and again, until the deer have been entirely slaughtered. (Text.) (2817)

SAFETY IN HIGH LEVEL

You are familiar with the sight of the water-towers on the hills over many of our towns. Some one might say, "What is the use of the water-tower? Why should I be taxed to keep the level of the water above my own house? I have my private well and my excellent cistern. These are good enough for me." But no citizen to-day would dream of saying this word. Every one knows that as the level is high in the water-tower, the safety, comfort, and health of the whole city are secured. The height of the level in the tower means that all alike can have the pure water. The height of the level means, when a conflagration arises, that the engines can put out the fire. So with the true thought of the Church. The true church is the water-tower of the city. Its life is for all. As the level is high, so the public safety, the public morals, the political life of the city is raised. When the level is high no real danger can come to the city. All alike, rich and poor, are fed and sustained, when the level of genuine religion rises high in the tower.—CHARLES F. DALE. (2818)

Safety More Than Economy—See AFFLUENCE, THE PRINCIPLES OF.

Safety, So-called—See DEATH, CHRISTIAN ATTITUDE TOWARD.

SAFETY VALVES

It is difficult to realize that only the other day an effort was made in Paris to replace the old magneto signaling system, with its little crank at the right of the telephone which has not been seen in large cities in this country for many years, by the much more convenient automatic signaling system. But the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* says that such was the case. And, more curious still, the effort to introduce this improvement met with disfavor! The correspondent explains: "Hitherto excitable Frenchmen whiled away the time while awaiting 'Central' to answer, by grinding furiously at the crank bell-call. The new system denied them this form of relief. The result was that their pent-up feelings found outlet in imprecations and wild gesticulations. In many cases the telephones were damaged by poundings and shakings and had to be removed. It is said that the French Minister of Telephones was forced to admit that the imported system was a complete failure. 'The new system may be good enough for the highly-trained Americans,' he is quoted as saying, 'but I am convinced that my excitable countrymen need the safety-valve of the old-fashioned bell.'" —*The Western Electrician.* (2819)

Sagacity—See RETREAT DISCOURAGED.

Sagacity in Evil—See IMPUDENCE, BRAZEN.

SAGACITY SUPPLEMENTING SCIENCE

An English writer tells this story:

Once a French chemist came to Yorkshire, his object being to make his fortune. He believed that he might do this by picking up something which Yorkshiremen threw away. That something was soapsuds. The clothworkers of Yorkshire use tons and tons of soap for scouring their materials, and throw away millions of gallons of soapsuds. Besides this, there are manufactories of sulfuric acid near at hand, and a large demand for machinery grease just thereabouts. He accordingly bought iron tanks, and erected works in the midst of the busiest center of the woolen manufacture. But he failed to pay expenses, for in his calculations he had omitted to allow for the fact that the soap liquor is much diluted, and therefore he must carry much water in order to obtain a little fat. This cost of carriage ruined his enterprise, and his works were offered for sale.

When he was about to demolish the works, the Frenchman took the purchaser, a shrewd Yorkshireman, into confidence, and told the story of his failure. The Yorkshireman, having finally assured himself that the carriage was the only difficulty, made an offer of partnership on the basis that the Frenchman should do the chemistry of the work, and that he should do the rest.

Accordingly, he went to the works around, and offered to contract for the purchase of all their soapsuds, if they would allow him to put up a tank or two on their premises. This he did; the acid was added, the fat rose to the surface, was skimmed off, and carried, without the water, to the central works. The Frenchman's science and skill, united with the Yorkshireman's practical sagacity, built up a flourishing business, and the grease thus made is still in great demand and high repute for lubricating the rolling-mills of ironworks, and for many other kinds of machinery. (2820)

SAINTS

James Bryce, the British ambassador, in a speech before the St. George's Society, is thus reported:

With regard to the patron saint of England, St. George, Mr. Bryce asked the diners if they had ever noticed that the saints never belonged to the countries which had adopted them. St. Denis was not a Frenchman, St. Andrew was not a Scotsman, and St. Patrick was not an Irishman. All that was known of St. George was that he slew the dragon, but no historian was certain where he came from. He was, anyhow, not an Englishman. The nearest approach the United States has to having a patron saint was George Washington, said Mr. Bryce, and he was born a British subject.—The New York *Times*. (2821)

Saloon as a Hindrance to Aspiration—See CHANCE FOR THE BOY.

SALOON EFFECTS

Irving Grinell, of the Church Temperance Society, tells a story of a woman who entered a barroom and advanced quietly to her husband, who sat drinking with three other men. She placed a covered dish on the table and said, "Thinkin' ye'd be too busy to come home to supper, Jack, I've fetched it to ye here." She departed, and the man laughed awkwardly. He invited his friends to share the meal with him. Then he removed the cover from the dish. The dish was empty except for the slip of paper that read: "Here's hopin' ye'll enjoy yer supper. It's the same as yer wife and bairns have at home." (2822)

SALOON, FIGHTING THE

The people have suffered too much from the saloon to make concessions and adopt the gentle way of trying to smooth down the tiger's back. They will insist on using Roosevelt's way with fierce African lions. Wise was that man who, being remonstrated with for prodding the attacking bulldog with the tines of a pitchfork, and asked why he didn't use the other end, indignantly inquired, "Why didn't he come at me, then, with the other end?" (2823)

SALOONS, BADNESS OF

It is a hopeful sign when the daily press begins to moralize on saloons after the manner of the Sioux Falls *Press* in the following extract:

A saloon is a saloon, in whatever light you view it, and if it all were scuttled and launched upon some limitless and bottomless lake, not a tear would trickle down our cheeks. A better saloon? You might as well talk of a better rotten egg, a better highway robber, a better thief, a better yeggman, a better bum, a better gambler, a better case of measles, typhoid-fever, smallpox, erysipelas, a better Five Points, a better place for the committing of murder, robbery, or any other shameless crime. (2824)

See DRINK; DRUNKENNESS; INTEMPERANCE; TEMPERANCE.

SALVABILITY

Every man, even the worst, has some vital point at which he can be touched and helped, as was the paralytic mentioned below:

Dr. Swithinbank describes a real case of bodily paralysis in a medical record in Paris: A man was attacked by a creeping paralysis; sight was first to fail; soon after, hearing went; then by degrees, taste, smell, touch, and the power of motion. He could breathe, he could swallow, he could think, and strange to say, he could speak; that was all. Not the very slightest message from without could reach his mind; nothing to tell him what was near, who was still alive; the world was utterly lost to him, and he all but lost to the world. At last, one day, an accident showed that one small place on one cheek had feeling left. It seemed a revelation from heaven. By tracing letters on that place, his wife and children could speak to him, his dark dungeon-wall was pierced, his tongue had never lost its power, and once more he was a man among men. (2825)

Salvation a Gift—See GRACE NOT GROWTH.

SALVATION BY EVANGELIZATION

During the forty years between 1778 and 1818, the population had decreased from 400,000 to 150,000—nearly two-thirds; so that the Christian enterprise which evangelized the Hawaiians saved a nation from extinction, for in twenty years more, at the same rate of decrease, the Hawaiian Islands would have been an uninhabited waste.—PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions." (2826)

SALVATION FROM SIN

In speaking once of his religious life, Captain Mahan, of the United States Navy, had this to say:

I happened one week-day in Lent into a church in Boston. The preacher—I have never known his name — interested me throughout; but one phrase only has remained: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for He shall save His people"—here he lifted up his hands—"not from hell, but from their sins." Almost the first words of the gospel! I had seen them for years, but at last I perceived them. Scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and I began to see Jesus and life as I had never seen them before. (2827)

Salvation, Half Way—See SIGHT, IMPERFECT.

SAMPLING

This story used to be told by Mr. Spurgeon:

An American gentleman said to a friend, "I wish you would come down to my garden, and taste my apples." He asked him about a dozen times, but the friend did not come; and at last the fruit-grower said, "I suppose you think my apples are good for nothing, so you won't come and try them." "Well, to tell the truth," said his friend, "I have tasted them. As I went along the road I picked one up that fell over the wall, and I never tasted anything so sour in all my life; I do not particularly wish to have any more of your fruit." "Oh," said the owner of the garden, "I thought it must be so. Those apples around the outside are for the special benefit of the boys. I went fifty miles to select the sourest sorts to plant all around the orchard, so the boys might give them up as not worth stealing; but if you will come inside, you will find that we grow a very different quality there, sweet as honey." (2828)

Sandals—See BIBLE CUSTOMS TO-DAY.

Sanity is Social—See CONCERT, LACK OF.

Satan, Defeating—See MASTERY BY INTELLIGENCE.

Satanic Possession—See DIABOLICAL POSSESSION.

SATIRE

Satire—that is, a literary work which searches out the faults of men or institutions in order to hold them up to ridicule—is at best a destructive kind of criticism. A satirist is like a laborer who clears away the ruins and rubbish of an old house before the architect and builders begin on a new and beautiful structure. The work may sometimes be necessary, but it rarely arouses our enthusiasm. While the satires of Pope, Swift, and Addison are doubtless the best in our language, we hardly place them with our great literature, which is always constructive in spirit; and we have the feeling that all these men were capable of better things than they ever wrote.—WILLIAM J. LONG, "English Literature." (2829)

SAVAGES AT OUR DOORS

Less than three thousand miles from the city of New York, and about a third of that distance from San Francisco, there is situated, in the upper reaches of the Gulf of California, a small island, worthless even for so mean a purpose as the raising of goats, but nevertheless a center of attraction for the ethnologists and archeologists of the Old and New Worlds for many generations. This rock peak, rising from the quiet waters of the gulf, is known as Tiburon Island. Tiburon is a Spanish word which, translated into English means "shark." The waters around the islet are literally swarming with these tigers of the sea, and the inhabitants of the island are said to be no less ferocious than the sharks. Tiburon is peopled with a handful of Indians, the only aborigines of their kind in the world, known as Seris. They are reputed to be cannibals, to be so fierce that none of the mainland tribes of Mexican redskins ever dare invade their shores, and to possess the secret of manufacture of a peculiarly deadly poison, with which they prepare their arrows before battle.—*Wide World Magazine.* (2830)

SAVED AS BY FIRE

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon used to tell this story:

A woman in Scotland, who was determined not to have anything to do with religion, threw her Bible and all the tracts she could find into the fire. One tract fell out of the flames, so she thrust it in again. A second time it slipt down, and once more she put it back. Again her evil intention was frustrated, but a third effort was more successful, tho even then only half of it was consumed. Taking up this half, she exclaimed, "Surely the devil is in that tract, for it won't burn."

Her curiosity being excited, she began to read it, and it was the means of her conversion. It was one of the sermons published in "The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit." (Text.) (2831)

SAVED IN SERVICE

The value of discipline to develop the soul is pointed out in this verse by Charles C. Earle:

Forbid for me an easy place,
O God, in some sequestered nook
Apart to lie,
To doze and dream and weaker grow,
Until I die.

Give me, O Lord, a task so hard,
That all my powers shall taxéd be
To do my best,
That I may stronger grow in toil,
For harder service fitted be,
Until I rest.

This my reward—development
From what I am to what Thou art.
For this I plead;
Wrought out, by being wrought upon,
By deeds reflexive, done in love,
For those in need. (2832)

Saving—See DISCOVERY, BENEFITS FROM.

Saving by Good Habits—See RESOLUTIONS, GOOD.

SAVING DISAPPROVED

Down with the little toy savings-bank! I believe it teaches children to be selfish. I hate to see a child, a sweet, innocent child, with dimpled hands and a laughing face, clutch the penny or the nickel you give it close in its little fingers, and run first to drop it into the greedy, miserly "savings-bank," and then come back to thank you. We teach the child to be selfish when we give it a penny to drop in the missionary-box and fifty cents to buy a toy for itself; to dole out a penny a week for charity and keep the savings-bank rattling full. But haven't I a savings-bank in my home? Indeed I have; and I'd like to see you or any other man, except one of my dear friends the Vanderbilts, pour money into the top of that savings bank as fast as the prince can draw it out of the bottom. That's the way to run a bank. Make her useful; milk her. "Mr. Speaker," said the California legislator, "may I ask how much money there is in the State treasury?" The speaker estimated about $40,000. "Then," said the member, "I move to rake her. What good does the money do locked up? If you don't spend it, some alderman will get hold of it."—ROBERT BURDETTE. (2833)

Saving Life—See Life-saving by Wireless.

Savings of Aliens—See Prosperity as an Advertisement.

Saviors—See Personality as a Redemptive Force.

SCARS OF WAR HEALED

To-day the shells and fragments used in the war between Russia and Japan are to be found only in the junk-shops of Port Arthur, and crops of vegetables and millet mantle with living green some of the fort-hills where desolation and death reigned during the five months of the siege.

The bloodstains and the gruesome discoloring of the soil around the edges of some of the shallow, overcrowded graves have disappeared. There was no trace left of the largest blood blotch, a dreadful black smut twenty feet by four or five feet on the side of 203-Meter Hill, which was in evidence for many months after the last fighting. God's healing rains have washed the hill clean and are filling in and covering with the green of His love the trenches and other scars left by man's lust and hate. (Text.) (2834)

Scavengers—See Immunity from Disease.

School versus Saloon—See Chance for the Boy.

Science a Benefactor—See Extermination.

Science and Health—See Health and Science.

Science and Religion—See Self-sacrifice in Nature.

Science and Saving—See Discovery, Benefits from.

SCIENCE, DEVOTION TO

When Augustine Thierry, having withdrawn himself from the world and retired to his library, to investigate the origin, the causes and the effects, of the early and successive Germanic invasions, and, having passed six years "in poring with the pertinacity of a Benedictine monk over worm-eaten manuscripts, and deciphering and comparing black-letter texts," had at last completed his magnificent "History of the Conquest," the publication of which introduced a new era in French historical composition, he had lost his sight. The most precious of the senses had been sacrificed to his zeal in literary research. The beauties of nature, and the records of scholarship were thenceforth shut from him, and other eyes, to assist his future efforts. Prodigious sacrifice! And yet not such he thought it; for he said long afterward, in a letter to a friend: "Were I to begin my life over again, I would choose the road that has conducted me to where I now am. Blind and afflicted, without hope and without leisure, I can safely offer this testimony, the sincerity of which, coming from a man in my condition, can not be called in question. There is something in this world worth more than pleasure, more than fortune, more than health itself; I mean devotion to science!" (Text.)—Richard S. Storrs. (2835)

Science Exposes Fraud—See Liar Exposed.

SCIENCE, IMPROVEMENTS BY

"The inferiority of the human sense organ to the instruments of science is pointed out by Dr. Carl Snyder," says *The American Inventor*. "He says that whereas the human eye can see but little more than 3,000 stars in the heaven on the clearest of nights, the photographic plate and the telescope can discover countless millions. It is difficult for the eye to distinguish divisions of the inch if smaller than 1-200 of that unit of measure, yet a powerful microscope will make an object 1-1,000 of an inch in diameter look comparatively large. It would be a delicate ear which could hear the tramp of a fly, yet the microphone magnifies this sound until it sounds like the tramp of cavalry. The most sensitive skin can not detect a change in temperature less than 1-5 of a degree, but the bolometer will register on a scale an increase or decrease of temperature of 1-1,000,000 of a degree and can easily note the difference in temperature caused in a room when a match is lighted one mile away." (2836)

SCIENCE PREVENTING CRIME

Manufacturers of safes will be impelled to fight the scientific burglar with his own weapons. In somewhat the same fashion by which time-locks prevent the opening of the lock of a safe during certain hours, it will be comparatively easy to introduce into safe-construction chemico-mechanical devices which, during a limited time, would render it either fatal or physically impossible to remain in the vicinity of a safe or vault, were the walls or doors tampered with to such an extent as to allow access to the interior. By use of a very simple form of apparatus containing potassium cyanid and sulfuric acid, a robber would expose himself to the deadly fumes of prussic acid.

Less dangerous, through possibilities of accident to those regularly using a safe, would be the employment of substances crippling a safe-blower or forcing him to an instantaneous retreat. The volatilization of a few drops of ethyl-dichlor-acetate would cause such profuse and persistent weeping that one in the neighborhood would be temporarily blinded if he persisted in remaining. The breaking of a tube of liquid ammonia would render immediate withdrawal imperative under peril of suffocation.—Thomas H. Norton, *Machinery.* (2837)

SCIENCE SHATTERING SUPERSTITIONS

There are large numbers of people perpetually bemoaning our degeneracy, and sighing over the departure of the "good old times" of our early American life. The reason of the present distressing state of affairs I heard explained not long ago. One man thought it was because all the "good old doctrines" were nowadays not preached at all, and the other was equally sure that it was because they were preached all the time. Never was a grander fallacy than this whole idea. Never was more ignorance of the past displayed than by those who talk of the falling away of modern times. Never was the Church so bright and fair as now, and never did the sky of the future redden with a more glorious promise of the coming day. In those "good old times" men lived under the horrid shadows of frightful superstitions. Now it is to modern science only that we owe our emancipation from the yoke of this awful tyranny. Scientific explorers have been over the earth; and finding no mouth of hell, that is gone. Science has explained earthquakes and volcanoes, and now devils fight no longer in the bowels of the earth. Etna and Vesuvius are no longer vent-holes of the pit. Astronomy has shattered the follies of astrology; and people have found out that the stars are minding their own business instead of meddling with theirs, and eclipses are no longer moon-swallowing monsters—are only very natural and well behaved shadows. Since psychology is studied we know that witchcraft is folly, and insanity only a disease to be treated and cured. Thus science—like a mother going up-stairs to bed with her frightened boy—has been with her candle into all the old dark corners that used to make us creep, and cringe, and shiver with terror.—Minot J. Savage, *The Arena.* (2838)

SCIENCE TRAINS TO SEE

Where the untrained eye will see nothing but mire and dirt (says Sir John Lubbock), science will often reveal exquisite possibilities. The mud we tread under our feet in the street is a grimy mixture of clay and sand, soot and water. Separate the sand, however, as Ruskin observes—let the atoms arrange themselves in peace according to their nature—and you have the opal. Separate the clay and it becomes a white earth, for the finest porcelain; or if it still further purifies itself you have a sapphire. Take the soot, and if properly treated it will give you a diamond. While, lastly, the water purified and distilled, will become a dew-drop or crystallize into a lovely star. Or, again, you may see in a shallow pool either the mud lying at the bottom or the image of the sky above.—*Public Opinion.* (2839)

Scripture—See Conscience.

Scripture and Experience—See Interpretation by Experience.

SCRIPTURE FOR ALL OCCASIONS

If you have the blues read the Twenty-seventh Psalm.

If your pocket-book is empty read the Thirty-seventh Psalm.

If people seem unkind, 1 John 4.

If you are discouraged about your work, 126th Psalm.

If you are all out of sorts, twelfth chapter Hebrews.

If you are losing confidence in men, thirteenth chapter, 1 Corinthians.

If you can not have your own way about everything, James 3.

If you are anxious, Matthew 6.—Honolulu *Times.* (2840)

Scruples, Hindering—See Action, Instant.

SCRUPLES, MINUTE

Roger North gives an instance of the lawyer's absurd attachment to mere forms. In his days the Court of Common Pleas used to sit in Westminster Hall, close to the great door, in order that suitors and their train might readily pass in and out. When the wind was in the north, this situation was found very cold, and it was proposed to move the court farther back, to a warmer place. "But the Lord Chief Justice Bridgman," says North, "would not agree to it, as it was against Magna Charta, which says that the Common Pleas shall be held *in certo loco* (in a certain place), with which the distance of an inch from that place is inconsistent, and all the pleas would be *coram non judice* (before one who is not the proper judge)." (Text.)—Croake James, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (2841)

Sea Helping the Land—See Evidence, Providential.

Sea, The—See Solace of the Sea.

Sea, The, As a Land Grabber—See Mutation.

Sea, Wealth of the—See Opportunity Lost.

Seaman, A Struggling—See Coolness in Danger.

SEASICKNESS

The ship upon clearing the harbor ran into a half-pitching, half-rolling sea that became particularly noticeable about the time the twenty-five passengers at the captain's table sat down to dinner.

"I hope that all twenty-five of you will have a pleasant trip," the captain told them as the soup appeared, "and that this little assembly of twenty-four will reach port much benefited by the voyage. I look upon these twenty-two smiling faces much as a father does upon his family, for I am responsible for the safety of this group of seventeen. I hope that all fourteen of you will join me later in drinking to a merry trip. I believe that we eight fellow passengers are most congenial, and I applaud the judgment which chose from the passenger-list these three persons for my table. You and I, my dear sir, er—here, steward! Bring on the fish and clear away these dishes."—*National Monthly.* (2842)

Searching Christ, The—See Christ, The Searching.

Seaweed, The Value of—See Utilizing Seaweed.

SEARCHING FOR VALUES

As we behold men going up and down the cornfields of history, they are plucking the ears of corn as they journey. What are you reaching after with those long mental fingers, O Shakespeare? "I've seen how the corn of human nature grows upon the stalk of life, and I'm plucking at the heart of this mystery." What are those great hands grasping after, O Beethoven? "I'm dreaming of unblended harmonies my deaf ears have never heard, and these hands are trying to pluck them from out the invisible realms of harmony." Why run those hands up into the sleeve of darkness, O Milton? They seem to be straining after something. "Worlds of light lie behind these dead eyes of mine. I've seen an angel and heard him sing, and these hands are fumbling about in the darkness hunting for words to tell about his song." What are those majestic hands reaching after, O Angelo? "I need a few bars of light, a few bursts of morning, a few scraps of sunset, to show men how God paints pictures. I'm plucking the golden ears of color from nature's garden to hang up in a picture gallery."—F. F. Shannon. (2843)

SEARCH-LIGHTS

Moral and spiritual search-lights are needed to warn and illuminate the soul, just as the search-lights noted here are used to help the mariner as he approaches land.

"It has been announced," says *The Electrical Review*, "that one of the features of the Lewis & Clark exposition will be a large search-light surmounting Mount Hood. This will be used to good effect for illuminating the snow-capped mountain-peaks within one hundred miles of the light. It is also said that the beam thrown from this search-light will be visible to vessels one hundred miles off the coast. This statement suggests that the search-light might be used as a valuable aid in lighthouse service, for warning vessels when they are approaching land. The ordinary range of visibility of a lighthouse is about twenty or twenty-five miles. For a lightship it is somewhat less, as the light is lower. Now, a powerful search-light can throw a beam upward which will be seen thirty or forty miles, under favorable conditions. It is probable that a powerful ray thrown vertically upward from a lighthouse would be visible long before the direct rays of the lighthouse could be seen. A somewhat similar scheme has been tried on railroads, where a beam from the electric headlight of a locomotive was thrown upward as a warning to the engineers of other locomotives." (2844)

Seasons Estimated—See COMPENSATION.

SEASONS, VALUE OF

All our States have laws which prohibit the hunting of game at certain times specified and by given methods. The greater part of the year is close time for shooting most kinds of animals and birds. The wild beasts which are to be followed for sport need opportunity to increase and grow, and if left to the whim of individuals would be exterminated. As there are prohibitions to prevent the extinction of the young animals, so there needs to be a close time on character, when we do not allow ourselves to indulge in things which excite our nerves and draw our strength from our bodies and minds. We check our reading, and are careful of sleep and food and exercise.—"Monday Club, Sermons on the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1904." (2845)

Second Thought—See REPENTANCE.

Secrecy in Sin—See HYPOCRISY.

Secret Service Disclosures—See CRIMINALS, TRACING.

SECRET THINGS

An ancient philosopher, it is said, was accustomed to go about carrying a parcel covered with a napkin. To all inquiries as to the contents of the parcel his answer was: "Wherefore the napkin?" meaning that there are some things God has not been pleased to reveal to men. (Text.) (2846)

Secret Unpurchasable—See KINDNESS, THE POWER OF.

SECRETS

Sir Joshua Reynolds, like Wilson, had his secrets of color and his mysteries of painting. He was fond of endeavoring to discover the secrets of the old painters.

It was his wont to dissect some of their works in order to find out their art of coloring and finishing. He pursued his experiments secretly and kept his discoveries to himself. In this search for the hidden secrets of his art he destroyed many old paintings of the Venetian school to the serious loss of the world of art. (Text.) (2847)

Secrets Will Out—See UTTERANCE.

Securities—See PRECAUTIONS.

SECURITY

The soul is secure that stands on the Rock of Ages.

A man was sent out on a rocky promontory in Scotland where his signals might help a ship working its way in through the difficult channel in a great storm. Great waves beat upon that promontory and their spray wet the flagman to the skin, but he stood his dangerous ground and signaled the ship in. After she was in some one asked him if he did not tremble as he stood out there. He answered: "My legs trembled, but the rock didn't tremble. I never knew before how solid that rock was."—FRANKLIN NOBLE, "Sermons in Illustration." (2848)

SEEING ALL AROUND

We would find it a great advantage in life if our mental apprehension was capable of including the entire horizon as the insect mentioned below is able to see in all directions.

A boy is often easily surprized by a playmate who approaches him stealthily from behind, but did you ever try the same game with a butterfly? I have, many a time. After getting cautiously so near to a butterfly at rest as to be able to distinguish between its head and its hinder extremity, I have quietly circled round it so as to approach it from behind, being at the time under the impression that it wouldn't see me under those circumstances. But not the slightest advantage did I derive from this stratagem, for the position and construction of its eyes enabled it to see almost all ways at once.—W. FURNEAUX, "Butterflies and Moths." (2849)

Many insects have a great number of eyes, because the orb of the eye is fixt; there is, therefore, placed over the eye a multiple lens which conducts light to the eye from every direction; so that the insect can see with a fixt eye as readily as it could have done with a movable one. As many as 1,400 eyes, or inlets of light, have been counted in the head of a drone bee. The spider has eight eyes, mounted on different parts of the head; two in front, two in the top of the head, and two on each side.

One mark of the well-balanced man is the ability to see in all directions. (2850)

SEEING, THE ART OF

I once spent a summer day at the mountain home of a well-known literary woman and editor. She lamented the absence of birds about her house. I named a half-dozen or more I had heard in her trees within an hour—the indigo-bird, the purple finch, the yellow-bird, the veery thrush, the red-eyed vireo, the song sparrow.

"Do you mean to say you have seen or heard all these birds while sitting here on my porch?" she inquired.

"I really have," I said.

"I do not see them or hear them," she said, "and yet I want to very much."

"No," said I; "you only want to want to see and hear them."

You must have the bird in your heart before you can find it in the bush. (Text.)—John Burroughs, "Leaf and Tendril." (2851)

SEEKING AND FINDING

Tho the inventors have busied their brains for almost a century in an effort to find a substitute for wood pulp in the production of paper, their efforts hitherto met with failure. Recently an industrial concern has issued its prospectus, printed upon paper manufactured from cornstalks in its experimental plant. The paper is of good quality and proves the availability of cornstalks for this purpose.

An earnest search for that which will benefit humanity will sooner or later be rewarded with success. (Text.) (2852)

SEEKING SERVICE

I have a wealthy friend in Paris who is spending his money not very wisely, but not very wickedly. Some of his acquaintances suggested to him that it would help him socially and give him more prestige, if he could go to America and induce President Roosevelt to appoint him as a member of our American embassy in Paris. So he came to Washington and went to see the President, who very kindly granted him an audience. He spoke the little speech that he had prepared to give, beginning by saying, "I think that I could serve my country, perhaps, if I should have this appointment in Paris." President Roosevelt spoke right up, as he is apt to do and said: "My young friend, a man desiring to serve his country does not begin by saying where he is going to serve."—Charles R. Erdman, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (2853)

SELECTION

The world is much what we make it.

The "man with the muckrake" hated his work, and with good reason. "How sweet is the smell of those pine boards!" said a lady to her friend as they were walking near the river in Chicago. "Pine boards," he exclaimed; "just smell that foul river!" "No, thank you," she answered, "I prefer to smell pine boards."—Franklin Noble, "Sermons in Illustration." (2854)

SELECTION BY PURPOSE

Some years ago a cotton-planter in Georgia observed that the leaves on one of his plants was unlike the usual leaf; it was divided as if into fingers. So far nature had gone. The planter added his intelligence. He concluded that such a divided leaf would let in more sunshine on the cotton; also such a leaf would not be comfortable for caterpillars. So he searched out one or two of these peculiar plants, transplanted them to a field by themselves. As they propagated, he plucked up those with the old leaf, cultivated those with the new, and now these new cotton plants, finer than the old, free from caterpillars, are spread through many regions. That is human selection, based on natural selection, securing the fruits of evolution. It is just as applicable to man as to vegetation. A better man may be bred as well as a better kind of cotton.—Moncure D. Conway, *The Monist.* (2855)

Selection Justified—See Triumph by Selection.

Self-abnegation—See Modesty.

SELF-BLAME

A story of Henry Ward Beecher is told in *Christian Work.*

Mr. Beecher had been addressing an association of Congregational ministers somewhere in New York State, and when he had finished his address he said he would be glad to answer any questions if any of the younger brethren had anything that perplexed them. Immediately, a young clergyman arose and said, "Mr. Beecher, we have in our little church at ——— a very estimable man, but the moment I begin preaching he falls asleep and snores, so he disturbs the whole congregation and absolutely spoils the effect of the sermon. But he is the only rich man we have, and he is the main support of the church, and we dare not say anything to him for fear we might offend him. Now, what would you do in such a case as that?" Mr. Beecher admitted it was a puzzling situation, and then he said: "We get around it in Plymouth Church in this way: I give my sexton orders to keep close watch of the congregation, and the moment he sees any man asleep to go right up and slap me on the back." (2856)

SELF-CENTERED

The Rev. C. A. S. Dwight, in an article on "Timing the Sun," writes as follows:

There is a story of a punctilious Yankee who was fond of boasting that his watch had never been slow or fast for forty years. One morning he rose to see the sun rise. He kept looking at his wonderful watch and consulting at the same time a farmers' almanac. There was a pause in the dawn. The Yankee grew impatient. Tapping his watch, he exclaimed: "If that sun ain't over the hill in a minute and a half he'll be late!"

Some men have "views" which they have carefully carried with them for years, as that Yankee did his watch. If events do not square with their views, so much the worse for the events. All such measurings of the eternal by the local tests of human opinion or of conventional standards is vain. The sun knows what he is about. It is the part of wisdom to correct one's timepiece by the sun and not to try to run unassisted the astronomical machinery of the whole universe. (2857)

SELF-CONFIDENCE

When the little Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte, a feeble youth at the beginning of his wonderful career, was presented to the convention of France as the man who could rescue the country from its peril, the president fixt his eye upon him dubiously and said: "Are you willing to undertake our defense?" "Yes," was the calm and confident reply. "But are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?" asked the president again. "Fully," said Napoleon, fixing his piercing eye upon the questioner, adding, "and I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake."

A similar self-confidence has often proved the one great secret of a successful career. (2858)

As Napoleon was contemplating one of his great campaigns, his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, was dissuading him. Napoleon opened the window, pointed and said:

"Do you see that star?"

Cardinal Fesch said: "No; I see no star."

Napoleon turned his back upon him and said: "But I see it."

To see your star whether other men see it or not, whether other men believe in it or not; to believe in yourself—that may be to discover that hidden self that is nobler than you have ever been. (2859)

At one time, skilled artist tho he was, Constable was curiously ready to make alterations in his pictures to please persons of very little judgment in the case. At last, however, he rebelled. He was finishing his famous picture "The Dell," when he was beset by an adviser: "Don't you see," retorted Constable, "that I might go on and make this picture so good that it would be good for nothing." Being asked on another occasion if a certain picture on the easel was painted for any particular person, he replied: "Yes, sir; it is painted for a very particular person, the person for whom I have all my life painted." (Text.) (2860)

SELF-CONFIDENCE MISPLACED

In a current magazine we find the following:

Some years ago an attorney was called in by a large company and handed a lease.

"Give us your opinion," said the president. "We have a great deal of this sort of legal business, and it is only fair to say that your opinion may mean much to us and to yourself."

The lawyer went through the document with some care, but quickly, and on the spot.

"This is one of the best-drawn leases I have ever examined," he said heartily. "You are wise to handle such matters inside your own organization. I commend your business judgment."

"Can you suggest any improvements?"

"None whatever," declared the lawyer.

"Can you discern any flaws?"

"No—emphatically! Mr. Johns," continued the attorney, turning to the president's assistant, "I want to congratulate you, as a lawyer, upon your thorough grasp of this most difficult branch. In my opinion this instrument is unassailable. It will hold in the highest court in this State."

"That is what we want—your honest opinion," said the president. "You have given it, and we are much obliged to you, and shall be pleased to have a bill for your service. My dear sir, the highest court in the State declared this lease null and void last week, and we have lost a ten-thousand-dollar suit upon it!"

Both the business man who drew the lease and the lawyer who approved it were mistaken. They believed in themselves, but a higher tribunal showed their fallibility. (2861)

SELF-CONFLICT

A friend once asked an aged man what caused him to complain so often at eventide of pain and weariness. "Alas," replied he, "I have every day so much to do. I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain and a sick man to tend and wait upon."

"Well, well," commented his friend, "you are busy, indeed! But I didn't know that you had anything to do with a menagerie. How, then, do you make that out?"

"Why," continued the old man, "listen. Two falcons are my eyes, which I must guard diligently; the two hares are my feet, which I must keep from walking in the ways of sin; the two hawks are my hands, which I must train to work, that I may provide for myself and those dependent on me as well as for a needy friend occasionally; the serpent is my tongue, which I must keep ever bridled lest it speak unseemly; the lion is my heart, with which I have a continual fight lest evil things come out of it, and the sick man is my whole body, which is always needing my watchfulness and care. All this daily wears out my strength."—Du Quoin *Tribune.* (2862)

Self-conquest—See Victory in Defeat.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

Some young Christians are timid and self-conscious, and can not help it; what is to be done then? We once knew a child who was so painfully bashful that anything that called attention to herself was a positive torture to her. So simple an act as to step across the aisle and hand a hymn-book made her heart beat wildly. Then one day she saw a report of an organization which was called "A Bridge from the Island of Supply to the Island of Want." Her mother, who saw that her little girl's usefulness in life would be greatly curtailed if she yielded to her foolish fear, talked to her seriously and said: "Don't think of yourself as yourself, but think of yourself as God's bridge. Whenever He gives you an opportunity to do anything that would help any one, or a thought that would make any one happy for you to tell it, just say, 'Now, I'm not anybody in myself; I'm just God's bridge, and I must let Him pass over me to this service.' If you see the need and have the supply, no matter what it is, then you are God's bridge, and you must be a strong bridge so that His path may not be broken." She soon learned to forget all about herself in her own personality, and forgetting herself, forgot her fear. (Text.)—May F. McKean, *Zion's Advocate.* (2863)

SELF-CONTROL

The name of Charles E. Hughes, Governor of New York, is deservedly held in esteem for the many admirable qualities of character possest. That the child is father to the man is shown in this incident which exhibits an unusual power of self-control in one so young.

For five years, until his tenth year, he studied at home. His mother taught him the primary studies, as well as French, German, and mathematics; his father, Greek and Latin. That mastery of self which Mr. Hughes afterward manifested he also taught himself as a child. He always recited his lessons standing, and, like most children, had at first considerable difficulty in keeping still. He evidently thought the thing all out for himself; and one day, with no suggestion from his mother, who was then hearing his lessons, he announced that he had found a method of controlling his rebellious members. He selected a seam in the carpet, placed his toes firmly against it, shut his heels tightly together, and assumed a determined, soldierlike pose. From that day Mr. Hughes has had entire command of himself. (Text.) (2864)

Self-deception—See Facts, Ignoring.

SELF-DEPENDENCE

By thine own soul's law learn to live;
And if men thwart thee, take no heed;
And if men hate thee, have no care—
Sing thou thy song, and do thy deed;
Hope thou thy hope, and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give.
—John G. Whittier.
(2865)

SELF-DEPRECIATION

When Deacon Hotchkiss bought Brother Bemis' yearling heifer he demanded a guarantee of the animal's condition, and he asked Brother Bemis to swear to that guarantee before the justice of peace. Brother Bemis was hurt by this unusual precaution on the part of a lifelong friend and neighbor. "Why, Brother Hotchkiss," he remonstrated, "you ain't no need to be so pesky s'picious with me. I ain't never cheated you, hev I? You wa'nt like this never before." "I wa'nt—I wa'nt," assented Brother Hotchkiss cordially, "but I hearn you t'other night when you wuz on the anxious seat at revival meetin' and I sez to myself, sez I, 'if Brother Bemis is half the sinner he makes himself out to be, it behooves me to be everlastin' keerful with him next caow trade.'" Which goes to show that a man is more likely to be taken at his own estimate of himself when he puts that estimate low than when he puts it high; and that it is not overwise in a man to make estimate of himself in time of excitement and a place of publicity. (Text.)—*Puck.* (2866)

SELF-DISPLAY

Many men embrace the most trivial opportunities to attract attention to themselves, with far less reason than the great actor in this incident recorded in *Scribner's Magazine:*

Nothing else he ever did equaled Mansfield's recital of his experience the night he condescended to the plebeian rôle of a waiter and wore an apron. His whole "business" was to draw a cork, but he took pains to drive that cork home before coming on the stage. When his cue came to draw the cork he tugged and tugged in vain. His face grew scarlet and perspiration dropt from his forehead. Then he handed the bottle to another waiter, who struggled with all his strength without budging the cork. Mansfield turned a deaf ear to the voices in the wings shouting for him to leave the stage. He took the bottle back again and with renewed effort finally dislodged the cork. The insignificant pop it gave after those Titanic efforts again brought down the house. (2867)

SELF-EFFACEMENT

Was Rafael, think you, when he painted his pictures of the Virgin and Child in all their inconceivable truth and beauty of expression, thinking most of his subject or of himself? Do you suppose that Titian, when he painted a landscape, was pluming himself on being thought the finest colorist in the world, or making himself so by looking at nature? Do you imagine that Shakespeare, when he wrote "Lear" or "Othello," was thinking of anything but "Lear" and "Othello"? Or that Mr. Kean, when he plays these characters, is thinking of the audience? No; he who would be great in the eyes of others, must first learn to be nothing in his own. (Text.)—William Hazlitt. (2868)

SELF-ESTEEM

We may be properly independent of the patronage of royalty, but this independence need not take the form of rudeness as with the musician in these incidents:

Liszt refused to play at court of Queen Isabella in Spain because the court etiquette forbade the introduction of musicians to royalty. In his opinion even crowned heads owed a certain deference and homage to the sovereignties of art, and he determined it should be paid.

He met Czar Nicholas I, who had very little notion of the respect due to any one but himself, with an angry look and a defiant word; he tossed Frederick William IV's diamonds into the side scenes, and broke a lance with Louis Philippe, which cost him a decoration. He never forgave that thrifty King for abolishing certain musical pensions and otherwise snubbing art. He refused on every occasion to play at the Tuileries. One day the king and his suite paid a "private view" visit to a pianoforte exhibition of Erard's. Liszt happened to be in the room, and was trying a piano just as his Majesty entered. The King advanced genially toward him and began a conversation, but Liszt merely bowed with a polished but icy reserve.

"Do you still remember," said the King, "that you played at my house when you were but a boy and I Duke of Orleans? Much has changed since then."

"Yes, sire," replied Liszt dryly, "but not for the better."

The King showed his royal appreciation of the repartee by striking the great musician's name off the list of those who were about to receive the Cross of the Legion of Honor.—H. R. HAWEIS, "My Musical Memories." (2869)

SELF-ESTIMATE

John the Baptist said of Christ, "He must increase but I must decrease." Scott's attitude toward Byron was similar.

It is characteristic of Scott that he knew perfectly well when Byron began to write his day was over. He quietly said Byron had "bet him," and he never sang again. Without a touch of jealousy, with simple manliness, Scott admitted that a greater poet than himself had come, and instead of waging a losing battle for his lost supremacy, he praised his rival, and then left the arena with all the honors of war. There are few men who could have done this. That Scott did it, and did it easily, is at once a proof of the sturdy manliness of his nature, and of the robust common sense and generosity which marked his character.—W. J. DAWSON, "The Makers of English Poetry." (2870)

That we should try to see ourselves as others see us is a rule well illustrated by R. H. Haweis in what he says on learning to play the violin:

I had found means to make the flimsiest strings yield up sounds which I need not here characterize, and to such purpose that it became a question of some interest how long such sounds could be endured by the human ear. I do not mean my own. All violinists, including infants on the eighteenpenny ones, admit that to their own ear the sounds produced are nothing but delightful; it is only those who do not make them who complain. (2871)

Self-examination—See SELF-INSPECTION.

SELF-FLATTERY

We are all of us susceptible to the good opinions of others, and sometimes we are apt to fall into the bad habit of lauding ourselves. An illustration of this is seen in the following:

Once when Moltke heard himself compared to Cæsar, Turenne, Marlborough, Wellington, and others, he remarked: "No; I have no right to rank with such great captains, for I have never commanded a retreat"—which at the same time conveyed a subtle compliment to himself. Bismarck was equally subtle when he was asked whom he thought to have been the ablest plenipotentiary at the Congress of Berlin. "I don't know about the ablest," he replied with a grim smile, "but the next ablest was certainly Lord Beaconsfield." (Text.) (2872)

SELF-FORGETTING

The first principle of Christianity is to forget one's self. When Wilberforce was straining every energy to get his bill for the emancipation of slaves passed, a lady once said to him, "Mr. Wilberforce, I'm afraid you are so busy about those slaves that you are neglecting your own soul." "True, madam," he said; "I had quite forgotten that I have one." That remark contains one of the deepest truths of Christianity. (Text.) (2873)

SELF-HELP

At one time in a battle between the English and French, the Prince of Wales became the center of the enemies' attacks. As the Germans, men of Savoy, and other fierce foreigners broke through the royal division, a messenger was despatched in haste to the King, entreating his aid. The British ruler had taken his stand on a hill to watch the battle at a safe distance.

The King replied, "Return to him and to them that sent you hither and tell them from me that they do not send to me again or look for my coming so long as my son shall live. Suffer him this day 'to win his spurs.' "

At the time of evening vespers, the prince had wrought a victory. The King, followed by his entire battalion, left the hill and advanced to meet the Prince of Wales. He embraced him and kissed him, saying, "Sweet son, God give you grace. You have acquitted yourself well."

Does not God often appear to withhold aid only that we may have the joy of winning victories by our own powers? (Text.) (2874)

That self-help is the best help is illustrated by the statements of a writer in *Health,* who says of the muscles:

It is dangerous to assist any muscle of the body. The more a muscle is assisted, the weaker it gets and the less it responds to the motor nerves. If any part of the body is deformed or has become weakened as the result of certain muscles failing to perform their duty, the muscles should be strengthened, not helped. If the abdomen protrudes as the result of the abdominal muscles having become weak, do not support the abdomen with a bandage, thus making the abdominal muscles still weaker. Strengthen the abdominal muscles, thus making a natural bandage. The same is true in reference to other braces and bandages. Never help a muscle, for you only weaken it. Exercise the muscle; it will then help itself. (2875)

SELF-HIDDEN

One way to win success in work and war is to subordinate self to the service, as the following lines suggest:

He held the lamp of truth that day
So low that none could miss the way;
And yet so high to bring in sight
That picture fair—the world's great Light;
That, gazing up—the lamp between—
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

He held the pitcher, stooping low
To lips of little ones below;
Then raised it to the weary saint,
And bade him drink, when sick and faint!
They drank—the pitcher thus between—
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

He blew the trumpet soft and clear,
That trembling sinners need not fear;
And then with louder note and bold,
To raze the walls of Satan's hold!
The trumpet coming thus between,
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

But when the Captain says, "Well done,
Thou good and faithful servant—come!
Lay down the pitcher and the lamp
Lay down the trumpet—leave the camp,"
The weary hands will then be seen,
Clasped in those pierced ones—naught between. (Text.) (2876)

Self-improvement—See Mutualism.

Self-injury—See Suicide Prevented.

SELF-INSPECTION

John Wesley drew up at Oxford for himself and his companions a scheme of self-examination which Southey declares, with some truth, might well be appended to the spiritual exercises of Ignatius Loyola. Here are samples: "Have I been simple and recollected everything I did?" And under this head is a swarm of microscopic tests of "sincerity" which the soul was to apply to itself. "Have I prayed with fervor?" Then follows a list of the times in each day at which prayer must be offered, and a series of tests for ascertaining the exact degree of fervor in each prayer—tests which irresistibly suggest a spiritual thermometer, with a graduated scale to register the rise of the mercury. Wesley adopted the practise his mother urged of asking, "Have I, in private prayer, frequently stopt short and observed what fervor in devotion?" That is, the anxious soul was to keep one eye directed to the object of prayer, and the other vigilantly fixt upon itself, so as to observe its own behavior.—W. H. Fitchett, "Wesley and His Century." (2877)

A traveler, reaching a mining camp unexpectedly, found the miners very rough in manners and appearance owing to their long absence from conventional life. On leaving the camp for a farther journey, the traveler handed one of the leaders a looking-glass. A glance at it amazed the man, and soon all the other miners were crowding round him for a sight of themselves. Then the traveler departed, promising to return in a month. On his return he found an extraordinary change had taken place. The men, having realized by the mirror what uncouth, unshaven fellows they had become, had reformed as regards their appearance and were now as smart and clean as ordinary civilized beings. It was a sight of themselves which had worked the change. (2878)

SELF-LIMITATIONS

"Lakeview; why, I should have thought they would call it Seaview!" exclaimed the island tourist, standing on the brow of the hill.

"But they don't see the sea from the

house. The top of the hills shuts it out. You only see the lake."

"I think I would have climbed a little higher and built where I could have seen the sea."

How many people are content to take up their abode on the lakeview side of the hill, instead of climbing to the summit and getting the vision of the great sea! (Text.) (2879)

SELF-MASTERY

It is related that an eminent scientist, with his wife and brother, were sailing one moonlight evening on Lake Geneva. It became necessary to climb the mast to adjust a rope, when the boat capsized, and in a moment all three were struggling in the water. The lady, who was an extremely cultivated woman, coolly called to her companions, "I will not take hold of you, but come to me and let me put my hands upon your shoulders." Which they did, and she was buoyed up for half an hour until all were saved. It was her mastery of herself that made it possible for them to rescue her. —James T. White, "Character Lessons." (2880)

Self-mastery Gradual—See Endeavor, Constant.

SELF-MEASUREMENT

The story of the young man in fiction has traveled all this strange distance. It begins with the primitive bard, straining his voice and almost breaking his lyre in order to utter the greatness of youth and the greatness of masculinity; it ends with the novelist looking at both of them with a magnifying-glass; it begins with a delight in things above, and ends with a delight in things below us. I for one have little doubt about their relative value. For if a man can say, "I like to find something greater than myself," he may be a fool or a madman, but he has the essential. But if a man says, "I like to find something smaller than myself," there is only one adequate answer, "You couldn't." (Text.)—G. K. Chesterton, *The Critic.* (2881)

Self-possession—See Common Sense; Nerve.

Self-realization—See Myself.

SELF-RELIANCE

Beecher said that once, at school, when he was demonstrating a problem in geometry, the master said, "No," in a tone of absolute conviction, and he sat down in great confusion and dismay. The next boy was stopt with the same emphatic "No"; but the boy went right on, and completed the demonstration. Beecher said to the master, "I recited just as he did, and you said 'No.'" The master replied, "Why didn't you say 'Yes,' and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson, you must know that you know it." You have learned nothing until you are sure. If all the world says "No," your business is to say "Yes," and persist in it.—James T. White, "Character Lessons." (2882)

Imitate the Flathead Indians, and fling the child into the stream and make him swim. If Flathead Indians do this, straight-browed white men should know enough to imitate them. Bring your children up to believe that God cares for them, but that they must be self-reliant, and care for themselves. The fishes' fin fits the water, the birds' wing the air, the eye fits the sunbeam, the ear matches music, the intellect fits the truth and man's equipment for self-support fits the harvests, the fields and the forests.—N. D. Hillis. (2883)

See Education; Initiative.

SELF-REPRESSION

When Havelock was prosecuting his great march for the relief of Lucknow, Sir James Outram was sent out to supersede him. Poor Havelock, tho filled with bitter disappointment, was ready to obey; but when Outram discovered what marvelous feats the unyielding courage and determination of Havelock and his brave men had accomplished, he refused to take the glory which belonged to another, and insisted upon his brother officer finishing the work and earning his glory, while he himself served under him. So by requiring self-repression, courtesy may become a positive virtue.—James T. White, "Character Lessons." (2884)

See Power in Self-repression.

SELF-RESTRAINT

In the face of a fire peril which would have stricken an ordinary crowd with panic, 600 convicts recently, at the Western Penitentiary, sat quietly through their Sunday afternoon service, with hardly more than a ripple of fear. There was good cause for alarm in a fire in the hosiery factory, not fifty feet away from the chapel, and its smoke enveloped the windows so thickly that electric lights were turned on while Chaplain C. Miller continued the exercises.

Warden Francies himself was in the chapel when the fire broke out. He selected half a dozen "trusties" to help the prison and city fire departments fight the blaze, and then returned to quiet his charges. Fully half of the 600 had looked like stampede, but at a word from Chaplain Miller they recovered composure, reseated themselves, and listened attentively to the sermon. As the flames grew more threatening a second ripple of excitement started, but the choir stayed it by singing many hymns, in which the convicts joined.

The fire was fought for more than an hour, many of the "trusties" doing the most valiant work. Several were overcome by smoke.

After the fire Warden Francies paid many compliments to his charges for the self-restraint they had shown.

"No body of United States troops," he said, "could have acquitted themselves better under such trying circumstances."—New Orleans *Picayune.* (2885)

About three weeks after the capture of Fort Donelson slanders and misrepresentations sent to Washington resulted in removing General Grant from his command. Colonel Nicholas Smith, in "Grant the Man of Mystery," tells how Grant behaved under this unjust treatment. Grant said:

When I was ordered to remain behind it was the cause of much astonishment among the troops of my command, and also disappointment. I never allowed a word of contradiction to go out from my headquarters. You need not fear but what I shall come out triumphantly. I am pulling no wires, as political generals do, to advance myself. I have no future ambition. My object is to carry on my part of this war successfully, and I am perfectly willing that others may make all the glory they can out of it. (2886)

When you read this to your uncle he may say, "If General Grant had been provoked as I often am, I think he would have sworn." Just tell uncle this story and ask him if General Grant did not have some reason now and then to have a provoke:

"After he had served the nation as its President, General Grant was in New York when the Masonic Temple was burned. The fireline was drawn half way down the block, but the great, surging crowds hampered the work. A policeman stationed below failed to recognize the ex-President as he approached the line, and quickly grabbing him by the collar, he swung him around in the other direction, yelling at him as he gave him a whack with his club: 'Here, what's the matter with you? Don't you see the fireline? Chase yourself out of here, and be quick about it.'"

The general did not swear, but just got out of the crowd and began to attend to his own business. Swearing would have been a great waste of time.—J. M. Farrar. (2887)

See Provocation, Silence Under.

SELF-REVELATION

Some time ago one of the magistrates at Clerkenwell hit on a new idea in dealing with a prisoner, who came before him on a charge of being drunk and incapable. The man's face was terribly bruised, either from tumbling about while drunk, or fighting. The case having been proved, the magistrate inquired of the chief jailer for a looking-glass. One having been produced, the jailer was ordered to take the prisoner and show him his face in the glass, and then to liberate him; the magistrate remarking that if that exhibition was not a warning to him, he did not know what would be. The prisoner was accordingly shown the reflection of his disfigured face, and discharged.

There was sound philosophy in the novel method of the magistrate, it was good and true as far as it went; but it may well be doubted if the generous device effected any very considerable reformation in the prisoner.—W. L. Watkinson, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (2888)

SELF-SACRIFICE

Dr. Finsen, who discovered the "light cure" for the disease of lupus, was greatly tempted to keep his secret to himself and thus become a very rich man. He lay awake all one night, perturbed as to whether he would make public his discovery. When morning came, Dr. Finsen had "chosen the better part," and had decided to enrich the world with his cure. Only $1,500 a year was paid him by the Government of Denmark, and gradually the awful disease from which he himself was a sufferer made it impossible for him to work more than an hour a day and to eat hardly anything. Literally, Dr. Finsen laid down his life for the army of fellow sufferers. Queen Alexandra, proud of her fellow countryman, introduced the cure which bears his name to the greatest hospital in the world, and Finsen's discovery has alleviated the torture of countless invalids. (Text.) (2889)

Equally famous with the man in the moon and the woman in the moon is the hare in the moon, says Garrett P. Serviss in his "Astronomy with the Naked Eye." The original is a Buddhist legend. The god Sakkria, disguised as a Brahman, pretended to be starving and went to the animals for help. The monkey got him a bunch of mangoes; the coot picked up a fisherman's neglected string for him; the fox stole him a pot of milk. At last the god approached the hare. "I have nothing but grass," said the hare, "and you can't eat that." "But your flesh is good," suggested the pretended Brahman. The hare assented. "Then," said the Brahman, "I'll kindle a fire at the foot of this rock, and you jump off into it. That'll save me the trouble of killing you." The hare assented again, but as he leaped from the rock the god caught him in his arms and then drew his figure in the moon as a perpetual reminder of the excellence of self-sacrifice. (Text.) (2890)

See Goodness in the Bad; Poverty, Christian.

SELF-SACRIFICE IN NATURE

The last word of science harmonizes with the first word of the gospel; the doctrine of sacrifice has been scorned in many quarters as being unscientific. Such a disparagement is no longer countenanced by scientists, for they now point to the principle of utter abnegation of self as one of the most potent of natural laws. We are told that one portion of a flower is sacrificed for the sake of the flower as a whole. The rose multiplies its petals, but the blossom that is thus beautified never comes to seed. The flower dies in its new beauty, but a more glorious stock has thus been produced. So it is also with insect life. The bee toils night and day for weeks without sleep or rest, wearing itself out. Its life has nothing to do with its own pleasure, but is entirely surrendered for the good of the community. So science has furnished unexpected sanctions to the doctrine of sacrifice. (2891)

SELF-SUPPRESSION

When we ask what it is that has made Boswell's book a great classic, we are bound to concede to Boswell himself the credit of having inaugurated a new style of biography, conceived with the true originality, and carried out with conspicuous success. Toady, sycophant, braggart, eavesdropper—all these and more Boswell may have been, but he had one great gift, the faculty of recognizing greatness, and of suppressing himself in the presence of greatness.—W. J. Dawson, "The Makers of English Prose." (2892)

SELF-SURRENDER

The caddis-fly leaves his tube behind and soars into upper air; the creature abandons its barnacle existence on the rock and swims at large in the sea. For it is just when we die to custom that, for the first time, we rise into the true life of humanity; it is just when we abandon all prejudice of our own superiority over others, and become convinced of our entire indefensibleness, that the world opens out with comrade faces in all directions.—*Fortnightly Review.* (2893)

Selfish, The, Rejected—See Social Religion.

SELFISHNESS

The boy in this anecdote had apparently not been taught that it is better to give than to receive:

"Well, Bobby, how do you like church?" asked his father, as they walked homeward from the sanctuary, to which Bobby had just paid his first visit.

"It's fine!" ejaculated the young man. "How much did you get, father?"

"How much did I get? Why, what do you mean? How much what?" asked the astonished parent at this evident irreverence.

"Why, don't you remember when the funny old man passed the money around? I only got ten cents." (Text.)—*Lippincott's Magazine.* (2894)

Said Romola to Tito's child, after calamity had overtaken him:

There was a man to whom I was very near, so that I could see a great deal of his life, who made almost every one fond of him, for he was young and clever and beautiful and his manners to all were gentle and kind. I believe, when I first met him, he never thought of anything cruel or base. But because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant, and cared for nothing else so much as his own safety, he came at last to commit some of the basest deeds—such as make men infamous. He denied his father and left him to misery; he betrayed every trust that was reposed in him, that he might keep himself safe and get rich and prosperous.

That is the history of a man given over to his own selfishness. (2895)

The Moslem mollah is notoriously reluctant to give anything away. A mollah had fallen into a large pool of water and was struggling for his life to reach the bank. "Give me your hand, oh my lord, and I will pull you out," said a passer-by who had responded to the lusty cries for help. "No, indeed," replied the mollah; "I have never yet given anything to any one, and I certainly will not begin now." Not liking to leave the drowning man, his would-be rescuer, responding to a bright idea that occurred to him, said, "Will you take my hand, then, oh my lord?" "Gladly," answered the mollah, and allowed himself to be drawn out of the pool, saving his life without losing his innate selfishness. (2896)

SELFISHNESS AND UNSELFISHNESS

There was a stream gliding blithely and care free down a mountainside in its course to the ocean. On the way it passed a stagnant pool, which asked whither it was going. The stream answered that it went to contribute its cup of water to the vast ocean. "Wait!" said the pool. "Why give up all your substance to the ocean, which has no need of it? Follow my example, and hold on tight to what you have. Soon the hot season will be around and the glaring sun will shrivel you up." But the stream's unselfishness forbade such a course, and it flowed merrily onward, while the pool gathered itself more closely together and settled down in its position of selfish ease and comfort. Presently the hot season came, and the sun scorched everything beneath its blazing heat. But the little stream flowed securely beneath an archway of overhanging trees, the leaves and branches of which made it immune from dangers and obstructions. And the sun peeped through the leaves and smiled upon it, saying that it could not harm such an unoffending thing. And the birds came to sip of its refreshing waters, while the sweet flowers bloomed along its side. The farmer in the field looked kindly upon it, the cows came to drink of it, and the stream pursued its way happily, blessing everything and being blest. But not so with the pool. The sun glared down on it, drying it up and making it repugnant and stagnant. And the breezes, kissing it by mistake, carried the unhealthy stench over the land, introducing malaria wherever it went. Everything shunned and avoided it, and because of its selfishness it was transformed into a murky, vile puddle, reeking with hurtful germs. But the stream emptied its water into the ocean, from which it was borne aloft into the clouds and carried back to the mountain summit whence it came, there to begin again its joyous course.—S. G. WEISCOTTON. (2897)

SELFISHNESS BROUGHT OUT

The common council of Trenton, N. J., has passed an ordinance providing that all street-car passengers that can not get a seat need not pay their fares. The reason is, of course, that the company does not provide nearly enough accommodation for the public. Probably there is not a city in the United States where this condition does not exist. The profits of the street-car companies are largely augmented by patient strap-hangers. But, as to Trenton, the effect of this ordinance has been extraordinary.

Passengers that were consumed with ill-nature when they had to stand on a crowded car now let empty cars swish past them and patiently wait on the street corner until a full one comes along, on which they may ride free.

The ordinance has also exterminated the car boor. When a lady steps inside all the men in the car spring to their feet and offer her their seats. The conductor has to refund the fare of the man that loses his seat in this way. The amusing part of the situation, however, is that very often the lady wishes to stand herself, especially if she is economical.

The whole plan smacks of exasperation. The only good point about it is the fact that the council feels that something ought to be done to force a public-service company to serve the public. Some cities have tried the plan of a lower fare for the man that has to stand, which undoubtedly is the better plan.—RIPPLE, *Christian Endeavor World.* (2898)

Selfishness, Getting Rid of—See ETERNAL LIFE, MAKING ROOM FOR.

SELFISHNESS REBUKED

A hard bargainer sent the following advertisement to a paper: "A lady in delicate health wishes to meet with a useful companion. She must be domestic, musical, an early riser, amiable, of good appearance, and have some experience in nursing. A total abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. No salary." A few days afterward the advertiser received by express a basket, labeled, "This side up, with care; perishable." On opening it, she found a tabby cat with a letter tied to its tail. It ran thus:

"Madam, in response to your advertisement, I am happy to furnish you with a very useful companion, which you will find exactly suited to your requirements. She is domestic, a good vocalist, an early riser, possesses an amiable disposition, and is considered handsome. She has had great experience as a nurse, having brought up a large family. I need scarcely add that she is a total abstainer. As salary is no object to her, she will serve you faithfully in return for a comfortable home." (Text.) (2899)

SELFNESS

Our life not being an emanation from God, but a personal self-containing product of his power, we are not born to a perception of truth which floods our capacities as soon as they are opened, as the tides of a sea pour up each inlet that is scooped out to receive them; we do not receive pleasure, and utter it mechanically, as the pipes of the organ pour out without partaking the harmonies that breathe through them. But we, each one of us, as our life is unfolded, separate from all others, radically discriminated in its vital unity from that of every other, must set up for ourselves on the theater of the universe.—RICHARD S. STORRS. (2900)

Sense Impressions—See PICTURES, INFLUENCE OF.

Senses, Limited—See LIMITATION OF THE SENSES.

Senses, The, as Indicators of Men—See CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS.

SENSITIVENESS

The sensitive plant, that shrinks from the touch, is rightly regarded as occupying a high place in the vegetable world. When its delicate leaves are seen drooping from contact with the finger, we might fancy it gifted with a sort of consciousness, by which it can not only feel and perhaps suffer, but also visibly attempt to withdraw from suffering. It is an interesting object to notice, whatever may be our speculations in regard to it, and we naturally have strong interest in a plant so curiously endowed. Some men and women in our most civilized communities seem to be very much akin to this little shrub. Their one distinguishing characteristic is sensitiveness. They are easily hurt, easily irritated, easily offended. They translate every touch, however innocent or even friendly, into an intent to trouble or annoy them. They are constantly fancying slights, suspecting insults, imagining ridicule, dreading censure.—*Public Ledger.* (2901)

Moral shocks are communicated to the whole world as certainly as earth tremors to the whole earth. No man can do a wrong deed or a right one without affecting every other man.

That the earth is extremely sensitive even to the slightest shocks, contractions, or alterations is shown by the tremendous rapidity with which the indications of these are transmitted to various parts of the globe. A few minutes after the first shock was felt in San Francisco the seismographic instruments at Washington recorded the tremor. (Text.) (2902)

A most remarkable example of a peculiar sensitiveness has been observed in certain moths of the family *Bombyces*—notably the Oak Eggar, the Emperor, and the Kentish Glory. Take a newly emerged female of either of these species, shut her up in a small box, conceal the box in your pocket, and then walk about in some country spot known to you as being one of the haunts of that species of moth. Then, if any of the males of the same species happen to be in the neighborhood, they will settle or hover about close to the female which, altho still concealed and quite out of their reach, has attracted them to the spot.—W. FURNEAUX, "Butterflies and Moths." (2903)

"An Apology for My Twilight Rambles" was the original title of the tender hymn: "I love to steal away a while," by Phebe Hinsdale Brown. The story in a word is this: Phebe was left an orphan in her Canaan home (New York), and fell under the cruel care of a relative who caused her to grow up timid and retiring to a painful degree. Marrying Timothy H. Brown, she made her home for some time in Ellington, Conn., caring for a growing family. At sunset, one day, she stole away from her cares for a little relief and for communion with God, in a rich neighbor's flower garden, which, indeed, was her favorite resort. Her trespass was reported to the mistress of the house, who accosted her with: "If you want anything, why don't you come in?" meaning, "Get out!" Next day, with a wounded spirit and filled with tears, holding her baby to her bosom, she wrote the lines above, nine stanzas in all, and sent them to the feminine churl who was so little of a neighbor and belied the odor of the flowers that blest her garden. (Text.) (2904)

Sensitiveness to Pain—See PAIN IN ANIMALS.

SENTIMENT, MIXED

In a home designed to get men and boys on their feet and become independent and self-supporting, there was found in the pocket of one of the boys the following poem:

I sometimes think it hardly fair
That I am here, while you are there.
Still I am perfectly aware
You might come here or I go there.

And I would just as soon be there
Or here; or have you here or there
So I suppose I scarcely care;
In fact, its neither here or there. (2905)

SENTIMENT, USELESS

A gentleman was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, and concluded very pathetically by saying, "I could not but feel for him." "Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor, but didst thou feel in the right place—didst thou feel in thy pocket?" (Text.) (2906)

Sentiment versus Sentimentalism—See FEELINGS, RESERVED.

Sentiments of a Dying Soldier—See ESSENTIALS.

SEPARATION

The South Sea islanders have a singular tradition to account for the existence of the dew. The legend relates that in the beginning the earth touched the sky, that being the golden age when all was beautiful and glad; then some dreadful tragedy occurred. the primal unity was broken up, the earth and the sky were torn asunder as we see them now, and the dew-drops of the morning are the tears that nature sheds over the sad divorce. (Text.) (2907)

Seraphim — See LOVE RATHER THAN KNOWLEDGE.

SERENITY IN LIFE

Oh, heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad. (Text.) (2908)

SERMON, A BRIEF

The longest sermon on record was preached by the Rev. Isaac Barrow, a Puritan preacher of the seventeenth century, who once delivered a sermon in Westminster Abbey lasting three hours and a half; and the shortest sermon ever preached was perhaps the sermon which Doctor Whewell was fond of repeating from the text, "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward."

The sermon occupied barely a minute

in delivery, the following being a verbatim report:

I shall divide the discourse into three heads: (1) Man's ingress into the world; (2) His progress through the world; (3) His egress out of the world.

Firstly, his ingress into the world is naked and bare.

Secondly, his progress through the world is trouble and care.

Thirdly, his egress out of the world is nobody knows where.

To conclude:

If we live well here, we shall live well there.

I can tell you no more if I preach a year.

Then he gave the benediction. (2909)

Sermon, Eccentric—See GRACE SUFFICIENT.

SERMON HEADS

Preaching a trial sermon in presence of an audience of only two persons must in any case be a trial to one's nerves, but especially so when the two happen to be the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Tait) and Dean Stanley. We read of such an unfortunate young "candidate for priest's orders" so preaching in that rather awful presence. In his confusion he stammered out, as he began, "I will divide my congregation into two—the converted and the unconverted." Dr. Tait interrupted him with: "I think sir, as there are only two of us, you had better say which is which."—Chicago *Standard*. (2910)

SERMON, SAVING A

When pastor of Park Avenue Church, Brooklyn, New York, I was preaching one Sunday morning to a languid audience, for it was a hot, sultry day in summer. The windows were all open for ventilation, but scarcely a breath of air was felt. The atmosphere was oppressive, and the service dragged. When about half way through my sermon, a sparrow flew through one of the open windows, and startled the drowsy audience by flying round the church, at times threatening to light on one or other of the ladies' bonnets. At length it lighted on the communion-rail, directly in front of the pulpit and in full view of the audience, and there settled down quietly. All eyes were intent upon it. My discourse had been rudely interrupted, but as if by inspiration I was seized with the thought to change my theme, speak of God's care for His children, and use the little bird as an object-lesson. This I did, quoting the Savior's words in Matthew 6:26: "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" The audience was intensely interested, every mind was alert, every soul thirsty for the comforting truth. The little creature remained perfectly quiet, and seemed as interested as any of the rest of us. Just before I closed he flew out of one of the windows, having left a message of hope and comfort to tired hearts. I have felt a warmer place in my heart ever since for "God's sparrows."—ELIJAH HUMPHRIES, *Our Dumb Animals*. (2911)

Sermon, The Effect of a—See CREATURE, A NEW.

Sermon versus Salmon—See PREACHING, RESPONSIBILITY IN.

Sermons in Candles—See ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CANDLES.

SERVICE

Service is labor baptized and anointed, and consecrated to high ends.

William Carey, cobbling shoes in that dingy little room in Leicester, tho he was never a skilful workman, yet cobbling them as best he could, putting in honest leather and sound pegs and strong stitches, and consecrating the toil to the service of God's kingdom, was as truly in the Father's business as was Dr. William Carey, the distinguished Oriental scholar, when translating languages, preaching the gospel, and baptizing converts in India. That little workshop, with its hammers and awls and scraps of leather, represented a department of the heavenly Father's business. (Text.) (2912)

Dr. Grenfell, whose devoted labors among deep-sea fishermen are known and appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic, was converted at a mission conducted in England by D. L. Moody. Meeting the evangelist many years afterward, Dr. Grenfell recalled the circumstance. Immediately Mr. Moody asked Dr. Grenfell, "And what have you been doing since?" Christians must not live on their past experiences. "What have you been doing since?" will be the Master's question. (2913)

Jesus washed the disciples' feet. A similar spirit was manifested by H. B. Gibbud with excellent results, as told by him in this extract:

I was going from cell to cell among the prisoners, when one man called me back, and asked if I remembered him. I did not.

"Well," said he, "I remember you. You got me out of the 'dives' in Mulberry Bend in New York City about twelve years ago, took me to the Florence Mission, and gave me a note to the Home of Intemperate Men. Do you remember?"

I was unable to place him, as I had done a similar act for quite a number.

"You will remember me, I think, when I tell you the circumstances. I was nearly naked; you got some clothes for me. I was shivering with delirium tremens, and could not dress myself, so you drest me. Now you remember me, don't you?"

I was still unable to recollect him.

"Well, there is one thing more, and that is what broke me up. After you had drest me, you said, 'You want to look nice, so I'll black your boots'; and you did.

"Now I could not tell, to save my neck, what you said about Christ; I did not want to do better; I did not go to the home; all I wanted was what I could get out of you. But your blacking my boots—I have never been able to get away from that."

"I did not want your religion, but to think that you cared enough about my soul to black my boots, that has followed me all these years, and when I have been drunk and stupid that thing would haunt me. I have thought of it hundreds of times, and now I thank God has brought me here to meet you again, and I want you to pray for me." (Text.) (2914)

The whole material universe is ever compulsorily engaged in mutual service. The spheres wait on earth, air, sun, clouds, and sky. But the spiritual universe has for its grace and its glory the principle of service consciously rendered by love and sacrifice.

Two ragged street urchins stood one day before the window of a picture store in London, and one cried out, "Look, Jim, look!" "What is it?" Jim asked, and the little fellow answered, "Why, there he is. That's our earl." It was the photograph of the Earl of Shaftesbury, in truth the earl of the poor and opprest. The motto of his family is "Love—Serve," and nobly did he live up to his motto. At his funeral a laboring man was heard to say in a choking voice, "Our earl's gone. God A'mighty knows he loved us. We sha'n't see his likes again." (Text.) (2915)

The flowers got into a debate one morning as to which of them was the flower of God, and the rose said: "I am the flower of God, for I am the fairest and the most perfect in beauty and variety of form and delicacy of fragrance of all the flowers." And the crocus said: "No, you are not the flower of God. Why, I was blooming long before you bloomed. I am the primitive flower; I am the first one." And the lily of the valley said modestly: "I am small, but I am white; perhaps I am the flower of God." And the trailing arbutus said: "Before any of you came forth I was blooming under the leaves and under the snow. Am I not the flower of God?" And all the flowers cried out: "No, you are no flower at all; you are a come-outer." And then God's wind, blowing on the garden, brought this message to them: "Little flowers, do you not know that every flower that answers God's spring call, and comes out of the cold, dark earth, and lifts its head above the sod and blooms forth, catching the sunlight from God and flinging it back to men, taking the sweet south wind from God and giving it back to others in sweet and blest fragrance—do you not know they are all God's flowers?" (2916)

Service and Age—See Age and Experience.

SERVICE AND SACRIFICE

An old Roman coin bore the design of an ox standing between a plow and an altar, thus signifying its readiness for either service or sacrifice. No symbol could more beautifully represent the attitude of the true servant of Christ—ready, while the Master wills, to bow the neck to the yoke and toil in his service; and just as ready when the call comes, to sacrifice everything, even life itself. (Text.)—*Zion's Herald.* (2917)

Service as Testimony—See Witness of Service.

SERVICE, AUXILIARY

Many a humble parent or teacher might find comfort in the following pretty fable:

A taper lay in a drawer, when its owner took it and climbed a winding stair in a tower. "Where are you taking me?" asked the taper complainingly. "I am going to show big ships their way over the sea," answered the owner. "Why, no ship could see me or my little light," said the taper. "Leave that to me," added the owner as he lighted the big lantern, and then blew the taper out. (2918)

SERVICE, HUMBLE

Our service ought to be positive. Every day brings with it some chance to help. If your service can not be great, let it be small, only let it be service in some way for the good of another and for the glory of God. An old Scotch woman in Edinburgh was arrested as a suspicious character. She was seen furtively picking some things from the sidewalk and putting them beneath her shawl. On examination it was found that the articles were only little bits of glass. Questioned, she replied that she was only picking up the stray pieces of glass that they might not cut the bairnies' feet.

Remember, there is glass to be taken from life's highways; there are thorns to be uprooted and roses to be planted.—Joel B. Slocum. (2919)

See Earthen Vessel.

SERVICE, INTERESTED

Washington housekeepers are inclined to think that T. B. Witherspoon, of St. Louis, was romancing recently when he told of a negro servant who has been in his employ for fifteen years. It appears that the negro was given ten days' leave and money to spend for a trip down to New Orleans, but in three days turned up again, and here is the way Mr. Witherspoon explains the negro's return, quoting the servant:

"'You see, suh, it done get mighty miserably cold night after I lef' you, and I knows dat Miss Kate (my wife) ain't got no business tryin' to work dat furnace, and I know you ain't gwine to bother with it. Nary one of you got enny business with a dirty old furnace, least of all Miss Kate, who ain't got no right to soil her little han's. I couldn't sleep good thinkin' about it, an' dat's why I gits back quicker'n I 'spected.'

"There is a specimen act of an old-time, true-hearted darky, whose first thought is of the comfort of his employer." (2920)

Service, Lowly—See Example.

SERVICE, METHOD OF

When Jael served her yellow-hued dainty to Sisera in that fine dish, she set an example that is worthy of being followed in more ways than in that hospitable one. Milton in his noble thoughts set in his lofty style has served his "butter in a lordly dish." A kindness or a benefaction dealt in a courteous spirit and in fine chivalry is equally "butter in a lordly dish." Above all, a life lived in the exercise of a character that is sterling and pure gold—serving viands of soul in divinest thoughts and sublimest virtues and inspirations that gods might envy, is "butter in a lordly dish." The substance of a deed is heightened in merit by its service when the mettle of the dish matches the quality of the meat. (2921)

SERVICE, RELIGIOUS

If a child finds itself in want of anything, it runs in and asks its father for it—does it call that doing its father a service? If it begs for a toy or a piece of cake—does it call that serving its father? That, with God, is prayer, and He likes to hear it. He likes you to ask Him for cake when you want it; but He doesn't call that "serving Him." Begging is not serving; God likes mere beggars as little as you do; He likes honest servants, not beggars. So when a child loves its father very much, and is very happy, it may sing little songs about him; but it doesn't call that serving its father; neither is singing songs about God, serving God. It is enjoying ourselves, if it's anything; most probably it is nothing; but if it's anything, it is serving ourselves, not God.—John Ruskin. (2922)

Service Unnoticed—See Results of Good Deeds.

SERVICE, UNSEEN

I heard of a young woman, a domestic in a home, who loved her Savior and whose heart He had filled with a love for her fellow men. Opportunities for service such as the world recognizes were few, but every night she was accustomed to gather the daily papers after they had been thrown aside. Taking these to her room she used to cut from them the list of death notices, and laying these before her she knelt and in prayer commended those in sorrow to the gracious help of her Father in heaven. She did not know them, but they were in sorrow, and in the only way she could she ministered to them. We are not judges, but I much mistake if in the eyes of Him who judges not as man judges, such service as that does not rank high up above the princely gifts that attract the attention of the world.—Robert Johnston. (2923)

SERVICE WITH HARDSHIP

In a recent number of *Forward* the story is told of a young Chinese slave girl whose mistress brought her to the Presbyterian Mission Hospital at Canton. She was doomed to blindness and lameness, so her mistress abandoned her. The doctors amputated her leg and gave her little tasks to perform about the place and taught her about the heavenly Father and Savior. She developed leprosy and was forced to leave these friends whom she had learned to love, and go to the darkness and horror of a leper settlement. But she went a Christian, and in two years that blind, crippled leper built up a band of Christians in that leper settlement, and in five years a church grew out of her work. That poor crippled invalid life is to-day a center of joy and service, and other leper villages are sending to her to ask about the wonderful good news which can bring joy even to outcasts. (2924)

Service, Wrong Conception of—See Seeking Service.

SHADOW

In sylviculture the growth and fiber qualities of young conifers are artificially improved by shutting off the sunlight and leaving the trees in very dark places.

There are many virtues in human character that seem to develop more robustly and come to finer strength in the shadows of adversity. (2925)

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE

A terrible shadow in Coleridge's life was the apparent cause of most of his dejection. In early life he suffered from neuralgia, and to ease the pain began to use opiates. The result on such a temperament was almost inevitable. He became a slave to the drug habit; his naturally weak will lost all its directing and sustaining force, until, after fifteen years of pain and struggle and despair, he gave up and put himself in charge of a physician, one Mr. Gillman, of Highgate. Carlyle, who visited him at this time, calls him "a king of men," but records that "he gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings, a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment."—William J. Long, "English Literature." (2926)

Shadow of a Great Life—See Living in the Shadow.

SHADOWS

We are made sure that the sun shines not necessarily by seeing it, but often by noting the shadows it casts.

So the presence of God in our lives may often be indicated by the shadows of sorrow and trial. (2927)

SHAKING-UP

Many a man will confess that a sound thrashing at the hands of some other lad in the days of his youth was the beginning of his moral development; that, after the ache was over, it set him to thinking. Nature abhors monotony almost as much as a vacuum, and seems to have provided that at various times a general shaking up is necessary to maintain the proper standard.—James M. Stifler, "The Fighting Saint." (2928)

SHAME

If our deeds were all to be put on a canvas for men to see, should we be as much ashamed of some as them, as the man in this anecdote?

There was once a rich landlord who cruelly opprest a poor widow. Her son, then a little boy of eight years, witnessed it. He became a great painter, and painted a likeness of the dark scene. Years afterward he placed it where the cruel man saw it. He recognized himself in the shameful picture, turned pale, trembled in every joint, and offered a large sum to purchase it that he might put it out of sight. (Text.)—Louis Albert Banks. (2929)

SHAMS

Christianity, like its Founder, is the enemy of all false pretense. Jesus's denunciations were severest against hypocrites:

The amount of pain and discomfort which malingerers are willing to endure to obtain their discharge is almost incredible, but the facts are well attested. A limb has been held in a fixt position for many months and not even the application of the actual cautery has sufficed to move it. Many men have chopped off some fingers and have claimed that it was an accident. Mental derangement of one sort or another is a favorite form of malingery, but the results usually resemble the popular or stage idea of insanity rather than the true products of mental alienation.

The threat of the application of the actual cautery has cured paralysis, but cases have been recorded where malingerers have endured the cautery on several occasions. A man who simulated blindness was placed on the edge of a jetty and told to walk straight forward. He stept out and fell into the water, for he knew that those who were testing him dared not let him drown. In another case, however, a man who seemed to have paralysis of an arm allowed the amputating knife to be placed to it without flinching, but when thrown into the river he struck out with both arms and swam. (Text.) (2930)

Musical connoisseurs often express disappointment at the sound of some imposing-looking organ. The instrument with the great dimensions of its outer frame and the gorgeous show of its great gilded pipes in front would give the impression of great power. But those pipes, instead of being of hollow and sonorous metal, are solid pieces of wood. They are decorated dummies, incapable of giving forth a single sound. The musical pipes in such an instrument are hidden from view but they alone are of service.

In the world we must expect shams of character and ostentations, impositions, but in the Church of God there should be no such thing as "folly that is set in great dignity." (Text.) (2931)

Examination of the premises occupied by a Los Angeles private bank, lately closed for lack of funds, showed that the supposed vault was a big door without any opening behind it. The door was of steel, with plate-glass knobs, shiny combination dials and all the features of an imposing safe protecting quantities of money. Just how such a sham affair could be put in without becoming a matter of comment is hard to see. Or do workmen set such doors often enough not to be surprized by them? (Text.) (2932)

Sharing Blessings—See Responsibility.

SHELTER

He was only a butterfly, one of those beautiful, large, bluish-black ones that we so often see about the garden, but he knew enough to get in out of the wet.

It was during one of the heavy showers that so frequently, in the hot days of midsummer, come suddenly upon us, driving every one to the nearest cover. To escape the downpour, which meant great injury, if not destruction, to so delicate a creature, he quickly flew to a near-by Balm of Gilead tree, where, alighting on the under side of a large leaf, he clung with wings closely drawn together and hanging straight downward, using the big leaf as an umbrella to shield him from the great drops falling all around. High and dry, here he remained until the shower had passed, and the blue sky and warm sun called him once again to his favorite haunts.—*St. Nicholas.* (2933)

See Compensation.

SHEPHERD, THE GOOD

A gentleman traveling in the lonely part of the highlands of Scotland was attracted by the bleating of a ewe, as the animal came from the roadside, as if to meet him. When nearer she redoubled her cries and looked up into his face as if to ask for assistance. He alighted from his gig and followed her to a considerable distance from the road, where he found a lamb completely wedged in betwixt two large stones, and struggling with its legs uppermost. He took out the sufferer and placed it on the green sward, when the mother, seemingly overjoyed, poured forth her thanks in a long-continued bleat.

The good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep. He rejoices more at the safety of the lost sheep than over the ninety and nine that were safe in the fold. (Text.) (2934)

Shining—See Lives that Shine.

SHINING AS LAMPS

The *British Weekly* prints this:

His lamps are we,
To shine where He shall say,
And lamps are not for sunny rooms,
Not for the light of day,
But for the dark places of the earth,
Where shame and wrong and crime have birth;
Or for the murky twilight gray,
Where wandering sheep have gone astray;
Or where the light of faith grows dim,
And souls are groping after Him.
And as sometimes a flame we find
Clear shining through the night—
So bright we do not see the lamp,
But only see the light,
So we may shine—His light the flame,
That men may glorify His name. (2935)

Shining Wherever You Are—See LIVES THAT SHINE.

Ships, Watching the—See CHEER, SIGNALS OF.

SHORING UP

When building a house it is common for the carpenters to insert timbers under the ground-sills pending the time when the stone foundations can conveniently be placed.

Similarly we may employ expedients in character-building. Children may not be ready as yet to grasp principles of conduct; but meanwhile we give them rules, detail commands, and minute precepts; these serve to "shore up" the life while the principles are being formed. (2936)

SHRINKAGE

If a man tries to live on his own moral resources, without new supplies of divine grace, he will experience a shrinkage of character like that of the sun, as described in this extract:

The sun is gradually falling into itself, the outer layers are falling toward the center; the sun is shrinking, growing smaller; and this contraction, this falling in of the outer particles, produces the immense outflow of energy. The whole sun contracts, every particle of its whole mass falls toward the center and contributes its mite to the total supply of heat. The surface particles move, of course, through a much greater distance than do those within the sphere. On account of the tremendous mass of the sun a very slight contraction will suffice to maintain its supply of heat. A shrinkage in the solar diameter of some 300 feet a year is all that is necessary to account for the great outpour of energy.—CHARLES LANE POOR, "The Solar System." (2937)

"SHUT-IN" MISSIONARY WORK

In 1891, Miss Mary Ashton, a "shut-in," zealous for the spreading of the gospel in foreign lands, and desirous to do her share, began the sale of ribbon bookmarks and leaflets on which were printed Scripture texts and choice poems. With a few helpers, the sales and her income increased from year to year, so that, at her death in 1899, she was supporting a Bible woman in China, another in India, and four missionaries in those countries.

After her death, Miss Theodosia Haine, of Warren, O., also a member of the "Shut-in" Society, volunteered to undertake Miss Ashton's work. This she is successfully doing and much literature is being disseminated through her efforts. The profits resulting from the sale of Miss Haine's work go to the Mary Ashton Fund of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—*Record of Christian Work.* (2938)

SICK, MIRROR AN AID TO THE

The looking-glass, whether a plus or a minus quantity, plays a more important part in the sickroom than most nurses and physicians give it credit for.

"All things considered, I think it a good plan to give a sick person a chance to look at himself occasionally," said a prominent doctor, recently. "Of course, the indulgence must be granted with discretion. If a patient is really looking seedy, a turn at the looking-glass is equivalent to signing his death warrant; but if taken at a time when braced up by some stimulant or a natural ebullition of vital force, a few minutes of communion with his own visage beats any tonic I can prescribe. It thrills the patient with new hope. It makes him feel that he isn't quite so far gone as he had thought, and that possibly a fight for life is, after all, worth while. Being thus sensitive, a persistent withholding of a mirror convinces the patient that he must be too horrible for contemplation, and he promptly decides that the best thing for him to do is to give up the ghost and get out of the way.

"That is one of the mistakes hospitals were apt to make up to a few years ago. When I was a young fellow, getting my first practise after graduation, I served on the staff of several hospitals, and in all, especially in the free wards, those aids to vanity were strictly forbidden."—Cleveland *Plain-Dealer.* (2939)

Sick-room, Atmosphere of the—See Talking and Sickness.

SIDE, CHOOSING THE RIGHT

Not many years ago I was asked to go to a Georgia county and speak, and when I got there some saloon-keepers came in and stood up by the wall on one side of me, their object being to intimidate me. I said, "Neighbors, you have sent for me to come and speak to you on the whisky issue. I am no orator; I am no Brutus. I am not going to tell you which side of this question I am on, but you just step up to God and ask which side He is on; go to Christ and put me down on His side. Go out there to the graveyard, and take up that mother who has buried her husband and sons in drunkards' graves, and ask her which side she is on—and then put me down on her side. Put me down on the side of God and Christ, and the women and children of this land."

The leading saloon man in the crowd wiped the tears from his eyes. He had just buried a sweet wife and child, and he walked out and said, "Boys, I'm done; I throw up the sponge." The next election in that county the prohibition element carried the day by five hundred majority.—Sam P. Jones. (2940)

SIGHT, IMPERFECT

A rich man, of very miserly character, was found to be suffering from cataract in both eyes. Blindness ensued, and he was at last compelled to consult a famous oculist. He was appalled by the costly fee which was required for an operation, but reluctantly assented to an operation on one eye. This restored his sight in one eye, and the oculist advised a similar operation on the other. "Oh, no," said the miser; "it's far too expensive. I will manage with the sight of one eye." Most people would not hesitate to call such a man a fool, yet are not many men and women contented with semiblindness? One eye may enable us to see material things, but not spiritual things. (2941)

Sight, Sacrificed—See Science, Devotion to.

Sign of Distinction—See Embellishment of Preaching.

Signs—See Superstition.

SIGNALS

We should be as alert to hear God's voice in the soul as these ship-masters are to hear the signals:

Experiments in the conductivity of sound through liquids were begun many years ago by Prof. Elisha Gray, and in 1901 a system of signals based thereon, designed by A. J. Mundy, was successfully tested in Boston Harbor. Steamships plying between Boston and New York have been equipped with the apparatus, and are said to use it very frequently in signaling.

Our representative, while on the *Herman Winter,* observed the perfect operation of the apparatus when approaching, passing, and leaving the Pollock Rip lightship. It had been prearranged that the signal should be the number 73, the number of the lightship. This locality was reached shortly before daylight, yet when the ship was seven miles from the lightship, tossed by tempestuous seas, the signal, seven strokes, then three, was faintly but distinctly heard. Within two miles it was quite loud, and the peculiar A musical note of the bell was plainly noticeable. It is feasible to signal words with a special code, and no doubt such a system of communication will soon be perfected. (Text.)—*The Scientific American.* (2942)

See Listening for Signals.

SIGNALS UNHEEDED

The engineer of the Philadelphia and Reading flyer, which on the night of January 27, 1903, plowed its death-dealing way without warning into the splintered cars of the Eastern express on the New Jersey Central Railroad, near Westfield, N. J., was extricated from the wreck suffering terribly from wounds from which he afterward died. When first carried to the hospital and questioned concerning the cause of the wreck, he could give no clear idea of how it happened that he ran by the red signal. In his agony he kept murmuring: "I saw nothing!" His later testimony was somewhat confused, but it hardly added to or subtracted from the force of that short, sad lament, "I saw nothing!" Many a mortal spirit rushes through this world seeing nothing, speeding on and on toward eternity, and recklessly running by signal after signal set by merciful hands to warn it of the dangers ahead.—*Grace and Truth.* (2943)

SILENCE

The purple flushing of the eastern sky;
  The stately progress of the sun toward even;
  Night's mantle dropping from the quiet heaven;
The holy hush which brings God's presence nigh;
The dusky woods where cooling shadows lie,
  Where birds are still and Nature to repose
  Sinks gently down; dews falling on the rose;
Mountains sublime in distance looming high;
The smile of friends when love surpasses speech;
The hand-clasp, given when sorrow is too deep
  For words. Ah me, the silence of life
Are mightier far, and higher lessons teach
Than all its noisy clamor! Let us reap
  The bliss of those who keep themselves from strife.

—FREDERICK E. SNOW, *The Outlook.* (2944)

SILENCE AND SPEECH

A young man who was an inveterate talker was sent by his parents to Socrates to learn oratory. On being presented to Socrates the young man spoke so much that Socrates was out of patience. When the bargain came to be struck, Socrates asked him double the price. "Why charge me double?" asked the young man. "Because," said Socrates, "I must teach you two sciences; the one to hold your tongue, and the other how to speak."

Silence may be as eloquent as speech. The art of the matter is practise, each at the right time and in the right place. (2945)

Silence Under Provocation—See PROVOCATION, SILENCE UNDER.

SILENT PROCESSES

When I was a boy the new shoe (it was a boot then) was a mortification wherever I went. It announced my coming like a brass band. It was unescapable. To a modest man it was an agony. Even an assertive man found it inconvenient at times.

But now the shoes, even the newest of shoes, shoes worn for the first time, do not squeak one little squeak. They would not disturb the typical but mythical pin-fall silence.

Where has the squeak gone? It has been taken up by a layer of some sort of cloth or soft fiber between the two layers of leather. It is a very simple device, and the wonder, as with so many other simple devices, is that it was not thought of before.

What I want to do is to apply the non-squeak method to my life. I want to put something between the rubbing surfaces of my thoughts and words and actions that will make them noiseless. I want the operation of my brain and the energy of my life to be silent. I shall be glad when the world sees results, but I do not care to have it see processes.

I want my shoes to "get there," but I don't want them to squeak on the way.—ARROW, *Christian Endeavor World.* (2946)

SIMPLE-MINDEDNESS

An army examiner once had a very stupid candidate before him, who apparently was unable to answer the simplest question. At last the examiner lost his temper, and with sarcastic emphasis, quite lost on the youth before him, queried.

"Suppose, sir, that you were a captain in command of a company of infantry; that in your rear was an unpassable abyss; that on either side of you towered perpendicular rocks of untraversable height; that before you stood the enemy, one hundred men to each one of yours; what, sir, would you do in this emergency?"

"General," said the aspirant to military honors, "I should resign."—*Tit-Bits.* (2947)

SIMPLICITY

Hon. E. B. Washburne says: "When Grant left his headquarters at Smith's plantation (a short distance above New Carthage, on the Louisiana side) to enter on the greatest campaign in history, he did not take with him the trappings and paraphernalia so common among military men. All depended on the quickness of the movement. It was important that he should be encumbered with as little baggage as possible. He took with him no orderly, nor horse, nor a servant, nor an overcoat, nor a camp-chest, nor even a clean shirt. His entire baggage for the six days—I was with him at that time—was a tooth-brush! He fared like the commonest soldier in his command, partaking of his rations and sleeping on the ground with no covering except the canopy of heaven." (2948)

See Life, The Simple; Tact.

SIMPLICITY AND TRUTH

The first rule of evidence in courts is that the easiest explanation is the most probable one. The court always rejects the far-fetched as the improbable. If the snow should fall to-night, and to-morrow morning at daylight footprints in the snow should be found, you could explain the footprints in the easiest possible way—namely, a man went down the street. A far-fetched explanation would be that an aeroplane came along, that a man leaned out of the basket, and holding a shoe in either hand carefully made these footprints so as to create the impression that some one had walked down Orange Street. We reject the explanation because it is involved. We choose the easiest explanation and the simplest.—N. D. Hillis. (2949)

SIMULATION

There are many insects, birds and beasts that preserve their being by simulating what they are not, that they may remain undistinguishable and escape the pitfalls that may lie in wait for them; also to catch the unobservant and destroy them. Among these are the "specter insect," the "walking-stick insect," and the "praying insect" (*Mantis religiosa*), which is so constructed, with its forelegs stiff and thrust into the air to resemble a withered twig, that it may escape foes from this very resemblance, also that it may catch any unwary insect that ventures near for its own subsistence, thus simulating an attitude of patient endurance quite like those scavengers of the human race—pious beggars who simulate faith and patient endurance, but are really burglars and robbers. The sphinx caterpillar also simulates what it is not, and escapes its enemies by putting on a false appearance, and also attracts its food in a like manner.—Mrs. M. J. Gorton, *Popular Science News*. (2950)

Sin, Bondage to—See Bondage to Sin.

SIN-CONSCIOUSNESS

The Rev. James Guthrie, one of the Scottish Covenanters, had a man-servant who was much humbled and perplexed by hearing his master pray regularly in family worship for one who was present that his sins might be forgiven. There were few, of course, in the household circle, and the man naturally thought that it was he who was prayed for. After Mr. Guthrie had one night been especially fervent in supplication for this person present, the man could bear it no longer and spoke to his master, wishing to know wherein he had come short. Judge of the astonishment of both when Mr. Guthrie said it was himself he had been praying for. (2951)

A deacon in a Jacobite church near Tripoli, Syria, was seeking relief for his sin-burdened conscience. He heard of a woman who wrote out all her sins on a paper and laid it on the tomb of St. Ephraim. When she found the paper later, there were no traces of writing on it, so she knew her sins had been erased. The deacon wrote his, and placed them under the altar-cloth beneath the sacred wafer which he believed to be the very body of Christ; but the ink showed no signs of dimness. He was disappointed and discouraged, but just at that time he found a tract entitled "Looking unto Jesus," which showed him a better way. (2952)

See Experience and Bible.

SIN COVERED

In the old days the gutters were open in the streets, but in modern towns they are put underground; so society is always forcing vices and abuses underground, covering them up by a variety of regulations that they no longer shock the public sense. Still, on occasion, the covered drain may prove its deadly virus, and the covered sin of the community is still there, working and threatening mischief.—W. L. Watkinson, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (2953)

Sin Exposed—See Exposure.

SIN, FASCINATION OF

Let the young especially beware of the insidious approacher of evil. Says Lady Montague:

I have sat on the shore and waited for the gradual approach of the sea, and have seen its dancing waves and white surf, and lingered till its gentle notes grew into billows and had well-nigh swept me from my firmest footing. So have I seen a heedless youth gazing with a too curious spirit on the sweet motions and gentle approaches of an inviting pleasure, till it has detained his eye, and imprisoned his feet, and swelled upon his soul and swept him to a swift destruction. (Text.) (2954)

SIN, HIDDEN

Donald Sage Mackay, in "The Religion of the Threshold," writes in substance as follows:

Henry Drummond vividly describes the ravages of the African white ant. One may never see the insect possibly in the flesh, for it lives underground. But its ravages confront one at every turn. You build your house, perhaps, and for a few months fancy you have pitched on the one solitary site in the country where there are no white ants. But one day suddenly the door-post totters, and lintel and rafter come down together with a crash. You look at a section of the wrecked timbers and discover that the whole inside is eaten clean away. The apparently solid logs of which the rest of the house is built are now mere cylinders of bark, and through the thickest of them you can push your little finger. It is a vivid picture of the way in which concealed sins eat out the pith of the soul. To the outward eye everything may remain the same, but the fiber of character has been punctured through and through, till the whole nature is corroded. (2955)

Sin, Ineffaceable—See Consequences, Irreparable.

SIN, ORIGINAL

What a strange misuse of language to speak of sacred writers as inventing original sin! Can we say that Jenner invented the smallpox, or that Pasteur invented the rabies, or that any of the celebrated physicians invented the maladies which are known by their names? What these famous men did was to successfully diagnose, characterize, and treat diseases which already existed, and which proved their malignant power by carrying thousands of men and women to the grave. (Text.)—W. L. Watkinson, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (2956)

SIN, SENSE OF

It is popular in some quarters to pooh-pooh, the sense of sin, or to smile away the seriousness of sin.

Alfred de Musset, when he was young (the same fact is told of Merimee), once, being very much scolded for a childish freak, went away in tears, deeply penitent, when he heard his parents say, after the door was shut: "Poor boy, he thinks himself quite a criminal!" The thought that his misdeed was not so very serious, and that his repentance was mere childishness, wounded him deeply, and the impression remained engraved on his memory forever. (Text.) (2957)

SIN, SUBTLETY OF

Our scientists, by the aid of powerful lenses, intense lights, exquisite adjustments, have succeeded in rendering visible the germs of several terrible maladies which decimate us, and these ardent naturalists hope ultimately to discover germs still more minute and obscure. But can any one believe that a bacteria of immorality will ever be revealed by the microscope as the germs of disease have been? Fever and cholera germs, germs of consumption, hydrophobia, erysipelas, have been disclosed by the fierce light of modern research; but no one will suppose that the germs of intemperance, impurity, anger, covetousness, deceit, pride, murder, foolishness, will ever be thrown on the screen, and an antidote be found for them in the pharmacopoeia. If it were thus possible to exhibit the secret of our sins, how we should shudder at the sight of the naked human heart, and shrink from the ghastly things which nestle there! But such a spectacle is not possible, and we are sure that it never will be. The germs of moral disease are in the soul itself; no glass of science may make them visible, no physician may deal with them, no medicine may purge them. —W. L. Watkinson, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (2958)

SIN WITHOUT ATONEMENT

A writer, speaking of the wasteful use of coal in England, and the consequent diminishing of the national store, says:

Our stock of coal is a definite and limited quantity that was placed in the present storehouse long before human beings came upon the earth. Every ton of coal that is wasted is lost forever, and can not be replaced by any human effort, while bread is a product of human industry, and its waste may be replaced by additional human labor. The sin of bread-wasting does admit of agricultural atonement, while there is no form of practical repentance that can positively and directly replace a hundredweight of wasted coal.

Here is an instance of a sin without atonement. Man can not reproduce the coal that he has once wasted. Grace has a kindlier word for our moral waters. The "years that the locust eaten" may be restored. (Text.) (2959)

SINNERS AND GOD

The following is taken from Jonathan Edwards' sermon entitled, "Sinners in the hands of an angry God." The sinners are given a dreadful warning.

The wrath of God burns against them; their damnation don't slumber; the pit is prepared; the fire is made ready; the furnace is now hot, ready to receive them; the flames do now rage and glow. The devils watch them; they are ever by them, at their right hand; they stand waiting for them, like greedy, hungry lions that see their prey, and expect to have it, but are for the present kept back. If God should withdraw His hand, by which they are restrained, they would in one moment fly upon their poor souls. The old serpent is gaping for them; hell opens its mouth wide to receive them; and if God should permit it, they would be hastily swallowed up and lost. The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked; His wrath toward you burns like fire; He looks upon you as worthy of nothing else, but to be cast into the fire; He is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in His sight; you are ten times so abominable in His eyes as the most hateful and venomous serpent is in ours.

Jonathan Edwards was born October 5, 1703. What a difference time makes in religious thinking. (2960)

SINS, ACCUMULATED

A great mogul engine goes dashing along at a high speed, plowing its way against wind, and defying every obstruction. But little snowflakes, steadily falling on the track, grow into a heap that brings the monster to a standstill.

Not one great crime, but many small sins block the soul's progress heavenward. (2961)

Sin's Causes—See Disease, Causes of.

SINS, PET

An officer in India, who one day fell asleep with his left hand hanging over the couch, was awakened by his young pet lion licking him. The rough tongue brought blood, and the officer tried to withdraw his hand. At the first movement the lion gave a short growl and grasped the hand more firmly, upon which the officer, seeing that his lion cub had become suddenly changed from a domestic pet to a wild beast, took a loaded pistol from under his pillow with his right hand and shot the animal dead.

There are pet sins that men caress, parade, and boast of. They appear harmless enough to the casual observer, but at some unexpected moment they becoming a "roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." (Text.) (2962)

SINS OF YOUTH

In some strata there are to be seen the marks of showers of rain which fell centuries ago, and they are so plain and perfect that they clearly indicate the way the wind was drifting and in what direction the tempest slanted from the sky. So may the tracks of youthful sins be traced upon the tablet of life when it has merged into old-age tracks on which it is bitter and sad to look, and which call forth many a worthless longing for the days and months which are past. (Text.)—Mursell. (2963)

Sins That Are Regarded as Little—See Little Sins.

SINGING CONDUCIVE TO HEALTH

The time will soon come when singing will be regarded as one of the great helps to physicians in lung diseases, more especially in their incipient state. Almost every branch of gymnastics is employed in one way or another by the doctors, but the simple and natural function of singing has not yet received its full meed of attention. In Italy, some years ago statistics were taken which proved that the vocal artists were especially long-lived and healthy, under normal circumstances, while of the brass instrumentalists it was discovered that consumption never claimed a victim among them. Those who have a tendency toward consumption should take easy vocal exercises, no matter how thin and weak their voices may seem to be. They will find a result at times, far surpassing any relief afforded by medicine. Vocal practise, in moderation, is the best system of general gymnastics that can be imagined, many muscles being brought into play that would scarcely be suspected of action in connection with so simple a matter as tone production. Therefore, apart from all art considerations, merely as a matter of health, one can earnestly say to the healthy, "Sing! that you may remain so," and to the weakly, "Sing, that you may become strong."—Boston *Musical Herald.* (2964)

Singing Stays Panic—See SELF-RESTRAINT.

SINGLENESS OF PURPOSE

The engineers of Nicholas I showed him their map of a crooked railway line from St. Petersburg to Moscow, explaining that it curved this way and that to take in this and that important interest or city, but the Czar took a ruler and drew a straight line between his two capitals, saying: "Build me that road."

The secret of the Czar's engineering was simply a single purpose to join the old and new capitals of his empire. The engineers thought of one great interest this way, and another that way; but the Czar had no interests but the one. That may have been poor business, but it was good military engineering, and had it continued in Russian military autocratic government, the Japanese, in the late war, would have had harder work. —FRANKLIN NOBLE, "Sermons in Illustration." (2965)

Sisterhood—See GRACIOUSNESS IN WOMEN.

SIZE, COMPARATIVE

Many a man who looks large in small surroundings, is dwarfed to a pigmy when placed among his superiors:

Since the Statue of Liberty was erected the scale of almost everything material has changed, especially in New York, so that the colossus does not look even large now. It was all very well for the Colossus of Rhodes to straddle the harbor entrance, looking down on the tiny sailing craft, and pigmy buildings of its day; it could not look otherwise than grandiose; but it would have been swallowed up and lost among the sky-scrapers and mammoth ocean-liners of twentieth-century New York, with its huge bridges, lofty towers, and all-around bigness. Nothing counts in a work of art but quality.—Boston *Transcript.* (2966)

See COMPARATIVE, THE.

SIZE NOT POWER

John Stuart Mill gives us a wonderful contrast between man's brief day and the enduring ages of Neptune, yet Neptune is a frozen clod, whirling on in eternal ice and darkness. A little ball of ice can not laugh nor love nor sing nor curse nor faint nor die; neither can a big ball of ice named Neptune. It is man alone who is great, as the regent under God. The contrast between the insignificance of man and the greatness of nature is based on the fallacy that bulk is greatness. The truth is that bulk is bulk, and concerns rocks and clods. Size is not power. (Text.)—N. D. HILLIS. (2967)

Skill—See HEADWORK.

Skill by Experience—See PRECAUTIONS.

Skill Solving a Problem—See CHARACTER CONDITIONED BY THE PHYSICAL.

SKILL WITH TENDERNESS

Years ago, in Central New York, lived a Dr. Delamater, a noted surgeon. It was before the days of anesthetics. A woman patient consulted him, and after examination he told her, with tears in his eyes, that a painful and dangerous operation was necessary. "Proceed," said the woman. The surgeon's success was complete. "Weren't you afraid when you saw the surgeon affected so?" she was asked later. "No," she said, "that was what helped me. Those tears assured me that the doctor was as tender-hearted as he was skilful. I could trust such a man." (Text.) (2968)

SKY, THE

In landscape-painting the sky, it is said, is the keynote, the standard of scale, and the chief organ of sentiment; just as the sky is the source of light in nature, and governs everything. This led John Constable to say that "the landscape-painter who does not make his skies a very material part of his composition neglects to avail himself of one of his greatest aids." He says he was advised to consider his sky as "a white sheet thrown behind the objects." He claims that the skies have what he calls a natural history in the changes that they show. As West once told him: "Always remember, sir, that light and shade never stand still," adding: "In your skies always aim at brightness . . . even the darkest effects there should be brightness. Your darks should look like the darks of silver, not of lead or of slate." It was the fault in the skies that led to the rejection of Constable's picture, "Flatford Mill," by the Royal Academy.

How much life depends upon its skies. (2969)

SLACKNESS

Mr. C. E. Russell, in *Hampton's Magazine,* gives some experiences of Dr. H. H. Hart, of Chicago, member of the National Prison Association. One time he went to an Illinois jail in a small rural town, and asked to see the sheriff:

It appeared that the sheriff was visiting in another part of the county. Doctor Hart asked for the jailer. The jailer was absent, attending a funeral. Was any officer within range? Oh, yes, there was a deputy sheriff somewhere about. After diligent search, Doctor Hart succeeded in running down the deputy sheriff, and announced that he had come to inspect the jail.

The deputy sheriff said he would get the key. He felt in one pocket after another, and at last announced, with some trace of annoyance, that he could not find the key. For a moment he stood silent and meditating, until at last a bright thought seemed to occur to him. "Wait a moment," he said, and disappeared into the barn. Presently he returned with another man.

"This is one of the prisoners," said the deputy. "I guess he has the key."

Accordingly, the prisoner dug the key out of a pocket and ushered Doctor Hart into the prison.

On another occasion Doctor Hart visited a jail, and found it apparently deserted. He could discover no sheriff, no jailer, no deputy. A man was sweeping the sidewalk, and of him Doctor Hart asked for news of the county officers. The man shook his head.

"I guess I'm the only prisoner here. The sheriff and the jailer have gone out into the country on a picnic."

"What are you in for?"

"Oh, for murder," said the man, nonchalantly, and resumed his sweeping.

Incredible as it may seem, this man was telling the truth, and not long afterward he was tried and found guilty. (2970)

SLANDER

Against slander there is no defense. It starts with a word, with a nod, with a shrug, with a look, with a smile. It is pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveler can not avoid; it is the heart-searching dagger of the dark assassin; it is the poisoned arrow whose wounds are incurable; it is the mortal sting of the deadly adder, murder its employment, innocence its prey, and ruin its sport.—*Catholic Telegraph.* (2971)

SLANDER IRREPARABLE

The man who breaks into my dwelling, or meets me on the public road and robs me of my property, does me injury. He stops me on the way to wealth, strips me of my hard-earned savings, involves me in difficulty, and brings my family to penury and want. But he does me an injury that can be repaired. Industry and economy may again bring me into circumstances of ease and affluence. The man who, coming at the midnight hour, fires my dwelling, does me an injury—he burns my roof, my pillow, my raiment, my very shelter from the storm and tempest; but he does me an injury that can be repaired. The storm may indeed beat upon me, and chilling blasts assail me, but Charity will receive me into her dwelling will give me food to eat, and raiment to put on; will timely assist me, raising a new roof over the ashes of the old, and I shall again sit by my own fireside, and taste the sweets of friendship and of home. But the man who circulates false reports concerning my character, who exposes every act of my life which may be represented to my disadvantage, who goes first to this, then to that individual, tells them he is very tender of my reputation, enjoins upon them the strictest secrecy, and then fills their ears with hearsays and rumors, and, what is worse, leaves them to dwell upon the hints and suggestions of his own busy imagination—the man who thus "filches from me my good name," does me an injury which neither industry, nor charity, nor time itself can repair.—*Catholic Telegraph.* (2972)

SLAVE FOR THE GOSPEL'S SAKE

On the wall of a church in Algiers is a memorial tablet, inscribed with the name of Devereaux Spratt. Born in England, he, in 1641, with 119 other persons, the passengers and crew on board an English ship, were captured by Algerine pirates and sold into slavery. Having tasted of the salvation of Jesus Christ, he soon began laboring for the salvation of others, and many were brought to know and acknowledge the Lord. After some time, his family, being influential, persuaded the English Government to interfere on behalf of these poor captives, and the dey of Algiers granted to Mr. Spratt his liberty. But those among whom he had labored sorrowed so bitterly as they thought of losing him from among them, and the bonds which held him to them were so strong and tender, that he actually declined the offer of freedom, gave up home and friends, and consented to abide in lifelong bondage, that he, being a slave, might make others free. Thus, for the sake of emancipating the souls of others, he lived and died an Algerine slave. (Text.) (2973)

SLAVE TRADE, ATROCITIES OF

Slaves of both sexes in South Africa were chained together in pairs, many being mere skeletons from the misery, want, and fatigue of their march. In some the fetters had, by their constant action, worn through the lacerated flesh to the bare bone, the ulcerated wound having become the resort of myriads of flies. One captain had thrust his slaves between decks and closed the hatches for the night. When morning came fifty of the poor wretches were found to have been suffocated. The captain swore at the untimely loss, had the bodies thrown into the river, and went on shore to buy more negroes to complete his cargo.

As the summary of the facts recorded, it may be stated that:

Of 1,000 victims to the slave trade, one-half perished in the seizure, march and detention	500
Of 500 embarked on the transports, one-fourth, or 25 per cent, died in the middle passage	125
Of the remaining 375 landed, 20 per cent died soon after	75
Of 1,000 slaves, total loss	700

So that the annual loss to South Africa in its inhabitants was 500,000.—Edward Gilliatt, "Heroes of Modern Crusades." (2974)

Slavery Abolished—See Freedom, Gratitude for.

SLAVERY ENDED

In 1834 the children of the Jamaica slaves were freed, but at midnight of July 31, 1838, a general proclamation of emancipation went into effect and every adult slave in Jamaica became a free man. In anticipation of this event, William Knibb, the evangelist, gathered together the ten thousand slaves on that island for a prayer and praise meeting, and when the first stroke of the midnight bell pealed out, William Knibb shouted, "The monster is dying!" When the second stroke came, he said "dying"—after the third stroke he again said "dying," and when the twelfth stroke struck he said "The monster is dead—let us bury him." They had ready an immense coffin, into which they cast the whips, the branding-irons, the hand-cuffs and fetters, the slave garments and all the memorials of their slavery—and screwed down the lid. They let the coffin down into a twelve-foot deep grave, and, covering it over, they buried out of sight all the memorials of their past life of bondage. (2975)

SLAVES NOT HEROES

When Louis XIV, in order to check what he perceived to be the growing supremacy of England upon the seas, determined to establish a navy, he sent for his great minister Colbert, and said to him, "I wish a navy—how can I create it?" Colbert replied, "Make as many galley-slaves as you can." Thereupon every Huguenot who refused to doff his bonnet on the street as the King passed by, every boy of seventeen who could give no account of himself, every vagrant without an occupation, was seized, convicted and sent to the galleys. Could a navy of heroes be made of galley-slaves? The history of the Anglo-Saxon race says "No."—Hampton L. Carson. (2976)

SLAVES OF PLEASURE

Philanthropists in prison cells, missionaries to the Fiji Islanders, people doing rescue work in the worst sections of great cities, Livingstone in Africa, all these, through zeal, can work till midnight to save lost men, but the votary of pleasure will toil on up and down a waxed floor till daylight, until the head reels and the whole heart is sick. In his "Confessions" Tolstoi says that for ten years he went from banquet to banquet, drinking rich wines, feasting, following his tailor, concocting flatteries, lies, sleeping by day and dissipating at night, and he adds, "My observation is that no galley-slave or apostle like Paul has to toil as hard as a society man and a society woman," and both have lost their beauty, their happiness and their health before the life course is half run. So pleasure makes its disciples become galley-slaves. But pleasure promised a velvet path, air heavy with roses, the wine and nectar of Venus and Bacchus. Pleasure promised perfumed bowers, days of happiness, nights of laughter and song. But pleasure is a deceiver. (Text.)—N. D. Hillis. (2977)

Sleeping in Church—See Self-blame.

SLOWNESS

"A snail's pace," hitherto a remarkably indefinite phrase, has at last been exactly defined, thanks to the experimental philosophers of the Terre Haute Polytechnic. After putting half a dozen of them through their paces, and making all necessary differentiations, it was ascertained that a snail can travel exactly a mile in fourteen days. Hence, it will be seen that it is about nip and tuck between the snail and the boy when you send the latter to a grocery past a vacant lot where the other boys are engaged in a game of baseball.—Cincinnati *Enquirer*. (2978)

SMALL ANNOYANCES

James Drummond, in "Parables and Pictures," says:

We have heard of a battle against cannibals gained by the use of tacks. They had taken possession of a whaling vessel and bound the man who was left in care of it. The crew, on returning, saw the situation, and scattered tacks upon the deck of the vessel, which penetrated the bare feet of the savages, and sent them howling into the sea. They were ready to meet lance and sword, but they could not overcome the tacks on the floor. We brace ourselves up against great calamities. The little tacks of life, scattered along our way, are hard to bear. (2979)

SMALL BEGINNINGS

"Despise not the day of small things."
"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

A boy used to crush flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineer gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawing of his pots and brushes, easel and tools, and said, "That boy will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michelangelo. (2980)

Small Duties—See Helpfulness.

SMALL EVILS HARDEST TO BEAR

Gerald Gould expresses in verse a sentiment that many will indorse:

It is the slow and softly dropping tears
That bring the furrows to man's face; the years,
Falling and fall'n vain,
That turn the gold to gray upon his head;
And the dull days to disappointment wed,
And pain that follows pain
That make life bitter in the mouth, and strew
The dead with roses, but the quick with yew.

Better a wide and windy world, and scope
For rise and downfall of a mighty hope,
Than many little ills;
Better the sudden horror, the swift wrong,
Than doubts and cares that die not, and the long
Monotony that kills:
The empty dawns, pale stars, and narrow skies,
Mean hopes, mean fears, mean sorrows, and mean sighs.
(Text.)—*The Spectator*. (2981)

Smallness and Bigness Compared—See Destructiveness.

Smiles—See Love's Carefulness; Trouble.

SMILES AND FROWNS

We would all be willing to help in the pleasant task described in these verses:

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open I know for me.

Then over the land and sea broadcast
I'd scatter smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
  To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would try to gather them, every one,
  From nursery, school, and street.

Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
  And turn the monster key;
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
  To the depths of the deep, deep sea.
(2982)

SMILING

In Brooklyn, two young women undertook to band together a smile club. In this club's membership may be included every one, everywhere, who is willing to pledge as many smiles as possible to make life generally happier. Here are some of the things required of members: "Radiate! Smile! Shine like a little sun! Begin each day anew, and begin it by smiling until you are in a good humor. Think only of the things you wish to possess or of what you desire to become, for thoughts are things. Have faith and your wishes will come true. Smile! And keep on smiling, and you will find that the happiness you have always been seeking is within yourself. Express this happiness." Surely no objection can be offered to the organizing of clubs of this sort, tho we need not necessarily join one to acquire and practise the smiling habit. It may be said of smile clubs and smiles, the more the merrier. As a popular post-card puts it: "Smile a while, and while you smile another smiles, and soon there are miles and miles of smiles because you smile." Grouches could not exist if every one was smiling. It's worth trying for a few days anyhow, just to see how well it works. (2983)

Snob versus Gentleman—See GENTILITY, FALSE STANDARD OF.

SNOBBERY

A countryman had been to the city and went home brimful of news. "You 'member the Smiths?" he asked his wife, "the Silver Crik Smiths, them as got rich on the'r gran'feyther's money." Yes, she remembered them. "I seen 'em. They're way up; live in a gran' house on a street they call a thavenoo. They ride in a double kerridge, and have no end of money." She said she s'posed as much. "But, 'Mandy, you wouldn't want ter change places with her; I see her a minnit, and I didn't hev the heart to speak t'her. She's bin humbled right down to the dust. She's as blind as a bat." Blind! She guessed not. "But she is. Fust, she didn't know me, me that's rid down hill and played tag with her when she warn't knee-high to a turkey. Then, 'Mandy, tho her eyes was wide open, she went right along the streets, all drest up in her fine clothes, and a leetle mite of a dog was leading her along. He was tied to a streeng, and she had hold of t'other end of the streeng. Now, 'Mandy, how'd you like to be her?"—Detroit *Free Press.* (2984)

SNOBBERY REBUKED

Social standing is not always a sign of moral worth, as the following story suggests:

"The late Francis Murphy," said a Pittsburg man, "perhaps the greatest temperance reformer our country has ever seen, hated snobbishness hardly less than drunkenness. At a dinner in Pittsburg I once heard him rebuke, with a little anecdote, a snobbish millionaire.

"He said there was a rich and snobbish English woman living in the country. Her husband put himself up for a political place, and in order to help his campaign along the woman gave a garden party to which every voter for miles around was invited.

"Among the humble guests was a very independent grocer. The grocer made himself quite at home. No duke's manner could have been easier and freer. Indeed, the man's total lack of subservience angered his hostess extremely, so that in the end, thinking to take him down a peg, she said to him significantly:

"'You know, Mr. Greens, in London, shopkeepers don't go into the best society.'

"The grocer looked at her, and nodded and smiled.

"'They don't here, either, ma'am,' he said." (Text.) (2985)

SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY

In other days when people did not have matches they were sometimes obliged to go to the neighbors for fire, if their own blaze went out. Usually a bunch of large knots were laid on the coals at night and then covered over with ashes until morning. But if the knots failed to burn, then the oldest child was usually sent to the neighbors with an iron kettle to borrow fire. Happy to be of use, the child soon returned with a kettleful of bright coals and a blazing knot on top.

No man can live at his best who leads a

solitary life. Without the fellowship of others, like an isolated coal he soon ceases to glow and burn. Very few can remain for a long time in a white heat of enthusiasm. The flames die down, the warmth disappears unless the fires are kept replenished. Brainard's prayer was "O that I could be a flame of fire in the service of my God." (Text.) (2986)

See CHRISTIANITY, SOCIAL.

Social Faults—See DIFFICULTIES, SOCIAL.

SOCIAL INSTINCTS IN BIRDS

On one occasion Mr. Leander Keyser's several cages of birds were moved from one porch to another on the other side of the house. The jay's cage, being too big for the new quarters, was left behind, when at once the bird began to express his dissatisfaction and loneliness. All day he rushed about his cage, calling in the most pitiful way. The next morning he was no more reconciled, and showed so plainly by every look and motion his unhappiness that a place was made for him near the others. The moment he saw them he gave a cry of delight, his calls ceased, he chirped and twittered, and was his happy self again.—OLIVE THORNE MILLER, "The Bird Our Brother." (2987)

SOCIAL INTERDEPENDENCE

There was once a rich man who lived in a certain village. The people were pleased to have this man of influence among them. The only fault that they found with him was that he was selfish. It did not trouble him if his neighbors were poor or sick or out of work or in trouble. What was that to him? It only added to his position of superiority. He could import his edibles. He could hire foreign labor. But one day a family was stricken with a contagious disease induced by their poverty and poor food. The village was quarantined. He went to a gardener for vegetables but the cut worms had made the garden fail. He went to the poultry-dealer for eggs, but his hens were not laying well. He went to the farmer for fruit, but the drought had injured his vines. Then the rich man began to realize the relation between himself and his fellow man. If trouble came to his neighbor, he could not escape its blight. It was then that he became truly humble and began to love his neighbor as himself.

It is as true in our moral and spiritual life as it is in our physical life. The sin that blasts our neighbor's character will sooner or later cast its shadow upon us, live we ever so blameless. No one can live his life apart from his neighbors. (Text.) (2988)

SOCIAL PROGRESS

"The farmers' telephone was a boon during heavy and unprecedented snows," says *The Electrical World and Engineer*, "and many interesting uses are reported in New York State in places where many roads were blocked with drifts over ten feet deep. Hemmed in so that they could not see a neighbor for weeks, farmers have been able to converse with their friends and thus keep in touch with the world." (Text.) (2989)

See ECONOMIC MOTIVES.

SOCIAL RELIGION

Only the selfish man could wish to go to heaven alone. The door of life is always closed to the man who is not helping some other man on his journey.

A priest had a striking dream. He dreamed he had ascended the ladder that reached from earth to heaven. Expectantly he knocked upon the door. Some one responded, and demanded, "Who is there?" Proudly the priest called his name. "Who is with you?" came the reply. "No one," answered the priest; "I am alone." "Sorry," said the angel, "but we are instructed never to open these gates for a single individual." And, crestfallen and disappointed, he descended to earth. (2990)

SOCIAL STRENGTH

A constant struggle is going on in nature, and those animals best adapted to their conditions will be the ones to survive and transmit their superior characteristics to subsequent generations. This is natural selection. This same law governed man in his early history, and in almost the same way as it governs the brute kingdom. From the time that the tribal relation is established among men the struggle for existence ceases to be one of individuals and becomes one of tribes. It little profits an individual to be strong if he belongs to a weak tribe; it little profits a tribe to be composed of strong individuals if they fail to work in harmony with each other. Natural selection will still preserve the strongest, but it will be the strongest tribe. It is mutual trust, fidelity, honesty, concert in action, patriotism, disregard of death, that form the sinews of the nation, personal strength becoming a subordinate factor. Wolves hunt in companies, and together fearlessly attack animals which would easily master them separately. Insects live in communities and tho individually they are weak, by concert of action they make themselves formidable to the strongest of animals. But the central feature of the teaching of Christ was the law of love. It constantly appears in His words—now clothed in one parable now in another. The new command given to man was to love his enemy, to do good to them that hated him, to help the weak, to pardon the erring, to resist evil, and to give to him that asked. Henceforth it was to be the peacemaker who should be blest, and he who wished to be greatest was to be servant of all.—H. W. Conn, *Methodist Review.* (2991)

See Unity, Strength in.

SOCIAL TRAITS IN CHILDREN

Pedagogs tell us that the plays of children under seven or eight are noncompetitive and noncooperative. Kindergarten children play side by side or in pairs, rarely spontaneously in groups. They are gregarious rather than social. The plays between the ages of seven and twelve are social, cooperative and competitive games, but each child usually plays for himself. After twelve group games with opposing sides are more popular, and finally tend to crowd out all others. (2992)

SOCIAL VANITY

I read in a Paris paper an interesting account of a reception that some of our distinguished friends passing the season in Newport gave to a chimpanzee. Of course, it was mortifying to an American to have it known by Europeans that my compatriots were prepared to confess in that practical way to their belief in the evolution theory, and to have it understood in the cultivated centers of English and Continental life that over here people of advertised refinement could drop into such close relations of social reciprocity without either the Newport gentlemen and ladies or the chimpanzee feeling themselves insulted by the contact. But that first feeling, which of course was one of loathing, not for the chimpanzee, but for his companions, soon gave place to one which I am sure was more just and wholesome, this, namely, a pathetic realization of the horrid sense of emptiness which people must be suffering under to be willing to fill up the vacuum with material of such an abominably unhuman type; like a man so agonizingly hungry that he had rather fill himself with carrion than go to bed supperless, and not only that, but reduced to such an extreme point of inanition as even to acquire an appetite for carrion.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

(2993)

SOCIETY IS MAN'S PLACE

The man of the city closes his house, forgets his office and goes away. He has a suit of store clothes on him and two linen collars in his handbag, but for the rest he carries the garb of the vagabond, and getting into this as quick as he can he buries his face in the pine-needles and lets the wind and rain beat down on his uncovered head and untrimmed beard. And the weeks pass; and then happens the stranger thing. Through the music of the forest and the harmonies of the falling waters, he hears, at first, far away and hardly audible, then ever nearer and clearer, the voice of the city he deserted, and to his manhood's spirit that voice speaks with a charm which overcomes the woodland's spell and in another day he is back again, back in the old street, to the old work, to the ever dear old city. And once more keeping step with the vast army of toilers, he knows that not in solitude, but in society, is character made, and more, that not nature, but human nature, is God's best handiwork.—T. C. McClelland. (2994)

Soil—See Fruit and Soil.

SOLACE OF THE SEA

The following paragraph is the conclusion of James G. Blaine's eulogy of President Garfield, and forms one of the finest passages of English prose:

Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will. Within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices, with wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders, on its far sails whitening in the morning light, on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun, on the red clouds of evening arching low to the horizon, on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning, which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that, in the silence of the receding world, he heard the great wave breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning. (2995)

Solar Energy—See ENERGY; UTILIZATION.

SOLDIER, A TRUE

In the midst of a hot engagement, Napoleon asked one of his aides about the battle. "Sire," said he, "this battle is lost, but," pointing with his sword to the sun still an hour high, "there is still time enough to win another." (2996)

Soldier's Dying Sentiments—See ESSENTIALS.

SOLIDARITY

Smith's family in Brooklyn went on short allowance, the oldest son was taken out of college, the two daughters gave up their music-teacher, there was no summer vacation. They explained that Smith had lost thirty-six thousand dollars on R. & P. stock. Smith knew that he had lost this money because he was ten minutes late in getting a receipt from the directors.

On a certain day there were twenty-four directors in the head office. They waited vainly for the twenty-fifth. Their half-hour delay was costly to Smith and many others.

Mr. Brown, the twenty-fifth director, was late because his clerk had not brought a certain mail package due on the one-o'clock express. The clerk came at last with the package; the one-o'clock express had arrived late.

Fifty more plans went wrong because the express was late. Men rang up the general manager's office to complain of the annoyance. The manager sent for the conductor. The conductor explained that the fault was a "hot box." Inquiry at Rochester traced the hot-box to the inspector and oiler. He had come late to his work and was only in time to go over half the wheels of the express. The oiler, being questioned, admitted that he was late owing to a sick baby, for whom he had been obliged to go for a doctor. So, in a way, an oiler's sick baby, two hundred miles away, upset Smith and his family, delayed boards of directors, changed Wall Street fortunes. Victor Hugo said that at Waterloo "the universe changed front." But it changes front every time we act. If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. (2997)

The people of the world have a community of interests. Sickness in the slums of a great city, for instance, breeds disease in the whole community:

A man in the city of Chicago was asked why he did not do more to better the condition of the working people in the poorer sections of the city. "What are they to me?" he heartlessly answered. A few weeks later his daughter died of typhoid-fever brought to her in clothing made in the sweat-shops which her father thought it was not his business to try to do away with. (Text.) (2998)

See SENSITIVENESS.

SOLIDITY OF OLD TRUTHS

The fine-grained old truths of religion have been deposited by the world's best life. Its age is theirs; but, altho so many epochs and races went to make them, we use them now without a thought of their age or of the gravity of getting them well-grown; like the beautiful ivory mammoth tusk, sticking six or seven feet out of the frozen ground in Alaska, which the Indians have used for generations as a hitching-post. Tribes come and go, and generations succeed each other; but we all hitch up to the solid truths which offer their convenience, embedded in the past. (Text.)—JOHN WEISS. (2999)

SOLITUDE, LESSON OF

My safety (from madness) lay, as I found, in compressing my thoughts to the smallest compass of mental existence, and no sooner did worldly visions or memories intrude themselves, as they necessarily would, than I immediately and resolutely shut them out as one draws the blind to exclude the light. But this exclusion of the world created a dark background which served only to intensify the light that shone upon me from realms unseen of mortal eyes. Lonely I was, yet I was never alone. (Text.) —Mrs. MAYBRICK, "My Fifteen Lost Years." (3000)

SOLITUDE, TRAINING IN

A writer tells of a little bird which would not learn to sing the song its master would have it sing while its cage was full of light. It listened and learned a snatch of this, a trill of that, a polyglot of all the songs of the grove, but never a separate and entire melody of its own. Then the master covered its cage and made it dark; and then it listened and listened to the one song it was to sing, and tried, and tried, and tried again, until at last its heart was full of it. Then, when it had caught the melody, the cage was uncovered, and it sang the song sweetly ever after in the light. (Text.) (3001)

Solving Worry—See CONTENTMENT.

Son Conquered—See WORSHIPER, A MOTHER.

Song—See PRAISE.

SONG AND HUMANITY

The teacher of music should bear in mind that his subject is related to life in a profound and many-sided fashion. The songs of home and friendship, of religion and patriotism, have no small place in the higher life of humanity. To cite one example: I have been present at a Phi Beta Kappa dinner at Harvard when, at the close, the company of scholars joined hands and sang together Burns' song of "Auld Lang Syne." I have heard the same song at a company of ministers at a theological seminary reunion. After the battle of Manila Bay, where the British and American marines fraternized, as the British men-of-war left the harbor, the marines of both nations sang the same song. It was the music of the plowman-poet that best fitted as a parting-song of friendship for the scholar, the theologian, and the marines of two great modern nations. Read the tributes to music of noted men of letters like Carlyle and Newman. See how they have been impressed by this art, which opens into the world of the ear or sound—a word which has its artists and poets, its historians and dramatists, its architects and builders, as the world of letters or of space. —W. SCOTT, "Journal of the National Educational Association," 1905. (3002)

SONG AND SUFFERING

It is said of Charlotte Elliott, the author of the "Invalid's Hymn-book," that tho she lived to enter her eighty-second year, she never knew a well day. Her sweet hymns, such as "Just as I am without one plea," were the outpouring of a heart that knew what it was to suffer. Like so many other bards, she "learned in suffering what she taught in song." (Text.) (3003)

SONG AS A WELCOME HOME

In the mountains of Tyrol it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is the close of day and sing. Their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their way homeward. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset and sing a melody, listen for a while for an answering melody from off the water, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather around them, must be the songs of the loved ones at home that sing to cheer them, and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together these dwellers of the sea. (3004)

SONG, EFFECTIVE

An African heathen chief from an inland district was passing a mission school in Livingstonia. He heard the children singing their simple parting hymn. He sat down and waited till they came out. Then he asked the teacher "What were these children doing?"

"Singing a hymn," she replied.

"What is a hymn?" asked the chief; "it has touched my heart. I should like the children of my village taught some hymns."

There has since been a school established in that chief's village, and the gospel is reaching the people through the simple messages carried by the children in song and story. (3005)

Thirty men, red-eyed and disheveled, lined up before a judge of the San Francisco police court, says The *Youth's Companion*. It was the regular morning company of "drunks and disorderlies." Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing:

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair."

Last night! It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could fail of the sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

"I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the temple there."

The song went on. The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

Meantime the song went on, and every man in the line showed emotion. One or two dropt on their knees. One boy at the end of the line, after a desperate effort at self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face in his folded arms, and sobbed, "O mother, mother."

The sobs cut the very heart of the men who heard, and the song, still welling its way through the court-room, blended in the hush. At length one man protested:

"Judge," said he, "have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our punishment, but this—" He, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after a surprized effort to keep the men in line, stept back and waited with the rest. The song moved on to its climax:

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Sing for the night is o'er!
Hosanna in the highest! hosanna for evermore!"

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out, and then there was a silence.

The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly—a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could have accomplished. (3006)

SONG IN THE NIGHT

Years ago, when the *Ocean Monarch* was wrecked in the English Channel, a steamer was cruising along in the darkness, and the captain heard a song, a sweet song, coming over the waters, and bearing down in the direction of the voice, he found it was a Christian woman on a plank of the wrecked steamer singing:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high." (Text.)
(3007)

Song of Cheer—See Cheer, Good.

Song, Power of—See Life-line, Hymn.

SONG, THE GOSPEL IN

The ministry of song in modern times has been of incalculable value in spreading the truths of the Word. Speaking of a city-wide revival in Boston, a current news item says:

The city is ringing with revival melodies. Everywhere Mr. Alexander's songs are being hummed and whistled and sung. A number of revival hymns have been published in the newspapers, and a few days ago two drummers were seated in a train going out of Boston, holding a newspaper before them and singing from it lustily, "Don't Stop Praying." A gentleman who happened to be in the same car, which was filled with people, said that he finally approached them and asked them if they were ministers. "Oh, no," was the reply, "we are just drummers." In one of the hotels some theatrical women were singing, "He Will Hold Me Fast," instead of their own songs. These are simply indications of the way in which the gospel songs have permeated the entire city. (Text.)
(3008)

Songs Born in Trouble—See Neglect of Genius.

SONGS THAT ENDURE

George Sylvester Viereck, in "Prisoners of Song," has these suggestive lines on the immortality of the song:

With rumbling thunder and discordance hideous
The gods and stars shall tumble from the sky,
But beauty's curve enmarbled lives in Phidias,
And Homer's numbers can not die.

And when the land is perished, yea,
When life forsakes us and the rust
Has eaten bard and roundelay,
Still from the silence of the dust
Shall rise the song of yesterday! (3009)

SOOT

The Chicago public laboratories recently made tests to determine the amount of soot and dust deposited from the air in that city. The acreage deposit, as estimated from samples collected at eight different heights during a period of four weeks, was, approximately, at the rate of 8.5 tons per acre per year. On the Board of Trade Building, 110 feet above the street level, the estimated annual deposit was 10.5 tons. On the county building, 160 feet above street level, the amount was 7.8 tons, and on the Reaper Block, 120 feet above street level, 12.6 tons. The situation in Chicago is different only in degree from that prevailing in every large city. It would be interesting (and no doubt appalling) to know how many tons of soot enter the lungs of the inhabitants of our large cities.—*Good Health.* (3010)

Sorrow—See SUFFERING TRANSFORMED.

SORROW FOR A LOST CAUSE

In reminiscences of her husband, General George E. Pickett, of the Confederate Army, his widow has this to say in regard to the sadness that filled the Southern heart at the close of the unsuccessful war:

He (General Pickett) gave his staff a farewell breakfast at our home. They did not once refer to the past, but each wore a blue strip tied like a sash around his waist. It was the old headquarters flag, which they had saved from the surrender and torn into strips, that each might keep one in sad memory. After breakfast he went to the door, and from a white rose-bush which his mother had planted, he cut a bud for each. He put one in my hair and pinned one to the coat of each of his officers. Then for the first time the tears came, and the men who had been closer than brothers for four fearful years clasped hands in silence and parted. (Text.) (3011)

SOUL A UNITY

The Christian soul is not a department store. It does not advertise songs for Sunday, sharp bargains for Monday, doubts for Tuesday, worldliness for Wednesday, dishonesty for Thursday, compunction for Friday, repentance for Saturday, and then songs again for Sunday. No! The Christian soul is not a fractional mechanism, but an organism. It is fed by the divine sap that flows into it from the true vine. Thus does the glow of its life splendor every service it renders. The rich hues of its godliness vein the whole of its life as a spiritual mosaic.—F. F. SHANNON. (3012)

SOUL AND NATURE

The daisy brightening in the shadow of the hedge-row, or strewing the fields as with golden flakes; the trees spreading their whispering roof of tremulous foliage, or holding against the blast their rugged arms, inlocked with a trunk deep-set and rooted; brooks, lapsing or leaping from their summit springs; the ocean, which takes these to itself, without an added ripple on its bays, or an increase of its tides; all sounds, of mirth, or suffering, or fear; the drowsy hum of multitudinous insects; the arrowy song of birds, swifter than wings, aspiring to the skies; all forms and tones of human life; the immeasurable azure which is over us everywhere, brilliant with stars, or flecked with clouds, or made the blue and boundless realm of the victorious sun—all these, and all the visible system which these but partly represent, the soul perceives. It goes out to them, in its observant, inspecting glance. It meets and hears them, if they are vocal, with its attent sense. It apprehends them all, arranges them in their natural and obvious order, assigns to each its place and service, and lives amid them as in a home reared for it and furnitured at the commencement of its being.—RICHARD S. STORRS. (3013)

SOUL FLIGHT

A human soul went forth into the night,
  Shutting behind it Death's mysterious door,
And shaking off with strange, resistless might
  The dust that once it wore.
So swift its flight, so suddenly it sped—
  As when by skillful hand a bow is bent
The arrow flies—those watching round the bed
  Marked not the way it went.

Through the clear silence of the moonless dark,
  Leaving no footprint of the road it trod,
Straight as an arrow cleaving to its mark,
  The Soul went home to God.
"Alas!" they cried, "he never saw the morn,
  But fell asleep outwearied with the strife"—
Nay, rather, he arose and met the dawn
  Of everlasting life. (3014)

SOUL, GREATNESS OF THE

The mountain is vast in size and weight. The weary feet clamber over it painfully. It offers homes along its breast to the enterprise which seeks them. Its quarries build palaces, and its woods timber navies. It lifts its crown of snow and ice against the sky, and stands amid the scene a very monarch of earth, primeval and abiding. But the soul can compass that mountain in its thought, without weariness or pain; can take it up and weigh it, in the balances of exact mathematical computation; and spurning it then, as a mere footstool for its activity, can spring from it to that boundless expanse amid which the mountain is less than is the least of the dust grains of the balance to its solid bulk.—RICHARD S. STORRS. (3015)

Soul-growth—See GROWTH, UNCONSCIOUS.

SOUL, HARMONIOUS NATURE OF

A harp might conceivably be so framed by its maker that every string, tho rightly tuned and rightly struck, according to the theory and design of the instrument, should emit when touched a separate discord. Or it may be so framed, as we know by experience, that from it shall flow, when fitly swept by an educated hand, the concerted numbers of noble music; inspiring the thoughts with their spiritual force, or suffusing the very air around us with an audible glory, and making it drop benedictions upon us. If the former be the case, we know that the instrument was made without design, or else was made with malicious intent, to mock with pain where it promised to please. Now God has so framed the human soul, in His wise and benevolent ordination of its powers, that each of these powers as normally employed, according to His plan, gives a separate pleasure. If unhappiness comes from them, it is from their wrong use, not from their use; from our perversion, and not from our just employment of them.—RICHARD S. STORRS. (3016)

SOUL-MUSIC

During the fame of Ole Bull he played one night before the students of Princeton College. It was a wonderful exhibition. They marveled, as so many had marveled before them, at the strange things which he did with the violin. They heard the birds as they warbled among the trees of the forest; they heard the storms as they hurled their thunders back and forth among the crags of the mountain. Then the tones became so soft and sweet they could almost believe a mother was singing her babe asleep. When he had finished they gathered about him and said, "Tell us the secret." Ole Bull answered, "It is not in the instrument nor the bow, tho I use the best that money can buy. It is not primarily in the hand that wields the bow, nor the fingers that press the strings. If there is anything to tell, it is this: I never play until my own soul is full. Then the music is the overflow of the musician's soul." (3017)

SOUL QUERIES

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
  Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
  From morn to night, my friend.
Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
  Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
  They will not keep you standing at the door.
Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
  Of labor you shall find the sum.
—ROSSETTI.
(3018)

Soul-revival—See CONVERSION.

SOUL-SATISFACTION

Ellen Glasgow writes of the contentment of a soul on friendly terms with itself:

Since my soul and I are friends,
  I go laughing on my road;
Whether up or down it wends,
  I have never felt my load. (3019)

SOUL-SURGERY

In the corn-field you find the juicy ear overtaken by the deadly fungus. The farmer lifts his knife, and cuts away one-half of the ear, that he may save the sweet corn on the other half. From the prodigal, Jesus cut away his sins, that He might save the boy's soul.—N. D. HILLIS. (3020)

SOUL, YOUR

A very little girl, having received some dim impression regarding the soul, was asking her mother what it was. "Can you feel the soul, mother; can you hear it?" she asked, and then, "can you see it?" The mother answered that the soul could not be felt or heard, but that sometimes it seemed as if we could see it in the eyes. "Let me see yours," said the little one, and gazing into the mother's dear eyes she saw there the tiny image of herself, and exclaimed, "O mother, your soul is a little child!"

It would be profitable to all of us if we would ask ourselves this question, "Is my soul a little child?" (Text.) (3021)

SOUNDS

Compared with the Western world, with its indescribable hubbub, Korea is a land of the most reposeful silence. There are no harsh pavements over which horses are tugging their lives out, no jostling of carts or dray-wagons, no hateful clamor that forbids quiet conversation, but a repose that is inherent and eternally restful. The rattle of the ironing-sticks is not nerve-racking, but rather serves as a soporific to put all the world to sleep. Apart from this, one hears nothing but the few calls and echoes of human voices. What a delightfully quiet land is Korea! In the very heart of its great city, Seoul, you might experiment at midday in the latest methods of rest-cure and have all the world to help you.—James S. Gale, "Korea in Transition." (3022)

SOWING AND REAPING

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
  Plant hate and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow will bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
  Is the seed, the seed that you sow. (Text.) (3023)

SOWING BY SONG

"What shall the harvest be?" the composition of Mrs. Emily Oakey, and as sung by Mr. Sankey, won to Christ and to the gospel ministry the Rev. W. O. Lattimore, long pastor in Evanston, Ill. Young Lattimore joined the army in 1861 a moral youth of eighteen years, but later, a first lieutenant, he fell into drink, becoming a physical wreck. But one day in 1876, in the gallery of Moody's Tabernacle in Chicago, dazed from drink, the voice of Sankey in this pathetic song aroused in him new emotions, particularly the words:

"Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame,
  O, what shall the harvest be?"

The seed was sown—good seed this time; and from the saloon to which he withdrew, he returned to the Tabernacle, found a Savior, rejoined wife and child whom he had long abandoned, and after a successful pastorate of twenty years, died in 1899—a whole harvest to the seed-sowing of Christian song. (3024)

SPACE NOT VACANT

The idea that the vast spaces between the sun and the various planets are void and untenanted now belongs only to the history of science. To-day it is known that these spaces are filled with vast swarms of minute, dust-like bodies, each and every one revolving about the sun in vast ellipses, each one being, in fact, a microscopic planet. These bodies make their presence known not only as meteors or shooting-stars, but also by their power to reflect sunlight, and thus produce the peculiar evening glow of the zodiacal light.—Charles Lane Poor, "The Solar System." (3025)

Sparrow and Sermon — See Sermon, Saving a.

Speaking Extemporaneously—See Tact.

SPEAKING, PUBLIC

To talk to a crowd of 5,000 people—few living speakers know what that means; the expenditure of nervous force, the strain on throat and brain, on body and soul. But Wesley did this, not only every day, but often twice and three times in a day. He did it for fifty years, and the strain did not kill him!

Gladstone's Midlothian campaign in 1879 is famous in history; but it was confined to a little patch of Scotland; it lasted fifteen days, and represented perhaps twenty speeches. But Wesley carried on his campaign on a scale which leaves Mr. Gladstone's performances dwarfed into insignificance. He did it on the great stage of the three kingdoms, and he maintained it without a break for more than fifty years!—W. H. Fitchett, "Wesley and His Century." (3026)

See Tact.

SPEAKING TO DO GOOD

A writer in the London *Mail* has this to say concerning Theodore Roosevelt while in Egypt:

At Cairo he was asked to leave out his reference to the murder of the Prime Minister. "No," he answered, "that is just what I want to say. If you do not care about it let us call the engagement off."

There spoke the essential Roosevelt, not the politician, but the preacher. His object in speaking is to do good. To give advice, to stiffen healthy instincts, to strengthen public opinion against meanness and cruelty, to induce every man and every woman to make the best of themselves—those are the essential Roosevelt aims. His style smacks more of the pulpit than the platform. . . . "If I had been a Methodist," he once declared, "I should have applied for a license as a lay preacher." Since then he has obtained his license to preach—but from a greater body than the Methodist Conference. He is preacher-in-general to the whole civilized world. (3027)

SPEECH

Compare the golden oriole, swinging in the sunshine, and filling the house with flashing melodies, with the infant, moaning in his yet inarticulate speech, that lies beneath! The bird was made for enjoyment first; for work, subordinately. The infant was created for an enjoyment to be realized through fervent operation. The bird has a beauty of the Mind which created him. The gloss upon his breast, and the brilliance on his wings, were put there by God's pencil. His gushing song warbles a tribute to Him who gave him power to sing. But the child has a struggling capacity within him, as much grander than this as the spiritual and divine are always grander than the physical. He hath in his being the germs of speech. And speech can represent the most delicate feeling. It can set forth the mightiest process of thought. It can furnish an image for all that is conceived. It can take up and interpret the very thoughts of the infinite, translating them into language for the immortals to hear.—Richard S. Storrs. (3028)

See Silence and Speech.

SPEECH AND MISSIONARIES

We very frequently disgust people because of our seven-by-nine vocabulary. When the missionaries first went to the Hawaiian Islands it was perfectly proper for them to call the horse the "not pig," because they knew no horse and the newcomers were obliged to describe a horse in some way; but it is infantile for a missionary in countries where horses are common, because they do not happen to know the word for "horse" and do know the words for "not pig," to call a horse the "not pig." There is too much guesswork about that kind of talk, and you offend people by so doing.

Vulgarity of speech is a very common fault with many. We do not realize, perhaps, how our language has been purified, but in most of the missionary countries the language is vile beyond expression. A missionary adopts a word heard because he wants to use the language of the people; and he picks up something that is very greatly soiled. I recall a meeting that was electrified and horrified by a missionary who, in reading a hymn, repeatedly used an obscene word through sheer carelessness.—H. P. Beach, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (3029)

Speech and Practise—See Profession versus Character.

SPEECH, COMMON

John Wesley believed in the people, and one of the chief secrets of his success lay in his power to learn from the masses how to speak to them and influence them. On one occasion he was walking with his scarcely less famous brother, Charles Wesley, the hymn-writer, in a humble street in London, when they came face to face with a crowd of fishwomen who were in a row, and were cursing and swearing in a most excited fashion. Charles Wesley, more timid than his brother, turned to John and said: "Brother, let us go up this other street and escape from this mob." But John Wesley thought Charles needed more contact with the people, and taking him by both shoulders faced around toward the quarreling women, saying, "You stand there, Charles Wesley, and learn how to preach!"—*Everybody's Magazine.* (3030)

Speech, The Effect of Earnest—See Earnestness.

Speed—See Swiftness of Birds.

Speed in Travel—See Traveling, Progress in.

Speed Increased by Reducing Delays—See Delay.

Speed, Sensation of—See Obstacles.

SPEED, THE SECRET OF

In attacking some evils the best way to sweep them down, is often to use our greatest bulk and energy at the outset; as a ship, according to M. C. L. Meyher, moves fastest when the bow is made larger than the stern.

It should be noted in passing that all creatures that are called upon to move rapidly through a fluid are much slenderer behind than before, and it should be added that forms that are too slender in front are quite unsuited for great speeds. This may easily be demonstrated, but would take us too far from our subject for the moment. We should only say that it is difficult to understand why designers so often persist in giving to vessels forms that are more slender in the bow than in the stern, when the contrary should be the case.—*Revue Generale des Sciences.* (3031)

Spelling at Fault—See Illiteracy.

SPHINX, THE

Out of the changeful fury of the tide-rifts streaming by
Wilt build thee, O world, a place of peace, and show God by and by?
Or all the riot of roses and the loves that escape control,
Are they rainbows shed on a melting cloud from the central sun of my soul?

O musical storms and stars, do ye strike wild chords unplanned?
Or is there a master-musician, who leads with uplifted hand?
If a God's will shape the heavens, is He perfect, boundless, free?
Or feel He the bondage of violent dust? Does He suffer and strive like me?

I know that I never shall answer the riddles that haunt the mind,
I see but a spark of the infinite flame—to all the rest born blind.
Yet envy I not the gazers who boast of their clearer sight;
For safer I walk if I know I am blind, than calling the darkness light.

For all my riddle unanswered, for all my blindness known,
I would rather keep asking the secret than to make it all my own.
I believe that the stir of the questions is the spirit's ultimate breath.
All life is a passionate question. Wilt thou not answer it, Death?

—Theodore C. Williams, *Unity.*
(3032)

Spiders and Music—See Music and Spiders.

Spider as a Barometer—See Indicator, An Insect.

Spiders, The Value of—See Balance Preserved in Nature.

SPIRIT AND FORM

Religion may be compared to a banana. The real heart religion is the juicy pulp; the forms and ceremonies are the skin. While the two are united and undivided the banana keeps good until it is used. And so it is with religion. Separate the forms from the spirit, and the one will be of no more value than the banana husk, while the latter will speedily decay and become corrupt, apart from the outward expression.—Arthur T. Pierson. (3033)

SPIRIT, FRUIT OF

How beautiful on paper are the flowers delineated in many a seedman's catalog, but what disappointment sometimes ensues when it is found that their actual growth comes far short of the printed description! It is never so with the fruits of the Spirit, of which Paul gives a list. All the grace described in his catalog brings forth glory that answers fully to the promise. The divine Spirit never disappoints and the grace of God can not fail. (Text.) (3034)

Spirit Manifestation a Power—See Consistency.

SPIRIT MORE THAN BODY

One of America's prominent astronomers is only four feet high, and would hardly outweigh a boy of ten years. But there are few who could outweigh him in intellect and achievement. Alexander H. Stephens, with a dwarf's body, did a giant's work. With only a broken scythe, by sheer force of will and work, he overmatched in the harvest those who had fine mowing-machines.

(3035)

SPIRIT, THE SPARK OF

Recently, I visited Fort Monroe and was taken through those interesting barracks. An officer pointing out a great gun said to me, "With that we could tear to pieces yonder wall of stone and destroy many lives thousands of yards away." A friend standing near said, "Not so, that gun in itself is powerless." "Oh," the officer exclaimed, "of course, we must first place the powder and the shell in it, and then the disastrous work will be done." The reply was made, "All of your guns and powder and shell are absolutely powerless to make any impression in themselves. There is one thing lacking." "Yes," he said, "but a spark of fire would hurl forth the missile of death and bring about the great destruction." We may have big guns in the pulpit, and in the pew, we may have the finest machinery and external equipment; but unless we have the fire of the Spirit we can never shatter the strongholds of Satan and bring in the reign of our spiritual King.—H. ALLEN TUPPER. (3036)

SPIRIT, WINDS OF THE

Many a pilgrim has been lost in the world's deserts. A wanderer who had lost his bearing in a wilderness, altho he had in his hand a compass, knew not whether its needle pointed toward a place of rest and refreshment, or only to a spot where he might lie down in despair.

He sank down on the arid sand. But presently a green leaf was wafted close to his feet. On seeing that it was perfectly green and fresh, he reasoned that it must have come from some not distant place where water, shade, and food could be found, and of course the breeze indicated the right direction. Facing the wind he soon discovered an oasis where he quenched his thirst at a spring.

So the promises from the word of God, fresh with the dew of the Spirit of life, flutter to us on what seems to be the chance currents of life. Often thus when our hearts are weary, and joy has faded, and hope is weak, we are encouraged with revived strength and are made to understand which way to turn. (3037)

Spirit's Permanence—See RECORD, LIVING.

Spirit's Presence, The—See PRESENCE OF GOD.

SPIRITS, WATCHING

The influence exerted by belief in invisible presences is illustrated by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, who says that it is extremely difficult for a Western mind to apprehend the full meaning of ancestor-worship as a family religion, and cites as the nearest parallel the nature of the old Greek piety:

Each member of the family supposes himself or herself under perpetual ghostly surveillance. Spirit eyes are watching every act; spirit ears are listening to every word. Thoughts, too, not less than deeds, are visible to the gaze of the dead; the heart must be pure, the mind must be under control, within the presence of the spirits. Probably the influence of such beliefs, uninterruptedly exerted upon conduct during thousands of years, did much to form the charming side of Japanese character. (Text.) (3038)

SPIRITISTIC PHENOMENA

In an article on apparitions written by Andrew Lang, in the second volume of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," ninth edition, he says:

"The writer once met, as he believed, a well-known and learned member of an English university who was really dying at a place more than a hundred miles distant from that in which he was seen."

To determine whether or not it was a case of mistaken identity is very important, but no opportunity is given in the passage quoted. If it was a subjective impression, the coincidence would be curious and nothing else; and not more so than many coincidences in trifles, and many other circumstances absolutely disconnected, and many subjective impressions without any coincidences. Mr. Lang refers to the superstitious horror shown by a dog at the moment of a supposed apparition to his master. That the dog exhibited horror when his owner thought he saw an apparition may be readily believed. Any one familiar with dogs knows that nothing will terrify them more than a great appearance of alarm on the part of their masters without any visible cause. Of the same nature is the remark concerning the mysterious disturbances at the house of the Wesleys. "The mastiff was more afraid than any of the children." The volatile imagination of children have never shown any great horror of the mysteries; they were sustained, too, by confidence in their parents. But the dog heard mysterious noises, which naturally greatly agitated him. Many persons fancy that mysterious noises that will appear to respond to questions, to make raps or answer raps, conclusively prove that they are directed by intelligence. Sometimes they may, and the intelligence is quite likely to be of human origin; but the noises of atmospheric, chemical, or electrical origin may furnish astonishing coincidences, just as the fissures in the rocks are extremely difficult to be distinguished from hieroglyphics. Some years ago an alphabet based on the spiritualistic alphabet was applied to the successive gusts of wind of a stormy autumn day, and the coincidences were astonishing. Whole sentences of a very significant character at times appeared to respond to the arbitrary standard. And in any case the conclusion that a noise, the cause of which is not yet understood, must be supernatural is a process of reasoning *ab ignorantia.*—J. M. Buckley, *Century.* (3039)

Spiritual Culture — See Appreciation, Spiritual.

SPIRITUAL DECLENSION

"Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing" issued from the consecrated genius of Robert Robinson, a native of Norfolk, England, who was converted under Whitefield's powerful preaching, and himself became a minister of the gospel.

It was while on a stage journey once, in company with an unknown lady passenger, that he heard her begin singing the above lyric to divert her attention, when he said to her: "Madam, I am the unhappy man who wrote that hymn many years ago; and I would give a thousand worlds if I had them, if I could feel as I felt then." (Text.) (3040)

Spiritual Development—See Moods of the Spirit.

SPIRITUAL GUNNERY

After carefully loading his gun for the kind of game which seems to require his immediate and special attention, the spiritual gunner should be sure to take particularly good aim at it. A good aim is an essential to success. The gunner who aims at nothing in particular, who closes both eyes and fires at random, will hit nothing in particular, unless it be by accident, and will receive no commendation for his skill. In fact, he is very apt to hit what he does not wish to hit, and what he will do more harm than good by hitting. Again, in these days sin and sinners—the game the spiritual gunner is after—are so uncommonly lively that they must be hit on the wing, if hit at all. The spiritual gunner must, therefore, learn to aim accurately at "arm's length," and quickly. If he trusts to a "dead rest" aim, the game will be very apt to get out of range before his gun goes off, and his work and ammunition will both be wasted—and that is not creditable to a gunner. Long-range shooting should also be avoided, and the gunner should quietly work his way as near as possible to his game and fire at the shortest possible range. A well-loaded gun, fired at short-range and with steady aim, will generally hit the mark and do execution.—*The Evangelist.* (3041)

The spiritual gunner who has a reasonably fair appreciation of his important and responsible business will not try to use the same kind of gun for all kinds of game. He will adapt his gun to the kind of game he has specially in view, and he will always have in view game of some kind if he is anxious to become "a mighty hunter before the Lord." He will not bring out a loaded Armstrong, or Columbiad, or Gatling for very small game and reserve his smallest arms for game of the largest and most dangerous kind if he wishes to bear home any trophies of his working skill. Every professional gunner—every pulpit gunner especially—who wishes to do efficient work will not only have large guns and small guns ready loaded, where he can lay his hands on them at once, but will know just when and how to use each kind. He will also be careful not to use kicking guns and overloaded guns, which always do a great deal more harm to those behind them than they do to those just in front. A gun that shoots straight ahead without much scattering, instead of backward or sideways, that is well aimed, and that carries true to its aim, is the only gun for the spiritual hunter, whether it be large or small.—*The Evangelist.* (3042)

SPIRITUAL NOBILITY

A touching tribute to one of nature's noblewomen appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette:*

She walks unnoticed in the street.
  The casual eye
Sees nothing in her fair or sweet.
  The world goes by
Unconscious that an angel's feet
  Are passing nigh.

She little has of beauty's wealth,
Truth will allow;
Only her priceless youth and health,
Her broad, white brow;
Yet grows she on the heart by stealth,
I scarce know how.

She does a thousand kindly things
That no one knows.
A loving woman's heart she brings
To human woes,
And to her face the sunlight clings
Where'er she goes.

And so she walks her quiet ways
With that content
That only comes to sinless days
And innocent.
A life devoid of fame or praise,
Yet nobly spent. (Text.) (3043)

SPIRITUAL PERTURBATION

After Bunyan's marriage the record of the next few years is like a nightmare, so terrible is his spiritual struggle. One day he feels himself an outcast; the next the companion of angels; the third he tries experiments with the Almighty in order to put his salvation to the proof. As he goes along the road to Bedford he thinks he will work a miracle, like Gideon with his fleece. He will say to the little puddles of water in the horses' tracks, "Be ye dry"; and to all the dry tracks he will say, "Be ye puddles." As he is about to perform the miracle a thought occurs to him. "But go first under yonder hedge and pray that the Lord will make you able to perform a miracle." He goes promptly and prays. Then he is afraid of the test, and goes on his way more troubled than before.

After years of such struggle, chased about between heaven and hell, Bunyan at last emerges into a saner atmosphere, even as Pilgrim came out of the horrible Valley of the Shadow. Soon, led by his intense feelings, he becomes an open-air preacher, and crowds of laborers gather about him on the village green. They listen in silence to his words; they end in groans and tears; scores of them amend their sinful lives.—WILLIAM J. LONG, "English Literature." (3044)

Spiritual Power the True Estimate—See MEASUREMENT, SPIRITUAL.

SPIRITUAL VALUES

Jesus asked, "How much is a man better than a sheep?" Here are some estimates:

The deepest needs of the world are spiritual needs. One man invested $100,000 in India. It resulted in the conversion of 50,000 in that district—one soul saved for every two dollars invested. Christ's standard of greatness was service. On the Kongo a man's value is estimated in cattle; on the Hudson, in social standing; but by the river of life, by what he is, and the standard is helpfulness. (3045)

SPIRITUALITY, RATIONAL

On some clear evening when the stars shrink back before the pathway of the ascending moon, and night is almost transformed to day, we are moved to admiration and pleasure; yet all this attractive light, focused to the smallest compass, could not dissolve the most delicate petal of frost or melt the tiniest snowflake.

Such is science without sentiment, the intellect without the heart, religion without spirituality. But on the other hand, the true church is one which combines both; which is purely rational, yet deeply religious; which is perfectly tolerant and catholic; which yet extends its fraternal hand to the needy, opprest, and downtrodden of every class; which is bound to no creed whatsoever, but is genuinely, rationally, vitally spiritual.—GEORGE C. CRESSEY. (3046)

SPRING AS TYPE OF LIFE

When I am gone, somehow I hope that spring
Will typify my life, my optimism,
My hope of victory through the years,
My nerve of step, my clear and visioned eye.
The early flowers, the robins singing in
The rain (may they not sing since they have wings?),
The increasing light, the slowly opening buds,
The almond blooms, the trees in vernal dress
Are like the silver crown upon my head:
A prophecy of heaven's summer time.
Yes, when I die, it shall be springtime then
Of my great immortality.

When I am gone, let men say, He was always young;
Not even Sorrow, with his ruthless plow;
Nor base ingratitude, nor brothers false,
Nor slander's venomed tooth, nor poverty,

Could rend rude furrows in his springlike
soul
That soon arrayed itself with lovely vines
And fragrant flowers that added beauties
new
To one who, ripe in years, knew not old age.
—*Western Christian Advocate.*
(3047)

SPRINGS FROM GOD

You remember the masonry in Prospect Park (Brooklyn), built to hold that huge bank in its place? Well, when that solid wall was completed, a hidden spring broke out, and the walls moved and cracked. Pulling the masonry down a second time, it was again rebuilt. This time a little drain tube and faucet were put in. But the mouth became stopt up, and a second time the pressure of the hidden waters moved the wall. Then another tube and pipe were put through the wall. What was the power that put such immeasurable pressure upon masonry and moved it? It was the hidden water—silently, steadily, irresistibly, crowding all before it. To-day the hidden waters may manifest themselves through one tube, and to-morrow they may gush through another tube, but the power is in the water and the reservoir behind it, and not in the tube through which it appears. And that power that lifted the Hebrew slaves and swept them forward and buoyed them up, now revealed itself through the lips of Moses, and now speaks through the life of Joshua, transforming the people, is not in Moses, nor in Joshua, it is in God.—N. D. Hillis. (3048)

Salvation is by character, but character is the gift of God. Far up on the northeastern coast of Maine there is a little spring; through all the hours of a sunny afternoon it poured its crystal flood that ran singing toward the sea. Then, the briny sea turned to a salt the spring. The waves with their bitterness came in and buried it, and the sweet water seemed lost forever. Then in the eastern sky God hung His orb of light, and silently by that invisible pull, and with its secret voice it called to the waves of salt, and drew back the briny flood with its mire and filth, that ebbed away, and lo, the little spring flowed on, fed by the pure fountains on the hillside far above the ocean's brine. And the soul's life comes down from the mountains, where its hidden springs are in God. Aspiration, hope and love gush on forever pure. Temptations may rise, like the tide. Troubles, ingratitudes and hatreds may sweep on like hungry waves, the world may cast up its mire, but soon these troubles will recede, and leave the spring of life within the soul, to gush forth once more. It is the river of God, the well that springs up into everlasting life.—N. D. Hillis. (3049)

SPRINGS OF LIFE

In ancient pagan religions there was a peculiar sacredness attached to running water in springs or rivers. The famous oracle of Delphi was beside the Castalian spring; and in the haunted grotto of Egeria, inspired by the murmurs of its beautiful fountain, the first king of Rome received from the celestial nymph the laws and the religious rites which he imparted to the primitive community. Rivers in prehistoric times were everywhere worshiped; shrines were erected on their banks, and they had priests of their own. Men swore by them, for the spirit of the waters could drown those who proved false to their word; and the most awful form of oath is that which the Hindu still takes who swears by a divine river more sacred even than the Ganges—of which the Ganges is only an earthly manifestation. The office of the Hebrew prophets received its name in the original from a root signifying the bursting forth and the overflowing of a copious fountain. As the spring bursts forth from the heart of the rock in full flood, so the inspiration of God bursts forth from the heart of the prophet. This origin of the name would indicate that springs and rivers were at first chosen as the medium of a divine revelation—*The Quiver.* (3050)

Spurious Virtue—See Pretense.

Stage to Pulpit—See Evangelism, Unusual.

STAGNANCY

Sailors tell us that there is a dead spot in the Caribbean Sea. It lies midway between Carthagena in Columbia and Kingston, Jamaica. It is out of the track of steamers and the action of the great currents going one way and another has left a space of stagnant water without any real movement at all. Anything that gets into "the dead spot" is apt to stay there unless driven out by some big storm, and will simply drift round and round, gathering sea-grass and barnacles.

Is there not "a dead spot" in the sea

of life, a place out of the currents of earnest activities where souls drift and gather worthless accretions? (Text.) (3051)

STAINS

The three ghosts on the lonesome road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that stain about your mouth
No lifted hand may cover?"
"From eating of forbidden fruit,
Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the sunless road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that red burn on your foot
No dust nor ash may cover?"
"I stamped a neighbor's hearth-flame out,
Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the windless road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that blood upon your hand
No other hand may cover?"
"From breaking of a woman's heart,
Brother, my brother."

"Yet on the earth clean men we walked,
Glutton and Thief and Lover;
White flesh and fair it hid our stains
That no man might discover."
"Naked the soul goes up to God,
Brother, my brother."

—Theodosia Garrison, *Zion's Herald.* (3052)

STANDARDS

For measuring a base line (in calculating a parallax) metal bars or rods are used. These are carefully compared in the laboratory with the standards and their lengths at a definite temperature determined. Unfortunately, when these rods are taken into the field for actual use they are exposed to constantly varying temperatures, and they expand and contract in a very troublesome way. Various devices have been used to eliminate the errors thus introduced, the simplest and best being the Woodward "ice-bar apparatus" used by the Coast and Geodetic Survey. In this the metal measuring-bar is supported in a trough and completely packed in ice, and thus maintained at the uniform temperature of 32 degrees Fahr. With such an apparatus a base line can be measured with an error of only a fortieth of an inch in a mile, or one part in two and a half million.—Charles Lane Poor, "The Solar System." (3053)

See Excellence is Comparative.

Standing by the Ship—See Loyalty.

Stars and Stripes, Disrespect to the—See Patriotism, Lack of.

Stars Converting a Skeptic—See Converted by the Comet.

Stars, Gate of the—See Gate, The, of Stars.

State, The, More Than the Individual—See Representative Dignity.

STATESMAN ON MISSIONS

In visiting India, Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks, former vice-president of the United States, took pains to aline himself with the Christian missionary movement in that country. In a public address he said: "I believe the greatest influence to-day—I speak from the standpoint of a layman but with measured utterance—is the Christian religion. The largest progress made in America has been under the influence of men who have been profound believers in the Bible and its thoughts. And what I say of America may also be said of other Christian nations; the experience of one is the experience of another. I wish to express my profound admiration—it goes beyond mere respect—for the workers in the great missionary field. I have seen many a work; I have seen the rich, abundant harvest they have gathered and are gathering. They are evangels of a new order of things. They are doing much to knit the peoples together, and have earned their right to the gratitude of mankind for their noble self-sacrifice." (3054)

STATESMANSHIP

The *Manchester Guardian,* in an editorial on the one hundredth anniversary of Gladstone's birth (December 29), had the following fine appreciation of the great statesman's international spirit:

To him the line of State boundaries formed no limit beyond which the writ of conscience ceased to run. He held national duties to be as sacred as personal duties, and judged national honor by the same standard as personal honor. From the debate on the opium war in 1840 to the last speech on behalf of the dying Armenians in 1896, Gladstone maintained this ideal in the face of Europe. He could not always carry it through against his own colleagues in government. No man at the head of affairs can have his way in all things; but he closed his public career by resigning office rather than associate himself with an increase of armaments which he judged unnecessary, and therefore injurious to the cause with which his name is indelibly associated. (3055)

STATIC PROGRESS

Life is not always by motion; sometimes it is improved by waiting. The boat in the lock stands still in order to be lifted higher. (3056)

Stationary Lives—See MARKING TIME.

Stationary, The Effect of Things—See INFLUENCE.

Statistics, Divorce—See DIVORCE.

Statistics of Churches—See CHURCH STATISTICS.

Statistics of Sunday-schools—See SUNDAY-SCHOOL STATISTICS.

Statues, The Value of—See BEAUTIFUL, INFLUENCE OF THE.

Stature and Situation—See DISPROPORTION.

Stature not Greatness—See GREATNESS.

STEADINESS OF PROVIDENCE

In a poem, "The World Runs On," Edmund Vance Cook, in *The Independent,* thus expresses the calm steadiness of God's providences:

So many good people find fault with God,
Tho admitting He's doing the best He can,
But still they consider it somewhat odd
That He doesn't consult them concerning His plan.
But the sun sinks down and the sun climbs back,
And the world runs round and round its track.

Or they say God doesn't precisely steer
This world in the way they think it best,
And if He would listen to them, He'd veer
A hair to the sou' sou'west by west.
But the world sails on and it never turns back
And the Mariner makes never a tack.

So many good people are quite inclined
To favor God with their best advices,
And consider they're something more than kind
In helping Him out of critical crises.
But the world runs on, as it ran before,
And eternally shall run evermore.

So many good people, like you and me,
Are deeply concerned for the sins of others,
And conceive it their duty that God should be
Apprised of the lack in erring brothers.
And the myriad sun-stars seed the skies
And look at us out of their calm, clear eyes.
(Text.)
(3057)

STEADY WORKING

Among the country boys who pick berries there are two kinds: one keeps steadily picking through thick and thin, moving only when there are no berries in sight; and the other one runs about looking for the places where berries are thick. But the boy of the first kind is the first one to fill his pail. (3058)

STEDFASTNESS

It was the standing of Jackson's brigade so firmly as to attract the attention of a Confederate officer at Bull Run that led the sobriquet to be applied to him of "Stonewall" Jackson. (Text.) (3059)

Be firm! One constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck;
See yon tall shaft; it felt the earthquake's thrill,
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still.
—O. W. HOLMES.
(3060)

STEPS UPWARD

When one is climbing a mountain whose lofty peak he has long admired from a distance there is an arduous ascent and one with many steps to be made; but how good and wholesome is the way. The path which winds through grassy meadows, the bridge which crosses the rushing stream pouring down from the heights, the slow and toilful ascent, repaid by the purer air and the rarer flowers and the wider vision, over obstacles, and then, at last, the height itself, different from the rest only in this, that it is the culmination! There can be no Parnassus without the steps that lead to it.—GEORGE CLARK COE. (3061)

Stewardship—See CLAIM, GOD'S.

STICKING TO IT

A friend, a former colleague of mine, told me that he was, many years ago, traveling up to London with an owner of race horses who was accompanied by his trainer. When they arrived at the station near the metropolis where the tickets are collected, the ticket-collector came, and my friend said, "My servant has my ticket in the next carriage." The ticket-collector retired and presently came back rather angry and said, "I can not find him." My friend said, "He is in the next carriage—or the next carriage but one; he is there." As soon as the ticket-collector retired for the second time the trainer leaned forward and said, "Stick to it, my lord, you will tire him out."—Lord HERSCHELL. (3062)

STIGMATA

Francis, Duke of Guise, bore the common name of *Le Balafré*, or "The Scarred." In a skirmish with the English invaders he received a wound the most severe from which any one ever recovered. A lance entered above the right eye, declining toward the nose, and piercing through on the other side, between the nape and the ear. The weapon was broken off, a part remaining in the dreadful wound. The surgeon took the pincers of a blacksmith and tore out the barbed iron, leaving a frightful scar which was shown as a signal badge of honor.

When Thomas tested the wounds of the risen Savior he cried, "My Lord and my God." (3063)

Stimulus—See OPPOSITION; SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY.

STIMULUS FROM RIVALRY

Social rivalry brings its rich compensations. It is so with the international rivalry. America and Australia at this moment are sending into this country (England) corn, meats, fruits, and our farmers declare that they are being ruined. But the fact is men have to be ruined that they may be made over again, and fashioned on a grander pattern. Our husbandmen will be compelled to put away all droning; they must go to school again, they must invent new methods, they must adopt new machines, sow choicer seeds, breed superior cattle; they must grub up the old canker-eaten, lichen-laden orchards, and plant fresh fruit-trees of the best varieties. The pressure of the times will lift the national husbandry to a higher plane. And this international rivalry will have the same stimulating effect on city life.—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (3064)

Stomach Contraction—See ADAPTATION.

Stones, Comparing — See COMMON THINGS.

Stored Energy—See RESERVE POWER.

STORY, THE POWER OF THE OLD

Do you remember the story of Paul Du Chaillu, the great African traveler, in the heart of the Dark Continent? On one occasion he told the "old, old story" to a poor slave woman; then he went on his way and forgot all about the incident. He came back a few months later to that town and the slave-traders had just made a raid on it. In the fight this woman was injured. She sent for him and he went to see her. As he knelt down beside her, she said, "Tell it again." "Tell what again?" he said. "Oh, tell me that story again." Then once more he told her the old, old story of Jesus and His love. As he finished it, she said to him, "Is it true?" "Yes," he replied, "it is true." "Do your people believe that?" "Yes, they believe that." "Oh," she said, "tell them to send us that story a little faster."—A. S. WILSON, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (3065)

STRAIGHT CHARACTER

"Is he straight?"

"Straight as a gun-barrel. You can depend upon him in every spot and place."

This was said of a boy who had asked for a place and had given as a reference the gentleman who made this firm reply.

How straight is a gun-barrel? In the factory where guns are made the metal is rolled and prest and ground and polished until the most practised eye can not detect the slightest curve in it anywhere. Not until it is so can it be permitted to go out of the factory. Over and over again it must be tested and tried until it is as perfect as men and machines can make it. If the gun-barrel were not straight, no one ever could hit what he aimed at; the bullet could not help flying wide of the mark.

And hitting the mark is the thing. "Straight" is a homely word, but it is full of the deepest meaning. No one can ever reach his aim, be it ever so high, unless he always does the true, manly thing. One little mean, underhanded act, and his life may be marred forever. The world wants men who are straight. (Text.)—EDGAR L. VINCENT, *The Visitor*. (3066)

STRAIN, NERVOUS

Jack Tattersall, the wireless man of the steamship *Baltic*, which went to the aid of the *Republic* on January 23, 1909, is said to have sat at his key for 52 hours. In relating his experience he said:

It wasn't the actual work that bothered me, you know. That's not so difficult.

No; it's the awful nervous strain of striving, always striving, to get the message right, when half a dozen gigantic batteries are jerking flashes to you at the same time, drowning each other out, pounding in your ears, making the night seem to swarm with sparks before your eyes. That's what gets on a man's nerves; that's what makes you next to insane. I hardly knew what to do, with the *Republic* signaling me, faintly, so faintly that I could not make out whether they were saying, "We are sinking," or "All safe." (Text.) (3067)

STRATAGEM BY BIRDS

A gentleman had a fine setter-dog who was accustomed to take his daily bone, with due allowance of meat adhering, to the lawn to enjoy at his leisure. On one occasion he observed several magpies planning to get a share of the dainty. They quietly approached the dog and placed themselves one at the head, about two feet from the animal, who was too busy to notice them, a second near the tail, and one or two by his side. When all were placed, the bird near the dog's tail gave a sudden nip to that member. The dog, of course, wheeled to catch the offender, who fled, while his hungry comrades rushed to the bone, hastily snatching what they could. The fleeing magpie led the outraged dog to some distance, drawing him on by fluttering as if injured, without really taking flight.—OLIVE THORNE MILLER, "The Bird Our Brother." (3068)

STRATAGEM TO ESCAPE ENEMIES

One of his (the fox's) favorite tricks is to cross over deep water on thin ice just strong enough to bear him, knowing that in all probability the hounds will break through, and perhaps be swept under the ice if the current is strong enough. More than one valuable dog has been drowned in this manner, but I have never known a fox to miscalculate the strength of the ice and break through himself. If the stream is not wholly frozen over, he runs along at the very edge of the deep water, where the ice is thin and treacherous, until he comes to a place where he can jump across to the thin ice that reaches out from the opposite bank.—WITMER STONE and WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM, "American Animals." (3069)

STRATEGY

The best strategy in life is frequently to take advantage of an enemy's mistakes.

In Mark Twain's "Autobiography," in the *North American Review*, is General Grant's own opinion in regard to the inception of Sherman's march to the sea.

"Neither of us originated the idea of Sherman's march to the sea. The enemy did it," said Grant.

He went on to say that the enemy necessarily originated a great many of the plans that the general on the opposite side gets the credit for. In this case, Sherman had a plan all thought out, of course. He meant to destroy the two remaining railroads in that part of the country, and that would finish up that region. But General Hood made a dive at Chattanooga. This left the march to the sea open to Sherman, and so, after sending part of his army to defend and hold what he had acquired in the Chattanooga region, he was perfectly free to proceed with the rest of it through Georgia. He saw the opportunity, and he would not have been fit for his place if he had not seized it. (3070)

Grant was always aggressive. It was not possible with him that retreat, or any inaction could form any part of his program. But while the campaign from Culpepper to Cold Harbor was boldly, even daringly, offensive, it was so conducted that in nearly every conflict the enemy was obliged to become the attacking party; and this plan of campaign against Lee recalls this colloquy between two Roman generals: "If thou art a great general come down and fight me." "If thou art a great general make me come down and fight thee." And it will be observed that four times out of five—for the army had fought on five distinct lines—Grant, by a single march, had made Lee come down and fight him.—NICHOLAS SMITH, "Grant, the Man of Mystery." (3071)

This is the fable of a spider as quoted from *Blackwood's Magazine:*

A spider, it seems, had occasion to borrow a sum of money. A journey round to the generously disposed brought him two thousand cowries each from the cat, the dog, the hyena, the leopard, and the lion. When pay-day came round, the spider remained at home to receive the visits of the creditors in a certain prearranged order. First came the cat to claim repayment of his loan. "Hush!" said the spider. "I hear a noise outside—it is a dog come to see me; you must hide under this calabash for safety." The cat was scarcely hidden when the dog, coming in, made a similar request for his money. Says Master Spider, "There is a cat under that calabash; take him, and consider the debt paid." No sooner said than done. Just then a snuffling and scraping were heard at the door. The third creditor, the hyena, had arrived. "Don't be alarmed, my dear dog, but hide here till he has left," and the spider bustled him under the calabash. "I smell a dog," said the hyena, routing about. "Under that calabash," the spider replied. "Eat him up, and your debt is paid." The dog paid the penalty of his simplicity, and all was quiet once more. The hyena was preparing to leave, when he heard an ominous sound that sent him crouching against the wall. It was the pattering of the leopard's feet at the door. "Quick! Under this calabash," cried his host, and the hyena curls up in the fatal cache, only to meet a like fate from his more courageous enemy. "My debt is repaid!" said the leopard, and ran against the lion coming in. A terrible fight ensued, for the leopard and the lion are equal in strength, so the natives say. While blood and dust make havoc in the house, and both animals are exhausting their strength, the spider is busy at the fire. Seizing a pot of boiling grease, he pours it over the clawing mass. Leopard and lion roll apart in their death agony, and the spider has only to straighten and clean up before resuming once more the humdrum life of fly-catching. (3072)

Strategy of Enemies — See SUBTLETY AMONG ANIMALS.

STRATEGY, SOCIAL

Not all the strategy of life is on the fields of diplomacy or war.

An official tells a good story of the time when Hamilton Fish was Secretary of State. It had been said that Mrs. Fish sometimes carried her high ideas of courtesy too far—that it was Quixotic.

One of her rules, for instance, was to return every call she received. Her husband was continually holding public receptions, and to these, out of courtesy, many women would come who had no desire that Mrs. Fish should call upon them—who were in no position to receive her properly if she did call.

One such woman attended a Fish reception, left her card, and a little later was duly honored by a call from Mrs. Fish. The Fish equipage dashed down the narrow street and halted before the woman's shabby little house. The footman opened the carriage door and Mrs. Fish descended.

The poor woman of the house was in a dreadful predicament. She was, alas, kneeling on the sidewalk beside a bucket of hot water. Her sleeves were rolled back. She had a scrubbing-brush in one hand and a cake of soap in the other. She was scrubbing the front steps.

Bending graciously over her, Mrs. Fish asked politely:

"Is Mrs. Henry Robinson at home?"

And Mrs. Henry Robinson replied: "No, mum, she ain't," and went on scrubbing. (3073)

Streams, Living and Dying—See EARLY PROMISE.

STRENGTH

William Herbert Hudnut writes this virile advice for New Year's time:

Quit you like men, be strong;
  There's a burden to bear,
  There's a grief to share,
  There's a heart that breaks 'neath a load of care—
But fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a battle to fight,
There's a wrong to right,
There's a God who blesses the good with might—
So fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a work to do,
There's a world to make new,
There's a call for men who are brave and true—
On! on with a song!
Quit you like men, be strong;

There's a year of grace,
There's a God to face,
There's another heat in the great world race—
Speed! speed with a song! (3074)

STRENGTH FROM RESISTED EVIL

In general, every evil to which we do not succumb, is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.—Philadelphia *Ledger*. (3075)

Strength of the Weak—See WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH.

STRENGTH, SECRET SOURCE OF

Numa Pompilius, the second and the wisest King of Rome, was accustomed to retire to the forest, and receive wisdom and instruction from the goddess Egeria—who met him in secret—and then came forth to triumph in government and over his enemies. (Text.) (3076)

STRING, THE NEED OF MORE THAN ONE

Thomas K. Beecher tells a story of finding his father's old fiddle in the garret, where on a rainy day he had taken some children to play. It was all covered with dust and had only one string. And Mr. Beecher held it up to the children and told them how he used to hear his father play on it the old tunes, "Merrily, Oh," and "Pompey Ducklegs."

Of course, they cried "Play on it. Play the old tunes." "I can not," he said, "for it has only one string." When he tried it he could only pick out with three notes a tune. Then he said, "If it had two strings, I could play six tunes, and if it had not only a G string, but a D string and an A string, and an E string, I could play all the tunes. You can not play real music with one string."—N. McGEE WATERS. (3077)

Stress and Storm Gains—See ADVERSITY.

Striving—See STRAIN, NERVOUS.

STRONG AND WEAK

The idea of the big ones swallowing up the little ones, or the idea of the trusts, is not by any means confined to land, as we may see from reading the following:

As the sea covers three-fifths of the surface of the globe, its fauna is similarly greater than the living forms on land. When a naturalist inspects a little pool not larger than a billiard-table which is filled by the splashing waves of the Mediterranean, he finds it teeming with more varied and busy forms of life than can be found in a square mile of ordinary land. But in all that living marine world there is not a trace of goodness! All fishes are murderers and cannibals, and as in fresh water big trout relish eating small trout, so, in the wider waters of the ocean, wo to the small fry when a larger father or brother catches sight of them!

Science has boldly penetrated these dark, still abysses and finds that they abound with life. But such life! Many of the abysmal forms have large, movable jaws with rows of teeth all pointing backward, making escape impossible when once any creature is caught by them. The scientists of the *Challenger* were once puzzled to make out what a thing was which came up in their trawl, until it proved to be a fish caught by a smaller fish who was swallowed by its larger brother by gradually pulling itself glove fashion over its victim by means of barbed teeth—somewhat like a child being slowly swallowed alive by a large expanding toad. In those black depths some forms have phosphorescent lights not unlike burglars' dark-lanterns, with which to hunt their prey.

Only among those animals which originally used to tread the solid earth and then took to the sea, like the whale, seal, and walrus, is there any sign of any falling off in all-devouring selfishness; these are mammals, and hence show affection for their young. But they live where they have to encounter the hideous swordfish, or their own relative who has been transformed into the cruel grampus, and so must fight for life. —W. Hanna Thomson, M.D., *Everybody's.* (3078)

Strongest Quality Cultivated—See Advantage, Working to the Best.

STRUGGLE

Contending with the globe, we are like Jacob wrestling with the angel. The fight is long and hard amid the mystery and the darkness, and the great Power seems reluctant to bless us; but the breaking of the day comes, and we find ourselves blest with corn, wine, oil, purple, feasts, flowers. Ah! and with gifts far beyond those of basket and store—ripened intelligence, self-reliance, courage, skill, manliness, virtue. Of course, man suffers in the conflict, as the patriarch did. When we see the farm laborer bent double with rheumatism, or the collier mutilated by the explosion in the mine, or the grinder with his lung gone, or the weaver with his enfeebled physique, or the seaman prematurely old through his battle with wind and wave, or any of the million workers who carry pathetic signs of the arduousness of toil, we see the limp of the victorious wrestler. In the South Seas the natives lie on their backs and the bread-fruit drops into their mouths. But these make a poor show in the grand procession of the ages.

The law of life is truly severe which enjoins that man shall eat bread in the sweat of his face, but in this struggle for life our great antagonist is our great helper; we are leaving barbarism behind us; we are undergoing a magnificent transformation; we are becoming princes of God and heirs of all things.—W. L. Watkinson, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (3079)

See Adversity.

STRUGGLE AND GROWTH

Life in crystals can be explained by the struggle for existence, which is ardent even here. In fact, if during their growth two crystals come into contact, the weaker will completely disappear, absorbed by the stronger.—*Revue Scientifique.* (3080)

STUDY OVERDONE

When I see a morning procession of pallid schoolboys staggering to school under a load of text-books almost too heavy to be held together by the strap that encircles them, or a bevy of young girls, bound on the same educational errand, more pallid and more exhausted by the eight or ten pounds of torture in the shape of grammars, dictionaries, geographies, arithmetics, geometries and philosophies, they, too, tug along the streets, I wish their piles of knowledge might be reduced one-half, for I can not but feel that with fewer books there would be more culture, that too many studies produce too little scholarship, and that the intellect which is forced will rarely be expanded.—James T. Fields. (3081)

Style—See Personal Element in Literature.

SUBCONSCIOUS ABSORPTION

Coleridge relates in his "Literaria Biographia" that in a Roman Catholic town in Germany a young woman who could neither read nor write was seized with a fever, during which, according to the priests, she was possest by a polyglot devil. For she talked Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, besides uttering sounds which, tho not understood by her hearers, had doubtless, meaning, but belonged to languages unknown to them. "Whole sheets of her ravings were written out," says Coleridge, "and were found to consist of sentences intelligible in themselves, but having slight connection with each other." Fortunately, a physician who, being skeptically inclined, was disposed to question the theory of the polyglot spirit, "determined to trace back the girl's history. After much trouble he discovered that at the age of nine she had been charitably taken by an old Protestant pastor, a great Hebrew scholar, in whose house she lived till his death. On further inquiry, it appeared to have been the old man's custom for years to walk up and down a passage of his house, into which the kitchen opened, and to read to himself in a loud voice out of his books. The books were ransacked, and among them were found several of the Greek and Latin fathers, together with a collection of rabbinical writings. In these works so many of the passages taken down at the young woman's bedside were identified that there could be no reasonable doubt as to their source."—Prof. Richard A. Proctor, New York *Mail and Express.* (3082)

Subjects a Necessity—See Fame, Qualifying for.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW

When Elihu Root was about to enter the Roosevelt Cabinet as Secretary of State, a friend wrote to him: "Why not wait three years and get the substance instead of taking the shadow now?" in allusion to the presidency. Mr. Root replied: "I have always thought that the opportunity to do something worth doing was the substance and the trying to get something was the shadow." (3083)

SUBSTANCES, PENETRATING

Scientific men declare that there is no barricade like snow. A bullet fired from a distance of fifty yards will not penetrate a wall of snow a few feet thick, but the same missile passes through dense earthworks and shatters trees when discharged from a much greater distance. A bag of cotton is a much more efficient resistant than a steel plate. A swordsman can cut a sheep in two at a stroke, but he is baffled at once if he seeks to cut through a pillow of fine feathers. (Text.) (3084)

SUBSTITUTION

The following incident, related by Edward Gilliat, illustrates the truth of Christ bearing our sins:

Louis XIII, finding the Brittany fleet too weak to attack La Rochelle, had ordered the Mediterranean galleys to pass through the Straits of Gibraltar. M. de Gondi put out to sea, but left ten galleys at Marseilles to be equipped and made up to their full numbers. But there were not enough galley-slaves to fill up the places, so prisoners from ordinary prisons were drafted in to serve on the galleys.

Among these latter Vincent de Paul noticed one young man who was sobbing and crying piteously. He asked him the cause of his misery, and was answered, "It is because I am leaving my wife and little children in great poverty; and now who will work for them? I have not deserved so great a punishment for my slight offense against the law." The chaplain made further inquiries, found that the slave had spoken the truth, but, as the galley was on the point of starting, he could not get him reprieved. There was only one thing to be done; it was not lawful, but pity mastered prudence. He somehow managed to exchange places with the galley-slave, got himself chained to the seat, and sent off the prisoner in his soutane. He was not recognized until some time afterward, and hastened to leave Marseilles, as his biographer says, "more ashamed of his virtue than others of their vice."—"Heroes of Modern Crusades." (3085)

More than eighty years ago a fierce war raged in India between the English and Tippoo Sahib. On one occasion several English officers were taken prisoners. Among them was one named Baird. One day the native officer brought in fetters to be put upon each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded and was suffering from pain and weakness.

A gray-haired officer said to the native official, "You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded man?"

"There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are prisoners," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn."

"Then," said the noble officer, "put two pairs on me. I will wear his as well as my own." This was done. Strange to say, Baird lived to regain his freedom, and lived to take that city; but his noble, unselfish friend died in prison.

Up to his death he wore two pairs of fetters. But what if he had worn the fetters of all the prisoners? What if, instead of being a captive himself, he had quitted a glorious palace, to live in their loathsome dungeon, to wear their chains, to bear their stripes, to suffer and die for them, that they might go free, and free forever? (Text) (3086)

Substitution Unacceptable — See Vicarious Salvation Impossible.

Subterfuges—See Reasons versus Excuses.

SUBTLETY

The fer-de-lance is found on the islands of Martinique and Santa Lucia. The basis of its gruesome reputation seems to be the fact that it does not warn the intruders of its haunts after the manner of the cobra or the rattlesnake, but flattens its coils and with slightly vibrating tail, awaits events.

If the unsuspecting traveler should show no sign of hostile intent he may be allowed to pass unharmed within two yards of the coiled matadore, but a closer approach is apt to be construed as a challenge, and the serpent, suddenly rearing its ugly head, may scare the trespasser into some motion of self-defense. He may lift his foot or brandish his stick in a menacing manner. If he does, he is lost. The lower coils will expand, bringing the business end, neck and all a few feet nearer; the head points like a leveled rifle, then darts forward with electric swiftness, guided by an unerring instinct for the selection of the least-protected parts of the body. (Text.) (3087)

SUBTLETY AMONG ANIMALS

It is said that when wolves meditate an attack upon the wild horses of the Mexican plains they are very subtle in their maneuvers. First, two wolves come out of the woods and begin to play together like two kittens. They gambol about each other and run backward and forward. Then the herd of horses raise their frightened heads in readiness for a stampede. But the wolves seem to be so playful that the horses, after watching them a while, forget their fears and continue to graze, at perfect ease in their eating. Then the wolves, in their play, come nearer and nearer, while other wolves slowly and stealthily creep after them. Then suddenly the enemies encircle the herd, and with one lunge the doomed horses are in the pitiless grasp of the wily foe. They desperately fight a losing battle as the fierce brutes sink their fangs in the horses' throats.

In a similar way evil companions seek to lay a snare for those whom they would entrap. (3088)

SUCCESS

It often turns out that our apparent successes are really our undoing. Croake James tells this incident:

I was mightily delighted with the whim I was shown on a sign at a village not far from this capital, tho it is too serious a truth to excite one's risibility. On one side is painted a man stark naked, with this motto: "I am the man who went to law and lost my cause." On the reverse is a fellow all in tatters, looking most dismally with this motto: "I am the man who went to law and won my cause." (Text.)—"Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (3089)

A Nebraska woman won a prize of $250 for this essay on "What Constitutes Success," written in competition with many others:

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given them the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction. (3090)

SUCCESS AND CIRCUMSTANCES

I remember Thackeray saying to me, concerning a certain chapter in one of his books that the critics agreed in accusing of carelessness: "Careless? If I've written that chapter once, I've written it a dozen times—and each time worse than the last!" a proof that labor did not assist in his case. When an artist fails it is not so much from carelessness—to do his best is not only profitable to him, but a joy. But it is not given to every man—not, indeed, to any—to succeed whenever and however he tries. The best painter that ever lived never entirely succeeded more than four or five times; that is to say, no artist ever painted more than four or five masterpieces, however high his general average may have been, for such success depends on the coincidence, not only of genius and inspiration, but of health and mood and a hundred other mysterious contingencies.—Sir John Millais, *Magazine of Art.* (3091)

SUCCESS BY EXPERIMENTATION

A few years ago the cotton-boll weevil, which had increased steadily from year to year, reached a point at which it destroyed in Texas over $30,000,000 worth of cotton in one season. Many men in southern Texas were bankrupted, cotton-planting was given up in certain places, and it looked as if this great wealth-producing industry were doomed in Texas and probably also in time over the entire South. The practical farmers were completely overwhelmed. Here the Department of Agriculture started three lines of experimentation; first, to find some other harmless insect or parasite that would destroy the boll weevil as the white scale had been destroyed in California; second, to develop a species of cotton that could resist weevil attack; and third, to find a method of cultivation that would lessen the injury of the attack of the weevil when made. The ants, which the department brought from South America to eat up the boll weevil, proved a failure, but the development of a better method of cultivation and the use of better adapted varieties of cotton proved so successful that Texas farmers now, following the methods worked out by the department investigators, again raise their magnificent crops of cotton, in spite of the boll weevil.—*The Evening Post.* (3092)

SUCCESS FROM LABOR

"Paradise Lost" was finished in 1665, after seven years' labor in darkness. With great difficulty Milton found a publisher, and for the great work, now the most honored poem in our literature, he received less than certain verse-makers of our day receive for a little song in one of our popular magazines. Its success was immediate, tho, like all his work, it met with venomous criticism.

The work stamped him as one of the world's great writers, and from England and the Continent pilgrims came in increasing numbers to speak their gratitude.—William J. Long, "English Literature." (3093)

SUCCESS IN FAILURE

Success Magazine appropriately publishes these lines:

There is no failure. God's immortal plan
Accounts no loss a lesson learned for man.
Defeat is oft the discipline we need
To save us from the wrong, or teaching heed
To errors which would else more dearly cost—
A lesson learned is ne'er a battle lost.
Whene'er the cause is right, be not afraid;
Defeat is then but victory delayed—
And e'en the greatest vic'tries of the world
Are often won when battle-flags are furled.
(3094)

See Failure Leading to Success.

SUCCESS INSPIRES CONFIDENCE

Because Paul Armstrong in five days wrote "Alias Jimmy Valentine," a New York success, another play, as yet unread by Liebler & Co., has been accepted by that firm. The exact conversation confirming this business deal is worthy of recording because of the brevity of it. Mr. Armstrong called at the office of the managers just as Mr. George C. Tyler, the managing editor, was getting ready to leave for Rochester, where "A Certain Party" was to open.

"I have written a play," said Mr. Armstrong.

"What is it called?" asked Mr. Tyler.

"It has no name," said the author.

"How long did it take you to write it?" asked Mr. Tyler.

"Four days," said Mr. Armstrong. "I wrote it in a day's less time than 'Jimmy Valentine.'"

"I'll accept it," said Mr. Tyler, and shook hands on the bargain.—Philadelphia *Enquirer.* (3095)

SUCCESS TOO DEAR

Judge Baldwin, of Indiana, it is said, in giving his advice to lawyers upon one occasion, told them that the course to be pursued by a lawyer was first to get on, second to get honor, and third to get honest. A man who follows that policy, in my judgment, is not such a lawyer as should be let loose in politics. (Text.)—George M. Palmer. (3096)

Success, Ultimate—See Experiment.

SUFFERING

Oberlin, the illustrious pastor of the Ban de la Roche, used the following figure in comforting the sorrow of an afflicted lady:

Dear madam, I have now before me two stones; they are alike in color, they are of the same water, clear, pure and clean. But there is a great difference between them; one has a dazzling brightness, the other is quite dull. What is the reason of this difference? The one has been carefully cut, the other hardly touched. Now, had these stones been endowed with life, so as to have been capable of feeling what they underwent, the one which had received eighty cuts would have thought itself very unhappy, and would have envied the fate of the other, which, having received but eight, had undergone but a tenth part of its own sufferings. Yet the stone which had suffered little is dim and lusterless; the stone which has suffered greatly shines forth in dazzling brilliancy. (3097)

SUFFERING, FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST'S

John B. Tabb expresses the requirement laid on true disciples of Jesus, in this verse:

In patience, as in labor, must thou be
A follower of me,
Whose hands and feet, when most I wrought for thee,
Were nailed unto a tree.
(Text.)—*The Independent.*
(3098)

SUFFERING FOR LOVE

He who for love has undergone
The worst that can befall,
Is happier thousandfold than one
Who never loved at all.
A grace within his soul has reigned
Which nothing else can bring;
Thank God for all that I have gained
By that high suffering.
—Lord Houghton. (3099)

Suffering Ignored—See Heartless Pagans.

Suffering that Develops—See Adversity Helping Genius.

SUFFERING TRANSFORMED

Christ teaches us how, under the redemptive government of God, suffering has become a subtle and magnificent process for the full and final perfecting of human character. Science tells us how the bird-music, which is one of nature's foremost charms, has arisen out of the bird's cry of distress in the morning of time; how originally the music of field and forest was nothing more than an exclamation caused by the bird's bodily pain and fear, and how through the ages the primal note of anguish has been evolved and differentiated until it has risen into the ecstasy of the lark, melted into the silver note of the dove, swelled into the rapture of the nightingale, unfolded into the vast and varied music of the sky and the summer. So Christ shows us that out of the personal sorrow which now rends the believer's heart he shall arise in moral and infinite perfection; that out of the cry of anguish wrung from us by the present distress shall spring the supreme music of the future. (Text.)—W. L. Watkinson, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (3100)

SUFFERING TURNED TO SONG

In Edinburgh when they were celebrating the life of Dr. George Matheson, the blind preacher, Robertson Nicoll said that he was the greatest Scotsman since Thomas Chalmers. Divide that statement in two in the middle, and you still have a great man. At twenty the youth left a surgeon's office, with these words echoing in the porches of the ear, "Better see your friends quickly, for soon the darkness will settle, and you will see them no more forever." Then his biographer tells us that the youth went on with his studies, by listening while others read or recited. Had Matheson been able to read early church history, he would have been a great scholar. Had he been able to read the story of the thinkers and system-builders, he would have been a great philosopher. But the greatest thing he ever did, it seems, was in life. We are told that there came a day when his visions dissolved, and he realized that he must go alone across the years. The storm tore down the perfumed vines that were climbing about the doorway of man's soul. And the vine suffered grievously. But the youth coerced his lips to silence, went apart and hid himself for a day. When he came out it was with suffering turned to song. What will they celebrate as the blind preacher's greatest achievement, in that memorial service in Edinburgh? Listen to the exploit of a faith-man, singing in the hour when love dwells amidst her ruins:

O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.
—N. D. Hillis. (3101)

SUFFERING UNIVERSAL

In the great earthquake which a large part of California experienced all animate nature suffered. For hours after the principal shock domestic animals manifested the utmost terror. Cattle lowed continuously; dogs barked long and lustily; cats crawled away and hid, and remained in hiding a large part of the day; and when they finally came forth, would crawl along crouching with bodies nearly touching the ground. Even the following night their fear had not left them. During the first half of the night we listened to a continuous chorus of howls and barkings, in which every dog in the city joined. About midnight the dogs ceased and the roosters took up the fear-inspired chant. It seemed as if every chicken in the city and surrounding country had joined this nocturnal orchestra, whose members scarcely stopt to take breath.

In driving along the road, the writer noticed a large flock of barn-swallows around a small mud-puddle in the middle of the road. As they alighted they kept their wings extended straight up in the air and fluttering, while they drove their bills almost fiercely into the mud. A bystander explained that all their nests had been shaken down and they were rebuilding. To them calamity had come in the loss of their nests, their eggs, and mayhap their little ones. This little indication of common suffering made the feathered family seem much closer to the human. (Text.) (3102)

Suffering, Unnecessary—See HELP UNRECOGNIZED.

Suffrage, Woman—See RETORT, A.

SUGGESTION

A few years ago in a certain part of England the weather was so continuously beastly —that's the term they used—that at last, wearying of looking at the barometers day after day, week in and week out, the entire inhabitants of a certain seaport town, in sheer disgust, gathered up their weather-glasses and dumped them into the old junk shops. Both the weather and the barometers flooded them with disagreeable suggestions. They could not do away with the weather, but they could with their barometers that seemed to serve no better purpose than to accentuate their discontent.—ROBERT MACDONALD. (3103)

Sometimes a word or phrase will do in literature what a sketch will do in charcoal, defining a character and suggesting a whole line of possibilities. An instance of this is in the following from *Everybody's Magazine:*

After a certain jury had been out an inordinately long time on a very simple case, they filed into the courtroom, and the foreman told the judge they were unable to agree upon a verdict. The latter rebuked them, saying the case was a very clear one, and remanded them back to the jury-room for a second attempt, adding, "If you are there too long I will have to send you in twelve suppers."

The foreman, in a rather irritated tone, spoke up and said: "May it please your honor, you might send in eleven suppers and one bundle of hay." (3104)

See NEGATIVE TEACHING.

Suggestion, Unhealthy—See TALKING AND SICKNESS.

SUICIDE PREVENTED

Some time since a young man who had spent his substance in riotous living was reduced to poverty. He wandered away from home, and being unable to support himself, he resolved upon self-destruction. He filled his pockets with lead, and, determined to drown himself, went to the river. Deciding to wait until dark, he was attracted by a light in the window of a house at no great distance, and went to it. The people were singing hymns. He listened at the door until a chapter from the Bible was read and prayer was offered to God. When the prayer was ended he knocked at the door and was admitted. The passage under consideration that evening was, "Do thyself no harm." When the services were concluded the stranger asked them how they came to know his thoughts, for he had not mentioned his intention. The members of the meeting were equally surprized, as they had never before seen him. The young man then told them his design of taking his life and how he had been prevented. He became an eminent Christian. (Text.) (3105)

SUMMER IN THE HEART

Springtime may lose its freshest tints,
  And autumn-leaves their gold.
The bitter blast and snowy wreath
  May sweep across the wold;
But the years are full of splendors
  That never will depart,
For they shed eternal fragrance
  When there's summer in the heart.

The shadows linger on the earth,
  The sunbeams hide away;
The sad mists fold their chill white hands
  About the face of day;
The tumult and the rush of life
  Sound ay in street and mart;
But they can not drown life's music
  When there's summer in the heart.

The city towers are crumbling fast,
  And totter to their fall;
The ivied castle on the height
  Shows many a ruined wall;
But men build eternal buildings
  With strange and wondrous art;
They are shrines for the immortals
  When there's summer in the heart.
—Montreal *Star.* (3106)

Sun The, as a Witness—See TESTS.

SUN, THE BUSINESS OF A

I remember walking in Switzerland, late in the evening in a raging thunder-storm. The darkness could be felt as well as the rain. Little points of light now and then by the roadside attracted my attention. On stopping to examine, there was a glow-worm whose little flame had hollowed out of the immensity of darkness a small sphere of light, into which the grasses bent, all beaded with crystal drops. A most exquisite picture. Shelley speaks of a "glow-worm golden in a dell of dew." To go back to our camp-fire: After supper I stept down to the shore of the lake and there, far across its invisible surface, gleamed a little point of light. I knew that other campers were making themselves comfortable and happy in the little sphere of light and warmth which their fire had hollowed out of the all-embracing darkness.

Now, that precisely is the business of a sun. It is nothing more or less than a great fire built, as only God knows how, for the purpose of hollowing out of the eternal darkness and cold of space a sphere of light and warmth large enough for a group or family of worlds to live in. The sun is as purely a mechanical contrivance as your household fire. In fact, it is just that. Our sun is the family hearth, in whose light and heat our group of worlds live as in a home.—JAMES H. ECOB. (3107)

SUNDAY DESECRATION BY CHRISTIANS

Many years ago in Kyoto, Japan, the question was asked me, "Are there many Christians in America?" You can imagine how pathetic it was. I said, "Why do you ask that question?" My questioner was a fine, handsome, educated man, one of the finest of the Japanese type. He said, "Some years ago I became a Christian. I kept the finest store in Kyoto, as the tourists thought. I had gathered a great quantity of old relics from the temples and the homes that are so scarce now in Japan. I always used to keep my store closed on Sunday, but many Americans and Englishmen and Germans came through here and said, 'If you can not open your store for us on Sunday, we will not trade with you, as we have to leave on Monday.' By and by I had to keep my store open." He has kept it open ever since, and he added, "My neighbor, the shoemaker, is a Christian, and keeps his store shut all the time on Sunday." I suppose the reason was that there was not a large demand for Japanese shoes on the part of American and English travelers. That is a genuine touch of human nature.—EDWARD B. STURGES, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (3108)

See SABBATH, OBSERVING THE.

Sunday Habit, A Bad — See LYING AROUND.

SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS

When Dr. Charles J. Young, pastor of the Church of the Puritans, New York, was waited upon by a lady reporter of a secular journal, for a snappy article on the subject of Sunday newspapers, this is what she got:

"As a matter of fact," said Dr. Young, "I actually believe in the Ten Commandments as divine enactments, and this is how I feel about it: Suppose you invite me as a friend to dine at your house and I accept. You would make special preparation for my coming. It is woman's way to give her best where she gives her confidence and friendship. So there you have a rich repast all ready against my coming. Now imagine my stopping at a street corner on the way to your home and gorging myself from the peanut-stand of the noble Roman who deals out his wares to all who come without a care of the consequences; I ask this common-sense question: What condition would I be in to enjoy your luscious viands, and what kind of courtesy or appreciation would this be for all your kindness in preparing for me? Well, my friend, you see the application of this without my making it. There across the street stands the house of the dearest Friend I have ever had. One day out of seven He invites me there to meet with Him and to commune with Him and to receive from Him such supply as He has especially provided and adapted to my hungry, needy, immortal soul. I ask again, is it consistent with a spiritual worship, is it conducive to a devotional mind, is it either courteous to God or just to myself, if on the morning of that sacred day I fill my thoughts with the secularities, the commercialisms, the gossips, the scandal, the general excrescences of every-day rough-and-tumble life in this mammon-loving age?

"My interviewer was silent for a surprizing length of time. Maybe I was wrong, but I fancied she looked up from the floor with a moistened eye and said in a quivering voice: 'I have never thought of this view of the matter before, and I confess I am able now to see but one fair answer to your question: It can not be.' "—*Sunday-school Illustrator.* (3109)

SUNDAY RECORDED

Rev. Egerton R. Young tells of a big Indian chieftainess who came to see him one day. Her people lived a fortnight's journey away, but she had heard of the paleface and his wife, who, with their wonderful Book, had come to live down among the Saulteaux. She did not believe what she heard but she came to find out. Her curiosity and her desire to learn were both insatiable. She would talk morning, noon and night. At last she was returning, satisfied that what the paleface said was true and determining to go back to pray to the true God. Mr. Young said to her, "Now, if you are going back to live as a Christian, you must keep one day in seven as God's day. Do not attend to worldly matters on that day, but worship God." He gave her a sheet of paper and told her each day to make a mark so | until there were six of them | | | | | |, and then to make a big heavy mark **I**, and when that day came, to leave the gun and the rifle quiet in the wigwam. He told her to work hard on Saturday, to get enough food for Sunday, so she could be free to think about the Great Spirit and pray to the living Father.

Five months later Mr. Young made his first visit to the tribe of this great chieftainess, and she drew from her bosom a soiled, greasy paper, on which was the record of the days as he had bidden her to keep them, and she knew just how many days more must be counted before the next "praying day" should come. (Text.) (3110)

Sunday Rules—See Pew, If I Were in the.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN EARLY DAYS

I have a very definite picture of my own grandmother, when quite advanced in years, patiently teaching one or two illiterates to spell and to read, in the Sunday-school of an Episcopal church in a little country village in Vermont, where she was then residing; and as late as 1837 one object of the Sunday-school Society of Ireland was "to supply spelling-books and copies of the Scriptures" to the various Sunday-schools of the island. In fact, most of the early work was the teaching of reading and morality, and the Sunday-school was a sort of mission school among the unfortunate, the vicious, and the illiterate. Others did not attend, and it was only by very definite effort that the change to the present status was finally brought about. I remember hearing an army officer say that as late as 1845, in central New York, where he then resided as a boy of some twelve years of age, he was soundly whipt by his father because he had exprest his unwillingness to attend one of the "ragged schools"—as the Sunday-schools in his vicinity were then called; and he added that his impressions of the low caste of the school were so definite that he took his whipping like a man and without complaint.—James H Canfield, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association," 1904. (3111)

Sunday-school Missionary Work — See Boys' Missionary Efforts.

SUNDAY WORK DISCONTINUED

Over four years ago the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company decided to carry no more Sunday excursions; to run only such Sunday freight trains as were necessary to carry live stock and certain perishable goods; and to stop all Sunday work in freight-yards and sheds for twelve hours every Sunday.

There was great opposition to this action. A boycott was threatened by brewers and other shippers, while the adverse criticisms were abundant and scathing.

The last annual report of this railway gives striking endorsement as to the success of this policy of reduction of Sunday business. We are informed that the financial profits of the roads have increased 100 per cent during these four years; also, that last year not one life was lost on the whole line covering several thousand miles, with its many fast express, mail and freight trains; and there are practically no complaints from shippers and receivers of freight as to delays for cars, or delivery of goods.—*The Christian Statesman.* (3113)

See Sabbath, Observing the.

SUNLIGHT AND STARLIGHT

There is a Sun of Righteousness, before whose shining all the lesser human lights are dimmed, as starlight by the sunshine.

The extinction of "starlight" in the daylight is not due to the vapors of the atmosphere, but to the stronger vibrations of sunlight, which prevent our eyes perceiving the weaker vibrations of the starlight, exactly as a stronger sound, say a cannon-shot, prevents us from hearing a smaller noise, say a mouse piping; or, as is well known, a larger disturbance in water extinguishes a smaller one. The smaller noise, the smaller sound waves, and the smaller light vibrations are not perceived by our senses when the greater impressions or disturbances occupy them. (Text.) (3114)

SUNDAY-SCHOOL STATISTICS

From the United States "Bureau of Census" Bulletin 103 are taken the following statistics of Sunday-schools in the continental United States:

Of the 178,214 Sunday-schools conducted by church organizations, 165,128, or 92.7 per cent., are returned by the Protestant bodies; 11,172 or 6.3 per cent. by the Roman Catholic Church and 1,914, or 1.1 per cent., by the remaining bodies.

Among the Protestant bodies, the Methodist bodies rank first, with 57,464 Sunday-schools, or 32.2 per cent. of the total, and the Baptist bodies come next with 43,178 or 24.2 per cent of the total the two families together reporting considerably more than one-half the entire number of denominational Sunday-schools. If to these be added the Presbyterian bodies, with 14,452 Sunday-schools, the Lutheran bodies with 9,450, and the Disciples or Christians with 8,078, the 5 bodies combined report 132,622 Sunday-schools or nearly three-fourths (74.4 per cent.) of the entire number and more than four-fifths (80.3 per cent.) of all those reported by Protestant bodies. (3112)

Sunday School, The, As a Seed—See Needs, Meeting Children's.

SUNS, THE SIZE OF

How large are some of our neighbor suns? Alpha Centauri, our nearest neighbor, with its double sun, gives twice as much light as

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS IN THE UNITED STATES

DENOMINATION	ORGANIZATIONS REPORTING SUNDAY-SCHOOLS		SUNDAY-SCHOOLS REPORTED		SUNDAY-SCHOOL OFFICERS AND TEACHERS		SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLARS	
	Number	Per ct. of total	Number	Per ct. distribution	Number	Per ct. distribution	Number	Per ct. distribution
All denominations	167,574	79.0	178,214	100.0	1,648,664	100.0	14,685,997	100.0
Protestant bodies	156,437	80.0	165,128	92.7	1,564,821	94.9	13,018,434	88.6
Adventist bodies	2,078	81.5	2,242	1.3	14,286	0.9	69,110	0.5
Baptist bodies	41,165	75.0	43,178	24.2	323,473	19.6	2,898,914	19.7
Christians (Christian Connection)	1,136	82.4	1,149	0.6	10,510	0.6	72,963	0.5
Church of Christ, Scientist	550	86.2	551	0.3	3,155	0.2	16,116	0.1
Congregationalist	5,327	93.2	5,741	3.2	75,801	4.6	638,089	4.3
Disciples or Christians	7,901	72.2	8,078	4.5	70,476	4.3	634,504	4.3
Dunkers or German Bapt. Brethren.	866	78.9	1,223	0.7	10,789	0.7	78,575	0.5
Evangelical bodies	2,454	89.6	2,549	1.4	32,113	1.9	214,998	1.5
Friends	846	73.8	887	0.5	7,735	0.5	53,761	0.4
German Evangelical Synod of N. A.	1,086	90.1	1,111	0.6	12,079	0.7	116,106	0.8
Independent churches	826	76.6	922	0.5	6,732	0.4	57,680	0.4
Lutheran bodies	8,682	68.3	9,450	5.3	83,891	5.1	782,786	5.3
Mennonite bodies	411	68.0	439	0.2	5,041	0.3	44,922	0.3
Methodist bodies	55,227	85.4	57,464	32.2	569,296	34.5	4,472,930	30.5
Presbyterian bodies	13,048	84.1	14,452	8.1	176,647	10.7	1,511,175	10.3
Protestant Episcopal Church	5,211	76.1	5,601	3.1	51,048	3.1	464,351	3.2
Reformed bodies	2,345	90.7	2,588	1.5	38,710	2.3	361,548	2.5
Unitarians	358	77.7	364	0.2	3,592	0.2	24,005	0.2
United Brethren bodies	3,777	87.8	3,870	2.2	42,169	2.6	301,320	2.1
Universalists	596	70.4	600	0.3	6,585	0.4	42,201	0.3
Other Protestant bodies	2,547	68.9	2,669	1.5	20,693	1.3	162,380	1.1
Roman Catholic Church	9,406	75.4	11,172	6.3	62,470	3.8	1,481,535	10.1
Jewish congregations	561	31.7	600	0.3	2,239	0.1	49,514	0.3
Latter-day Saints	1,036	87.5	1,169	0.7	18,507	1.1	130,085	0.9
Eastern Orthodox Churches	7	1.7	7	(1)	10	(1)	509	(1)
All other bodies	127	16.6	138	0.1	617	(1)	5,920	(1)

[1] Less than one-tenth of 1 per cent.

we receive; great Sirius equals sixty-three of our suns; the Pole Star eighty-six. "Think of an eighty-fold sun. However, some are still more astonishing: Vega blazes with the light of three hundred and forty-four suns; Capella with the light of four hundred and thirty; Arcturus with the light of five hundred and sixteen, while mighty Alcyone, the glorious center around which we all, suns and worlds, are supposed to circle, blazes with the light of twelve thousand of our suns!" If our little sun can boast of a family with worlds of such beauty and greatness as Venus and Earth and glorious Saturn and mighty Jupiter, how shall we measure the number, the splendor and the magnitude of the worlds which circle about such centers as Sirius, Vega, Capella, Arcturus and Alcyone?—JAMES H. ECOB. (3115)

SUNSHINE

The sunshine of Persia forms one of its greatest attractions. The natives are very much alarmed when an eclipse of the sun takes place, as they are afraid they are going to lose their benefactor. A Persian gentleman once visited England, and on his return to his native country was questioned by his friends as to which was the better land to live in. His reply was to the effect that in England the houses were grander, the scenery more beautiful, but that there was no sunshine.

A worldly life may have more show, but the Christian life has more shine. (Text.) (3116)

SUNSHINE IN THE CHURCH

On Mount Sinai, in a noted convent, is the chapel of the Burning Bush. A feature of this chapel is a window so situated that the sun shines through it only on one day in every year.

But the church that would really light human life must have sunshine in all its windows every day in the year. (3117)

SUNSHINE, SCATTERING

During the "cotton famine" in Lancashire, England, in 1865, just after our civil war, one of the mill-owners called his operatives together and told them he must close the mills. It meant poverty to him and ruin to them. Flickering hope sank in black despair. Presently a delicate, sweet girl, thin and pale with suffering—she was a Sunday-school teacher—started and sang two stanzas of this hymn:

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

A sunburst of hope came over the despairing company when the touching and comforting strain was ended. It proved a prophecy. The proprietor determined to struggle on a while longer, and soon the mill was running again at full work. (3118)

See CHEER, SIGNALS OF.

Sunstroke, Warding Off—See PROTECTION.

SUPERIOR MEN

Without the presence of the superior man, the "paradise of the average man," as this country has been called, would become a purgatory to all those who care chiefly, not for success, but for freedom and power and beauty. One of the greatest privileges of the average man is to recognize and honor the superior man, because the superior man makes it worth while to belong to the race by giving life a dignity and splendor which constitute a common capital for all who live. The respect paid to men like Washington and Lincoln, Marshall and Lee, Poe and Hawthorne, affords a true measure of civilization in a community.—HAMILTON FISH MABIE. (3119)

SUPERIORITY OF POSITION

In Java sitting down is a mark of respect; in the Mariana Islands the inferior squats to speak to a superior who would consider himself degraded by sitting in the presence of one who should be objectively as well as figuratively "below" him. The punctilios relating to the fundamental rule that rank is defined by elevation are carried to absurdity in the Orient. When an English carriage was procured for the Rajah of Lombok, it was found impossible to use it because the driver's seat was the highest, and for the same reason successive kings of Ava refused to ride in the carriages presented to them by ambassadors. In Burmah, that a floor overhead should be occupied would be felt as a degradation, contrary to civilized ideas that the lower stories are the most honorable. In Siam, on the principle that no man can raise his head to the level of his superiors, he must not cross a bridge if one of higher rank chances to be passing below, and no mean person may walk upon a floor above that occupied by his betters.—GARRICK MALLERY, *Popular Science Monthly.* (3120)

SUPERSTITION

There is a man named Uonosuke Yamamoto, whose daily vocation for fifty years has been to gather up and to sell at a high price all the dust which is left in the Kannon temple in Asakusa by the thousands of visitors who daily go there to worship.

The superstitious purchasers sprinkle small patches of this dust in front of their own doors, believing it will bring them blessings and immunity from plague and famine. (3121)

The rude and unread of past ages have always connected natural phenomena with supernatural agencies, adoring the sun and the moon with altar fires on high places and in groves, of which the witches' Sabbath was a fancied descendant; and even in the twelfth century there were remnants of these forms in the fire-worship supposed to be led by old women, one of whom was called the night-queen, and who, as old women will, cherished traditions and forms to such an extent that the bishops were finally ordered to have them watched. It was but a little more than three hundred years ago when it was generally believed that the appearance of a huge comet was the work of Satan, and its disappearance was the work of the Church. Perhaps we have not left all these follies quite behind us yet. People who nowadays make a wish at the first sight of the evening star, expecting to receive the thing wished for, who are particular about seeing the new moon, not through glass, and with silver in their pockets, and who hold that the position of the slender horn signifies either a dry month or a wet one, as it may be—such people have hardly any right to call in question the demonology believed in by the people of the Middle Ages and the old dames of later days.—*Harper's Bazar.* (3122)

"Refuse old wives' fables," is a good Biblical rule. Christianity is slowly dispelling such foolish beliefs as the following:

There are still some places where people believe a felon on the finger is caused by having pointed the finger at the moon, and that some headaches are caused by having one's hair cut while the moon is crescent. (3123)

"They who believe not in God will believe in ghosts." This is the nature of superstition, of which these Tahitians are an example:

The Tahitians had great confidence in the power of red feathers, attributing large success in fishing to their presence on the canoes, but had little conception of the soul or of duty; and, while faithless toward God, they were credulous toward the most absurd imposture, placing their trust in fortune-tellers, dreams, and signs of good or ill luck. —PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions." (3124)

Fishermen the world over are as prone to superstition as sailors are, and many curious notions prevail among them as to what shall be done to court luck in their catches.

One of the strangest notions in this respect is that held by the Indians in British Columbia. With great ceremony and solemnity these red men go out to meet "the first salmon," endeavoring in flattering tones to win the favor of the fish by addressing them as "great chiefs."

The salmon fisheries in California used to be responsible for a queer custom on the part of the Indians. Every spring they would "dance for salmon." If the fish did not appear with that celerity deemed appropriate there would be employed a "wise man," who made an image of a swimming fish which was placed in the water in the hope of attracting live fish to the bait.

The Japanese fishermen have the quaint notion that silence must be observed, and even the women left at home are not permitted to talk lest the fish should hear and disapprove. Among the members of the primitive race of the Ainos, the first fish caught is brought in through a window instead of a door, so that the other fish "may not see."

Among the Eskimos it is held that bad luck will come should their women sew while the men are fishing. If the necessity for mending arises the women must do the job shut up in little tents out of sight of the fishermen.

The fishermen off the northeast coast of Scotland will, under no circumstances, allow a fisherman at sea to make mention of certain objects on land, such as, for instance, "dog," "swine," "cow," etc. If on land chickens are not to be counted before they are hatched, so at sea fish must not be counted till the catch be completed. The Scots think that it is good luck to find a rat gnawing at a net; also a horseshoe nailed to the mast will help; but the greatest good luck of all is to see a mouse aboard.—*Harper's Weekly.* (3125)

See Barriers; Deceit with God; Eye, The Evil; Fear; Junk; Spiritistic Phenomena; Thirteen Superstition, The; Witches, Belief in.

SUPERSTITION CONDEMNED

The belief that a particular house or day or gem is "unlucky" and fraught with evil runs counter to any rational theory of the government of the universe. How can those who believe in the rule of a Supreme Being—a conscious and just and omniscient intelligence—picture their God as capable of such caprice, such impish malevolence, as to make one dwelling out of ten thousand fatefully "unlucky" to its inhabitants, or to visit with misfortune those of his creatures who break a looking-glass or who start on a journey on a Friday—an artificial designation in a mushroom calendar news of which can hardly yet have reached the dial of the skies? Or, accepting the other theory of a government of law, is it conceivable that the ordainments of immutable nature are subject to whimsical and malevolent manipulations to harass and distress human beings? Civilized voodooism is an impugnment of the Power that rules the universe. It is degrading to the intellect of man. It is an affront to common sense.—New York *World.* (3126)

Superstition Overcome—See Intelligence Outdoing Ignorance.

Superstitions, Chinese—See Earthquake, Superstitions About.

SUPPLIES, BRINGING UP

A citizen noticed a medal on the breast of a soldier. "You have been in the war, I see," he said. "Yes," he replied. "I've been through one war, and that accounts for my medal." "In what battles did you fight?" The soldier smiled and said, "I was never at the front; my business was to bring up supplies."

Many a man or woman will never get to the front of a great pitched battle, but he or she can help to win the victory by "bringing up the supplies." Out of sight, in the rear of the fighters, we can bring up supplies to aid their efforts. (3127)

Supply According to Capacity—See Capacity Limiting Supply.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

The story is told of a tramp who came to a certain valley, which was inundated by a freshet in a river. There was a great demand for help to carry persons and property in boats to a place of safety. The tramp threw down the bundle, which contained all he had in the world, and declared: "This is my harvest." He demanded ten dollars a day, and went to work at that rate. This was true philosophy. He kept out of the labor market until the "conjuncture" of supply and demand was all on his side, and then he went in.—Prof. William G. Sumner, *The Independent.* (3128)

Support by Faith of Others—See Dependence.

SURFACE LIVES

There is plenty of light and heat in the desert. The occasional oases that cheer the traveler show that the soil is rich enough to grow vegetation. Water is the one thing it needs to make it a fertile garden. Sometimes a few feet beneath the surface there flows a river. If the parched and fainting pilgrim would pause and dig deep enough he might find the cool, clear water that would quench his thirst and help to save his life.

So many a man is content to live on the surface of life and suffer thirst of soul, whereas, if he would "let down his bucket for a draught," the deeps of better inspiration—a true water of life—might always be reached. (Text.) (3129)

SURGERY, IMPROVEMENT IN

Within our own time, another great man of the Washington type, Count Cavour, has been slain by medical bleeding precisely as Washington was. The worse Cavour grew, the more his doctors bled him, and he finally succumbed under the treatment, in the flower of his age and in the midst of his usefulness. It is, therefore, not unfair to conclude that the final cessation of a practise so barbarous, so opposed to common sense, has been due to the increase of physiological knowledge and to that increased reliance on nature and careful nursing, and diminished reliance on "physic," which is the result of this knowledge, and that its continuance in any country is simply a sign of a low condition of medical research. The advance in conservative surgery has been simply enormous. The great operations have been robbed of their terrors, and with their terrors of much of their danger, and nothing has made more progress than contrivances for preventing the loss of blood. In fact, in the practise of to-day there is nothing of which so much care is taken as of the patient's blood. Not only is he left in possession of all he has already got, but every pains is taken to increase his supply of it. Nobody "lets blood" now but assassins, and "toughs" and suicides —a curious sign of progress, but a sign of progress it is.—New York *Evening Post.* (3130)

SURGERY IN KOREA

Medical science in Korea is wofully deficient. Native doctors have but two instruments—a little flat knife-blade and a long, sharp knitting-needle-like instrument. The former is used for bleeding or scraping, and the latter for plunging into the body to make an exit for the disease devil. It is always surgically dirty and a joint is a favorite place for its insertion. Septic conditions arise which render the joints permanently immovable. Medical missionaries are continually called upon to give aid to children of from eight to twelve years of age with stiffened knees or elbows. (3131)

SURPRIZES IN BOOKS

There are the "pleasant surprizes" of publishing—books undertaken with the expectation of about paying expenses that have soared away to the hundred-thousand mark. Others are "undertaken because they are known to be works of great merit, and while the publisher may not have much hope of a satisfactory result, there is a chance that the merit of the book may in time make an impression on the public." Then there are those undertaken because "they strike a new note in literature, which may receive the appreciation of the public." "David Harum" is called "the greatest surprize." Seven or eight publishers had declined the book, and only two persons in the house accepting it had much hope that it would pay expenses. For six months after publication a few thousand copies were disposed of; its ultimate sale was nearly a million.—*Appleton's Magazine.* (3132)

Surrender, Total—See Reservation.

Survey, The Larger—See Point of View.

SURVIVAL

Mr. Vernon L. Kellogg gives the imaginary feelings of a minute scale that infests oranges during their growth, on finding out that he and his kind were the common prey of the orange beetle:

He soon learned that of all the orange-dwellers who are born, only a very, very few escape the beetles and other devouring beasts who pursue them. And he was highly indignant when one shrewd orange-dweller told him that it really was a good thing for the race of orange-dwellers that so many of them were killed. "For," the shrewd orange-dweller said, "if all of us who are born should live and have families, and not die until old age came on, there would soon be so many of us that we should eat all the orange-trees in the world, and then we should all starve to death." And this is quite true.—"Insect Stories." (3133)

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

"Among every hundred men who become firemen only seventeen are ever made engineers," says Warren S. Stone, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, one of the most powerful labor organizations in the world. "Out of every one hundred engineers only six ever get passenger runs. The next time you see a white-haired man on the cab of a big passenger locomotive don't wonder at all at his white hair, but make up your mind that he has the goods or he wouldn't be there. It is a case of the selection and the survival of the fittest. It takes nerve to run the fast trains these days, for you sit at your throttle, tearing across the country at the rate of more than a mile a minute, and if any one of a dozen people, down to the man who spiked the rails, has made a mistake you ride to certain death." (3134)

See Nature's Aggressiveness.

SUSPICION

Two promoters once called on Mr. Russell Sage to try to interest him in a certain scheme. They talked to the great financier about an hour. Then they took their leave, having been told that Mr. Sage's decision would be mailed to them in a few days. "I believe we've got him," said the first promoter hopefully, on the way uptown. "I don't know," rejoined the other. "He seems very suspicious." "Suspicious?" said the first. "What makes you think he was suspicious?" "Didn't you notice," was the reply, "how he counted his fingers after I had shaken hands with him?"—New Orleans *States*. (3135)

The people who make it their chief business in life to see that they are not imposed upon very frequently wrong others in their over-eagerness to maintain their rights. The following incident has a valuable lesson for all impulsive folk who are also a little inclined to suspect the motives of other people.

A countryman, says an exchange, came into a village store with a very angry demeanor. "Look here," he began sharply, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here yesterday, and when I got home I found 'em mor'n half walnuts. And there is the young villain I bought 'em of," he added, pointing to the proprietor's son.

"John," said the father, "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready response.

"You needn't lie about it," exclaimed the farmer, still further enraged by the young man's assurance.

"Now, look here," said John, with a good-natured smile, "if you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put walnuts in extra.

"Oh, you gave them to me, did you?" asked the man in a somewhat mollified tone.

"Yes, sir; I threw in a handful for the children."

"Well, if you ain't a good one!" the man remarked, with restored good humor. "An' here I've been making an idiot of myself. Just put me up a pound of tea, will ye. I'll stop and weigh things next time." (3136)

Swearing—See CONSCIENCE; OATHS.

SWEARING A WASTE OF CHARACTER

General Washington, in an order issued August 3, 1776, said: "The general is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practise of profane cursing and swearing, a vice hitherto little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of heaven on our army if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it." Swearing is a great waste of character!

James says: "But above all things, my brethren (and my Juniors), swear not; neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath; but let your yea be yea, and your nay be nay; lest ye fall into condemnation." Swearing is a great loss of soul! James asks you to be specially watchful against the habit of swearing. "Above all things"—that is, you will find it more difficult to keep from this sin than it is to keep from many other besetting sins. (3137)

If Satan can not get a boy or girl to swear with the tongue, he will try to get a swear through the hands or feet. Slamming a door when you are mad is hand-swearing. When you have been corrected and go out of the room as tho each step would put holes in the floor you are foot-swearing. Sometimes a swear spreads over the face like a cloud across the sky. Swearing is a great loss of happiness!—J. M. FARRAR. (3138)

See SELF-RESTRAINT.

SWEARING A WASTE OF TIME

Swearing is a great waste of time. Stop the leak in the kettle. This kettle is an hour with sixty drops of time in it. If there is a leak in the kettle the little drops of time will be lost. Sixty drops and the hour-kettle is empty. Swearing is a bad habit and will surely wear a hole in the kettle. It is difficult to swear without getting angry. Sometimes the kettle is emptied before the hole is made. How? Anger starts the kettle boiling and time runs over and is lost. Swearing is a great waste of time! In sixty minutes of temper an hour has run over.—J. M. FARRAR. (3139)

Wednesday, April 27, was Grant's birthday. Some one told the following interesting story about him: "While sitting with him at the camp-fire late one night, after every one else had gone to bed, I said to him:

'General, it seems singular that you have gone through all the trouble of army service and frontier life and have never been provoked into swearing. I have never heard you utter an oath or use an imprecation.'

"'Well, somehow or other, I never learned to swear,' he replied. 'When a boy I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when I became a man I saw the folly of it. I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps to arouse a man's anger; and when a man flies into a passion, his adversary, who keeps cool, always gets the better of him. In fact, I never could see the use of swearing. I think it is the case with many people who swear excessively that it is a mere habit, and that they do not mean to be profane; but, to say the least, it is a great waste of time.'"—J. M. Farrar. (3140)

SWIFTNESS OF BIRDS

The inexperienced gunner will declare emphatically that any old bird can fly at least a mile a second, but science is of the opinion that the swift, the most speedy bird of all, can make but 250 miles an hour. The swallow can cover ninety-two miles in an hour and the eider-duck ninety miles. All birds of prey are necessarily rapid in their flight; the eagle can attain a speed of 140 miles per hour and the hawk 150 miles. The flight of most migratory birds does not exceed fifty miles an hour, and the crow can accomplish but twenty-five.

A falcon belonging to Henry IV of France escaped from Fontainebleau and was found at Malta twenty-four hours later, having covered a distance of at least 1,530 miles. Sir John Ross, on October 6, 1850, dispatched from Assistance Bay two young carrier-pigeons, one of which reached its dovecote in Ayrshire, Scotland, on the 13th. This was comparatively slow time for the distance, two thousand miles. It is probable that flights which have occasioned astonishment by greatly exceeding the average have been materially assisted by aerial currents moving in the same direction.—*Harper's Weekly*. (3141)

SWINDLING

An instance of "high finance," under the guise of religion, is set forth by the daily press in the case of one, Carl Helmstadt, of whom this is said:

The detectives report an instructive conversation with this man, who tells clergymen he is a brand from the burning and needs their prayers for deliverance.

"How many ministers have you swindled?" the detective asked Helmstadt.

"Oh, I don't know how many."

"More than one hundred?"

"Sure," answered Helmstadt. "Why not? We kneel down and pray together, and we both weep. Then I tell them I feel greatly relieved, spiritually. Then I sting them for a few dollars." (3142)

SYMBOL OF LIFE

Men talk sometimes as if the passage of a ship through the sea or a bird through the air is a fit symbol of man's passage through this world. I do not think so. A better symbol would be the passage of a plow through the soil leaving a furrow behind. What does the furrow include? All the memory of every beautiful picture and landscape you have ever seen. It includes the memory of every experience, every sweet association, every tie of love, whether of father, mother, wife or children. All these, whether living or dead, speak to you. They have a voice, a language that you will understand.—George L. Perin. (3143)

Symbol of Life, The Tree a—See Tree a Spiritual Symbol.

Symbol of Sacrifice—See Memorial of Lincoln.

SYMBOL, POWER OF A

The waving folds of an American flag are credited with saving a house in the midst of the fire following the earthquake in San Francisco in April, 1906. The house stands at 1654 Taylor Street. As the fire crept up to it its owner determined it should go gloriously and ran up a flag on the roof pole. The eaves had caught fire, but a company of the Twentieth United States Infantry, under a lieutenant, passing a block away, saw the banner waving proudly amid the smoke. "A house that flies a flag like that is worth saving," is the expression the narrator puts on the lips of the young officer. The men ran to the place, beat off the flames and saved the house. (3144)

SYMBOLIC PREACHING

A good example of symbolic preaching is afforded in the following descriptions of a sermon by a Chinese evangelist named Li, of Changsha, China, on the value of the soul:

Mr. Li began by describing a clock, without naming it, calling it dead and yet alive. He showed that it has all the parts of a living mechanism, but that this mechanism is dead; without two great essentials. The clock was then shown to the audience and they were led to see that a spring is the source of power, but that power must be applied to the spring before the mechanism does its work. The preacher skilfully illustrated by these facts the importance of the soul, and the relation which it bears on the one hand to man and on the other to God. About twenty minutes were devoted to this illustration, after which the preacher quoted a number of texts from the Scriptures bearing upon the teaching of the value of the soul.—G. E. DAWSON, *Missionary Review of the World.* (3145)

SYMBOLISM

In Japanese art every flower has a meaning. Certain flowers must never be seen together. Certain others must never be seen apart. Then, again, everything goes in threes—blossoms, boughs, or sprays. Even furniture has a meaning. The details of this etiquette are endless, and, to the Occidental mind, bewildering, unless one "has an imagination"—or, at least, an esthetic sense to which its poetic features can appeal.—MARSHALL P. WILDER, "Smiling 'Round the World." (3146)

SYMBOLS

The Chinese claim that they do not worship the idol in their devotions, but rather the thought or the spirit that the idol represents. So they worship at the shrine of "Long Life," "Happiness," "Offspring," "Ancestors," "Agriculture," "Heaven," "Earth," "Rain," "Sunshine." The bat means happiness; the peach, long life; the pomegranate, many children; the dragon, power; indeed, everything has its significance. This explains their designs upon cloth, embroideries, cloisonne, and porcelain, every figure and stroke having its meaning. The material thing represents a thought.

Is there not a legitimate use of symbols? And may they not be made to have a language that speaks through the senses to the soul? (3147)

Symbols may have value to those who can interpret them, even if we can not:

An American lady was at a dinner party with Mr. Li Lo, the eminent Chinese philosopher, when she said:

"May I ask why you attach so much importance to the dragon in your country? You know there is no such creature, don't you? You have never seen one?"

"My dear madam," graciously answered the great Chinaman, "why do you attach so much importance to the Goddess of Liberty on your coins? You know there is no such lady, don't you? You have never seen her, have you?" (3148)

Symbols Interpreting Realities — See REALITIES, INVISIBLE.

SYMBOLS, THE VALUE OF

In a private letter, written to a local paper by a resident of Cazenovia, N. Y., who is dwelling in Japan, the following was related:

I must tell a story connected with the visit of our American fleet. One day, just as some of the troops were marching to the railroad station, an enormous arch which stood just in front of the station took fire. Instantly one of the Japanese soldiers climbed to the top and brought down the United States flag that hung over in his direction. No greater act of courtesy could be performed, according to Japanese ideas than to save our flag from harm. But when without a moment's delay, one of our blue-jackets ran up the other side of the arch, as tho it were the rigging of a ship, and snatched the Japanese flag just before it fell, tho his hands were scorched and he was nearly choked by smoke from the burning evergreen, the crowds nearly went wild with excitement and could not stop cheering. (3149)

SYMPATHY

When the great steamer receives its cargo the captain must correct the compass, neutralizing the influence of the iron cargo in the hold. And sympathy keeps the needle of justice turned toward the star, corrects the aberrations of the intellect.—N. D. HILLIS. (3150)

Dr. Dunning, of the *Congregationalist,* tells of a very near friend of his who visited Tiffany's great jewelry store in New York. He was shown a magnificent diamond with its gleaming yellow light, and many other splendid stones. As he went along he saw one jewel that was perfectly lusterless, and he said: "That has no beauty about it at all." But the friend with him put it in the hollow of his hand and shut his hand, and then in a few moments opened it, and he said: "What a surprize! There was not a place on it the size of a pinhead that did not gleam with the splendor of the rainbow." And then he said: "What have you been doing with it?" His friend answered: "This is an opal. It is what we call the sympathetic jewel. It only needs contact with the human hand to bring out its wonderful beauty."

Doctor Dunning adds: "All childhood needs is that the human hand should touch it, and it will gleam with all the opalescent splendor that can shine from heavenly minds." (3151)

There are songs enough for the heroes,
Who dwell on the heights of fame;
I sing of the disappointed,
Of one who has missed his aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence,
Of one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, last arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.

For the hearts that break in silence,
With a sorrow all unknown;
For those who need companions,
Yet must walk their way alone. (3152)

See Acting, Actor Affected by; Kinship; Rapport.

SYMPATHY BY PLEASURE-GOERS

London to-night (May 6, 1910), with King Edward lying dead, is a despairing city. While the sun shone a dash more brilliantly than it has yet done on any day this year, the people seemed to extract the utmost particle of hope which the medical bulletins could be made to convey. But evening came cold, dismal, with rain drizzling from heavy skies, and the crowds lost heart. Long before the final news came—soon, indeed, after the issue of the later reports announcing that the King's condition was most grave and that the hoped-for improvement had not set in, the streets were practically empty.

It was curious to see how outside one theater where a popular success is running the queue which had formed alongside the pit and gallery doors melted away before the doors were opened. It was evident that these people, to whom a visit to a theater is such a treat that they stand for hours waiting to secure a seat, had no heart for musical comedy while their King lay at death's door. —The New York *Times*. (3153)

Sympathy, Impelling — See Example, Power of.

SYMPATHY IN TEACHING

In music you learn more in a week from a sympathetic teacher, or at least from some one who is so to you, than from another, however excellent, in a month. You will make no progress if he can give you no impulse.

What a mystery lies in that word "teaching!" One will constrain you irresistibly, and another shall not be able to persuade you. One will kindle you with an ambition that aspires to what the day before seemed inaccessible heights, while another will labor in vain to stir your sluggish mood to cope with the smallest obstacle. The reciprocal relation is too often forgotten.—R. H. Haweis. (3154)

SYMPATHY, LACK OF

Nothing is so likely to cause a man to lose his head as the conscious lack of sympathetic encompassment. Sometimes a single man will upset a sermon.

I remember such a one who for many months was the plague of my life. He had taken offense at some public utterance of mine, and thereafter in his eyes I was *persona non grata*, a fact which he took a sort of savage satisfaction in making manifest in season and out of season, especially the latter.

He would seem to be deeply interested in the opening exercises, but the moment when I rose to preach he would double up as if in pain, or avert his face and look wistfully toward the window as if murmuring to himself. "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." And then instead of "afflatus" I would be taken with a bad spell of "flat us." It does not take many such hearers to kill a man.—P. S. Henson, *Christian Endeavor World*. (3155)

SYMPATHY, PRACTICAL

A little boy was riding in a street car, and, observing a kindly looking woman, he snuggled closely up to her, and unconsciously rubbed his dusty feet against her dress, when she leaned over to a woman on the other side of the little boy and said shortly, "Madam, will you kindly make your little boy take his feet off my dress?" The other woman said, "My boy? He isn't my boy." The little fellow squirmed uneasily, seemed to be greatly distrest, and looked disappointedly into the face of the woman who had disowned relationship to him. The woman whose attention had thus been called to the little boy presently observed that the child's eyes were fastened upon her with a peculiarly wistful expression, and she said to him, "Are you going about alone?" "Yes, ma'am," he replied, "I always go alone; father and mother are dead, and I live with Aunt Clara, and when she gets tired of me she sends me to Aunt Sarah, to stay as long as she will keep me; but they both tire of me so soon, I keep changing from one to the other; they don't either of them care for little boys like me." The woman's heart was drawn to the motherless boy, and she said, "You are a very little boy to be traveling alone like this." "Oh, I don't mind," said he, "only I get lonesome sometimes on these long trips, and when I see some one that I think I would like to belong to, I snuggle up close to her so that I can make believe I really do belong to her. This morning I was playing that I belonged to that other lady, and I forgot about my dirty shoes. But she would not let me belong to her. Do you like little boys?" The pitifulness of that appeal overcame all restraint of the woman's feelings, and regardless of a car full of spectators, she put her arms around the tiny chap, hugged him close, and kissing him, said, "Yes, and I only wish you wanted to belong to me." The boy looked at her with rapturous content, and replied, "I do." And she said, "You shall," and she adopted him.—James T. White, "Character Lessons." (3156)

SYMPATHY, ROYAL

King Victor Emmanuel returned to the ruins of Reggio to-day (January 1, 1909), and he has been indefatigable in succoring the afflicted. He traversed the ruins from one end to the other, comforting the sufferers and cheering the rescuers. At one point he came upon a man buried up to his waist in débris. He encouraged the unfortunate while the soldiers were digging him out. In the midst of the efforts at rescue the man cried:

"Sire, I can wait for deliverance, but for God's sake give me food and drink."

Meeting a group of photographers engaged in taking pictures, the King chided them for their occupation.

"You had much better turn your efforts to succoring the afflicted," said his Majesty. (3157)

Sympathy Wasted—See Fancy, Deceptive.

SYMPATHY WITH ONE'S OWN CREATIONS

A writer in *The Critic* says:

I once saw it recorded of George Eliot, as a thing marvelous, incredible, and unique, that she actually wept over her own creations. This fact, so stated, made me wonder at the ignorance of the writer. Does anybody suppose that a moving situation was ever yet depicted, the writing of which did not cost the author anguish and tears? How could he move his readers if he were not first moved himself? It is an elementary maxim; you may find it in Horace. But it is a sign that one possesses imagination if one can laugh over the fortunes of one's own puppets. (3158)

SYNCHRONISM

There is a divine standard by which every man in the world can accurately regulate his life as these clocks are regulated.

The ease with which any number of electric clocks may be operated in synchronism is an advantage of no small moment. In factories, mills, and large manufacturing plants, where it is essential to have the exact time in all the rooms, the electric clock will prove of peculiar value. By removing the pendulums from all but one clock, with the others connected in circuit, the exact time can be kept with all the clocks in the plant. Furthermore, the regulation of timepieces by electric power from some central station is thus greatly simplified. With a wire running to the main clock of the plant, an exact regulation of all in the series could be instantly obtained. (Text.)—*The Electrical Age.* (3159)

Synchrony—See Church, Guidance for the.

Syntax, Absurd—See English, Errors in.

SYSTEM IN LABOR

A full week's work may be well divided according to a plan.

The father of Theodore Roosevelt was a wealthy business man and a Christian. A remarkable thing about him was that he worked five days a week attending strictly to business; one day he spent improving his own mind and heart, and one day doing good, visiting the poor and otherwise helping others. (Text.) (3160)

System versus Men—See UNNATURAL EDUCATION.

T

TABOOED TOPICS IN THE EAST

The greatest danger of falling into verbal sin, perhaps, is that missionaries talk upon topics which are tabooed. For instance, you meet a friend whose shop is next to a house that has burned down, and you congratulate him upon it. It is an awful mistake, a most ill-omened remark. When Dr. Nassau, of Gabun, met some children and tried to cultivate the friendship of their mothers, he began to count them, which was unfortunate to the last degree. One can not talk about death in many countries without giving great offense. There are many other topics that are tabooed, but they can be learned about from native teachers.—H. P. BEACH, "Student Volunteer Movement," 1906. (3161)

TACT

In 1747 Mr. John Brown was invited to become the pastor of a church at Hingham. There was but one opponent to his settlement, a man whom Mr. Brown won over by a stroke of good humor. He asked for the grounds of his opposition. "I like your person and your manner," was the reply, "but your preaching, sir, I disapprove." "Then," said Mr. Brown, "we are agreed. I do not like my preaching very well myself, but how great a folly it is for you and me to set up our opinion against that of the whole parish." The force of this reasoning appealed to the man, and he at once withdrew his objections. —*The Argonaut.* (3162)

The impression that most people have regarding the life of kings and queens is that of everything in a costly and magnificent style. One of the admirable things about the life of King Edward VII at Sandringham Palace was its simplicity.

Court formality was laid aside and the king's guests enjoyed themselves without restraint. As host and hostess King Edward and Queen Alexandra were notably hospitable, and the person who failed to enjoy himself at the royal table was indeed an unfortunate being. Many were the tales told about the king's tact, as displayed toward his guests, not the least of which was one concerning the famous English sculptor, Alfred Gilbert. Gilbert received an invitation to Sandringham, and his servant, in the excitement of packing, omitted to put a pair of black shoes into his bag. When the sculptor arrived at the king's residence he discovered, much to his dismay, that he must appear in tan shoes if he wished to attend dinner. His embarrassment was all the more keen because he was aware that the king disliked tan footgear. However, there was nothing for him to do but make the best of matters, and on the shoes went. In some mysterious manner word of Gilbert's predicament reached the king's ears, and when Edward appeared to greet his guest the latter was surprized to note that his host also wore tan shoes. (3163)

At Bannockburn Lord Randolph Murray was being sorely prest by a large body of cavalry. Sir James Douglas got leave from Bruce to go to his aid, but just as he came up he found the English in disorder, and many horses galloping away with empty saddles. "Halt!" he cried to his men; "These brave men have already repulsed the enemy; let us not diminish their glory by seeking to share it."—WILLIAM MOODIE. (3164)

Colonel Nicholas Smith, in "Grant the Man of Mystery," says:

Grant is often called "The Silent Man." While he wrote with fluency and with great rapidity, it was difficult for him to express himself extemporaneously until after his Presidential career, and many interesting stories are told of his attempts to talk. A large body of ministers once called upon him and made a long address, to which he was compelled to reply. After a sentence or two, Mr. Fish noticed that his voice faltered, and fearing that he might be at a loss what to say, the secretary, standing next to him, caused a diversion by beginning to cough violently. The President afterward said to Mr. Fish, "How fortunate it was for me that you had that cough, as I had felt my knees begin to shake. I do not think that I could have spoken another word." (3165)

We may please and help and comfort the very same persons whom we may by different treatment irritate, bringing out the worst where we might with tact bring out the best that is in them. You take a piece of ribbon-grass and rub it from end to end and admire its velvet smoothness; but as you then rub it the other way you find it is pricking you as if malignantly. And one of the mysteries of electricity is that the same magnet with which you can attract by presenting one pole will repel if you present the other. (Text.) (3166)

TACT, LACK OF

The natural effect of a lack of tact is seen in the man described below, who used the means to offend the very person who was to decide his fate.

Under no circumstances can a missionary, worthy of the name, be ever induced to say anything that would wound the susceptibilities or grieve the heart of one of his heathen or Mohammedan auditors. That is not necessary. They tell the story of a judge in Aleppo. He had but one eye. A person was condemned to prison, as he thought, unjustly. He rose before the judge and said: "Oh, one-eyed judge, I am imprisoned here on a false accusation; and I tell you, oh, one-eyed judge, that this man who has testified against me has received a bribe; and oh, one-eyed judge, if I do not get justice, I will report this case to the pasha; and if the pasha do not do justice, oh, one-eyed judge, I will report it to the sultan himself." The judge rose from his seat in a rage and said: "Take the man back to prison. I won't hear him plead before me and call me forever a one-eyed judge."—PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions." (3167)

It is a good story which Chauncey M. Depew tells of a dinner that the late King Edward as Prince of Wales once gave in honor of James G. Blaine, on one of his visits to England before he had even been a candidate for the Presidency. The one disagreeable man at the dinner was a duke of the royal house, who had a reputation for lack of tact. During a lull in conversation he blurted out: "The greatest outrage in history was the revolt of your people against King George III. There was no justification for it then, and there is no excuse for it now." The prince, according to Dr. Depew, was plainly embarrassed. The one man who had the tactfulness to carry off the situation was Mr. Blaine who, in a carefully-modulated voice replied: "Perhaps if George III had possest as much diplomacy as his great-grandson, America might still be English." The Prince of Wales, after the subject was passed, gript Blaine's hands with a twinkle of admiration.—Boston *Transcript.* (3168)

Taint—See IMPURE THOUGHTS.

Talent Neglected—See NEGLECT OF DUTY.

Talent, Using the Best—See ADVANTAGE, WORKING TO THE BEST.

TALENTS

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan tells this story:

Some years ago a woman came to me at the close of the Sunday morning service and said, "Oh, I would give anything to be in this work actively and actually. I would give anything to have some living part in the work that is going on here next week in winning men and women to Christ, but I do not know what to do."

I said, "My sister, are you prepared to give the Master the five loaves and two fishes you possess?" She said, "I do not know that I have five loaves and two fishes." I said, "Have you anything that you have used in any way specially?" "No," she did not think she had. "Well," I said, "can you sing?" Her reply was, "Yes, I sing at home, and I have sung before now in an entertainment."

"Well, now," I said, "let us put our hand on that. Will you give the Lord your voice for the next ten days?" Said she, "I will."

I shall never forget that Sunday evening. I asked her to sing, and she sang. She sang the gospel message with the voice she had, feeling that it was a poor, worthless thing, and that night there came out of the meeting into the inquiry room one man. That man said to me afterward that it was the gospel that was sung which reached his heart; and from that day to this—that is now eleven or twelve years ago—that man has been one of the mightiest workers for God in that city and country I have ever known. How was it done? A woman gave the Master what she had.—*The Church Advocate.* (3169)

TALENTS, BURIED

Half a billion dollars is the value of the buried talent (hoarded money) of the United States, according to investigations made by the Federal Government, the conclusions of which recently were made public by Postmaster-General Meyer in *The Woman's World.*

Even at the rate proposed for postal depository savings, 2 per cent, the idleness of the $500,000,000 costs its possessors $10,000,000, a sum equal to the entire public debt of the United States in 1839, and almost as much as the Government spends annually in maintenance of Indians.

However, money is accounted worth in business not less than 4 per cent, and very few securities, particularly in the West, earn less than 4 per cent. The basis of computation of the $20,000,000 annual loss caused by the safety-deposit sort of security was that rate. In the industrial world money—and the very money that is now "hoarded"—is worth more than 4 per cent. The money panic of 1907 never would have happened if the buried talent of $500,000,000 had been in circulation, according to financial authorities.

As the buried talent is loss financially, so it is in every domain of possibility. In the moral and spiritual life it is even worse; the disinclination to use becomes in time inability to use. (Text.) (3170)

TALENTS DIFFER

Ralph Waldo Emerson teaches the lesson that everything is needed in its own place, in this quaint bit of verse:

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter, "Little prig."
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere;
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I can not carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut." (Text.)
(3171)

Tales That Won Fame—See Genius Can Not be Hidden.

Talk—See Club Wisdom.

TALKING AND SICKNESS

The Emmanuel movement in San Francisco, so far at least as it has to do with St. Luke's Hospital, is a confest failure. The local experiment has lasted a year, and every effort, it is claimed, has been made to give the prescribed treatment a thorough test. The hospital's psychopathic ward has been discontinued, and the clerical superintendent of the mental healing part of the institution, the Rev. A. P. Shields, D.D., has sent in his resignation. "It was found," says Bishop Nichols, "impossible to secure beneficial results by placing patients in a psychopathic ward associated with a hospital. All the depressing influences of the hospital bore down upon them. The constant atmosphere of suffering made a cure impossible, and, finally, we were forced to the conclusion that we had failed." This same reasoning condemns the cause of those people outside of hospitals who are always talking of disease and fatalities (unless it be distinctly for curative purposes in the case of disease), so helping to make the more depressive the depression of mental and nervous sufferers. There are well people who always, by their lugubrious manner or talk, carry about with them the atmosphere of the sick-room—who are simply walking hospitals.—*The Observer.* (3172)

Taming Animals—See Kindness to Animals.

Tampering with Peril—See Temptation.

TASKS, THE REAL

When I was a boy I was set by my father to the task of dipping all the water out of a spring-hole in the hay-field. I performed the task faithfully, thinking that the object was to empty the hole. But the next day I was obliged to tell my father that the task had gone for nothing, as the hole was as full as ever. I had merely removed certain accumulated impurities, which was the real object of the work.

So we often toil with definite objects in view when all the while Providence is at work through us at a very different and always a more important task. We may be disappointed that we have not emptied the hole, or we may more wisely rejoice that we have freshened the spring. (3173)

Taste and Propriety Violated—See MISSIONARIES' MISTAKES.

Teacher, A Young—See CHILD RELIGION.

TEACHER, THE COMPETENT

I am reminded of a remark made to me recently by a gentleman in middle life, a very excellent carpenter, whom I saw watching my boys, twenty-four of them, at work making their first weld in the forging shop. He seemed intensely interested as he watched one of the young men at his work. I said: "You seem to like to see the boys work. Do you understand what they are doing?" "Yes," said he, "I worked a year once in a blacksmith shop." "Well," said I, "then I suppose this operation of welding is a very simple matter to you." "Not at all," said he; "I never made a weld in my life. I never got a chance. I kindled the fire and blew the bellows, and I did some striking for other men; but they never let me try to make a weld." Then he added, with a good deal of feeling, "These boys learn more in one week about the really essential art of forging than I learned in half a year." And the secret of it is they have a thoroughly skilled workman who is competent both to teach and to demonstrate every principle involved.—CALVIN M. WOODWARD, "Journal of the National Education Association," 1905. (3174)

TEACHER, THE IDEAL

Dr. Ernest Fox Nichols, the new president of Dartmouth College, gives this bit of classic advice to teachers:

In twenty years of teaching and observation, I have become convinced of some things connected with teaching as a profession. No teacher can hope to inspire and lead young men to a level of aspiration above that on which he himself lives and does his work. Young men may reach higher levels, but not by his aid. The man in whose mind truth has become formal and passive ought not to teach. What youth needs to see is knowledge in action, moving forward toward some worthy end. In nobody's mind should it be possible to confuse intellectual with ineffectual. Let it not be said:

We teach and teach
Until like drumming pedagogs we lose
The thought that what we teach has higher
ends
Than being taught and learned.

It ought to be impossible, even in satire, to say, "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." (3175)

TEACHER, THE IDEAL, AT WORK

In the photographic studio it is not enough to have a favorable light, expensive lenses, and the latest arrangement of shutters and slides. It is not enough to have fair women and brave men before the camera. It is not enough to have a perfect plate, ready to respond to the faintest ray of light; there must also be a skilled operator, who shall moderate the glare, arrange the shadows, measure the distance, adjust the instrument, calculate the exposure, pose the sitters, engage the attention, and at the psychologico-photographic moment spring the shutter.

In like fashion the artist-teacher deals with his carefully sensitized pupil as he prepares to take a picture worth developing. Deftly he arranges each detail and improves every condition; then he unveils before him some image of truth and beauty wrought by skilful hands and eagerly awaits the results. If he succeeds, he knows it without troublesome delay. He glances swiftly about his class, detecting here and there a pupil who responds, "his rapt soul sitting in his eyes"; and the instructor glows with the consciousness that his labors have not been in vain.—D. O. S. LOWELL, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association," 1905. (3176)

TEACHERS, ALERTNESS OF

It is an interesting commentary on the earnestness and professional zeal of the teachers as a class, that they are in such large numbers willing to spend no inconsiderable portion of their summer vacation, and no small part of their scant earnings, in paying board, tuition, and incidentals at some summer watering-place to pursue their studies, brushing up neglected places in their education, and fitting themselves for higher and better work in their profession. Especially is this noticeable when we find them spending several weeks in close attendance upon the teaching and lectures of the most famous experts the country has produced, getting hints, and more than hints—principles—of the best methods of teaching the common-school studies.—*Journal of Education.* (3177)

TEACHER'S FUNCTION, THE

You look into the face of a mirror, and an image is before you—more truthful, if less flattering, than that which the photographer produces. You pass on, and another comes and looks into the same mirror; but it tells no tales of you, revives no recollection. A thousand persons pass before the glass, and when the day is done, it is just as brilliant and just as vacant as when it made its first reflection. Do we desire a likeness that shall endure. Science must come to our aid with its camera and its chemicals; the image must be caught upon a sensitized plate or film and then fixt so it shall not fade.

In like manner the teacher may hold up a truth before an untrained pupil. It may be beautiful and inspiring, as reflected in the mirror of the pupil's mind. He may understand it, assent to it, even enjoy it; but he may also forget it as he looks upon the next picture. To prevent such loss, it becomes the teacher's function to see that his pupil's mind is not a mere mirror from whose polished surface glide these bright images in swift succession, but a sensitized plate on which truths may be photographed and fixt. (Text.)—D. O. S. Lowell, "Proceedings of the Religious Education Association," 1905. (3178)

Teacher's Kindness—See Effacement of Sins.

Teaching—See Negative Teaching.

Teaching Sympathetically—See Sympathy in Teaching.

TEACHING VERSUS PRACTISE

A Chinese legend tells of an old sage who sat at a fountain. The three founders of the principal religions of the land met him there looking for an apostle to carry his message to men. Said he in explanation of the reason why he did not go himself and carry his own message: "I can not go because only the upper part of me is flesh and blood—the lower part is stone. I can talk but can not walk. I can teach virtue, but I can not follow its teaching."

The legend seems to be a parabolic way of pointing out the well-known fact that it is far easier to preach than to practise. (3179)

TEARS AND FEELING

The higher the pitch of refinement, the less the fall of tears. This is true of both sexes, but especially of men, and in men in proportion to the fulness of their manhood. Children, of whichever sex, cry at their own cross will, but the schoolboy will hardly shed tears when he is flogged; the young man is ashamed to weep when he is hurt by a fall, except into love; while the full-bearded adult has completely triumphed over feeling. All these statements are true with a difference among nations, due to climatic, historic, or other influences. One of the mysteries of tears is that tho, as the ministers of emotion, they start to assuage sorrow, yet when a mighty grief strikes us they withhold their relief. Petty troubles not only express themselves, but are garrulous; the great are silent from sore amazement. Friends, brothers, sisters and children can weep over the pallid face, but the wife or mother looks on her dead with wild, unmoistened eyes. Niobe is turned into stone; and, most dreadful of all, she is conscious that she has been petrified to her inmost soul.—J. T. L. Preston, *Atlantic Monthly.* (3180)

TEARS, POWER OF

Boast not of the roaring river,
Of the rocks its surges shiver,
Nor of torrents over precipices hurled,
For a simple little tear-drop,
That you can not even hear drop,
Is the greatest water-power in all the world.
—Chicago *Tribune.* (3181)

Technical Education, The Effect of—See Education, Higher.

TECHNICALITIES

Lord Clarendon, in describing the fire in the Temple, London, in 1666, says: "The Lord Mayor, tho a very honest man, was much blamed for want of sagacity in the first night of the fire, before the wind gave it much advancement. When men who were less terrified with the object prest him very earnestly that he would give orders for the present pulling down those houses which were nearest, and by which the fire climbed to go further, the doing whereof at that time might probably have prevented much of the mischief that succeeded, he thought it not safe, and made no other answer than that he durst not do it without the consent of the owners. His want of skill was the less wondered at when it was known afterward that some gentlemen of the Inner Temple would not endeavor to preserve the goods which were in the lodgings of absent persons, because they said it was against the law to break up any man's chamber."—CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." (3182)

Teeth, The Value of Good—See ASSIMILATION.

Teleology—See WORK DIVINELY INTENDED.

Telephone Possibilities Discredited—See OPPORTUNITY LOST.

Temperament—See ENVIRONMENT.

TEMPERANCE

That chronic alcoholism among the Russians may explain, in part, at least, some of the results of the war in Manchuria, is the editorial opinion of *American Medicine*. Says this paper:

On the Japanese side the reports are all of one tenor, and depict an almost universal abstinence. What drinking is done is in extreme moderation. Upon the Russian side we hear of immense stores of vodka, champagne by carload lots, and orgies innumerable. The Russian officer is notorious, by general report, of course, for the large quantities of alcohol he daily consumes, and it is impossible for any brain to submit to such insults without undergoing the changes long known to take place in heavy drinkers. It is not remarkable then that the older officers, who are managing the campaign, are constantly outwitted by the healthy-minded Japanese. (Text.) (3183)

In April, 1838, William Martin knocked at Father Mathew's door in obedience to a summons. The friar met him at the threshold, his handsome face radiant with kindness and good-nature.

"Welcome, Mr. Martin, welcome! I have sent for you to assist me in forming a temperance society in this neighborhood."

"I knew it," said the Quaker; "something seemed to tell me that thou would'st do it at last."

"For long I could not see my way clearly to take up the question. I have been asked by several good men to take up the cause, and I feel I can no longer refuse. How are we to begin?"

They began with a little meeting in the friar's schoolroom, when Father Mathew, after his address on temperance, said, "I will be the first to sign my name in the book which is on the table, and I hope we shall soon have it full." He then approached the table, and, taking the pen, said in a loud voice, "Here goes, in the name of God!"

In three months from the day that Father Mathew signed the book "in the name of God," the number on the roll was 25,000; in five months it rose to 131,000; in less than nine months it was 156,000.—EDWARD GILLIAT, "Heroes of Modern Crusades." (3184)

John B. Gough, the temperance orator and reformer, asked that on his monument the following sentiment should be cut:

I can desire nothing better for this great country than that a barrier, high as heaven, should be raised between the unpolluted lips of the children and the intoxicating cup; that everywhere men and women should raise strong and determined hands against whatever will defile the body, pollute the mind, or harden the heart against God and His truth. (3185)

See ABSTAINERS LIVE LONG; DRINK, PERIL OF; LONGEVITY ACCOUNTED FOR; PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

Temperance and Prosperity—See PROHIBITION.

TEMPERANCE IN THE PRESS

So far as their advertising sections are concerned, our great magazines are rapidly "going dry," asserts the *Sunday-school Times* (Philadelphia), after an investigation of some sixty of our popular monthly and weekly publications. In this investigation "strictly agricultural and other class papers, whether trade or religious publications, were not considered, it being the purpose to limit this inquiry to the secular magazine of general interest." Of the sixty editors who were asked whether their periodicals accepted or refused the advertisements of intoxicating liquors, forty put themselves on record as absolutely excluding such advertisements. While the list does not approach completeness, the *Sunday-school Times* claims for it that it is typical. (3186)

TEMPERANCE, RESULTS OF

The social results of Father Mathew's temperance reform in Ireland were as follows:

In four years from 1837 to 1841 homicides decreased from 247 to 105; assaults on the police, from 91 to 58; incendiary fires, from 459 to 390; robberies, from 725 to 257. The sentences of death were decreased from 66 in 1839, to only 14 in 1846, and transportation to penal settlements from 916 to 504 Father Mathew said: "Every teetotaler has gained morally and intellectually by the movement, but my immediate family have been absolutely and totally ruined by this temperance mission." (3187)

TEMPERATURE

Many things depend upon temperature—the psychological climate of the soul. Sometimes in mountain regions you will see clouds gathering around the mountain peak, and staying there in spite of a strong wind blowing. You wonder how that is. It is cold up there, and the warm air, vapor-laden, climbing up the side of the mountain, reaching that cool region, makes clouds as fast as the winds can blow them away. Which thing is an allegory. There are psychological climates which make clouds, and there are other psychological climates which make clearness; and cloud and clearness do not depend upon purely intellectual and syllogistic operations, but upon something deeper by far—the attitude of the will toward God and righteousness. That is the significant thing. And there we come upon a doctrine which we have only recently begun to emphasize speculatively, a doctrine of pragmatism, a doctrine which Christianity has always held, that "if any man wills to do the will of God, he shall know." And I fancy he will never know in any other way. It is the will. One must "will to do the will" of God; then he shall know. Of course, it does not mean that he shall know all about the metaphysics of the Athanasian Creed, or the "Thirty-nine Articles." But it means that he who thus wills to do the will of God shall come out into practical assurance, on the right track. It means that he is not alone, but the Father is with him.—Prof. BORDEN P. BOWNE, *Zion's Herald.* (3188)

Temple Extravagance—See EGOTISM.

Temples, Christian versus Heathen—See RELIGIONS CONTRASTED.

Temporary Helps—See SHORING UP.

TEMPTATION

C. G. D. Roberts tells of the capture of a great eagle at the head waters of the St. John River in the Northwest. The eagle occasionally found its food at the edge of a lake where the fish came into the shallow water. One morning he found on the spot a great stone which aroused its suspicions, and perched on the stump of an old tree to watch matters. Nothing further happening, it went down and hopped on the stone and breakfasted as before. It did this for several days, when one morning he found a stick laid across the stone in a slanting position with something hanging loosely from the upper end. Further suspicion led to a closer examination, but, satisfied again, he ate as before. This he did for several days, becoming more careless and confident, until one day while enjoying his morning meal on that stone and hopping about, an Indian hidden in the reeds pulled two strings, dropping the stick and unloosing the meshes of a net around the eagle and caught it. (3189)

A little Jewish newsboy was selling evening papers among the clerks in a large office in one of our great cities. Unawares, as he approached the cashier, he found himself right next to an open cash-drawer overflowing with coin. The little fellow's eyes shone at the sight. But, quicker than a wink, he stept back beyond reach, and nothing would induce him to approach any nearer, even to sell a paper, until the drawer had been shut.

I happen to know that this little fellow comes from a home of poverty, where there are many children and little time or strength is left for parental training of the children, and that the poor boy often goes hungry, finding it too far to go home for a bite, and not daring to spend a copper of his hard-earned treasures for any self-indulgence.

But how many native boys of ten years of age, think you, would have had the moral perception, the strength of character, and the quickness to act that was exhibited by this little son of a poor immigrant family? (Text.)—GEORGE W. COLEMAN, "Searchlights." (3190)

There were two ways in which the ancients kept from yielding to the music and final destruction of the Sirens. Ulysses fortified himself with bonds that held him fast to the mast while his boat carried him, listening, by the seductive strains. The Argonauts carried Orpheus with them in their boat, and were so engrossed in listening to his music that they never even heard the tempting sounds from the shore. (Text.) (3191)

Temptation, a Boy's—See SLOWNESS.

Temptation and Desire—See DESIRES, INORDINATE.

TEMPTATION, PLAUSIBILITY OF

During the Boxer troubles in China, the greatest stress was brought upon the native Christians to have them recant their faith. Dr. Li, a Christian physician of Peking, was not only in imminent peril of his life, but, to add to his anxiety, kind but mistaken friends were urging him to pursue a questionable course of action in order that his life might be saved. One of his friends of the nobility came to him and said:

Things are getting worse and worse. Allow me to put a few idols in your room, and if the Boxers come they will think you are not Christians. Now, I knew that this was Satan's plan. I was in a difficulty. Could I refuse my protector's request, and so endanger him? But God gave me wisdom and words so that I was able to keep clean, and yet not to offend my friend, who was so genuinely anxious for my safety.

On another occasion, as he was trying to escape from the city, he says:

Just as I was about to start, some one urged me to carry some strings of paper money in my hand, "for," said he, "then people will imagine you are going to burn it at a grave." This seemed a very simple and safe expedient; but I would not agree to it, because I felt it would, after all, be nothing short of a denial of Christ. (Text.) (3192)

TEMPTATION RESISTED

Ever since that bait was offered to the Redeemer and rejected, the tempter has been constantly setting the perilous alternative before the souls of men. The glittering bait is specially dangled before the greatest and noblest souls, and these prove their greatness and nobility by exchanging it for a cross.

Both John Knox and Richard Baxter were offered by carnal state powers a bishopric in the Erastian Church. How unspeakably poorer would have been the religious history of both Scotland and England had these men found their popular success in ecclesiastical preferment! To-day Spinoza is honored for declining the fortune that was offered to him, and it is refreshing to read how Diderot instantly said "No" to the bribe of a hundred thousand francs a year from Catharine the Great to become a member of her court. It is the glory of the memory of Faraday that he declared "He could not afford to be rich." Cobden stood for the poor, and therefore he stood out against Palmerston's offer of a baronetcy and a seat in his Cabinet. Gold weighed heavy then, as now, but it did not outweigh the souls of these heroes. (Text.) (3193)

TEMPTATION TWO-SIDED

A lad of seventeen was telling an older friend, recently, of an experience he had had that day. As the apprentice of a carpenter, he had been sent to a saloon to take the measures for a new counter. It was very cold weather, and he arrived with his teeth fairly chattering in his head, for his coat was thin. The saloon-keeper immediately mixt a hot drink and pushed it over the counter to him. "It'll cost you nothing," he said; "drink it down, and you'll soon stop shivering, my boy."

"He meant it kindly, too, and didn't think any harm," said the apprentice, as he told the story. "That's what made it harder to push it back, and I didn't want it."

"It must have been a big temptation," said the friend. "That saloon-keeper might have started you on the road to ruin."

"Well," replied the lad frankly, "I'd rather have had it than some other kinds. You see, it takes two to make a temptation. There's no saloon-keeper and no cold weather can make me drink when I don't want to. The temptation I'm afraid of is the one that I'm ready for before it comes, by hankering after it. I don't take much credit to myself for refusing that drink; and, if I had taken it, why, I wouldn't have put all the blame on the saloon-keeper, as some folks do. It takes two, every time, to make a successful temptation."

It was an honest way to look at the question. Temptation is not all a matter of outward happening, but also of inner readiness. No outsider can be responsible for our sins as we are responsible. "He tempted me" only explains one side of the temptation. The other side—the personal side—we must answer for, and no excuse will save us. "It takes two," and one of the two is always our own responsible self.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.* (3194)

Temptations—See CURVES OF TEMPTATION.

TENACITY

After Grant got fairly well started in his studies, the best he could say for himself is in this characteristic sentence to his father: "I don't expect to make very fast progress, but I will try to hold on to what I get." Here was somewhat a foreshadowing of the bulldog tenacity which afterward made him so famous.—NICHOLAS SMITH, "Grant, the Man of Mystery." (3195)

See CLINGING BY FAITH.

Tenacity of Birth and Training—See ARISTOCRACY, INGRAINED.

TENDENCIES, INHERITED

From earliest childhood, says his mother, Charles Hamilton (the aviator), has given unmistakable evidence of his desire to leave the earth and invade the skies. The mother—who, with perfect confidence in his ability, saw her son go aloft in an aeroplane for the first time and immediately wanted to take a trip on it with him—dates her first realization of this fact to the day when Charles, but eight years old, surreptitiously borrowed her best parasol, climbed with it tightly clutched in his hands to the eaves of the barn, and then jumped off, employing the parasol parachute-wise to break his fall.

He not only broke his fall, but he completely smashed the parasol in that little escapade. But his mother did not have the heart to punish the child for his act because, as she put it, "I realized that, after all, it was only the budding desire to fly that I myself have felt since early girlhood. How could I punish my boy for doing what I always had wanted to do?"

The interim between that barn-and-parasol episode of Hamilton's achievement of his insatiable ambition—to fly—was the matter of only a few years. He managed to get a balloon man, who was giving exhibitions in a spherical gas bag just outside of New Britain, to take him up. From that moment his fever to invade the sky knew no bounds, and, as he himself put it only a few days ago, never is he happier than when up in his aeroplane doing the now-famous Hamilton dip.

After a lapse of several years, during which he left his beloved machinery and aerial paraphernalia long enough to get in some schooling, Hamilton turned his attention to ballooning on his own account. Then kites of all fashions, shapes and sizes took up his attention. The dirigible balloon coming in, he turned to that, and for four years gave exhibitions that startled the world by their daring and success. Then he returned to the kite end of the game, working with Israel Ludlow along those lines of aviation. Finally he made his first aeroplane ascension, and since then he has done almost everything possible to do with a heavier-than-air machine of the present-day type. (3196)

TENDENCY

One ship drives east and another west
 With the self-same winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sails and not the gales
 Which tell us the way to go.
Like the winds of the sea are the waves of fate,
 As we voyage along through life.
'Tis the set of the soul which decides the goal,
 And not the calm, nor the strife. (3197)

TENDERNESS

"The tenderest are the bravest; the loving are the daring." This finds its illustration in an incident relater by the wife of Gen. George E. Pickett, of the Confederate army, just after his famous Gettysburg charge:

One Sunday, just after the battle, when he was in Richmond recruiting his division, we were walking to church together, when we saw a little Hebrew child, standing first on one foot and then on the other, rubbing his eyes with very dirty hands, and crying as if his heart would break.

"What is the matter, little man?" my Soldier asked.

"My shoes is hurtin' my feet so, I can't walk! I can't get anywhere!" the boy sobbed. General Pickett knelt down, unlaced the shoes, took them off, tied them together, wiped away the muddy tears with his own clean handkerchief, and, taking the child in his arms, carried him to his home. (Text.) (3198)

Tenderness, Contrasted—See Destiny.

TENDERNESS OF GOD

I have seen bullets made out of cold lead, crusht into shape in the steel grip of a machine; and I have heard that gold and silver, tho cold, are stamped into money by a powerful steel die; but when God would mold a man to His will He warms the wax before He presses His seal upon it.—Franklin Noble, "Sermons in Illustration." (3199)

TENSION, MORAL

The German marshal, von Manteuffel, in a speech made in Alsace-Lorraine, said:

War! Yes, gentlemen, I am a soldier. War is the element of the soldier, and I should like to taste it. That elevated sentiment of commanding in battle, of knowing that the bullet of the enemy may call you any moment before God's tribunal, of knowing that the fate of the battle, and consequently the destiny of your country, may depend on the orders which you give—this tension of mind and of feelings is divinely great. (Text.) (3200)

Terminology, Christian—See God First.

Terminology, Fear of—See Moods of the Spirit.

Terror—See Fright.

Test of Character—See Business a Test of Character.

TESTIMONY, A SHEEP'S

One of the occupations in Australia is sheep-raising. There are large ranches upon which many sheep and lambs find food, and the shepherds guard their own.

One day a man was arrested for stealing a sheep. The man claimed that the sheep was his own, that it had been missing from his flock for some days, but as soon as he saw the animal he knew him.

The other man claimed the sheep, and said he had owned him since he was a lamb, and that he had never been away from the flock.

The judge was puzzled how to decide the matter. At last he sent for the sheep. He first took the man in whose possession the sheep was found to the courtyard, and told him to call the sheep.

The animal made no response, only to raise his head and look frightened, as if in a strange place and among strangers.

Bidding the officers take the man back to the court-room, he told them to bring down the defendant. The accused man did not wait until he entered the yard, but at the gate, and where the sheep could not see him, he began a peculiar call. At once the sheep bounded toward the gate, and by his actions showed that a familiar voice was calling.

"His own knows him," said the judge. (Text.) (3201)

TESTIMONY, FRUIT OF

James Henry Potts, D.D., in his book, "The Upward Leading," relates this incident:

An obscure Highland boy, whose parents had taught him to revere God, became a marine on board a British man-of-war. When a battle raged and the deck was swept by a tremendous broadside from the enemy, the captain, James Haldane, a profane man, ordered another company on deck to take the place of the dead. At sight of the mangled remains of their comrades, the marines became panic-stricken and ungovernable. The captain raved at them, condemning them all to the tortures of hell.

Up stept the Highlander, and touching his hat, says, "Captain, I believe God hears prayer; if He hears yours, what will become of us?" When the battle was over, Captain Haldane reflected on the words of the brave marine, became interested in the claims of religion, surrendered his heart to God, became a preacher of the gospel and pastor of a church in Edinburgh.

Through his instrumentality his brother, Robert Haldane, was brought to reflection, became a decided Christian, settled in Geneva, stirred up Protestantism there, and became the means of leading a large number of theological students in the light, among the number being J. H. Merle D'Aubigne, author of the immortal "History of the Reformation," and the father of the Rev. Dr. D'Aubigne, whose visit to the United States served to create new interest in the evangelical religion of France.

Dr. Potts might have added that out of that Bible class of Haldane, at Geneva came every conspicuous evangelical leader of France in the latter part of the century. (3202)

TESTIMONY INDISPUTABLE

Elder Chang, a Christian from the Scotch Presbyterian Mission in Manchuria, recently visited Pyeng Yang, Korea, and gives the following report of what he learned:

Being strangers, we naturally looked up some Chinese merchants, who, however, were not Christians. "Who are you?" they asked us. "Christians from Manchuria." "Are there, then, Christians in Manchuria also?" asked the Chinese. "Oh, yes, many of them." "Are they the same sort as the Christians here?" "We don't know. What are the Christians here like?" "Good men. Good men." "Why do you think so?" asked the Korean elder. "Oh, a man owed us an account five years ago of twenty dollars. He refused to acknowledge more than ten, and we had no redress. A few months ago he became a Christian and came and asked us to turn up that old account, and insisted on paying it up with interest for all these years." Instances like this are happening all over Korea.—*Missionary Review of the World.* (3203)

TESTIMONY OF NATURE

It is by carefully noting small and apparently insignificant things and facts that men of science are enabled to reach some of their most surprizing and interesting conclusions. In many places the surface of rocks, which millions of years ago must have formed sandy or muddy sea beaches, is found to be pitted with the impressions of raindrops. In England it has been noticed that in many cases the eastern sides of these depressions are the more deeply pitted, indicating that the rain-drops which formed them were driven before a west wind. From this the conclusion is drawn that in the remote epoch when the pits were formed the majority of the storms in England came from the west, just as they do to-day.—*Harper's Weekly.* (3204)

Testimony of Service—See Witness of Service.

TESTIMONY OF WORK

A story is told of a poor woman who, by reason of her poverty, was kept from many a service for her Lord which she feared He might require at her hands—and she was dying. She was saying to her young daughter, who stood near the bed, that she regretted her fruitless life, and was wishing that she might have more to show the Master when she met Him face to face. "Mother," sobbed the daughter, "show Him your fingers." Her hands were calloused with work she had done unselfishly for others in her Master's name. (Text.) (3205)

Testing—See Permanent, The; Trial a Means of Grace.

TESTS

An English writer says:

About fifty years ago two eminent French chemists visited London, and rather "astonished the natives" by a curious feature of their dress. They wore on their hats large patches of colored paper. It was litmus paper, and their object in attaching it to their hats was to test the impurities of the London atmosphere. Blue litmus paper, as everybody knows nowadays, turns red when exposed to an acid. The French chemists found that their hat decorations changed color, and indicated the presence of acid in the air of London; but when they left the metropolis and wandered in the open fields their blue litmus paper retained its original color. By using alkaline paper they contrived to collect enough of the acid to test its composition. They found it to be the acid which is formed by the burning of sulfur, and attributed its existence to the sulfur of our coal.

It would be well if we all had some kind of moral "litmus paper" with which to test our moral atmosphere. Is not God's spirit in us such a testing instrument? (Text.) (3206)

Oriental cloth merchants call in the sun as an expert witness in determining the quality of the finer products of the loom. Servants of the seller pass the web slowly between the purchaser and the sun. If no blemish is revealed by the flood of light which this incorruptible witness pours through warp and woof, the piece is passed and paid for as perfect. Every language used by these dealers has its word meaning, "judged by the sun." Greek merchants, in New Testament times, advertised "sun-judged" cloth in all the market-places. (Text.)

Paul uses this practise as a figure of speech in Phil. 1:10. To be "sincere and without offense," means to be able to pass severe tests like the sun test. (3207)

The Chautauquan gives an account of Greek coins from which is taken the following extract:

In spite of the guarantee that might be afforded by the mark of a state or a prince, we find the Greeks applying certain tests to determine the genuineness of the currency offered to them. Plating was easily detected by jabbing the suspected coin with some sharp instrument. At other times the touchstone was used. One which was known as the "Lydian stone" was supposed to reveal a proportion of foreign metal as small as a barley corn in a stater. Another test, in the case of silver, was to polish the coin, and then breathe on it. If the moisture quickly disappeared the metal was pure. Yet another way to detect alloy was to heat the coin, or coins, on red-hot iron. If the metal was unalloyed it remained bright; if mixt with other substances, it turned black or red according as it was more or less impure. (Text.) (3208)

See IDEAS, POWER OF.

TESTS OF FITNESS

When the Rodah Bridge at Cairo was practically finished as far as the structural work itself was concerned, it was put to an official test. The testing was minute, complex and severe in character. Dead weights of sand and steel rails were piled up on each pier in succession, exerting a pressure of 1,000 tons. Subsequently live weights of steam-rollers, tramcars, loaded with sand and water-carts filled with water were run on the bridge while an immense pressure was brought to bear on the bridge. If no fault or strain was visible in the material, then it was ready for use.

Happy is the man who will cheerfully bear every burden he is called upon to bear, knowing that he is being made ready for usefulness. (3209)

TESTS, PERSONAL

General Nelson A. Miles, when head of the army, used to be continually besieged by cranks with pneumatic rapid-firing guns, dirigible war balloons, and other martial inventions. But the general would weed these cranks out with admirable speed. An inventor, quoted in the New York *Independent*, says:

"I sat in his office with him one day when a servant brought in a card. 'Oh, send him in,' said General Miles. 'His business won't take more than a minute or two.' So in came a wild-eyed, long-haired man, twisting his soft hat nervously in both hands. 'General,' he said, 'I have here'—and he took out a small parcel—'a bullet-proof army coat. If the Government would adopt this—' 'Put it on. Put it on,' said General Miles, and he rang the bell. The servant appeared as the inventor was getting into the coat. 'Jones,' said the general, 'tell the captain of the guard to order one of his men to load his rifle with ball and cartridge and—' 'Excuse me, general, I forgot something,' interrupted the inventor, and with a hunted look he disappeared." (3210)

Text Finding—See EARLY RELIGION.

TEXT, POWER OF A

The effect which the Word of God sometimes has is illustrated in the following incident related of Robert Moffat, missionary in Africa:

In the large kitchen, where the service was to be held, stood a long table, at the head of which sat the Boer, with his wife and six grown children. A large Bible lay on the table, and underneath it half a dozen dogs. The Boer pointed to the Bible as the signal for Mr. Moffat to begin. But, after vainly waiting for others to come in, he asked how soon the working people were to be called. "Work-people?" impatiently cried the farmer; "you don't mean the Hottentots—the blacks! You are not waiting for them, surely, or expecting to preach to them; you might as well preach to those dogs under that table!" A second time, and more angrily, he spoke, repeating the offensive comparison.

Young as Mr. Moffat was, he was disconcerted only for a moment. Lifting his heart to God for guidance, the thought came into his mind to take a text suggested by the rude remarks of the Boer. So he opened the

Bible to the fifteenth of Matthew and twenty-seventh verse: "Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." Pausing a moment, he slowly repeated these words with his eyes steadily fixt on the face of the Boer; and again pausing, a third time recited the appropriate words. Angrily the Boer cried out, "Well, well, bring them in." A crowd of blacks then thronged the kitchen, and Moffat preached to them all the blessed Word of God.—PIERSON, "The Miracles of Missions." (3211)

The following incident shows how an apparently chance occurrence may bring conviction through the word of Scripture:

While in the St. Louis jail, Burke had obtained a copy of a city paper which published a sermon by Mr. Moody, then preaching in St. Louis. This paper announced the topic of Mr. Moody's sermon in a sensational headline, "How the Jailer at Philippi was Caught." Burke thought the reference was to the town of Philippi in Illinois, a place of which he knew; and he began to read what he supposed to be jail news. He became interested as he read on. Nine times in the sermon he came upon the text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." It imprest him so deeply that in the cell that night for the first time Burke prayed. Soon after he believed, and was assured of salvation. The jailer thought Burke was playing the "pious dodge," and only suspected him the more. When the case came to trial, however, he escaped conviction, and was released. For some months the ex-convict could find no one so to trust him as to give him steady work. He finally was given a position under the sheriff of the county, made the collector of the office, and until he died some time afterward, Burke never disappointed the confidence reposed in him.—H. C. MABIE, "Methods in Evangelism." (3212)

Texts—See FITNESS.

Thankfulness—See UNSELFISHNESS.

THANKS

A little scene of child-life has often seemed to me to contain the most touching lesson for men. A child knows when it receives a service from any one that it should say thank you. But, often, when a child renders us a service, we forget to thank it. After having waited in vain for the little word which should be pronounced, it then itself says, "Thank you," and goes its way. The child has a feeling that something ought to happen and does not; then he takes charge of it himself.—CHARLES WAGNER, "The Gospel of Life." (3213)

THANKS, THE SOLACE OF

Even "hello girls" are tired sometimes, tho we think of them as part of the electrical apparatus. To-day Central was tired, her head ached, she had just succeeded, after repeated calls, in getting the number wanted by 349-M, and here they were, calling her up again! "Can't that woman be quiet a minute?" soliloquized Central while she reiterated, "Number, please?" trying not to speak crossly. "Central," said a pleasant voice, "I want to thank you for taking so much trouble to get me that last number. You are always very kind and obliging, and I do appreciate it." The surprize was so great, so overwhelming, that Central could only murmur confusedly, "I—oh—yes, ma'am." Nothing like this had ever happened before. Suddenly her headache was better, suddenly the day was brighter, suddenly, too, there came a lump in her throat, and she reached for her handkerchief. It was so good to be thanked. (Text.) (3214)

THANKSGIVING

I thank Thee that I learn
Not toil to spurn;
With all beneath the sun
It makes me one;
For tears, whereby I gain
Kinship with human pain;
For Love, my comrade by the dusty ways,
I give Thee praise.
—EMILY READ JONES. (3215)

THANKSGIVING DAY

Robert Bridges is the author of these verses:

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for armed legions, marching in their might,
Not for the glory of the well-earned fight
Where brave men slay their brothers also brave;
But for the millions of Thy sons who work—
And do Thy task with joy—and never shirk,
And deem the idle man a burdened slave;
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for the palaces that wealth has grown,
Where ease is worshiped—duty dimly known,
And Pleasure leads her dance the flowery way;
But for the quiet homes where love is queen
And life is more than baubles, touched and seen,
And old folks bless us, and dear children play;
For these, O Lord, our thanks! (3216)

THEFT, A CHECK ON

Persons who have been laying in their supply of coal for the winter months may have noticed that many of the lumps were coated with whitewash, and they doubtless wondered what was the reason for the unique decoration. Altho the white color may be considered to have improved the appearance of the ordinary black coal, that was not the object in view.

For many years the railroads have been annoyed by coal thieves and thousands of tons of fuel were stolen annually. As the great car-loads, containing forty tons each, are being carried from the mines, it is very easy for unscrupulous persons to remove a ton or two from a car without causing any noticeable change in the appearance of the load. Only when the car is again put on the scales is the loss detected, and then it is too late to trace the guilty parties.

To check these depredations the railroad men have adopted the whitewash method of safeguarding their freight. After a car has been loaded a solution of lime and water is sprayed over the coal, and when the water has evaporated a white coating of lime remains on the top layer of lumps. Then, if any of the coal is removed, a black patch will be left upon the white surface to attract the attention of inspectors and station agents before the train has gone many miles from the scene of the theft, and thus the offender is easily traced.—*Harper's Weekly.* (3217)

THEFTS ALL EQUAL

I saw some men playing "banker and broker." They had some filthy-looking cards, and some paltry pennies. They were a good-natured lot of fellows, and the game looked very simple. But I tell you that the great gamblers against whom the laws are made began their wrong-doing in just that way. And the playing for little stakes is worse. If a man takes from me a large sum of money and gives me nothing in return, I can make some excuse for him, because the temptation was great. But if a man takes from me a paltry dime, that is wanton. And the man who stole a million and the clerk who stole a quarter, and the shoe-shiner who stole a nickel and the man who stole a ride, and the woman who used a postage-stamp the second time are all thieves alike.—A. H. C. MORSE. (3218)

Theism—See RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION DENIED.

THEOLOGY AS A DISCIPLINE

Men that work by doctrines are men that think they have found out the universe; they have not only got it, but they have formulated it; they know all about the Infinite, they have sailed around eternity, they know all about the Eternal and the Everlasting God, and you will hear them discuss questions of theology: "No, God could not, consistent with consistency, do so-and-so." They know all His difficulties; they know how He got round them. One might easily come to think that God was their next-door neighbor. Well, after all, whether it is true or false—their systematic views, their dogmas—the pedagogic views are very important to teach young and middle-aged and old to attempt, by philosophic reasoning, to reach into these unfathomable depths. They produce a power upon the brain of most transcendent importance; they, in their way, may not increase the sum of human knowledge, but they increase the capacity of the human brain for profound thought and investigation. (Text.)—HENRY WARD BEECHER. (3219)

THEOLOGY, SCHEMES OF

When Kossuth visited America in 1851, he worked out here, with American statesmen, a constitution for Hungary, and had plates engraved for the printing of treasury notes, and a system of money. When Kossuth went down to the steamer to sail home, he had an ideal and new republic of Hungary, and oh, wonder of wonders! he carried it in a handbag! Just as I have seen theological professors carry what they thought was a whole church, in a book of notes under the arm. Unfortunately, Kossuth never produced the written constitution in the character of twenty millions. And unfortunately, many teachers, wise in their polity, and sound in their theology, think like God and act like the devil.—N. D. HILLIS. (3220)

THEOLOGY SHAPED BY EXPERIENCE

The influence on John Wesley's theology of an escape as a child from a burning dwelling is thus described by Rev. W. H. Fitchett:

His theology translated itself into the terms of that night scene. The burning house was the symbol of a perishing world. Each human soul, in Wesley's thought, was represented by that fire-girt child, with the flames of sin, and of that divine and eternal anger which unrepenting sin kindles, closing round it. He who had been plucked from the burning house at midnight must pluck men from the flames of a more dreadful fire. That remembered peril colored Wesley's imagination to his dying day.—"Wesley and His Century." (3221)

Theory, Erroneous—See Vitality Low.

THEORY VERSUS PRACTISE

A fellow has the cramp-colic and is tied up in a double bow-knot. By and by an old, dignified doctor comes in with a can of mustard in one hand, and a dissertation on mustard in the other. He walks up to the bed, and says, "My friend, be quiet about an hour and a half, and let me read you a dissertation on mustard; this mustard grew in the State of Connecticut; it was planted about the first of June and cultivated like potatoes, and vegetables of a like character."

About that time another paroxysm hit the fellow, and he said, "Good Lord, doctor; I don't care how it grew or where; spread some on a rag and put it on me."—"Popular Lectures of Sam P. Jones." (3222)

See Knowing and Doing.

THINGS

Among the causes of worry let us mention an over-emphasis of things, an undue estimate of wealth, equipage and luxury. When men are once bitten with the desire for abundance, worry inevitably follows. It is a truism that the most beautiful things are the simplest things. Witness a Doric column. One substance, marble, and a fluted line, giving form—no more. But, oh, how beautiful! The lily has two colors, white with a tiny stamen of gold, and then for contrast a black mud-puddle in which it grows. The two lovers have their happiest days in the little cottage, with a tiny vine over the front window, three or four great authors, one big chair before the open fire, two or three old familiar songs, a few friends—heaven lies round about this little house. Twenty years pass by. The man and woman are bitten now with the love of many things. Forgetting the few books that once he digested, the man buys 5,000 volumes—many people are under the delusion that they have read a book because they have bought it. Now also the man and woman buy twenty or thirty chairs, and one sits in one chair in one room, and the other in another chair in another room. There used to be one chair. They begin to collect things for things' sake; curios and clothes and rare editions, until the house becomes a museum, and the palace is as cold as a storage-plant, where love chilled to death twenty years ago. And the man and woman are mere care-takers of the things they have collected, mere drudges, hirelings; in fact, this man and his wife are the only servants in the house that work for nothing.—N. D. Hillis. (3223)

THINGS, NOT BOOKS

The tragedy of the race was when men, who had lived next to things, began to fancy that if all that men knew could be gathered into contrivances called books, and the children shut in a building with these books, they could learn all about the world on which gravity chains us, without the trouble of ever looking at the things themselves.

When I was a little boy I was once studying in geography the animals of the Rocky Mountains. Just then a boy rushed in breathless, and said that there were "four men outside with three big bears." The teacher shut the door and cracked me on the head for looking out over the high window-sill. And yet these men had brought to our door the very real things concerning which we were studying. But school was about book bears, not real bears.

Once in the University of Cincinnati I saw a young woman assiduously studying an oyster. Perplexed, she looked up and asked the professor a question about the thing which she was studying. The professor walked to her table, looked carefully at the oyster, and answered her. Why didn't she ask the oyster? Even the professor had to do so. The oyster was the court of last resort, and it was in session before her; but the old view-point had so walled in her vision that she could not even see the decision before her eyes.

To read things out of books requires a

former experience of things. Let us go back to things.—WILLIAM I. CRANE, "Journal of the National Education Association," 1905. (3224)

Things versus Men—See FORGIVENESS.

Thinkers—See CHARACTER.

THINKING DEFINED

Thinking is specific, not a machine-like, ready-made apparatus to be turned indifferently and at will upon all subjects, as a lantern may throw its light as it happens upon horses, streets, gardens, trees or river. Thinking is specific in that different things suggest their own appropriate meanings, tell their own unique stories and in that they do this in very different ways with different persons. As the growth of the body is through the assimilation of food, so the growth of mind is through the logical organization of subject-matter. Thinking is not like a sausage machine which reduces all materials indifferently to one marketable commodity, but is a power of following up and linking together the specific suggestions that specific things arouse. Accordingly, any subject, from Greek to cooking, and from drawing to mathematics, is intellectual, if intellectual at all, not in its fixt inner structure, but in its function—in its power to start and direct significant inquiry and reflection.—JOHN DEWEY, "How we Think." (3225)

THINKING EMPIRICAL OR SCIENTIFIC

Apart from the development of scientific method, inferences depend upon habits that have been built up under the influence of a number of particular experiences not themselves arranged for logical purposes. A says, "It will probably rain to-morrow." B asks, "Why do you think so?" and A replies, "Because the sky was lowering at sunset." When B asks, "What has that to do with it?" A responds, "I do not know, but it generally does rain after such a sunset." He does not perceive any connection between the appearance of the sky and coming rain; he is not aware of any continuity in the facts themselves—any law or principle, as we usually say. He simply, from frequently recurring conjunctions of the events, has associated them so that when he sees one he thinks of the other. One suggests the other, or is associated with it. A man may believe it will rain to-morrow because he has consulted the barometer; but if he has no conception how the height of the mercury column (or the position of an index moved by its rise and fall) is connected with variations of atmospheric pressure, and how these in turn are connected with the amount of moisture in the air, his belief in the likelihood of rain is purely empirical. When men lived in the open and got their living by hunting, fishing, or pasturing flocks, the detection of the signs and indications of weather changes was a matter of great importance. A body of proverbs and maxims, forming an extensive section of traditionary folklore, was developed. But as long as there was no understanding why or how certain events were signs, as long as foresight and weather shrewdness rested simply upon repeated conjunction among facts, beliefs about the weather were thoroughly empirical.—JOHN DEWEY, "How we Think." (3226)

While many empirical conclusions are, roughly speaking, correct; while they are exact enough to be of great help in practical life; while the presages of a weatherwise sailor or hunter may be more accurate, within a certain restricted range, than those of a scientist who relies wholly upon scientific observations and tests; while, indeed, empirical observations and records furnish the raw or crude material of scientific knowledge, yet the empirical method affords no way of discriminating between right and wrong conclusions. Hence it is responsible for a multitude of false beliefs. The technical designation for one of the commonest fallacies is *post hoc, ergo propter hoc;* the belief that because one thing comes after another, it comes because of the other. Now this fallacy of method is the animating principle of empirical conclusions, even when correct—the correctness being almost as much a matter of good luck as of method. That potatoes should be planted only during the crescent moon, that near the sea people are born at high-tide and die at low-tide, that a comet is an omen of danger, that bad luck follows the cracking of a mirror, that a patent medicine cures a disease—these and a thousand like notions are asseverated on the basis of empirical coincidence and conjunction. Moreover, habits of expectation and belief are formed otherwise than by a number of repeated similar cases.—JOHN DEWEY, "How We Think." (3227)

THINKING, HOW COORDINATED

The sight of a baby often calls out the question: "What do you suppose he is thinking about?" By the nature of the case, the question is unanswerable in detail; but, also by the nature of the case, we may be sure about a baby's chief interest. His primary problem is mastery of his body as a tool of securing comfortable and effective adjustments to his surroundings, physical and social. The child has to learn to do almost everything: to see, to hear, to reach, to handle, to balance the body, to creep, to walk and so on. Even if it be true that human beings have even more instinctive reactions than lower animals, it is also true that instinctive tendencies are much less perfect in men, and that most of them are of little use till they are intelligently combined and directed. A little chick just out of the shell will after a few trials peck and grasp grains of food with its beak as well as at any later time. This involves a complicated coordination of the eye and the head. An infant does not even begin to reach definitely for things that the eye sees till he is several months old, and even then several weeks' practise is required before he learns the adjustment so as neither to overreach nor to underreach.

It may not be literally true that the child will grasp for the moon, but it is true that he needs much practise before he can tell whether an object is within reach or not. The arm is thrust out instinctively in response to a stimulus from the eye and this tendency is the origin of the ability to reach and grasp exactly and quickly; but nevertheless final mastery requires observing and selecting the successful movements and arranging them in view of an end. These operations of conscious selection and arrangement constitute thinking, tho of a rudimentary type.—JOHN DEWEY, "How to Think." (3228)

THIRTEEN SUPERSTITION, THE

"Have a thirteenth floor in this building?" queries a part owner of one of the famous office buildings in New York. "Never! The thirteenth floor is sometimes difficult to rent; tenants would prefer to go higher or lower.

"The thirteen hoodoo affects more otherwise sane men than is acknowledged. Many of the most famous business buildings in the country have no thirteenth floor—the fourteenth story follows the twelfth. By following this plan, we take the least risk. As the names of tenants are arranged alphabetically on the directory, the omission is seldom noticed."—*System.* (3229)

Thorn, Value of the—See CROSS, GLORIOUS.

THOROUGHNESS

A prosperous Brooklyn manufacturer tells how a single watchword made him wealthy, besides helping him in his character. When a young man he started for Australia in a sailing vessel, intending to go into business there; but he became very weary of the slow and stormy voyage and half determined to leave the ship at a South American port and return home. He asked advice from an old man, who was one of his fellow passengers. The counsel he got was, "If you undertake to do a thing, do it." He took the advice, and the motto also. In Australia he soon acquired twenty-five thousand dollars, which he brought back to this country and greatly increased by fidelity to the same ever-present watchword. (3230)

If ever a literary success was earned by hard work, General Wallace earned it with "Ben Hur." He first started the book as a novelette, which he intended to offer to *Harper's Magazine;* but the story expanded until it far outgrew the original design, and occupied its author for seven years. Full as it is with the most graphic pictures of Palestine, it is difficult to realize that General Wallace had never been in that country when he wrote the novel. The general was recently asked how he accomplished such wonderful results, and replied as follows:

"I doubt if any novel has ever had more careful studies for its background and life than those made for 'Ben Hur.' I knew that the novel would be criticized by men who had devoted their lives to Biblical lore, and I studied Palestine through maps and books. I read everything in the way of travel, scientific investigation, and geography. I had scores of maps and worked with them about me. My best guide was a relief map of Palestine made in Germany. This was hung on my wall, and by means of it I took my characters through the passes of the mountains and up and down the hills, measuring their daily travel by the scale of miles. I also made studies of the bird and animal life of the time and place." (Text.) (3231)

THOROUGHNESS IMPOSSIBLE

Thoroughness is all right to talk about, but there is nothing that has been thoroughly done in this world, and it will be a good many years before anything will be thoroughly done. Talk about absolute thoroughness! It is nonsense! We may attain unto it as we attain unto perfection, but we might as well attempt to shoot the moon as to reach thoroughness or perfection in this world. Is there a single college graduate who knows thoroughly anything that he had studied in his college course? Take Latin, which the average college student studies seven solid years. What does he know when he gets through? Can he talk it? Can he even read an author which he has never before seen, with any degree of fluency and acceptability? Then take mathematics. How many students are thorough in it? We venture that the roll-call of college graduates who could be counted thorough in mathematics would be called in an extremely short space of time. Our ideals should be high. This is all right. We should aim at never doing anything in a half-way manner. But the tasks half done, the studies half learned, the books half read, and the work half accomplished constitute by far the largest portion of our lives.—*School Journal.* (3232)

THOROUGHNESS IN PREPARATION

One of the remarkable characteristics displayed by Charles E. Hughes in the conduct of his important lawsuits conducted against great corporations on behalf of the people was his complete mastery of the facts entering into the cases. In regard to this characteristic, the following is illuminating as showing his painstaking preparation for his cases:

His habit of thorough preparation made him one of the most formidable trial lawyers in New York. When he went into court, he could usually defeat his adversary not only on the point directly at issue, but upon dozens of others that might come up correlatively. In his search for information he never limited his investigations to law-books. He was once called upon to defend a patent held by a company manufacturing a mechanical piano-player. He mastered all the law points involved, and then began to work on the mechanism itself. He had an instrument moved up to his house, and spent many hours playing upon it, taking it apart, and becoming entirely familiar with its mechanical details. When Mr. Hughes appeared in court, he confounded the experts by his familiarity with the technicalities involved and easily won his case. (3233)

THOROUGHNESS, LACK OF

There are jumping men who always hit the top bar with their heels and never quite clear it. There are women whose stitches always come out, and the buttons they sew on fly off on the mildest provocation. And there are other women who will use the same needle and thread, and you may tug away at their work on your coat or your waistcoat, and you can't start a button in a generation! There are poets who never get beyond the first verse; orators who forget the next sentence, and sit down; gold-diggers who buy a pickax and stop there. There are painters whose studios are full of unpainted pictures. And if sluggards ever took good advice, what long processions we should constantly meet, slowly traveling on their way to the ant.—James T. Fields. (3234)

Thought Before Thing—See Utility as Theistic Evidence.

Thought, Progress of—See Progress Unfinished.

Thoughts, Beautiful—See Literature as an Inspiration.

Thoughts from the Garden—See Upward Look.

Thrashing, the Effect of a Sound—See Shaking-up.

Threat Ignored—See Loyalty.

Thrift—See Worth, Estimating.

Tides, Spiritual—See Flood Tide, Spiritual.

Ties—See Christian Unity.

TIME

In a recent address at Princeton University Gen. Horace Porter, ex-Ambassador to France, told of a chaplain at West Point who, on one occasion, facing his audience and about to begin his sermon, took out his watch and laying it down deliberately before him as a monitor, said: "In contemplating the things of eternity, we must ever be mindful of time"; then proceeded with his discourse.

There is a worldliness that tones and balances an other-worldliness. (3235)

See Love and Time; Man, Slow Development of.

TIME A MONITOR

Mary Lowe Dickinson tells what we would do if we had only a day to live.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,
If our hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
To be and to do.

We should waste no moments in weak regret
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun,
We should from our clamorous selves set free
To work or to pray,
And to be what our Father would have us be,
If we had but a day. (3236)

TIME BRINGS FORTUNE

Ten years ago Henry Brink, of Melrose, purchased a few thousand shares of stock in an Arizona gold-mine. In return for several hundred dollars he received a great bundle of beautiful green certificates handsomely engraved.

After waiting in vain for the mine to become productive, and finally deciding that as an investor he was as green as his certificates, Brink smiled over his loss and papered his room with the souvenirs of his folly. As a mural decoration the stock was worth par.

Now he has been informed that porcelain clay of rare quality has been discovered on the mine site and that his certificates in consequence were worth a fortune.—Boston *Journal.* (3237)

TIME, CHANGES OF

The way in which the passage of time alters our views and feelings is exprest in the following verses by Theodosia Garrison:

When I think sometimes of old griefs I had,
Of sorrows that once seemed too harsh to bear,
And youth's resolve to never more be glad,
I laugh—and do not care.

When I think sometimes of the joy I knew,
The gay, glad laughter ere my heart was wise,
The trivial happiness that seemed so true,
The tears are in my eyes.

Time—Time the cynic—how he mocks us all!
And yet to-day I can but think him right.
Ah, heart, the old joy is so tragical
And the old grief so light.
—*The Reader Magazine.* (3238)

See Mutation.

TIME ENOUGH

Joaquin Miller, "The Poet of the Sierras," recently visited a friend in Boston whose literary taste runs largely to Emerson, Browning and Maeterlinck. This friend, says *Lippincott's Magazine,* found the venerable poet in the library one afternoon deeply absorbed in a book.

"What are you reading?" asked the Bostonian.

"A novel by Bret Harte," replied the poet.

The Hubbite sniffed. "I can not see," said he, "how an immortal being can waste his time with such stuff.

"Are you quite sure," asked Miller, "that I am an immortal being?"

"Why, of course you are," was the unwary reply.

"In that case," responded the Californian grimly, "I don't see why I should be so very economical of my time." (3239)

TIME, IMPROVING

John Wesley's toils as a preacher were interspaced with frequent islets of leisure. This man, who seemed to live in crowds, had yet in his life wide spaces of solitude. He preached to his five-o'clock-in-the-morning congregation, then mounted his horse, or stepped into his chaise, and rode or drove off to the next gathering. Betwixt the two crowds he had hours of solitude—to think, to read, to plan. He was the master, it may be added, of the perilous art of reading on horseback. His work itself was a physical tonic.—W. H. Fitchett, "Wesley and His Century." (3240)

TIME-KEEPING WITH FLOWERS

A curiosity among timepieces is a clock of flowers. It is well known that every blossom has its precise hour for opening its petals and for closing them. Some open at sunrise and close at sunset; but as a matter of fact, there is not an hour of the day nor of the night even but some flower begins or ends its period. In Pliny's time forty-six such flowers were known. The number since then has very largely increased. From these a floral timepiece has been made.

Man's life and deeds, like these flowers, ought to keep God's time. (3241)

Time, Killing—See IDLENESS.

TIME PRECIOUS

Mere amusement, a pleasing invention to kill time, is not a high aim for a novel. Killing time is the worst kind of murder. Remember while we are killing it, it is surely killing us. We need no books to help us. Rather give us books that will enable us to make time live, so that every moment in life will bear its own blossom. Then will we value each hour as the miser does his golden disks, letting each slip through his fingers slowly and longingly, for its power and worth is known to him so well. Naturalism will never help us. Dredging stagnant ponds does not purify them. It merely sets the filth in circulation.—*Book Chat.* (3242)

See NOVELS, GOOD AND BAD.

Time, Redeeming — See KNOWLEDGE, THIRST FOR, PAINSTAKING.

TIME SAVERS

Harry Harm, the son of a Columbia grocer, has found a practical use for a lot of carrier-pigeons. It used to take him half a day to gather orders, half a day to fill them, and half a day to deliver; but now, thanks to the pigeons, the work is done in one day. When Mr. Harm starts he takes a crate of pigeons along in his wagon, and after he secures a few orders he takes the duplicate order-slips, which are of thin paper, puts them in a tiny roll on a pigeon's leg, and the bird is liberated. It at once flies to its loft at the store, where the clerks relieve it of its orders. This plan is followed until the man covers his entire route, and when he returns to the store the clerks have the goods ready for delivery.—Philadelphia *Press.* (3243)

TIME, THE PRESENT

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded full with care;
I'll help to lift them up from their despair—
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with sweetest words of praise—
When I have time.

When you have time, the friend you loved so dear
May be beyond the reach of your intent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with ever sweet content—
When you had time.

Now is the time. Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so drear;
They may not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time. (Text.) (3244)

Time too Short—See FAME AND TIME.

TIMELINESS OF GOD

His wisdom is sublime;
His heart supremely kind;
God never is before His time
And never is behind. (Text.)
(3245)

TIMIDITY

May T. McKean, in *Zion's Advocate,* reports an acquaintance as saying to her:

I wish I could say the thoughts that come to me, but I could no more speak in a meeting than I could fly. I could not preside at even the smallest meeting. Indeed, I can scarcely make a motion in our own little circle. The sound of my own voice frightens me; it sounds queer and hollow and far off, and I forget everything I had in mind before. But, honestly, I believe I could be a more useful woman in Christ's kingdom if I were not so timid. I guess I did not begin right. I was always afraid I would not say or do the right thing, and now I can not do anything. (Text.) (3246)

A master in Italian music was Arcangelo Corelli. He was once performing with Handel, and on another occasion with Scarlatti, in the presence of the King in Naples, when his cunning failed him and he made certain faults in execution which so chagrined the artist that he died broken-hearted from brooding over his mistakes. (3247)

See Genius Discounted; Self-consciousness; Tact.

Tipping—See Ridicule, Apt.

Tithes—See Giving, Faithful.

Titles—See Labels, Misleading.

Toast, Witty—See Washington, George.

TOBACCO HABIT

Rev. W. F. Crafts is authority for the statement that four-fifths of the men who now fill positions of large responsibility in our land did not use tobacco before they were sixteen years of age, and even those who did, with three exceptions, mention the fact with regret. (3248)

TO-DAY

The following is from *The British Weekly:*

Just this day in all I do
  To be true;
Little loaf takes little leaven;
Duty for this day, not seven,
That is all of earth and heaven,
  If we knew.

Oh, how needlessly we gaze
  Down the days,
Troubled for next week, next year,
Overlooking now and here.
"Heart, the only sure is near,"
  Wisdom says.

Step by step, and day by day,
  All the way,
So the pilgrim's soul wins through,
Finds each morn the strength to do
All God asks for me or you—
  This obey. (Text.) (3249)

TOIL ACCEPTED

An unidentified writer pens this brave poem:

I ask not
  When shall the day be done and rest come on;
I pray not
  That soon from me the "curse of toil" be gone;
I seek not
  A sluggard's couch with drowsy curtains drawn.
But give me
  Time to fight the battle out as best I may;
And give me
  Strength and place to labor still at evening's gray;
Then let me
  Rest as one who toiled a-field through all the day. (3250)

TOIL AND PROVIDENCE

God helps those who help themselves.

It is common to attribute the great discoveries in science and industry to accident or sudden inspiration. But however suddenly discoveries are made, in some sense they are usually a result of long and patient toil and experimentation. Daguerre worked for many years trying to make the light print a likeness on glass or metal before an accidental hint gave him the clue. (3251)

Toil and Study—See Missionary, A, in the Making.

TOKEN, VALUE OF A

The following incident appeared in a New York daily:

Bent with age but bright-eyed and alert, James Swift, eighty-four years old, was committed at his own request to the almshouse yesterday by Magistrate Krotel, sitting in Yorkville Court.

"I'm goin' to start for California just as soon as I come out of the almshouse," Swift told the magistrate. The old man displayed a silver watch with copper chain, which, he said, was a perpetual pass over the Union Pacific Railroad. It had been given him as a token that he was one of the men engaged in the construction of the road, the presentation being made on the occasion of the driving of the last spike in May, 1866. All he had to do, he said, when he wanted to ride over the road was to show the timepiece to the conductor. (3252)

TO-MORROW, UNCERTAINTY OF

To-morrow? Shall the fleeting years
Abide our questioning? They go
All heedless of our hopes and fears.
To-morrow? 'Tis not ours to know
That we again shall see the flowers.
To-morrow is the gods'—but, oh,
To-day is ours! (Text.)

—Charles Edmund Merrill, Jr., *Scribner's Magazine.* (3253)

TONGUE, A SWEARING

A long, long time ago, in the summer-time, a man was stung in the face by a bee. This made him mad, and he swore and swore and then swore again. The swear was so hot that his kettle of time boiled over and he wasted half an hour swearing at the bee. A friend who was sorry to hear him swear, said: "Jim, I am sorry for you. I think that bee might have stung you in a better place." Again the kettle boiled over. "Where might it have stung me?" asked the swearer. "Why, it would have been better for you if it had stung you on the tip of your tongue." Read the third chapter of James and then think of the need of a bee on the tip of the tongue.—J. M. Farrar. (3254)

TONGUE, THE

Would not the world be benefited by the surgery suggested in the following anecdote:

An old lady of his flock once called upon Dr. John Gill, a London preacher, with a grievance. The doctor's neckbands were too long for her ideas of ministerial humility, and after a long harangue on the sin of pride, she intimated that she had brought a pair of scissors with her, and would be pleased if her dear pastor would permit her to cut them down to her notions of propriety.

The doctor not only listened patiently, but handed over the offending white bands to be operated upon. When she had cut them to her satisfaction and returned the bits, it was the doctor's turn. "Now," said he, "you must do me a good turn also." "Yes, that I will, doctor. What can it be?" "Well, you have something about you which is a deal too long and which causes me no end of trouble, and I should like to see it shorter." "Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate. What is it? Here are the scissors; use them as you please." "Come then," said the sturdy divine; "good sister, put out your tongue." **(Text.)**—*Tit-Bits.* (3255)

Sarcasm, ridicule, and all forms of bitter speech may be compared to the weapon described below:

The falarica, an ancient weapon, was a sort of javelin, consisting of a shaft of wood, with a long point of iron. This point was three feet long. Near the end were wound round the wooden shaft long bands of tow saturated with pitch and other combustibles, and this inflammable band was set on fire just before the javelin was thrown. As the missile flew the wind fanned the flames, and striking the shield of the soldier opposing it, it could not be pulled out and the shield was destroyed. (Text.) (3256)

The words of James (3:8) about the "deadly poison" of the tongue when "set on fire of hell" are called to mind by the following caution:

You may keep your feet from slipping,
And your hands from evil deeds,
But to guard your tongue from tripping,
What unceasing care it needs!
Be you old or be you young,
Oh, beware,
Take good care,
Of the tittle-tattle, tell-tale tongue!

(3257)

TOOLS

Dr. David Gregg says:

Tool-makers are the powers in this world. The Jewish legend sets this into the light. When Solomon completed his great temple he prepared a luxurious feast to which he invited the artificers who had been employed in its construction. But in unveiling the throne, it was discovered that a stalwart smith, with his sledge-hammer, had usurped the place of honor at the king's right hand. Whereupon the people made an outcry, and the guards rushed in to cut down the intruder. "Hold, let him speak," commanded Solomon, "and explain if he can his great presumption." "O King," answered the smith, "thou hast invited to the banquet all the craftsmen but me. Yet how could these builders have reared the temple without the tools which I furnished?" "True," exclaimed the king; "the seat of honor is his by right, and he shall hold it; for back of all great and effective work are tools." What is said of the trades may be said of the professions. The best professional work is done, other things being equal, by those who command the best tools. (3258)

See GENIUS VERSUS TOOLS.

Tools and Man—See MAN A CREATOR.

TOOLS, MORAL

What matter a few troubles and pains now, if it is only the work of the chisel and hammer cutting away the hindering crust, to reveal the diamond?—J. R. MILLER. (3259)

Topics Tabooed—See TABOOED TOPICS IN THE EAST.

TOTAL ABSTAINERS IN DEMAND

The other day I picked up a newspaper and, glancing over the advertisements for help, read as follows:

"Wanted—A bartender. Must be a total abstainer. Apply," etc.

Is not that a curious advertisement? What should we think of such an advertisement in another line of business? How would an advertisement like this look?

"Wanted—A barber who has never had his hair cut. Apply at the barber-shop on the corner."

Or this?

"Wanted—A salesman in a shoe-store. He must go barefooted while on duty. Apply at Bank's shoe-store."

What other business finds it necessary or desirable to advertise for help pledged to make no use of the goods sold? Can it be that the liquor traffic finds it has wrought so great demoralization among its followers that it is forced to draw upon temperance or total abstinence "fanatics" in order to continue its business?—*California Voice.* (3260)

See ABSTAINERS LIVE LONG.

Total Abstinence—See PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE, VALUE OF

Here is testimony from the medical examiners of prominent life insurance companies as to the value of abstinence from alcohol:

(1) I note that you ask whether or not we believe, other things being equal, that the use of alcoholic drinks is a personal handicap and increases the actuarial risk. In reply to this question we must certainly answer in the affirmative. There have been numerous articles written and numerous statistics compiled on the effect of total abstinence, and they show without question that the mortality experienced among total abstainers has been decidedly less than that experienced among moderate drinkers.

(2) This company prefers total abstainers for insurance risks. This is from a selfish standpoint, as we are forced to believe they are better risks for the company. We are imprest by the large number of applicants living in the States of Alabama and Georgia who say they drank periodically or regularly before prohibition went into effect, but do not drink anything now. If prohibition in Alabama and Georgia and the "dry" counties of Indiana has done nothing else, it has made a difference in the answers given by applicants to this company.

(3) We thoroughly agree with all authorities that the moderate use of alcohol tends to shorten life and increases the hazard incident to life insurance.—*Prohibition Year Book.* (3261)

See ABSTAINERS LIVE LONG.

Touch—See SYMPATHY.

TOUCH, POWER OF

There is a legend, setting forth the power of touch, caught in the amber of old Greek pages. From their palace on Olympus, the gods looked down on barren fields. At last they sent Ceres down, clothing her with the power of touch. She touched the sand plain and it became a clover-field. She touched the bog and it became the spring that widened into a river. She touched the fallen log and it was clothed with moss and snow-drops. She touched a thorn-bush and it became an olive, and the brier ripened figs. Soon the gods, looking down, beheld hillsides soft with flush of grass and clustered food. Oh, wondrous power of the divine touch, setting forth the power of Christ and His disciples upon the souls of men. Jesus touched a prodigal, and he became a beautiful son; touched the Magdalen and she became a sweet saint and the angel of purity; touched the murderer and he became a hero, and dying, Jesus communicated the power of touch to His disciples. Peter and John touched three thousand enemies, and they became a church; touched slaves, gladiators, Roman soldiers, and they became disciples of righteousness and peace. And so the evangel of love spread, like a blest contagion.—N. D. HILLIS. (3262)

TOUCHINESS, FOOLISH

Could any touchiness exceed that of Robert Duke of Normandy? According to Holinshed, the king, in trying on a new cloak, with a hood, and finding it too tight for him, directed that the garment should be taken to his brother (the duke), who was a smaller man. A slight rent, however, had been made in the garment, and the duke perceiving it, and hearing that the cloak had been tried on by the king, indignantly exclaimed, "Now I perceive I have lived too long, since my brother clothes me like an almsman in his cast-rent garments," and refusing all food, starved himself to death.—London *Evening Standard.* (3263)

TOUGHNESS

The path of safety in the moral as in the physical realm is not so much the avoidance of risks as the training of the faculties to resist.

It is a question well worth considering what it is that makes the savage so hardy. He lives nearer to nature than does the civilized man, and that is the reason he is hardier, tougher, and more enduring. Civilized men have departed far from the natural order of life, and they are suffering the penalty—a shortened and a feeble life.

Unfortunately, the majority of civilized human beings subject themselves to a hot-house regimen, apparently thinking that the most important thing in winter is to keep away the cold. A cold day is a dangerous thing to one who is not ready for it. January and February are deadly months to those who are not prepared for them. During these months many people are carried off by pneumonia. After people have reached the age of forty or fifty years, they are particularly susceptible to this disease, because of the lowered power of resistance. Toughness is the result of the body's power of resistance. (Text.)—Dr. J. H. Kellogg, *Good Health.* (3264)

Trades Exempt from Disease—See Disease, Exemption from.

TRADITION

Custom makes laws harder to break than those of the land in which we may happen to live. It frequently happens that these laws are founded on experience, on mature judgment, on good sense, but occasionally they are founded on old superstitions which in other forms have passed away. Among the unfortunate customs that still linger is the habit of crippling the left hand.

If a child in shaking hands offers the left, the horrified mother or nurse at once corrects the blunder and apologizes for it to the bystanders. She does not know why she does this beyond the fact that "it is the custom"; she does not know that in medieval times the right hand was the "dextrous" hand, the hand of good faith, while the left was the "sinister" hand, the hand of bad faith. We have crystallized these beliefs in our present interpretation of these words; if we are "dextrous" we are doing things in a right-handed way, while the mildest meaning given to "sinister" is "unfortunate or awkward." So the child is crippled in its left hand to conform to a custom which has been discarded and forgotten. (Text.)—*The Medical Times.* (3265)

See Custom.

TRADITION, UNMEANING

One of the oldest customs in the navy and one that is often puzzling to the landsman is that of "saluting the quarter-deck." Many have the hazy idea that the national colors are its object and that it is merely a naval fad. While to a certain extent it is a fad, it is one of hoary antiquity, being a survival of the days when a crucifix was placed on the stern of a ship and was always saluted as a matter of course. When the crucifix was taken away the old feeling still remained, and men continued to salute the place where it had been. The younger generation imitated their elders, and the salute became a habit and continues until this day. (Text.) (3266)

TRAINING

Commander Robert E. Peary was asked what training was necessary for arctic exploration work. This was his reply:

One can train for arctic exploration as one would train for a prize-fight. The training consists of good habits, with sound, healthy body as a basis to work on. One must be sound of wind and limb, to use the horseman's phrase, and he must not be a quitter. That's the kind of training that finds the pole. (Text.) (3267)

There is little room, or only inferior positions in the world for men who are not trained, at least in some respects.

Look at the well-trained blacksmith; he goes across the shop, picks up the horse's foot, takes a squint, returns to his anvil, forges the shoe, and it exactly fits the foot. Contrast him with the bungler who looks at the foot, then forges a shoe, then fits the foot to it, often to the ruin of a fine horse. Now, the fault lies in ever allowing himself to put a shoe on that is not in proper shape for the foot; he should determine to make the shoe fit the foot in place of the foot fitting the shoe, and he should follow it up until the object is accomplished. A very good way to discipline the mechanical eye is to first measure an inch with the eye, and then prove it with the rule, then measure a half inch, then an eighth, and so on, and you will soon be able to discover at a glance the difference between a twelfth and a sixteenth of an inch; then go to three inches, six, twelve, and so on. Some call this guessing; there is no guess-work about it. It is measuring with the eye and the mind. If you can not see things mechanically, do not blame the eye for it; it is no more to blame than the mouth is because we can not read, or the fingers because we can not write. Every occupation in life requires a mechanically-trained eye, and we should realize more than we do the great importance of properly training that organ.—*Mining and Scientific Press.* (3268)

Training counts, culture adds strength. Sixty per cent of our Congressmen have been college men; 79 per cent of our Senators have been college men; 90 per cent of our supreme judges have been college men; 92 per cent of our presidents have been college men. Training counts; training makes leadership.—N. McGee Waters. (3269)

See Practise, Graduated.

TRAINING CHILDREN

It is hard to conceive of a more unpromising specimen of a child than one who was placed a few years ago in the Babies' Hospital of New York. "Criminal" was plainly marked on the face of this eighteen-monthsold boy. Heredity and environment had done their worst for him. He was actually vicious. He slapt, pinched, scratched the other children without provocation. At meal time, after satisfying his own hunger, he would grab the food from the others, or with one or two sweeps of his small arms shove the food from the low table to the floor, and then would either step on it or, lying flat on his stomach, gather it under him in order to deprive the others.

A careful eye was kept on him to keep him from doing harm, and whenever he started out on his little journeyings of lawlessness and mischief he was not forcibly restrained, but his attention was diverted in some pleasant way from his wrong intentions. The attendants were not allowed, by word, look or action, ever to be hasty or unkind; coercion in any form or under any circumstances was to be avoided.

The superintendent of the hospital says of him: "In a surprizingly short time this child began to yield to the influence which surrounded him; one by one his little vicious tricks or habits were forgotten, and an occasional smile—a sweet one it was, too—began to reward our efforts, instead of the snarls and frowns which had heretofore greeted us. Absolute cleanliness and regular habits were instituted as a part of the cure.

"For nearly five years it was my good fortune to be able to keep the boy with me, and a more attractive, happy and lovable child it would be hard to find anywhere. He was absolutely obedient; in fact, it never seemed to occur to him to be otherwise.

"In the course of time our little charge not only grew to be the oldest inhabitant, but the oldest in point of age, and as new little ones came and went, his attitude toward them was lovely. He looked well after the needs of the tiny ones and took great pains to initiate the older ones into orderly and careful habits. He shared with them, without a thought of selfishness, toys, books, or dainties. Surely, heredity did not endow this child with all his good qualities; they were cultivated at an early age, and so deeply rooted were these good habits that they are likely to remain with him through life." —*Jewish Exponent.* (3270)

See Prodigy, A.

Traits Revealed—See Character, Test of.

Transfigured Ugliness—See Beauty in Common Life.

TRANSFORMATION

When Central Park, New York, was laid out the engineers encountered an immense heap of rocks. What to do with it was the question. To move it would cost thousands of dollars. Finally, honeysuckles and other vines were planted about it and made to climb up and shade it. And now that spot in the park is the loveliest and most fragrant anywhere about.

The best education is that which in like manner makes use of even unlovely traits in building character. (3271)

The emergence of the soul clothed in its spiritual body is suggested by this account of the May-flies by Vernon L. Kellogg:

Young May-flies—the ones that don't get eaten by dragons, stone-flies, water-tigers, and other May-flies—grow larger slowly, and wing-pads begin to grow on their backs. In a year, maybe, or two years for some kinds, they are ready for their great change. And this comes very suddenly. Some late afternoon or early evening thousands of young May-flies of the same kind, living in the same lake or river, swim up to the surface of the water, and, after resting there a few moments, suddenly split their skin along the back of the head and perhaps a little way farther along the back, and like a flash squirm out of this old skin, spread out their gauzy wings and fly away.—"Insect Stories." (3272)

Here is a hint of what Christianity is constantly trying to do with wild human nature — transforming it by training off its moral "spines" and prickles:

The spineless cactus, the latest plant marvel originated by Mr. Burbank, probably gives greater promise of usefulness to man than any other of Mr. Burbank's creations. The spineless cactus is an improved variety of the ordinary wild cactus known as the prickly pear, of which there are numerous species and more than a thousand varieties. (Text.)—*The World To-day.* (3273)

The transformation accomplished by true religion is complete. It changes the whole nature by the importation of a new agency, a conquering power, an overmastering principle. We become incandescent by the energy of the Holy Spirit.

A carbon coil is a perfectly black substance. It is an emblem of utter darkness. But into it is poured an electric current and instantly it becomes a reservoir of light. There once lay in the earth a dull, dark bit of carbon. It suddenly became the subject of the intense transforming energy of volcanic fire. Ever since that it has been a diamond in which lives dazzling light. (Text.) (3274)

Tohong (Peach-red) was a low-class dancing-girl, bought and sold. Restoration was a word not applicable to her, for she never was right. She was born lapsed and lived lapsed. Over the walls of the world that encircled her came the story of Jesus, a man, a wise and pure man, pure as God is pure; in fact, a God as God is God, yet it was said that he loved lost and fallen women. Peach-red had never before heard of such a being. Her soul was sick, and she wondered if she could but meet Him what He would say to "the likes of her," and if He really could cure soul-sickness. When or where or how Peach-red met Jesus I know not; that she met Him I most assuredly know. Seven years had rolled away, and out of my life passed the name of Peach-red. It was forgotten in the multitude of names that crowded on me. One Sunday, after service in a great meeting-house of some two thousand people, with this and that one coming forward to say "Peace," there appeared before me a smiling face known and yet not known. "Don't you remember me? Baptized me seven years ago. My old name was Peach-red." Here was this woman in value once less than zero, crowned with the light and liberty and growth in grace of seven years.—JAMES S. GALE, "Korea in Transition." (3275)

See BEAUTIFUL, INFLUENCE OF THE; BEAUTY, DECEIVED BY; ENVIRONMENT THAT TRANSFORMS; REFORMATION.

TRANSFORMATION BY RENEWING

It is thought by many that time and discipline are alone wanted to bring out of this poor nature a perfect man. When the good things are planted in us they may be cherished and trained into glorious perfection, but they must be planted first. Least of all will any mere decoration suffice. A watch failing to keep time will not be corrected by any jeweling of the case; painting the organ-pipes will not improve the music; whitewashing the pump will not purify the water. Society in various ways seeks to gild the exterior, but what we need is beauty of life springing from truth in the inward parts. (Text.)—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (3276)

Transformation by Surgery—See RENEWAL.

TRANSFORMATION OF SOULS

The soul is stored with ungrown seeds and chilled roots and frozen sentiments, and they need only the light and warmth of the love and truth of God to turn bareness into beauty, ignorance into culture, sin into obedience and self-sacrifice. Travelers tell us about the sand wastes in Idaho, that under the soft touch of a stream of water they are turned into a garden, waving with flowers and fruit. All this is a symbol of the transformation of the soul. These far-off lands and darkened peoples that are now deserts shall to-morrow become pools of water, and oases, filled with palm-trees and fountains.—N. D. HILLIS. (3277)

Transformation Through Operation—See CHARACTER CONDITIONED BY THE PHYSICAL.

TRANSIENCY OF THE EARTH

He who said that "Heaven and earth shall pass away" uttered no meaningless hyperbole, as the changes of a few hundred years indicate:

Coast erosion following severe storms within recent years has been so marked at many points on the English coast that after extended press discussion a parliamentary commission has been appointed to thoroughly investigate the subject, and if possible to devise means for the abatement of the injury. . . . There can be no doubt that coast erosion is causing serious loss of land at many points, particularly on the south and east coasts, notwithstanding that the areas gained artificially at other points almost compensate for it. It has been estimated that in the thousand years from 900 to 1900, an area of nearly 550 square miles has been worn away by the erosive action of the waves and ocean currents. (Text.)—*The Scientific American.* (3278)

TRANSIENT, THE

The transient nature of all material things and of all mortal fame is exprest in this poem by Alfred Noyes:

No more, proud singers, boast no more!
  Your high, immortal throne
    Will scarce outlast a king's!
Time is a sea that knows no shore
    Wherein death idly flings
  Your fame like some small pebble-stone
That sinks to rise no more.
    Then boast no more, proud singers,
  Your high immortal throne!

This earth, this little grain of dust
  Drifting among the stars
  With her invisible wars,
Her love, her hate, her lust;
  This microscopic ball
  Whereof you scan a part so small
Outlasts but little even your own dust.
  Then boast no more, proud singers,
  Your high immortal throne!

That golden spark of light must die
  Which now you call your sun;
  Soon will its race be run
Around its trivial sky!
  What hand shall then unroll
  Dead Maro's little golden scroll
When earth and sun in one wide charnal lie?
  Boast no more, proud singers;
  Your high immortal throne
  Will scarce outlast a king's! (Text.)
—ALFRED NOYES, *The Bookman.* (3279)

See PERISHABLENESS.

Transition—See ETERNAL, THE, AT HAND.

Transitoriness—See PERMANENCY.

TRANSMISSION

Even among the lower orders of creation, a law of transmission obtains.

A writer in an Australian quarterly for April, 1906, tells of a magpie near Melbourne, which while a captive had been taught to whistle "Merrily danced the Quaker's wife, merrily danced the Quaker," and passed the song on to its young, through whom, in a more or less fragmentary way, it was transmitted to subsequent generations, so that there are "many now in the forest who still conclude their beautiful wild notes with the ascending notes which terminate the old air." (Text.) (3280)

TRANSMUTATION

A black character is not changed in a day to white saintliness, any more than a black berry to a white one.

In turning out the white blackberry Mr. Burbank is said to have applied the Darwinian theory inversely. He kept on selecting berries which, in ripening, did not become pure black, and finally got a bush in which the fruit changed from the green of immaturity to pure white. This involved the examination of some 25,000 bushes several times in several succeeding years. The painstaking energy necessary in such a search is merely suggested by such figures.—*The Strand Magazine.* (3281)

TRANSMUTATION BY GENIUS

Many of Burns' songs were already in existence in the lips and minds of the people, rough and coarse, and obscene. Our benefactor takes them, and with a touch of inspired alchemy transmutes them and leaves them pure gold. He loved the old catches and the old tunes, and into these gracious molds he poured his exquisite gifts of thought and expression. But for him these ancient airs, often wedded to words which no decent man could recite, would have perished from that corruption if not from neglect. He rescued them for us by his songs, and in doing so he hallowed life and sweetened the breath of Scotland.—LORD ROSEBERY. (3282)

Trap, A Natural—See DEVICES, FATAL.

Traps—See BARRIERS; ENEMIES.

TRAPS FOR GIRLS

Among the many methods used by these fiends in human form to trap girls into houses of sin, is courtship and false marriage. These men go into the country districts, and, under the guise of commercial men, board at the best hotels, dress handsomely, cultivate the most captivating manners, and then look for their prey. Upon the streets they see a pretty girl and immediately lay plans to become acquainted. Then the courtship begins. In the present condition of society it is a very easy thing for well-reared girls to begin a promiscuous acquaintance, with ample opportunity for courtship. There was never a time when the bars were so low. With the public dance, or even the more exclusive german, the skating-rink and the moving-picture arcades, all of which lend themselves to the making of intimate and promiscuous acquaintances under questionable surroundings, it is easy for a man to come into a community and in a few days meet even the best class of girls, to say nothing of the girls who are earning a living and who have no home influence. These girls are flattered by the handsome, well-drest stranger paying them marked attention, and are quick to accept invitations to the theater or to walk or drive with him. If the girl is religious, he is not above using the cloak of religion, expressing fondness for church- and prayer-meetings, and is frequently to be found at such places. When a girl's confidence and affection have been won, it is a comparatively easy thing to accomplish her ruin, by proposing an elopement. Her scruples and arguments are easily overcome by the skilled deceiver, and trusting him implicitly as her accepted lover, she unwittingly goes to her doom. (Text.)—ERNEST A. BELL, "War on the White Slave Trade." (3283)

Traveling in the Heights—See CONFIDENCE.

TRAVELING, PROGRESS IN

For the first time in the history of transatlantic travel, people were able to leave London on Saturday and Queenstown on Sunday, and eat dinner in New York on Thursday night (September 2, 1909). The six-day boat set the early records more than twenty-five years ago. The five-day boat came along ten years later. Friday landings in New York have been common ever since the christening days of *Lucania* and *Campania*, fifteen years ago. Now the four-day boat is a fact.

The remarkable speed made by the *Lusitania* was attributed to the effect of the new propellers, which were fitted to the four turbine shafts in July. (3284)

TREACHERY PUNISHED

At Kerman, Persia, is a fortress called Galah i Doukhta, or the Fort of the Maiden, named after the beautiful traitoress of Kerman. When the Moslems laid siege to the city a daughter of the king, a beautiful woman and the idol of her father, fell madly in love with an Arab prince who was an officer among the invaders, and to win him found opportunity to deliver the castle into his hands. Curious to learn the motive of such treachery he asked the maiden why she had betrayed her father. "For love of you," was the answer. The prince enraged at such guilt ordered his men to bind her with cords, face downward, on the back of a wild horse and turn horse and rider into the desert. So perished without pity the beautiful traitoress of Kerman—an example of remorseless retribution. (3285)

TREASURES LAID UP

During the reign of King Munbaz there came a most grievous famine. The people had parted with their all and were in the utmost distress. The king, touched by their affliction, ordered his minister to expend the treasures which he and his ancestors had amassed in the purchase of corn and other necessaries and distribute among the needy. The king's brothers were not of a generous disposition, being grieved to see such vast sums of money spent, reproached him with want of economy. "Thy forefathers," said they, "took care to add to the treasures which were left them, but thou—thou not only dost not add, but dost squander what they have left thee." "You are mistaken, my dear brethren," replied the generous king, "I, too, preserve treasures, as did my ancestors before me. The only difference is this: they preserved earthly, but I heavenly treasures; they preserved gold and silver, but I have preserved lives."—BAXENDALE. (3286)

We allow no immigrant to land in New York as a pauper. He is admitted only when he brings with him a little store, and can be self-supporting. Do not, I beseech of you, go toward the end of your career without having laid up much treasure in heaven, and sent forward great possessions, having made yourself to be waited for, expected, beyond, as you enter into glory and honor and immortal life.—N. D. HILLIS. (3287)

See REWARDS, SPIRITUAL.

Treatment All-important—See TACT.

TREE A SPIRITUAL SYMBOL

Undoubtedly you know how it feels to behold a cluster of young birches bending gracefully over a sky-mirrowing sheet of blue water. Other trees are somberly beautiful like the pines, or inspiringly majestic like the elms, both of which I love dearly. But the sharply pointed cone of the pine suggests the earth on which its broad base rests rather than the sky toward which its top tends a little too urgently. And the elm represents the material side of man in the utmost development attainable, while the spirit still remains in comparative subordination. The birch, on the other hand, is all spirit, it seems to me—but without sacrifice of the indispensable material foundation. Its subtly tapering lines send the eye irresistibly upward and onward to the things that lie ahead and above—things which are neither alien nor hostile to those of the present place and moment, but which, instead, represent the ideal fulfilment of the latter. The birch, therefore, approaches more closely than anything else I can think of toward being a true symbol of life at its best.—EDWIN BJORKMAN, *Collier's Weekly*. (3288)

TREE AND FRUIT

There is no frost hath power to blight
The tree God shields;
The roots are warm beneath soft snows,
And when spring comes it surely knows,
And every bud to blossom grows.
The tree God shields
Grows on apace by day and night,
Till sweet to taste and fair to sight
Its fruit it yields.

There is no storm hath power to blast
The tree God knows;
No thunderbolt, nor beating rain,
Nor lightning flash, nor hurricane—
When they are spent it doth remain.
The tree God knows
Through every tempest standeth fast,
And from its first day to its last
Still fairer grows. (Text.) (3289)

TRIAL A MEANS OF GRACE

Troubles and afflictions are intended under the dispensation of divine grace to bring out the deeper capacities of the soul. Experiences which are calculated to deaden the careless mind will develop consecration, zeal, and devotion in the thoughtful.

Scientists subject radium to every conceivable test. In an ordinary temperature it never ceases emitting light, heat, and electricity. It was at first imagined that this perpetual threefold emanation would cease, or at any rate be diminished, if the substance were exposed to intense cold. But it was discovered that radium when immersed in liquid air, which is extremely cold, immediately evolved more light, heat, and electricity. Then it was plunged into liquid hydrogen, of which the coldness is almost incalculable and inconceivable. The radium only glowed still more intensely with its emanations of light, heat and electricity. (3290)

TRIAL REFINES

In the English county of Cornwall are great beds of what is called "china clay." You may take up a lump of this substance and examine it in vain with the view of discovering anything admirable or beautiful. But one day you may be traveling in the English midlands, where you may be invited to inspect the factories in which are made the exquisite Royal Worcester porcelain or the equally precious Wedgwood ware. You will be fascinated by everything you see. The same dead, cold, repellent, ugly clay you saw in Cornwall you are now admiring with ecstasy. It has been brought to the potteries, and touched by the fire, and painted by the artist, so that it rivals even the loveliest flowers in delicacy and beauty. (3291)

TRIBULATION THE PATH TO GLORY

But know for all time this:
There's blood upon the way the saints have trod,
The singer of a day shall pass and die.
The world itself shall pass, who passed them by;
But they of the exceeding bitter cry,
When Death itself is dead and life is bliss,
Shall stand in heaven and sing their songs to God. (Text.)

—Ethel Edwards, *The Outlook* (London). (3292)

TRIUMPH BY SELECTION

A moral reason for the survival of the fittest is given by Walton W. Battershall in the *Critic:*

The weak give way that stronger may have room
For sovereign brain and soul to quell the brute.
Thus, in the epic of this earth, harsh rhythms
Are woven, that break the triumph song with moans
And death-cries. Still rolls the eternal song,
Setting God's theme to grander, sweeter notes,
For us to strike; fighting old savageries
That linger in the twilights of the dawn.
(Text.) (3293)

TRIUMPH IN DEATH

In the Boxer riots many Chinese Christian converts laid down their lives with cheerful courage "for the sake of the Name." One Chinaman who was captured by the Boxers and was told he was about to be put to death, asked permission to put on his best clothes. "For," said the martyr, "I am going to the palace of the King." His wonderful and serene faith so imprest the cruel murderers that, after his death, they dug out his heart to try and find the secret of his courage. In North China the blood of the martyrs has proved, indeed, the seed of the Church.

"To the palace of the King" is whither all Christians are wending their way. (Text.) (3294)

TRIUMPH IN DEFEAT

Out of seeming defeat often springs the truest triumph, and even despair has often been the prelude to genuine victory. Especially does the sacrifice of self achieve glorious conquest.

One of the noblest of the world's heroes was Vercingetorix, who roused Gaul against Cæsar. Tho he lost his own life, he saved thousands of other lives. When he perceived that the war was lost he had the fortitude to acknowledge defeat and to recognize that he was the man whom the Roman commander most desired to capture. Assembling his officers, he informed them that he was willing to sacrifice himself in order to save them all. In due time he was led in chains through Rome, as part of Cæsar's triumphant procession and stabbed to death afterward in the darkness of his prison cell. To-day, on his rock-fortress, known now as Alise St. Reine, stands a gigantic bronze statue of him, proud, fearless, and strong, as on that last day of his freedom, with his hands on his sword-hilt, and his head turned toward the little hill across the valley where his allies were scattered and his cause was slain. (3295)

TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY

The World's Sunday-school Convention in Rome was a great occasion and a notable success. Poetically significant was the gathering amid the memorable ruins of the Colosseum. Here on the very sands that have been soaked with the blood of early Christian martyrs, where thousands have met the fierce Numidian lion and been torn to pieces for Christ's sake, over a thousand delegates peacefully assembled to bear witness to the very Nazarene in whose cause those martyrs suffered. The pagan Roman persecutors sought to wipe out the remembrance of His name from the earth; and here this great company of Christian delegates meet to celebrate His name, never before so widely worshiped and adored as to day. (3296)

TRIVIAL CAUSES

The clock of the Potsdam Garrison Church, which Frederick the Great in his day had placed in the tower of that cathedral, and which hourly chimed familiar strains, suddenly stopt. The cause of this sudden cessation of both its works and its music was the intrusion of a brown butterfly, which alighted in its wheel-works.

Is it not often thus with the heart of man, out of which well songs of joy and praise—songs suddenly and unexpectedly reduced to silence? The cause of it often is so insignificant a thing as a transient thought, a carking care, which becomes entangled in the delicate spiritual works and brings the heavenly music to a standstill. (3297)

TROUBLE

Blest is that person who can make the following lines part of his philosophy:

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
  But the one worth while
  Is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

For the test of the heart is trouble,
And that always comes with years,
  And the smile that is worth
  All the praises of earth
Is the smile that smiles through tears.
(3298)

We must not always interpret our destiny by the aspect of the present. If we contend patiently and bravely with current adversity, out of the darkness prosperity may be brought to light.

A certain great company runs a copper-smelting plant. The sulfur fumes generated in this plant were seriously injuring vegetation in the surrounding country. The State brought suit to compel the company to prevent this injury to vegetation, and won the suit. The company was put to much trouble and expense, but in its effort to find some method of preventing that injury to its neighbors it discovered that the gases could be captured and converted into sulfuric acid. Thus, out of what was not only a waste product but an injurious product, this company has discovered a new source of great profit. And all because it "got into trouble." The "afterward" of all the troubles that come to us in life has never yet been dreamed of by the wisest seer. (Text.) (3299)

TROUBLE, BORROWED

Dr. S. B. Dunn gives some good advice in this bit of verse:

The heart too often hath quailed with dread,
  And quite its courage lost,
By casting its glance too far ahead
  For the bridge that never was crossed.

The toughest fight, the bitterest dregs,
  The stormiest sea that tossed,
Was the passage-at-arms—no, the passage-at-legs,
  Of the bridge that never was crossed.

A wind that withers wherever it goes,
  And biting as winter frost;
Is the icy blast that constantly blows
  From the bridge that never was crossed.

What folly for mortals to travel that way,
  As many have found to their cost—
To tempt the terrors by night or by day
  Of the bridge that never was crossed.

The adage is old and worn a bit,
  But worthy of being embossed—
Never cross a bridge till you come to it—
  The bridge that must be crossed. (3300)

Nobody is made so uncomfortable by borrowing trouble as the borrower himself, altho, of course, everybody in the region is disturbed and vexed by the habit. There is an ancient Welsh legend which has always seemed to us a case in point. "There were two kings formerly in Britain," the legend says, "named Nynniaw and Peibiaw. As these two ranged the fields one starlight night, 'See,' said Nynniaw (who at this point seems something of a poet), 'what a beautiful and extensive field I possess.' 'Where is it?' said Peibiaw. 'The whole firmament,' said Nynniaw, 'far as vision can extend.' 'And dost thou see,' said Peibiaw, 'what countless herds and flocks of cattle and sheep I have depasturing thy field?' 'Where are they?' said Nynniaw. 'Why, the whole host of stars which thou seest,' said Peibiaw, 'and each of golden effulgence, with the moon for their shepherdess to superintend their wanderings.' 'They shall not graze in my pasture,' said Nynniaw (who now appears to have been fitly named). 'They shall,' said Peibiaw. 'They shall not,' said one. 'They shall,' said the other, repeatedly, bandying contradiction, until at last it arose to wild contention between them, and from contention it came to furious war, until armies and subjects of both were nearly annihilated in the desolation."—*Harper's Bazar.* (3301)

TROUBLE BRAVELY MET

There is a manuscript letter written by Thomas More to his wife, Alyce, when the news came that the great mansion at Chelsea, with its offices and huge granaries, had been almost destroyed by fire. Instead of lamenting his loss, he writes, "I pray you, Alyce, with my children, be merry in God. Find out if any poor neighbors stored their corn in the granaries, and recompense them. Discharge no servant until he have another abiding-place. Be of good cheer. Take all the household with you to church, and thank God for what He hath taken and what He hath left." (3302)

See Courage in Life.

Trouble Conquered—See Faith.

Trouble, Ignoring—See Evil, Ignoring.

TROUBLE UPLIFTS

The aviators tell us that the first rule of flight is to turn the flying-machine against the wind, and let it lift you into the heights. When the bird is flying for pleasure it flies with the wind, but if you lift a club toward the bird, and it wishes to rise, it turns and flies against the wind, and upward soars toward the sun. Trouble is a divine wind, let loose to lift man into the heights, where eternal beauty hath her dwelling-place.—N. D. Hillis. (3303)

Troubles—See Tools, Moral.

TROUBLES, MEETING

I have recently read this story about an unhappy woman. She was, indeed, very miserable, and for years her complaints were loud and constant. But one day she happened to read of a naval disaster: the ship was doomed, but the officers set the band playing, the flags flying, and, drest in full uniform, with their white gloves on, waited for the ship to go down.

She thought of herself, and was ashamed. Never had she met disaster except with tears and complaints. "I won't be as I have been any more," she said to herself. "When troubles come to me, tho I perish as those officers did, I will meet them as they did, with flags flying, the band playing, and my white gloves on." And new troubles came; but with each one she said to herself, "The flags must fly to day, the band play, and I must have my white gloves on." And, if the trial were very severe, she would actually put on her best clothes, and with smiling face go out to perform some act of cheerful kindness.

And after some years the result is that she seems to be happy and prosperous. People call her fortunate. Another complaining woman said to her, "Oh, it is well enough for you to talk, you who have never known a trouble in your life."

"A trouble in my life!" the cheerful woman said to herself, and stopt to think. "A trouble! Perhaps not; but now, thank God, those which I thought I had seem no longer to have belonged to me, but to some other person living centuries ago." And she felt sorry for her fretful friend.—M. O. Simmons. (3304)

See Death, Christian Attitude Toward.

TRUST

It is a pleasant sight sometimes to see a child and a father at a crowded London crossing; to the child's imagination the street with its rattle of horses and vehicles is the picture of danger and death—to attempt to get to the other side alone would be certain destruction; but as the father stands at the edge of the pavement, the child looks up to him with a glance of perfect trust and puts its hand in his, and goes with him through the tangled maze of traffic without a thought of danger or fear. This is just what the converted soul does with regard to the Lord Jesus Christ. It looks up into His gentle face with trust, and goes with Him whithersoever He will lead it; there can be no danger and no misgiving; sin and temptation have lost their power; the soul shall pass through the tangled maze of life safely. (3305)

When the writer was visiting a certain school, a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher. After he had returned to his seat the teacher said, "There is a boy I can trust." Think of that commendation! What a character that boy had earned! He had already what would in the future be worth to him more than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and what is better, into the confidence and respect of the entire community.—JAMES T. WHITE, "Character Lessons." (3306)

Trust Disarms—See CONFIDENCE.

TRUST IN DEATH

Mozart's dying words were, "From heaven's mercy alone can I hope for succor; and it will be granted, Emilie (his young daughter), in the time of my utmost need; yes, in the hour of death I will claim His help who is always ready to aid those who trust in Him.

"Take these notes, the last I shall ever pen, and sit down to the instrument. Sing with them the hymn so beloved by your mother and let me once more hear those tones which have been my delight since childhood."

Emilie closed the second stanza,

"Spirit, how bright is the road
For which thou art now on the wing!
Thy home it will be with thy Savior and God,
Their loud hallelujahs to sing,"

and waited for the mild voice of her father's praise. But he was gone.

How beautiful is the soul's farewell to all that is mortal, when we can say as one of old, "Yea, tho I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." (3307)

TRUST IN GOD

I recently came from my summer home to New York by the night train. The night was dark, foggy and rainy. I did not know the engineer. I was not sure he could see the curves, the switches, the grades. It was possible that he might fall asleep at his post and ditch the train. And yet, believing he was trustworthy, else he would not be in so responsible a position, I went to my berth, undrest, slept soundly, and when I awoke the bright sun was shining into my window, with my destination reached. I did not feel I did a foolhardy act, tho engineers have slept at their posts, have missed the switches, have ditched their trains. And yet I trusted my life to a man I had never seen, and under most unfavorable circumstances. Thousands are doing that very thing daily. How much more should we trust an overruling Providence guiding His children through all storms and darkness, when our hearts bear witness to His fidelity.—ROBERT MACDONALD. (3308)

TRUSTWORTHINESS

"Are they fine berries?" asked a lady of the fruit-peddler, who had just rattled off the usual formula, "Blueb'ries, blackb'ries, huckleb'ries, strawb'ries."

"Well, pretty good," he answered. "Not so to say the best."

"I don't want them, then," she answered shortly. "If you can't recommend them yourself, they won't suit me." A moment later she opened the window to speak to him on the sidewalk. "You may come to-morrow, tho, or the next time that you do have nice ones. It's something to be able to trust you to tell the truth about them."—*Selected.* (3309)

Trustworthiness, Human—See CONFIDENCE IN MEN.

Truth—See LYING.

TRUTH AND CRITICISM

Once Mr. Beecher, preaching on war, and the tax burden, spoke of Russia as having a standing army of fifteen hundred billions. One hearer laughed, Mr. Beecher grew red, stamped on the floor, and exclaimed, "I say Russia has fifteen hundred billions of men in her standing army"—that settled it! Well, but Mr. Beecher's error in mathematics did not invalidate his arguments for patriotism, or duty, or home, or the love of God; nor need you be disturbed by the geology or astronomy or history of the Old Testament.—N. D. Hillis. (3310)

TRUTH FATAL

Of the great caution with which truth must often be handled, I can not give you a better illustration than the following from my own experience. A young man, accompanied by his young wife, came from a distant place, and sent for me to see him at his hotel. He wanted his chest examined, he told me. Did he wish to be informed of what I might discover? He did. I made the *ante mortem* autopsy desired. Tubercles; cavities; disease in full blast; death waiting at the door. I did not say this, of course, but waited for his question. "Are there any tubercles?" he asked presently. "Yes, there are." There was silence for a brief space, and then like Esau, he lifted up his voice and wept; he cried with a great and exceedingly bitter cry, and then the twain, husband and wife, with loud ululation and passionate wringing of hands, shrieked in wild chorus like the *keeners* of an Irish funeral, and would not be soothed or comforted. The fool! He had brought a letter from his physician, warning me not to give an opinion to the patient himself, but to write it to him, the medical adviser, and this letter the patient had kept back, determined to have my opinion from my own lips, not doubting that it would be favorable. In six weeks he was dead, and I never questioned that his own folly and my telling him the naked truth killed him before his time.

Truth is the breath of life to human society. It is the food of the immortal spirit. Yet a single word of it may kill a man as suddenly as a drop of prussic acid. An old gentleman was sitting at a table when the news that Napoleon had returned from Elba was told him. He started up, repeated a line from a French play, which may be thus Englished:

"The fatal secret is at length revealed,"

and fell senseless in apoplexy. You remember the story of the old man who expired on hearing that his sons were crowned at the Olympic games. A worthy inhabitant of a village in New Hampshire fell dead on hearing that he was chosen town clerk.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. (3311)

TRUTH, GIRDLE OF

It is the universal custom among the Parsees of the Far East to wear a girdle around their waists, which is twisted into three knots in a most complicated fashion. In performing their daily ablutions this girdle must be removed, and in replacing it certain prayers are repeated for each knot. The three knots represent good thoughts, good words, and good deeds, all constituting a threefold cord that is to be not easily broken.

A good companion to the "girdle of truth" which the Christian may wear. (Text.) (3312)

Truth in Men—See Confidence in Men.

Truth not Static — See Creeds, Insecurity of.

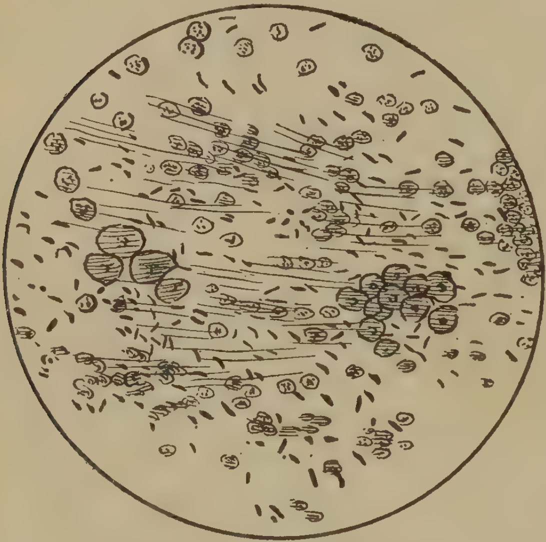
Truth, Standing for—See Arguing for Truth.

Truth-telling—See Trustworthiness.

Truth Withheld—See Discretion.

TRUTHFULNESS REWARDED

I remember once hearing of a boy who was very, very poor. He lived in a foreign country, and his mother said to him one day that he must go into the great city and start in business, and she took his coat and cut it open and sewed between the lining and the coat forty golden dinars, which she had saved up for many years to start him in life. She told him to take care of robbers as he went across the desert; and as he was going out of the door she said: "My boy, I have only two words for you, 'Fear God, and never tell a lie.'" The boy started off, and toward evening he saw glittering in the distance the minarets of the great city, but between the city and himself he saw a cloud of dust; it came nearer; presently he saw that it was a band of robbers. One of the robbers left the rest and rode toward him, and said: "Boy, what have you got?" And the boy looked him in the face and said: "I have forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." And the robber laughed and wheeled round his horse and went away back. He would not believe the boy. Presently another robber came, and he said: "Boy, what have you got?" "Forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." The robber said: "The boy is a fool," and wheeled his horse and rode away back. By and by the robber captain came, and he said: "Boy, what have you got?" "I have forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." And the robber dismounted and put his hand over the boy's breast, felt something round, counted one, two, three, four, five, till he counted out the forty golden coins. He looked the boy in the face and said: "Why did you tell me that?" The boy said: "Because of God and my mother." And the robber leaned on his spear and thought, and said: "Wait a moment." He mounted his horse, rode back to the rest of the robbers, and came back in about five minutes with his dress changed. This time he looked not like a robber, but like a merchant. He took the boy up on his horse and said: "My boy, I have long wanted to do something for my God and for my mother, and I have this moment renounced my robber's life. I am also a merchant. I have a large business house in the city. I want you to come and live with me, to teach me about your God; and you will be rich, and your mother some day will come and live with us." And it all happened. (Text.)—HENRY DRUMMOND. (3313)



TUBERCLE BACILLI MAGNIFIED SEVERAL THOUSAND TIMES

TUBERCULOSIS

For the following facts and suggestions we are indebted to "The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis," New York:

Consumption, or tuberculosis, is a disease of the lungs which is taken from others, and is not simply due to catching cold. It is generally caused by germs, known as tubercle bacilli, which enter the body with the air breathed. The matter which consumptives cough or spit up usually contains these germs in great numbers, and if those who have the disease spit upon the floor, walls or elsewhere, the matter will dry, become powdered, and any draught or wind will distribute the germs in it with the dust in the air. Any person may catch the disease by taking in with the air he breathes the germs spread about in this manner. He may also contract the disease by taking into his system the germs contained in the small drops of saliva expelled by a consumptive when coughing or sneezing. It should be known that it is not dangerous to live with a consumptive if the matter coughed up by him is properly disposed of.

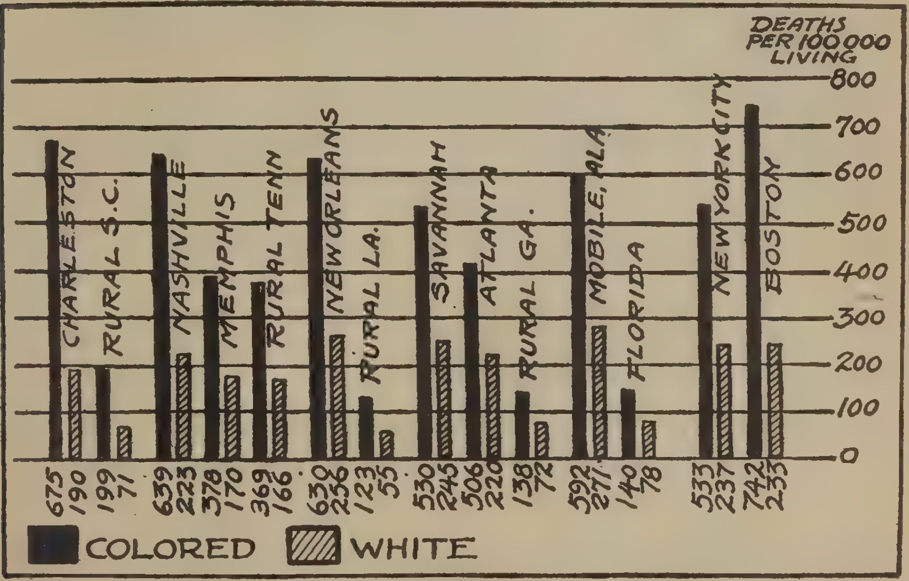
Consumption may be cured at home in many instances if it is recognized early and proper means are taken for its treatment. When a member of a family is found to have consumption and can not be sent to a sanatorium, arrangements for taking the cure at home should be made as soon as the disease is discovered.

Open-air treatment is the most approved method of cure. Rest is a most important part of the open-air treatment, and exercise must be regulated by the doctor. Always have at hand an extra wrap, and never remain out if chilled. Cold weather should have a bracing effect, and when it does not, go into a warm room and get a hot drink, preferably milk, remaining indoors until comfortably warm. When going out again use more wraps, and keep behind a shield or screen that breaks the force of the wind, Always be cheerful and hopeful; never waste your strength in anger or by being cross. Lead a temperate life, go to bed early and get up late; do not use alcohol in any form except when prescribed by your doctor. Do away with tobacco if possible, and use only weak tea and coffee in small quantities. Never swallow the matter coughed up, but always destroy every particle by spitting in a paper or cloth which can be burned. Never allow the hands, face or clothing to be soiled by sputum, and if this happens by accident, wash the place soiled with soap and hot water. Men who have consumption should not wear a mustache or beard unless it is trimmed close. Particular care must be taken, when sneezing and coughing, to hold in the hands before the face a cloth which can be burned. Soiled bed-clothes, night-dresses, other washable garments and personal linen should be handled as little as possible until they are boiled prior to their being washed. The dishes used by the patient must be boiled after each meal.

That tuberculosis is particularly fatal to the working men may be clearly seen from the fact that at least one-third of the deaths during the chief working period of life are caused by pulmonary tuberculosis. Every other workman who becomes incapacitated must ascribe his condition to consumption. Dr. Lawrence F. Flick says: "Tuberculosis is peculiarly a disease of the wage-workers, and this is so for the very good reason that one of the causes of the disease is overwork." In some trades, such as the metal polishers, brass workers, and stone workers, from 35 to 50 per cent. of all deaths are caused by tuberculosis. Dusty trades are particularly dangerous.

Appropriations of over $4,000,000 for the suppression of consumption have been made by twenty-eight State Legislatures in session during 1909, according to a statement issued to-day by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

In 1909-10, forty-three State and Territorial Legislatures were in session. Of this number, 28 passed laws pertaining to tuberculosis; eight others considered such legislation, and in only seven States no measures about consumption were presented. In all, 101 laws relating to the prevention or treatment of human tuberculosis were considered, and out of this number 64 were passed.



PERCENTAGE OF DEATHS FROM TUBERCULOSIS PER 100,000, WITH RELATIVE MORTALITY PERCENTAGE OF WHITE AND COLORED POPULATION

That the "white plague," as it is often called, is a national concern is shown by the map on next page.

In 1909, out of the $8,180,621.50 spent for the prevention and treatment of tuberculosis, $4,362,750.03 was spent from public money, and $3,817,871.47 from funds voluntarily contributed. For the carrying on of State, Federal and municipal tuberculosis work in 1910, over $9,000,000 has been appropriated. Of this sum, the State Legislatures have granted $4,100,000, the municipal and county bodies, $3,975,500, and the Federal Government, $1,000,000.

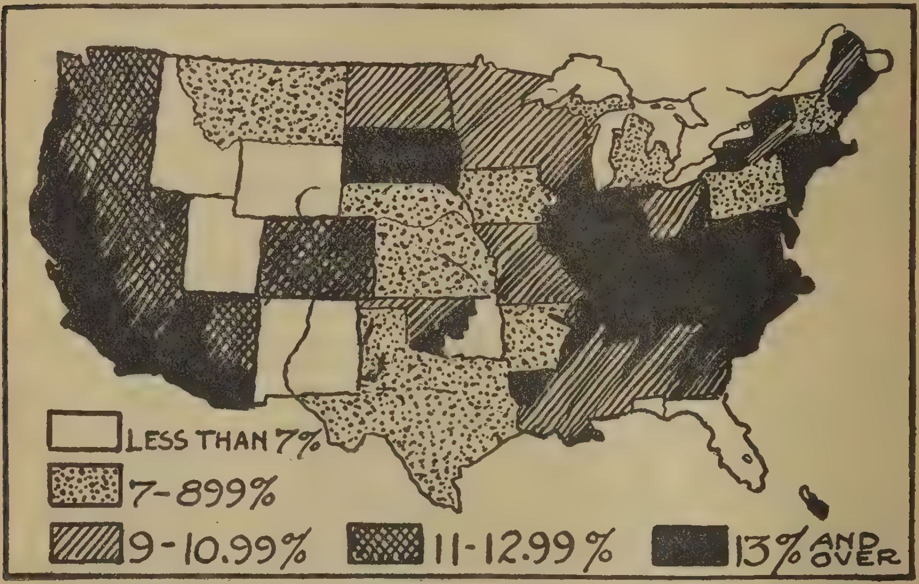
About 800,000 women under the Health Department of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in every State and Territory of the United States are banded together against this disease, and more than 2,000 clubs are taking a special interest in the crusade. Not less than $500,000 is raised annually by them for tuberculosis work, besides millions that are secured through their efforts in State and municipal appropriations.

Over 4,000,000 churchgoers, nearly 40,000 sermons and preachers, and more than 1,250,000 pieces of literature, are some of the totals given in a preliminary report issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, of the results of the first National Tuberculosis Sunday ever held, on April 24, 1910.

The report states that fully one-eighth of the 33,000,000 listed communicants of the churches of the United States heard the gospel of health on Tuberculosis Sunday, and that the number of people who were reached by notices and sermons printed in the newspapers will aggregate 25,000,000. Hardly a paper in the country failed to announce the occasion. (3314)

Tumbles Unimportant—See DEFEAT.

Turn About Fair Play—See TONGUE, THE.



MAP SHOWING RELATIVE MORTALITY FROM TUBERCULOSIS IN THE UNITED STATES

Type, Fixt—See ENVIRONMENT, ADAPTATION TO.

TYPES, DISTINCT

Suppose we had Christ's spirit as an ideal would we not also develop a distinct type? It is this type that is going to conquer the world.

It is said of the actors in the Oberammergau play that through loyalty to ideals the villagers have developed distinct types—the Christ type, the apostle type. (3315)

U

UNBELIEF

Years ago, in my Sunday-school, a young fellow came to me and said: "I have come to the conclusion that there is no God, no future life, no heaven and no hell. When you are dead, you are dead, and that is the end of you." My reply was: "My dear fellow, these opinions will wreck you before you get through." Before long, he left the Sunday-school, and I saw no more of him for years. Then one evening a knock came at my study door, and behold! the young man appeared. He was much run down, was blear-eyed and bloated. "Is that you, Fred?" said I. "Yes," he replied. "Is it drink?" said I. "Yes," he replied again. "Do you remember that I told you your opinions would wreck you before you got through?"—A. F. Schauffler, *The Christian Herald*. (3316)

The waves of unbelief mount and recede,
  And jar the century with strong unrest;
They carry back the sands of many a creed,
  But only leave the rock more manifest.
(Text.) (3317)

Uncertainty of Life—See Precaution.

UNCONSCIOUS GREATNESS

If John Wesley himself, the little, long-nosed, long-chinned, peremptory man who, on March 9, 1791, was carried to his grave by six poor men, "leaving behind him nothing but a good library of books, a well-worn clergyman's gown, a much-abused reputation, and—the Methodist Church, could return to this world just now, when so much admiring ink is being poured upon his head, he would probably be the most astonished man on the planet. For if Wesley has achieved fame, he never intended it. Seeley says that England conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind. And if Wesley built up one of the greatest of modern churches, and supplied a new starting-point to modern religious history, it was with an entire absence of conscious intention. (Text.)—W. H. Fitchett, "Wesley and His Century." (3318)

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE

A Persian fable says: One day
A wanderer found a lump of clay
So redolent of sweet perfume
Its odors scented all the room.
"What are thou?" was his quick demand.
"Art thou some gem from Samarcand,
Or spikenard in this rude disguise,
Or other costly merchandise?"
"Nay, I am but a lump of clay."
"Then, whence this wondrous perfume, say!"
"Friend, if the secret I disclose—
I have been dwelling with the rose."

Dear Lord, abide with us, that we
May draw our perfume fresh from thee.

It is nothing wonderful that men said of the early disciples that they had been with Jesus. They had in their life the perfume of the rose—the Rose of Sharon. (3319)

Understanding, Perfect—See Future Life.

UNDERSTANDING, SYMPATHETIC

If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.
—Nixon Walterman, *Epworth Herald*.
(3320)

UNEMPLOYED, PROBLEM OF THE

The problem of the unemployed is emphasized by facts and comments such as these from the metropolitan press:

James Kelly, seventy years old, a homeless wanderer, was found frozen to death within a few feet of the General Philip Schuyler estate, near Irvington.

Wilson Meyers, seventy years old, and homeless, was found dead in a stable near the Long Island Railroad tracks, at Rockaway Beach.

And 2,000 people in the Bowery bread-line on these freezing nights.

At the extraordinary meeting held in the Bowery Mission, where five hundred men from the bread-line met at the invitation of the Rev. J. G. Hallimond to talk over the facts of their situation, it was made perfectly clear that a large proportion of the company had nothing whatever the matter with them as individuals. They were skilled and sober mechanics and clerks, capable of rendering valuable services to society and eager to do it. (Text.) (3321)

UNEXPECTED, THE

At the critical period of the American Civil War when General Hooker was succeeded by General Meade, neither Meade nor Lee desired or expected to fight a battle at Gettysburg, Lee wishing to have it at Cashtown and Meade on Pipe Creek, but both were drawn into it against positive orders to the contrary, and yet that battle proved to be the turning-point in the fortunes of the war.

Many of the greatest results in history and in individual lives turn on circumstances wholly unforeseen by man, which some call accident or chance, but which the wise know to be an overruling Providence. (Text.) (3322)

Unexpected Value—See Appreciation.

Unfaith—See Confidence, Lack of; Time Brings Fortune.

Unfaithfulness, Penalty of—See Respect, No, of Persons.

UNFORGIVING SPIRIT, THE

La Tude, a young Frenchman, for a trifling offense, was seized and thrown into prison by order of Madame de Pompadour. There he remained until her death in 1764. Two years before she died he wrote this unfeeling woman: "I have suffered fourteen years; let all be buried forever in the blood of Jesus." But she remained fixt in her determination to show him no mercy. This young Frenchman remained in prison almost thirty-five years. (Text.) (3323)

UNFITNESS

A man who weighs one hundred and fifty pounds on the earth would weigh only two pounds on the planet Mars, and so could hardly stand; while on the sun he would weigh two tons and so would sink, like a stone in the sea, into its hot marshes. Each man is too light for some places, too heavy for others, and just right for others. Failing in a work for which he is unfitted often brings him to his true place. (3324)

See Attainment, Superficial.

UNHAPPINESS OF THE GREAT

How well do the instances cited below illustrate the oft-quoted sentence of Augustine, "Restless are our hearts, O God, until they rest in Thee."

Sheridan, idol of his day, had for his last words: "I am absolutely undone." "Take me back to my room," sighed Sir Walter Scott; "there is no rest for me but the grave." Charles Lamb said: "I walk up and down thinking I am happy, but feeling I am not." Edmund Burke said he would not give a peck of refuse wheat for all the fame in the world. (3325)

Uniform as a Preparation for Fighting—See Dress Affecting Moods.

UNION

Where such things can be done in nature as are described below there should be hope of a time when the varieties of human nature, varying sects, creeds and practises may be merged into a common Christian type.

An orange-cucumber, or cucumber-orange, as the name has not yet been decided, is a freak combination raised by Howard S. Hill, a cucumber grower of Gardner, Mass., which he is cultivating as a new dish to tickle the palate of exacting diners.

The new fruit or vegetable resulted from an experiment made by Mr. Hill. At that time an orange-tree was in full bloom in his cucumber hothouse at the same time that the blossom of the cucumber vines first appeared. Mr. Hill transferred the pollen from the orange-blossoms to several cucumber flowers.

The first appearance of the fruit was the same as that of an ordinary infant cucumber, but as the fruit grew, the result of the inoculation became apparent. The cucumber, instead of lengthening out, remained round like an orange, with the orange-bloom scar, but the skin was that of a cucumber, with the same corruptions. When ripened the new product assumed a bright orange color, and from a distance appeared the same as an orange.

With the seeds from the best specimens Mr. Hill is growing a number of vines and thinks that the new fruit will become established and prove a favorite, as the taste of the orange and cucumber blend in an excellent manner and make a pleasing combination. (3326)

UNION WITH CHRIST

There is an operation in surgery when an organ has gotten detached; the only way for it to be kept in place is to cut it, and cut the near-by muscles, and then sew the two wounds together. In process of healing, the organ grows fast to its support. The surest way for a heart to grow fast to Christ is to bring its own bleeding side to the side of the Christ who was wounded for it, and the two will become one. (Text.)—JAMES M. STIFLER, "The Fighting Saint." (3327)

See CHRIST, UNION WITH.

United States and China—See AMERICA'S ATTITUDE.

UNITY

The Rev. S. Miller Hageman predicts the unity of all human designs in this verse:

All things yet shall work together, and so working, orb in one,
As the sun draws back its sunbeams when the dial-day is done;
All things yet shall gather roundly, and unite, and shape, and climb,
Into truth's great golden unit, in the ripe result of time. (3328)

One of the Greek poets sings of two devoted friends who visited the shop of Vulcan, and desired to be joined in a closer and indissoluble union. Vulcan took out their hearts, accordingly, laid them on his anvil, and with many sturdy blows with his hammer welded them into one.

A mightier power than Vulcan in a gentler way joins human hearts to one another and all to Himself at a forge whose fire is love. (Text.) (3329)

J. D. Freeman, in "Concerning the Christ," says:

A building may include a multitude and variety of compartments. The town hall of Leicester you will find a building of this sort. The town council room is beautifully decorated with fine paintings, and the light streams in abundantly through stained-glass windows. It is an inviting place. But in the basement you will find apartments with bare walls, cold stone floors, plain benches, and iron doors with padlocks. These rooms are occupied by a less attractive set of people. Yet all the rooms above and below are part of one scheme, and the beautiful council chamber can not disown the repellent cell of the prison.

The same principles hold true of our life. You can not dismember your soul. You are not a lumber-yard where materials displace each other as they are carted in and out; you are a structure. You have your council chamber where reason and conscience deliberate, and also the dark cells where unholy desires lurk and lawless passions rage. (Text.) (3330)

Unity Broken—See SEPARATION.

UNITY FUNDAMENTAL IN NATURE

As the glass reflects the face, so the creation reflects the qualities of Him who made it. Among other attributes, it speaks of His unity.

Notwithstanding the wide diversity that presents itself to our view in the countless varieties of living beings, it yet is true that all vegetable and animal tissues without exception, from that of the brightly colored lichen on the rock, to that of the painter who admires or of the botanist who dissects it, are essentially one in composition and in structure. The microscopic fungi clustering by millions within the body of a single fly, the giant pine of California towering to the height of a cathedral-spire, the Indian fig-tree covering acres with its profound shadow, animalcules minute enough to dance in myriads on the point of a needle, and the huge leviathan of the deep, the flower that a girl wears in her hair, and the blood that courses through her veins, are, each and all, smaller or larger multiples or aggregates of one and the same structural unit, and all therefore ultimately resolvable into the same identical elements. That unit is a corpuscle composed of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon. Hydrogen, with oxygen, forms water; carbon, with oxygen, carbonic acid; and hydrogen, with nitrogen, ammonia

These three compounds—water, carbonic acid, and ammonia—in like manner, when combined form protoplasm. (Text.) (3331)

Unity of Christendom—See CHURCH UNION.

Unity of Knowledge—See KNOWLEDGE, UNITY OF.

UNITY OF LIFE

I was greatly charmed last summer by a sight in the mountains of four stately chestnuts growing from one root. I loved to sit in the shadow first of one and then of another, and to watch them swaying in the wind and kissing each other through the interlacing branches. So I have thought it is with the drama, the finer arts, and music, and with religious aspirations—each separate in some sense from the other, and yet, down in the deepest, one, blossoming alike and bearing fruit, shooting up into the light together, and glorifying the land where they grow.—ROBERT COLLYER. (3332)

UNITY OF MATTER

Theism is gradually being reenforced by the discovery that apparently diverse phenomena are really one.

The division of bodies into gaseous, liquid, and solid, and the distinction established for the same substance between the three states, retain a great importance for the applications and usages of daily life, but have long since lost their absolute value from the scientific point of view.

As far as concerns the liquid and gaseous states particularly, the already antiquated researches of Andrews confirmed the ideas of Cagniard de la Tour and established the continuity of the two states.—LUCIEN POINCARE, "The New Physics and Its Evolution."

(3333)

UNITY OF MIND

Spirit and foot rule have nothing to do with each other. The same light comes out of a dew-drop that comes out of the sun. The smallest bird that trills its infinitesimal melody utters occasional notes that would blend with the voluminous progressions of the grandest oratorio, or that would even chime in with the anthem of the heavenly host praising God and singing, "Glory to God in the highest." And as the little note of the bird fits the splendid symphony of the angel-choir, so thought is still thought everywhere, mind is mind in both worlds, the sea-shell yet hums the murmur of the sea whence it sprang, the younger star still moves in the orbit it learned while one with the parent star from which it was born, God and man think in the same vernacular, the Father and His children understand each other, the hills and the mountains are divine thoughts done in stone, and in the heavens the interpreting mind of man calmly fronts and steadily reads the meaning of God, and in the scintillant paragraphs of the star-dotted sky, with a divine genius, spells out thought that lay eternal in the great Mind before ever He said, "Let there be light."—CHARLES H. WINTHROP PACKARD, "Wild Pastures.' (3334)

Unity of the Soul—See SOUL A UNITY.

UNITY, STRENGTH IN

These (cedar) roots so twine and intertwine that the original sap, drawn from the tender tips, must have nourished any one of several trees indifferently, for heart-wood joins heart-wood in scores of places near the stump and far from it, showing that each tree stood not only on its own roots, but on those of its neighbors all about it; not only was it nourished by its own rootlets, but by those of trees near by. No gale could uproot these swamp cedars. United they stood and divided they might not fall.—PARKHURST. (3335)

UNIVERSAL FACTS

The religion of science will demand that a working faith shall have the universal note, rather than that which is local, temperamental or transient. All nature's truths are universal truths. There are seven colors in the sunbeam—here, in Mars—in all worlds. The whole is equal to the sum of the parts, for Newton and Euclid and Moses. The laws of light and heat are the same in all zones. Psychology that can be taught in Yale or Harvard can be taught in Peking and Calcutta. A physiology with the story of the circulation of the blood in a white man can be studied in a college for brown men, and red men, and yellow men. The multiplication table is not American—it is for all men. The Ten Commandments are not Hebrew—they are for men who live and work and die, without regard to color, education or race. The master, therefore, whose music is to be a world music, must teach that which is universal, simple and democratic.—N. D. HILLIS. (3336)

Unkindness—See LOVE'S CAREFULNESS.

UNKNOWN REALITIES

We can not tell why of two exactly similar bulbs put into precisely similar soil one should bloom out as a tulip and the other come up as an onion. We do not know how the flowers receive their color or perfume, nor why it is that while we can catch the shadow in the camera we can not imprison the color. There are many things, too, for which we have not been able to frame laws. We can not agree as to the cause of earthquakes, the origin of volcanic fires, or the birth-throes of the whirlwind. We do not even know our own origin, and the thinking world is divided between evolution and creation. We do not know even the normal color of man, whether we are bleached from the dark original, or whether the dark races are sunburnt editions of the early whites. Was the flood local or universal? Did Atlantis exist? Were there giants in those days? These are a few of the many questions that might be asked and remain unanswered.—San Francisco *Chronicle.* (3337)

See Ignorance of Origin and Destiny.

UNKNOWN SAINTS

With golden letters set in brave array
  Throughout the Church's record of the year,
  The great names of historic saints appear,
Those ringing names, that, as a trumpet, play
Uplifting music o'er a sordid way,
  And sound high courage to our earth-dulled ear;
  But, underneath those strains, I seem to hear
The silence of the saints that have no day.

Martyrs blood-red, and trodden souls, care-gray,
  In hierarchal pride no place they boast;
No candles born for them where pilgrims pray,
  No haloes crown their dim and countless host;
And yet—the leaven of their humble sway,
  Unrecognized, unguessed, avails the most.
(Text.)—Katherine Perry, *The Reader.* (3338)

UNKNOWN, THE

It is unsafe to deny the existence of things merely because we can not see them. Here is what Prof. Simon Newcomb says of invisible stars:

The theories of modern science converge toward the view that, in the pure ether of space no single ray of light can ever be lost, no matter how far it may travel. During the last few years discoveries of dark, and therefore invisible, stars have been made by means of the spectroscope with a success which would have been quite incredible a very few years ago, and which even to-day must excite wonder and admiration. The general conclusion is that, besides the shining stars which exist in space, there may be any number of dark ones, forever invisible in our telescope.—*Harper's Magazine.* (3339)

UNKNOWN WORKERS

Edward Everett Hale pays this tribute to the pioneer:

What was his name? I do not know his name;
I only know he heard God's voice and came;
  Brought all he loved across the sea,
  To live and work for God—and me;
    Felled the ungracious oak,
      Dragged from the soil,
      With torrid toil,
  Thrice-gnarled roots and stubborn rock,
With plenty piled the haggard mountain-side,
And at the end, without memorial died;
No blaring trumpet sounded out his fame;
He lived, he died; I do not know his name.

No form of bronze and no memorial stones
Show me the place where lies his moldering bones,
  Only a cheerful city stands,
  Built by his hardened hands;
    Only ten thousand homes
      Where every day
      The cheerful play
  Of love and hope and courage comes.
These are his monuments, and these alone;
There is no form of bronze and no memorial stone. (3340)

UNLOADING THE USELESS

The burglar hesitated. Back of him was a sheer drop of twenty-five feet to the ground. In front of him was a determined woman, grasping in her hand a huge revolver. She covered him steadily.

"I won't shoot," she said, "if you will remain still."

She advanced upon him and poking the muzzle of the gun in his face reached into his pocket and pulled out his revolver.

"Come in."

The burglar obediently stept inside the room. All his courage was gone.

"Sit down," said the woman.

He sat down.

She got a huge ball of heavy cord from her bureau and spent the next twenty minutes in tying him up. Then she pointed out of the window.

"Is that your wagon out there behind the barn?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Thought you would carry away my silver in it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The woman called her husband, who was hiding behind the baby's crib in the next room.

"Here, John," she said, "take some of this furniture out."

John came in and got to work. The burglar watched with curious eyes. Suddenly his face blanched. He looked out of the window and saw in the light of the moon what John was carrying.

"What are you doing to me?" he asked.

The woman began cutting his cords.

"I'm going to load you up with all of the old eyesores that we have had in the house for these many years," she said, merrily—"all the furniture presented to us at Christmas by kind-hearted relatives, all the prizes we have taken at card-parties, all of the things we have bought at sales, all the family portraits—everything that we have been simply dying to get rid of."—*Life*. (3341)

UNNATURAL EDUCATION

President Butler, of Columbia University, made the following reference to his friend, Dr. James H. Canfield, before the National Education Association at Denver, in July, 1909:

How patient he was with the typical errors of the pedagog, yet how fully he understood them! I remember a story that he told of himself when he was chancellor of the University of Nebraska. Toward the close of the college year a young tutor of mathematics who was completing his first year of service came into the chancellor's office and asked whether he was to be reappointed for another year. The chancellor said: "Well, what do you yourself think of your work? What have you done that you are proud of?" The young tutor answered, "Mr. Chancellor, I have just held such a stiff examination in my course that I have flunked sixty members of the freshman class." The chancellor looked at him kindly and said, "Young man, suppose I gave you a herd of one hundred cattle to drive to Kansas City, or Omaha, and you came in to tell me that you had driven them so fast and so hard, and had made such good time, that sixty per cent had died on the way. Do you think that I should want you to drive any more cattle to the Missouri River?" "No, sir," said the tutor. "Well, I do not think we will let you drive any more freshmen." (3342)

Unrestrained Religion—See Inadequacy of Non-Christian Religions.

UNREWARDED INVENTION

George Dawson, in his lecture on "Ill-used Men," notes the shameful neglect that befell the famous inventor of the spinning jenny that revolutionized the textile industry:

Poor Hargreaves died in a workhouse; his wife, a widow, sunk into that black mass of under-current which ever underruns the tide of England's prosperity; and thus the man whose labors gave England the greatest wealth she ever possest, sunk into oblivion unrewarded. (3343)

Unseen Forces Trusted—See Trust in God.

UNSEEN, RESPONSE FROM THE

The materialist says: "Scientific history seeks the discovery of facts." The Christian answers: "It is not so; scientific history seeks first the discovery of the forces which shape facts." And the first wireless telegraphers conveying a message that saves the world were the apostles of Jesus Christ. After His ascension into the unseen from that wireless station named the upper room there went out the call C Q. ("This is the signal that something important has happened and that all other stations and vessels in the wireless zone must instantly stop sending and give attention. The next flash came C Q D. The added D meant danger, and the three letters together are a cry for help, a general ambulance call of the sea.") And it was in response to the disciples' call upon the invisible Christ there came rolling across the spiritual seas the ships of Pentecost. Those same wondrous vessels, thank God, are still pushing out from port in the unseen, not only to rescue, but to greaten and eternalize the life of every storm-lasht pilgrim! Truly, with a fresh and vivid power wireless ships publish the reality of the unseen. (Text.)—F. F. Shannon. (3344)

UNSEEN RESULTS

Dr. Buchanan, of Randolph-Macon College, tells of a lady who planted a rare rose-bush, worked around it, fertilized it, watered it, and yet saw no reward of her labors. But presently it was found that shoots from this bush had pushed through to the other side of the wall and were blooming in splendid beauty there. "Work on, undiscovered ones," he says. "In the unseen world you may find your unseen roses in full bloom, scenting the air with fragrance." (Text.) (3345)

UNSELFISHNESS

There was a party of twenty-five boys and girls going upon a picnic, and when about to get into the carry all which was to convey them to the picnic grounds, it was found that, with the utmost crowding there was room for only twenty-four, and one little girl was left standing on the ground, and was to be left behind. The disappointment was too great for her to control her feelings, and the tears began to fall, when one of her companions, named Alice, jumped out and said, "Don't cry, Sadie; you get in and take my place; I have been many times, and do not care so very much." The children had a very happy afternoon, but what do you suppose they thought and said about Alice?—James T. White, "Character Lessons."

(3346)

This helpful poem is from *The Outlook:*

I thank thee, Lord, for strength of arm
  To win my bread,
And that beyond my need is meat
  For friend unfed.
I thank thee much for bread to live,
I thank thee more for bread to give.

I thank thee, Lord, for snug-thatched roof
  In cold and storm,
And that beyond my need is room
  For friend forlorn.
I thank thee much for place to rest,
But more for shelter for my guest.

I thank thee, Lord, for lavish love
  On me bestowed,
Enough to share with loveless folk
  To ease their load.
Thy love to me I ill could spare,
Yet dearer is thy love I share. (Text.)

(3347)

See Patriotism, Disinterested; Self-forgetting.

UNSELFISHNESS, EXAMPLES OF

When Peter Cooper, who founded the Cooper Institute, New York, had completed his apprenticeship, his employer esteemed him so much that he offered to give him the capital to start in business, but Cooper refused because of his invincible repugnance to debt. At the end of three years he had saved up $500, but his father being prest with debt, young Cooper gave the entire amount for his relief. He purchased a glue factory and soon obtained the reputation of making the best glue in the country. He became interested in many successful enterprises, employing thousands of men, and conceived the idea of an educational institute for the advancement of the sciences. Abram S. Hewitt, with a son of Peter Cooper, took over the father's iron business, and at one time over 3,000 men were employed, and for six years they ran the business at a loss of over $100,000 a year rather than bring upon their employes the distress incident to shutting down the plant. Partly for this reason the business was run for forty years with only sufficient profit to pay the men, and still by judicious foresight in buying iron the firm cleared over $1,000,000 in one year. Their policy toward their workmen was always to take them into their confidence.—James T. White, "Character Lessons."

(3348)

UNSELFISHNESS IN BIRDS

Sidney Lanier tells of a mocking-bird six weeks of age being kept in a cage with another young bird who was so ill he could hardly move. One day food happened to be delayed in coming, and Bob got furiously hungry. He called and screamed and made a great row. At last it appeared, and he took in his beak the ball of egg and potato, snatching it out of the hand, and then, instead of eating it, ran across the cage and gave the whole of it to his sick friend.—Olive Thorne Miller, "The Bird Our Brother." (3349)

UNSELFISHNESS, POWER OF

The way in which an unselfish example can inspire a like desire in others is seen in this incident:

We two students roomed over on the north side of the building where the sun never entered, and we were often chilled to discomfort and we would not stand it longer. The bishop beamed upon us with benevolent surprize, and said:

"Why, young gentlemen, this will never do; you are not going to leave the school. True, our mission is slow in providing better accommodations, but they will come soon. Meanwhile, we are bound to do the best we can for our students. We expect you young men in the future to become the bishops and leaders in the Japanese churches. As for yourselves in particular, I'll tell you what we can do. I have a good warm room on the sunny side of the school; now you young gentlemen come over and occupy my room and I myself will go over and take yours." "Oh, no!" we both exclaimed; "we would not have you do that; we did not mean that." "But that's what I mean," said the bishop; "that's what will be done." We again remonstrated and my fellow student, a Christian boy, began to weep with chagrin and brokenness of heart, and soon I found I, too, was weeping. I never before had seen anything like that and my heart broke under it. Why, sir, there was a light in that good bishop's face similar to that which I think Saul saw on the way to Damascus.—H. C. Mabie, "Methods in Evangelism." (3350)

Unsympathetic—See Sympathy, Lack of.

UNTRUTHFULNESS

Dr. Edward Everett Hale said that once he dreamed of playing ball with a companion, and of throwing the ball through a large glass window, and that the owner of the house came out and asked him if he threw the ball, and he said, "No." Then the man pounced upon his companion, saying, "Then it must have been you," and dragged him into the house and gave him a tremendous whipping. Dr. Hale said he experienced a feeling of meanness and degradation that was inexpressible; he felt himself to be the most cowardly wretch on the face of the earth, and had not a single word to say in his own defense. He stood ashamed of himself before his own conscience. He said the impression was so vivid that he never got over the remembrance, and through life was given a loathing and abhorrence of all forms of deceit.—James T. White, "Character Lessons." (3351)

UNWORTHY AIMS

When asked by a friend how he managed to wear always such becoming and elaborate cravats a British dude is said to have answered, "Why, my dear fellah, I puts my whole mind on it." Such an answer is the measure of such a man's mind. The aim was wholly unworthy of the attention given to it. (3352)

Unwritten Law Waived—See Devotion to the Helpless.

Upper Worlds—See Evil, Purging from.

UPRIGHTNESS

Confucius, wishing once to give a lesson of supreme value in politics, pointed one of his pupils to a lofty obelisk and said: "Seest thou yonder tall object? In its uprightness is its strength." (Text.) (3353)

Upward—See Aspiration.

UPWARD LOOK

A story is told by the Rev. Silvester Horne of a college professor who often told in the class-room of thoughts that had come to him in the garden. The thoughts were often so beautiful, and opened up such vistas to the imagination, that the students, none of whom had visited the professor at his home, pictured the garden a very Eden—spacious, and a glory of trees and flowers. One day two of the students made a pretext to visit the professor and get a glimpse, if possible, of the garden. They were received and taken into the garden, which, to their surprize, they found was the narrowest strip shut in by high brick walls. "But, professor," they said in their pained disillusion, "surely this is not the garden you are always talking about, in which such fine thoughts come to you?" "Oh, yes, it is," he said with a smile. "But it is so small. We had imagined quite a large garden." "But," replied the professor, pointing to the clear sky studded with stars, "see how high it is!" (3354)

The solar look is not only indicative of a desire in the individual to aspire to great and noble attainments for himself, it is sure to lead him to point out the upward pathway of the soul to others. Aspiration is an inspiration to altruism.

One of the most beautiful works of the celebrated artist in terra-cotta, George Tinworth, is his alto-rilievo of C. H. Spurgeon representing the great preacher surrounded by the children of Stockwell Orphanage, which he founded. Mr. Spurgeon with a heavenly smile is pointing to the skies and the children are gazing upward as he points. This statue is a vivid contrast to the one which stands in a square in Northampton, the monument to that pronounced infidel, Charles Bradlaugh, the "English Ingersoll." The statue represents Bradlaugh addressing the people, but he is pointing directly downward. (Text.) (3355)

Are not most of life's fears due to the fact that we do not consider enough what is above us? The remedy is to look up.

When a goose goes under an arch she ducks her head; that is not because there is not space for her, but because she thinks there is not, and that is because she is a goose. Perhaps she does not see very clearly what is above her.—Bolton Hall, "A Little Land and a Living." (3356)

Francois de Bonnivard, whom Byron has immortalized in his "Prisoner of Chillon," was for many years immured in the dungeon of the castle of Chillon, which lay below the level of Lake Geneva, but from which he could hear the sound of the water constantly. One day a bird came and sang at his window the sweetest carol he ever heard. The music awakened within him an inexpressible longing for a look at the outer and upper world, all so free and bright to that bird. Digging a foothold in the dungeon wall he climbed to the little window, from which he saw the mountains of his beloved Switzerland, unchanged, capped with eternal snow, and that upward look gave him new patience and hope. (Text.) (3357)

Usage Rejected—See Experience a Hard Teacher.

Usefulness—See Service.

USEFULNESS PLUS MORE USEFULNESS

A young man who had worked up to the position of confidential clerk, became jealous of a new clerk, to whom his employer had just given a raise in salary exceeding his own. He went to his employer and said: "Are you not satisfied with my work and my faithfulness?" "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Why, then, do you give this new man more salary than to me?" Instead of replying to the question, the merchant, who was a grain dealer, said: "Do you see that load of grain going by? Run out, and see to whom it is going." The confidential man returned, and said it was going to Wilson's place. "Run out and find out what they got for the grain." He returned and said eighty-five cents per bushel. "Run and find out if Wilson wants any more." He returned and said: "Yes, he wants another carload." At this moment the new clerk came in, and the grain merchant repeated to him his first instruction: "Run out and see where that load of grain is going." In a few minutes the new clerk returned and said: "The grain is going to Wilson's; they are paying eighty-five cents per bushel, and want another carload." The merchant, turning to the confidential man, said: "You have your answer. It took you three trips to find out what this man learned in one." The new clerk had wit enough to know that the merchant did not care about where the grain was going, but if there was a probability of supplying some of the demand, and upon what terms.—James T. White, "Character Lessons." (3358)

USEFULNESS VERSUS DISPLAY

One of these little flitting society girls, compared to a substantial Christian girl, reminds me of a butterfly compared to a honey-bee. The butterfly flits here and there with its beautiful color, and nobody ever knows what it's for or where it goes. The honey-bee flies from flower to flower, lighting with a velvet tread upon each blossom, extracting its sweetness without marring its beauty, and lays up honey to bless the world.—"Famous Stories of Sam P. Jones." (3359)

USELESS LABOR

If all the efforts wasted on such tasks as that described below were put into useful and constructive work, the world's wealth would be far more rapidly increased.

Mr. William L. Stuart, a young man engaged in business in New York City, has performed the seemingly impossible feat of engraving the entire Lord's Prayer on the head of an ordinary pin, to which he has added his name and the year, making altogether two hundred and seventy-six letters and figures.

Mr. Stuart did the work at odd times during his regular employment and with very ordinary tools, which seemingly are not adapted to such fine engraving. The pin was set in a block of wood, and a common engraver's tool was used. A simple microscope, costing only about twenty-five cents, and known as a "linen tester," furnished the necessary magnifying. (3360)

USELESS STRUCTURES

Science speaks of useless physiological structures, as when we read in "The Descent of Man":

Man, as well as every other animal, presents structures which, as far as we can judge with our little knowledge, are not now of any service to him, nor have been so during any former period of his existence, either in relation to his general condition of life, or of one sex to the other. Such structures can not be accounted for by any form of selection, or by the inherited effects of the use and disuse of parts.

Useless structures are not discerned alone by science. History and experience, in the large field of life, have seen them many times. The efforts of man have often reclaimed "useless structures." (3361)

USURY IN OLD DAYS

Our Pilgrims were few and poor. The whole outfit of this historic voyage, including £1,700 of trading stock, was only £2,400, and how little was required for their succor appears in the experience of the soldier, Captain Miles Standish, who, being sent to England for assistance—not military, but financial—(God save the mark!)—succeeded in borrowing—how much do you suppose?—£150 sterling. Something in the way of help; and the historian adds, "tho at fifty per cent interest." So much for a valiant soldier on a financial expedition. A later agent, Allerton, was able to borrow for the colony £200 at a reduced interest of thirty per cent. Plainly, the money-sharks of our day may trace an undoubted pedigree to these London merchants.—CHARLES SUMNER. (3362)

UTILITY

Many men decide values as Russell Sage did in this incident from *The Saturday Evening Post,* which illustrates the thrift which has always been present in all transactions made by Russell Sage:

A prominent New York financier says that recently, while on a tour of inspection over the Missouri Pacific system, President Gould took great pride in pointing out to Russell Sage the late improvements in equipment, and various new and ingenious devices and attachments. Among the latter Mr. Gould was especially pleased to show to Mr. Sage a certain device by which there is registered the speed of a train. The device in question resembled a steam-gage, and was connected with an axle, so that the pointer registered the number of revolutions every minute.

Mr. Sage examined the device with great interest. Then, after a moment's pause, he looked up at Mr. Gould, and asked with great solemnity, "Does it earn anything?" "No, I think not," answered the president. "Does it save anything?" "No." "Then," concluded Mr. Sage decidedly, "I would not have it on my car!" (3363)

See CURRENTS, UTILIZING.

UTILITY AS THEISTIC EVIDENCE

Man reasons from himself to the great cause of things. That which is true of man may be true of God.

A prospect-glass or a forceps is an instrument; they have each a final cause; that is, they were each made and adjusted for a certain use. The use of the prospect-glass is to assist the eye; the use of the forceps is to assist the hand. The prospect-glass was made the better to see; the forceps, the better to grasp. The use did not make these instruments; they were each made for the use—which use was foreseen and premeditated in the mind of the maker of them. We say of each of them without a shadow of hesitation: If this had not first been a thought, it could never have been a thing. (3364)

UTILITY, DIVINE

Preaching, like every other thing that God permits or ordains, can not be limited by human regulations. Rev. W. H. Fitchett says of John Wesley:

John Wesley heard at Bristol that his helper, Maxfield, had crossed the mystic border-line which separates an exhortation from a sermon, and the story has already been told of how Wesley rode post-haste to London to trample out the first sparks of what might prove to be a conflagration. His mother's calm eyes and quiet speech arrested him. She made the one appeal which, to Wesley's reason and conscience alike, was irresistible. This new and alarming phenomenon must, after all, be judged by the question: "Does God use it?"—"Wesley and His Century." (3365)

UTILIZATION

Darwin made the great experiments which have changed the whole aspect of natural history, with the common glasses of his house, and the common flower-pots in his garden.

There is a legend of an artist who sought long for a piece of sandalwood out of which to carve a Madonna. He was about to give up the search when in a dream he was bidden to shape the figure from a block of oakwood which was destined for the fire. Obeying the command, he produced from the log of common firewood a masterpiece.—HUGH MACMILLAN. (3366)

Not so long ago there arrived at a Pacific port a ship from Belfast, Ireland, after a voyage that was in one respect remarkable. It appears that this vessel's ballast consisted of about 2,000 tons of Irish soil. This, when leveled off, made a pretty good-sized garden patch, and the members of the crew, with commendable thrift, took it into their heads to improve it.

They planted a good stock of garden truck—cabbages, leeks, turnips, radishes, peas, beans, lettuce and other things. These came up in due course, and flourished admirably, especially while the ship was in the tropics, and the men had fresh "garden sass" to their hearts' content.

As they rounded Cape Horn they replanted the garden, and by the time they reached the equator everything was again green and the table well supplied.

The two drawbacks were the weeds, which grew apace, and the inroads of the ship's drove of pigs, which were kept in the "farmyard attachment," and which, on several occasions, when the ship was rolling heavily, broke out of bounds and, of course, did their best to obtain their share of the garden truck.

The last pig was killed and served with green vegetables just before the vessel entered the port on the Pacific. On the arrival of the ship the sod was taken to its destination, ready to be used again for terrestrial gardening.—*Harper's Weekly.* (3367)

A public sentiment that fluctuates irregularly can be as little depended upon in making progress as the sun's energy noted in the following:

The energy falling upon an ordinary city lot should run continuously a hundred-horse-power plant. If all the coal deposits in Pennsylvania were burned in one second, they would not produce as much power as the sun furnishes us in the same time. The difficulty in the practical utilization of the solar energy lies in its extreme variability. In the morning and afternoon, when the sun is low in the heavens, but a small amount of energy reaches the surface, and even at noon a passing cloud will absorb the greater part of the solar radiation.—CHARLES LANE POOR, "The Solar System." (3368)

UTILIZATION OF RESOURCES

A writer on the coal areas of the nation says:

A good geologist, Baron von Richthofen, has reported that he has found a coal-field in the province of Hunau covering an area of 21,700 square miles, which is nearly double the British coal area of 12,000 square miles. In the province of Shansi, the baron discovered nearly 30,000 square miles of coal, with unrivaled facilities for mining. But all these vast coal-fields, capable of supplying the whole world for some thousands of years to come, are lying unworked.

If "the course of manufacturing supremacy of wealth and of power" were directed by coal, then China, which possesses 33.3 times more of this directive force than Great Britain, and had so early a start in life, should be the supreme summit of the industrial world. If this solid hydrocarbon "raises up one people and casts down another," the Chinaman should be raised thirty-three times and three-tenths higher than the Englishman; if it "makes railways on land and paths on the sea," the Chinese railways should be 33.3 times longer than ours, and the tonnage of their mercantile marine 33.3 times greater.

China is thus shown to be, potentially, the wealthiest coal-bearing country in the world. Actually, she is one of the poorest. The difference lies in her lack of utilization of that which is hers. So many a man fails of the best results. He possesses untold wealth, but he is morally and spiritually poverty-stricken because he fails to work the moral and spiritual deposit. (3369)

UTILIZING SEAWEED

Owing to the formation of the coast, seaweed is present in great quantities along the shores of Prince Edward Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The high tide leaves a long stretch of territory between high and low water mark, where it grows. As a fodder it is eaten by oxen, sheep, and deer in winter, and when boiled with a small quantity of meal added it makes a desirable food for hogs.

From seaweed, when reduced to ashes, are gained some of the most beneficent preparations in use to-day. Some of these are iodin, bromin, hydriodic acid, iodides of sodium, mercury, potassium, magnesium, and calcium. From it are extracted coloring matters, volatile oil, and its ingredients are used in photography. It is further employed as coverings for flasks, in the packing of glass, china, and other brittle wares, for packing furniture, stuffing pillows and mattresses, and in upholstering. The claim is made that furniture stuffed with seaweed is kept free of moths and other insects, owing to its salty flavor.

This weed is one of the best non-conductors of heat and finds use in thermotics, especially in the insulation of refrigerators and in refrigerating plants. It is also used between walls and floors to prevent the transmission of sound.

As the demand for this article is getting more active, large quantities are being gathered by farmers and fishermen along the shores of Prince Edward Island, dried, and prepared for shipment to the United States. (Text.)—*Harper's Weekly.* (3370)

UTILIZING SEED

"There isn't one man in ten thousand who has the remotest idea of the vast number of uses to which the once despised cotton-seed is now being put," said Captain B. J. Holmes, of New Orleans.

"From the clean seed are obtained linters and meats and hulls, the hulls making the best and most fattening feed for cattle that has yet been found. From the linters are gathered material for mattresses, felt wads, papers, rope, and a grade of underwear, and likewise cellulose, out of which gun-cotton is made. The meats furnish oil and meal, the oil after refining being now in almost universal use in the kitchens of this and other countries. Before refinement to the edible stage, the oil is known under many names, such as salad-oil, stearine, winter-oil and white-oil, oleomargarine being the product of stearine. The white-oil is the chief ingredient in compound lards. The original oil, also known as soap stock, has fatty acids used in the manufacture of soaps, roofing-tar, paints and glycerine, and from this comes the explosive nitroglycerine. I might also add that the meal, aside from its use as cattle provender, is transformed into bread, cake, crackers and even candy. Last of all come the doctors, who are saying that this wonderful seed is a boon to the sick, since from its oils an emulsion is prepared that has been known to be of value in tuberculosis and other ailments."—Baltimore *American.* (3371)

Utilizing Soap-suds—See SAGACITY SUPPLEMENTING SCIENCE.

Utilizing Spider Threads—See NATURE AIDING SCIENCE.

Utilizing the Best We Have—See CONSERVATION OF REMAINDERS.

UTTERANCE

Criminals, even those hardened beings who, ordinarily, laugh at everything, and show but little trace of what we call conscience, rarely keep their secret. It seems to burn them. They chalk it on the walls, and they betray it in their dreams. Their security depends upon their silence, and this silence they can not keep. At every moment their speech skirts the terrible mystery, and takes on a hollow sound which recalls that of steps upon tunneled earth. One guesses a gulf even when he does not see it. Revelation is more than a need; it is a necessity. It takes place sometimes in spite of ourselves and against our will. (Text.)—CHARLES WAGNER, "The Gospel of Life." (3372)

V

Vacation Philosophy—See Routine.

Vacuity—See Oratory; Social Vanity.

Valuation, Extravagant—See Mystery, Value of.

VALUE IN RUBBISH

The rubbish of New York City is worth about $200,000 a year. The city gathers and carries its rubbish to the scows at the river-front. Then a contractor trims the scows and disposes of the litter. This operation costs him about $3,000 a week, or $500 each working day. For the privilege of handling the stuff, and winnowing it for goodly finds, the contractor, Celesto Di Maico, pays $1,750 a week, or $90,000 a year, to the city. This is $25,000 more than the previous contracts.—*Collier's Weekly.* (3373)

VALUE OF ONE MAN

Of Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, *The Episcopal Recorder* says:

In these days, when every millionaire comes in for his share of just or unjust criticism, it is refreshing to read the kindly comments made on Thomas A. Edison and his work. Mr. Edison is an enormously wealthy man, but strange to say, we seldom think of Edison and millions in the same moment. The enormous force generated by this brilliant man is seen in the fact that his inventions and those which he has materially assisted have given existence to industries capitalized at more than $7,000,000,000, and earning annually more than $1,000,000,000, while they find employment for half a million people. Even these stupendous figures do not cover the facts, for no figures can begin to indicate the value of the service Mr. Edison's inventions have rendered to mankind. If we could take out of every-day life those things that owe their existence to his genius, there would be quite a conspicuous gap, and Mr. Edison has not finished yet. The impress of this quiet man of sixty-three is possibly one of the greatest ever made by any one. Certainly his conquests of peace far surpass all the conquests of war. (3374)

Value Recognized—See Genius Can Not Be Hidden.

VALUE THROUGH CHRIST

A class of medical students were being taken through the wards of a hospital. Their professor was showing them some strange case—a man who was a mere wreck, lying upon his bed hopeless and helpless, a broken fragment of humanity, a man who had spoiled his chances, sold his soul and body. The professor said in Latin, *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili,* "Let the experiment be made upon a worthless body." But the man was an old university man, and before the days of his crash, he, too, knew Latin. He arose in his bed and answered back, *Pro hoc corpore vili Jesus Christus mortuus est,* "For this worthless body Jesus Christ has died." And from every broken bit of the wreckage of humanity, and from every bit of your own soul's life that is wrecked and broken, comes the same response to-day. God knows that for this worthless body Jesus Christ is on His cross still waiting to see of the travail of His soul.—John Kelman. (3375)

VALUES

Charles Wagner, in "The Gospel of Life," points a conclusion worth considering:

In finance, a figure is a figure. Two equal numbers have the same value, and a hundred dollars are twice fifty and twenty times as much as five dollars. But when intentions are involved, it is another matter; then the value of the figures depends no longer upon their size. This is what Jesus causes us to observe. Beware of neglecting the little pennies; there are pennies that are poems, there are pennies that have a soul. (3376)

VALUES IN QUESTION

Money talks just as loudly in the realm of music as anywhere else. The despised violin, which merely is an incumbrance when it is thought to be worth not more than $10, becomes the chief ornament of the household when an expert says it is worth not less than $1,000. In Chicago there is a business man who owns a violin. He inherited it from his father, who was a musician. The business man does not play. One of his friends is a lover of violin music. That friend often had told the business man the violin was a good one, and that he ought to treasure it. The business man regarded the advice as that of an enthusiast. One day the argument became so warm the friend insisted that the question be settled at once by carrying the instrument to a professor of music, who is admittedly an authority on violins.

"Why, I wouldn't carry that violin through the street for anything," the business man said. "My friends would think I had gone music mad in my old age."

"I'll carry it," his friend said quickly. "I'm not ashamed to carry a violin anywhere. Come along."

They went. The professor was at home. The back and the belly, the neck and the bridge, the tail-piece and the sounding-post, all passed beneath his critical eye. "It looks all right," the professor said. From the case he drew the bow and ran the hair several times across the cake of rosin. Then, striking A on a nearby piano, he proceeded to tune the instrument which for so many years had been held in so light esteem by its owner. After the violin was in tune he tested it, string by string, chord by chord, and harmonic by harmonic, in all positions. Then he began to play. The fulness, the richness and sweetness of the tone appealed even to the matter-of-fact business man.

"It is a genuine old Italian instrument, and I'll give you $1,000 for it," the professor said. The business man gasped.

"I'll tell you frankly, it is worth more than that, but that is all I can afford to pay," the professor continued.

"I can't think of selling it," the business man replied, with a halt in his speech. "You see, it came to me from my father. It is an heirloom. I thank you, however, for the test you have made and the good opinion you have exprest."

The two men started away from the home of the professor, the business man carrying the violin.

"Let me take it," his musical friend said. "You might meet some one you know."

"I'll carry it," the business man retorted. "I don't care how many friends I meet. And, besides, you might drop it."—Chicago *Inter-Ocean.* (3377)

Values Rated—See DISCRIMINATION, UNFAIR.

Values, Spiritual—See SPIRITUAL VALUES.

VALUES, STANDARD OF

When Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, asserted in the presence of Sir Joshua Reynolds that a pin-maker was more valuable to society than a Raphael, that ardent lover of his profession replied with some asperity: "That is an observation of a very narrow mind, a mind that is confined to the mere object of commerce. Commerce is the means, not the end of happiness. The end is a rational enjoyment by means of art and sciences. It is, therefore, the highest degree of folly to set the means in a higher rank of esteem than the end. It is as much as to say that the brick-maker is superior to the architect." (3378)

VANDALISM

In Egypt, travelers tell us about the destruction of palaces by vandals and Huns. The greatest architects and artists the world has ever known toiled upon the palace, and made it as perfect as a red rose; then came along these vandals—they ripped out carvings of angels and seraphs, that held a beauty that would pierce an artist's heart, and with these carvings boiled their kettles. They pulled down the statues of Phidias and burned them into lime. They took the very stones of a palace and built them into hundreds of mean and squalid hovels. Soon where had been a structure for the gods, there stood hovels unfit for beasts.

In the same way many men treat the precious things of life and religion. (3379)

VANITY

The fate of the soap-bubble is a lesson put into rime by Katherine Pyle:

"I am little," the soap-bubble said, "just now;
Oh, yes, I am small, I know";
(This is what it said to the penny pipe);
"But watch and see me grow.

"Now, look! and reflected in me you'll see
The windows, the chairs and door.
I'm a whole little world; did you ever know
Such a wonderful thing before?

"And only look at my colors bright,
Crimson and green and blue,
You could hardly hope such a lovely thing
Would ever stay here with you.

"And I feel so light!" the bubble cried;
  "I'm going now; good-by!
I shall float and float away from here,
  Out under the shining sky.

"I shall float—" But puff! the bubble broke.
  The pipe near the nursery floor
Never looked nor spoke, but went on with
      its work,
  And blew a great many more. (3380)

See Marks, Covering.

VANITY, BLASPHEMOUS

Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga, was once listening in church to the Rev. Jedediah Dewey, the ancester of Admiral Dewey of Manila fame, who was offering prayer in which he was giving God thanks for the victory of the American arms at the battle of Bennington, when Ethan Allen chafed under the devout preacher's neglect of his part in the conflict and success. Rising in his pew in the midst of the prayer, he said, "Parson Dewey, Parson Dewey!" The parson stopt and opened his eyes to see the source of the interruption, when Ethan Allen added, "Please mention to the Lord about my being there." "Sit down, thou blasphemer," thundered Mr. Dewey, "and listen to the praises of the God of battles." (3381)

VANITY IN DEATH

According to a recent magazine writer, Ann Oldfield, who once took "London by storm," "being much caressed in the houses of great people and received in friendly terms at court," is now chiefly recalled as an actress who, when dying, was concerned most with the "becomingness of the burial robe" in which she lay in state indeed in the Jerusalem chamber of Westminster Abbey, in the vaults of which she was entombed.

"Odious in woollen 'twould a saint provoke,
  (Were the last words that poor Narcissa
      spoke.)
  No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
  Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless
      face.
  One would not, sure, be frightful when one's
      dead,
  And, Betty, give this cheek a little red!"
(Text.)
(3382)

Variation—See Freedom Through Drill.

VERBIAGE

Certainly lawyers can not rail at theologians for adhesion to traditional forms.

An author who inveighed against the practise of lawyers drawing long deeds and settlements, thus satirized it: "If a man were to give to another an orange he would merely say, 'I give you this orange'; but when the transaction is entrusted to the hands of a lawyer to put it in writing, he adopts this form, 'I hereby give, grant and convey to you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title, claim and advantage of and in the said orange, together with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away as fully and effectually as I, the said A B, am now entitled to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, anything hereinbefore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of what nature or kind soever to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding.'" (Text.)—Croake James, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers."
(3383)

VERSATILITY

The following anecdote is told of Cyrus Hamlin, a lifelong missionary in Turkey and the chief founder of Robert College in Constantinople:

One day at Bowdoin, Professor Smith delivered a lecture on the steam-engine to Hamlin's class, not one of whom, perhaps, had ever seen a steam-engine. Those were the days of the stage-coach and the ox-team. After the lecture he said to Professor Smith, "I believe I could make an engine." The professor replied, "I think you can make anything you undertake, Hamlin, and I wish you would try." He did try, and succeeded. By working twelve and sometimes fifteen hours each day, he built a steam-engine sufficiently large to be of real service as a part of the philosophical apparatus of the college.—*Youth's Companion.* (3384)

Versatility Required—See Details, Peril of.

VERSION, HIS MOTHER'S

A Bible-class teacher was telling of the various translations of the Bible and their different excellences. The class was much interested, and one of the young men that evening was talking to a friend about it.

"I think I prefer the King James version for my part," he said, "tho, of course, the Revised is more scholarly."

His friend smiled. "I prefer my mother's translation of the Bible myself to any other version," he said.

"Your mother's?" cried the first young man, thinking his companion had suddenly gone crazy. "What do you mean, Fred?"

"I mean that my mother has translated the Bible into the language of daily life for me ever since I was old enough to understand it. She translates it straight, too, and gives its full meaning. There has never been any obscurity about her version. Whatever printed version of the Bible I may study, my mother's is always the one that clears up my difficulties." (3385)

Vessels—See CONDEMNED, THE.

VIBRATION

The jar and discord of life may often be modified by balancing one discord against another or by changing the rate of effort. Sometimes to go faster in one direction or slower in another brings harmony and peace.

It is rather interesting to call attention to the recent improvement in the running conditions of the steamship *Mauretania*, which, it will be remembered, is driven by four steam turbines, and which recently damaged one of her propellers. While repairing the latter, advantage was taken of the opportunity to change the propeller-blades a little, and it is said the change reduced very appreciably the vibration of the vessel. It seems that there was more or less resonance between the vibration caused by the propeller-blades and the speed at which they were driven; so by throwing the two out of harmony, the effect is damped out. Doubtless similar conditions exist elsewhere and frequently are the cause of the entire trouble due to vibration, and by some slight change, throwing the apparatus or its support out of tune, the effect is removed.—*The Electrical Review.* (3386)

See COMMUNICATION, PSYCHICAL.

VICARIOUS SACRIFICE

Dr. Turner, in his book on the Samoan Islands, tells the following incident:

The people were cannibals, the King, Mahetoa, leading in the horrible practise. His young son, Polu, hated the heathenish and brutal custom, and one day, when he saw a poor boy waiting to be killed and served as a tender morsel for the King's dinner, he was touched with pity and said, "Don't cry; I will try and save you." So he drest himself in coconut leaves and had himself served just as tho he had been killed and roasted whole. The King came to the table, and looked down at the cannibal dish, saw two bright eyes looking up at him. He recognized his son, and the thought flashed through his heathen mind, "What if it were, indeed, my dear son, whose body had been cooked for my meal!" He was touched, too, by the magnanimity of his boy, taking the other lad's place, and he abolished cannibalism by law from his kingdom from that day. (Text.) (3387)

VICARIOUS SALVATION IMPOSSIBLE

There was a man who dreamed that he died and, seeking admission to paradise, was refused. He attempted to excuse his lack of religious faith and fidelity by the old pretext that, while he looked after worldly affairs, his wife went to church for both. "Well," said the gatekeeper, "she has gone in for both!" (3388)

Vicarious Sight—See FRATERNITY.

VICARIOUSNESS

There are men who reap consequences without having the advantages of the causes that brought them about. For instance, it takes the gout a good long time to grow in a family, but it does grow, and it often grows from a good cellar of port in the possession of an ancestor. Now, what I think hard is that a man should have the port without having the gout; and what I think more tragic still, is that another man should have the gout without having had the port. But still that is one of the great laws of life. We can not avoid it, and we dare not impugn its wisdom. Did we, we should be like the great civic functionary who determined to have a south wall built all around his garden.—GEORGE DAWSON. (3389)

Charles Wagner, in "The Gospel of Life," gives this interesting incident:

Something happened last winter, in Paris, that I shall place side by side with the mite of the gospel. You will remark the profound analogy, the close spiritual kinship of these two cases.

In the north wind of December a shelter was raised where warm soup was given to the unfortunate. A very old woman, who had long waited her turn, at length sat down and was served. Before she touched her portion, she noticed that a young, robust working man beside her had already consumed his with an avidity that betrayed that he was famished. At once she pushed her plate toward the workman and said to him: "I am not hungry, will you eat this?" The workman accepted. But some one had noticed all that had passed. As they went out, he took the old woman aside and said to her: "You were not hungry then?" "Oh, yes," she answered, blushing, "but I am old and can bear it, and that poor young man was more in need of it than I." (3390)

VICE DEN DISPLACED BY MISSION

Persons passing No. 293 Bowery, formerly the Germania Assembly Rooms, were invited to come in and be "rescued."

"This is Hadley Rescue Hall," said the man at the door. "Please come in and be rescued while there is time. All are welcome."

"What!" exclaimed an astonished man; "the old Germania a mission! Why, this place was one of the biggest gambling dens the city ever had, and next door was McGuirk's 'Suicide Hall.' If I had the money that I blew in there I wouldn't be walking the Bowery to-day in search of a nickel for a cup of coffee." (3391)

VICTORIES, DISASTROUS

Milman has told us how Pope John XXI, bursting into exultant laughter as he entered for the first time that noble chamber which he had built for himself at Viterbo, is crusht by its avenging roof, which that instant comes down on his head. And thus it is true, in a deeper sense, that many a triumph crushes and extinguishes all that is noblest in him who has won it. Doubtless, failure and defeat are bitter, but hardest of all to bear are not our losses but our victories.—Bishop Potter, *Scribner's Magazine.* (3392)

VICTORY

Baldwin, an Englishman, who went to Africa only with the intention of shooting, one day put this problem to himself, after having been very nearly felled by a lion: "Why does man risk his life without having any interest in doing so?" The answer he gave to himself was: "It is a question which I will not try to solve. All I can say is that in victory one finds an inward satisfaction for which it is worth while to run a risk, even if there is nobody to applaud." (3393)

In 61 B.C., Pompey returned to Rome from the wars, having conquered the known world. He led a triumphal procession along the *Via Sacra,* occupying two days. In front were borne brazen tablets on which were recorded a list of the nations conquered and the trophies won in Africa, in Europe, and in Asia, representing nine hundred cities and one thousand fortresses. (Text.)

See Winning. (3394)

VICTORY IN DEFEAT

Billy Boy was in a very serious frame of mind; in fact, he was quite gloomy and dejected. To be sure, his side hadn't won the cricket match, but that was scarcely enough to account for his present state of feeling. He had lost before, and usually with pretty good grace. But to-day no sympathy appealed to him, no cheerful encouragement won so much as a shadow of a smile. The hopeful, merry, happy Billy Boy had entirely disappeared.

Mother, whose experience with little boys had warned her of occasions when it was a case of "do-better-or-do-nothing-at-all," as Hans says in the Grimm story, waited for the situation to develop, and at last the silence was broken. Slowly, seriously, solemnly, Billy Boy said it:

"Mother, God was on the side of the bad boys, and they won. You see, we fellows thought we would try awfully hard and not get mad or cheat or say bad words. And not one fellow did. And the other fellows did—like fury. I guess they swore. And they won and we were licked. God was on their side all right, and it's not fair."

Ordinary comfort and explanation availed nothing. The fact remained. The faithful little band that had tried to do right had been beaten by the rough little crowd that didn't care anything at all about it. God was on the side of might—not right. This was self-evident and did not admit of explanation;

and who wants comfort for injustice? Not Billy Boy. After a while father came in, and before Billy Boy saw him, mother had presented the case.

He thought carefully a moment. Then his cheerful voice was heard.

"Well, my boy, I hear you won out to-day."

"Well, then," in a voice of awful solemnity, "you heard wrong, 'cause we didn't; we were licked."

"Oh, but I heard that there were two contests; which did you win?"

"Why, I don't know what you mean, father."

"Mother told me about it. She told me you lost the match, but you won the big, important thing; you didn't beat the other fellows, but you beat yourselves, and conquered all the anger and unfairness and bad language. Congratulations, old fellow! You won out and I'm proud of you."

Billy Boy's face was slowly undergoing a change. It was growing once more interested, happy, hopeful. "Why, that's so, dad," he said joyously, after a minute; "I didn't see that. And God was on our side after all, wasn't He?"

"Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," said the father, with a smile.

That night when Billy Boy said his prayers, this is the way he ended his petition: "And please, God, excuse me for the way I thought about you this afternoon. I didn't understand."—*Congregationalist.* (3395)

VICTORY, ULTIMATE

The victory that comes beyond all life's failures is the subject of these lines from *Success:*

There is no failure. Life itself's a song
Of victory o'er death, and ages long
Have told the story old of triumphs wrought
Unending, from the things once held for naught.
The battle's over; tho defeated now,
In coming time the waiting world shall bow
Before the throne of Truth that's builded high
Above the dust of those whose ashes lie
All heedless of the glorious fight they won
When death obscured the light of vict'ry's sun. (3396)

VICTORY WITH GOD

But yesterday I opened an English history. The scholar was recounting the events of the hour when Parliament prohibited slavery, in the English colonies. At that time, the author says, applause in those sacred precincts was unknown, but suddenly at the name of Wilberforce, all the members arose, cheered wildly, waved hands and caps, and in a tumult of enthusiasm, clustered about Wilberforce. But the one man who sat silent and overcome, perhaps was thinking of the hour when in Parliament he made his first plea. Then his seemed a hopeless task. The rich men of England drew their income from slavery and the sugar plantations. The whole moneyed system of England was involved. After Wilberforce's first attack on slavery, he was left alone. Men turned their backs on him as if he were a leper. He ate his bread in solitude. When he wandered through the corridors of the House of Commons, he was alone, like an outcast. All great houses were closed to the reformer. Then Wilberforce wrote a little book on religion and conscience, and the moral state of England. But the bitter fight was transferred to a cathedral, whose canon thundered against the reformer, and defended the institution of slavery. But Wilberforce held on his way. He knew his God. He saw afar off Him who was invisible. And lo, the sword flashed, and he beheld the Prince of Peace marching to victory. Once there was Wilberforce, and in the shadow behind him one like unto the Son of God. Then, there was Wilberforce, and all England behind him, and the Eternal God over all, leading on, in whose name Wilberforce wrought exploits.—N. D. HILLIS. (3397)

VIEW, THE NEAR AND FAR

How often would it happen that men who see evil in other men, and hold one another in distrust and contempt, would gain a different impression merely by drawing nearer together. *Tit-Bits* gives this humorous instance:

They met on a bridge. Each held out his hand, and they shook, and instantly realized that they were utter strangers. Had not one of them been a genuine Hibernian the situation might have been embarrassing.

"Begorra, that's quare," said Pat. "When we wor so far off that we couldn't see eich other I thought it was you an' you thought it was me, and now we're here together it's nayther of us." (Text.) (3398)

VIEW-POINT.

In a poem, "The Mountain," Edwin Markham shows how differently a mountain affects different minds:

Each builds his world forever, dark or
bright,
And sits within his separate universe.
The shepherd sees in this green mountain
top
Place where his sheep may wander and grow
fat.
What to the drover is this lilied pool?
A hollow for his swine to wallow in.
Gold-hunters find upon this rocky peak
Nothing but ledges for their ringing picks.
But to the poet all this soaring height
Smokes with the footsteps of the passing
God! (3399)

See LIFE WHAT WE MAKE IT; MOODS DETERMINING DESIRES.

View-point Changed—See VALUES IN QUESTION.

Views, Contracted — See SELF-LIMITATION.

VIGILANCE

Richard III went out at twilight to reconnoiter; he found a sentinel fast asleep at the outposts. The King promptly stabbed him to the heart and left upon his breast a paper with the stern inscription, "I found him asleep and I leave him so."

Sooner or later death, or something equally to be feared, overtakes every man who forsakes his duty and falls asleep at his post. (Text.) (3400)

Vigilance in Nature—See NATURE'S AGGRESSIVENESS.

VINCIBLENESS

Men are like timber. Oak will bear a stress that pine won't, but there never was a stick of timber on the earth that could not be broken at some pressure. There never was a man born on the earth that could not be broken at some pressure—not always the same nor put in the same place. There is many a man who can not be broken by money pressure, but who can be by pressure of flattery. There is many a man impervious to flattery who is warped and biased by his social inclinations. There is many a man whom you can not tempt with red gold, but you can with dinners and convivialities. One way or the other, every man is vincible. There is a great deal of meaning in that simple portion of the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation."—HENRY WARD BEECHER. (3401)

VIRTUE IN POOR GUISES

I believe that virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen. I believe that she and every beautiful object in external nature claims some sympathy in the breast of the poorest man who breaks his scanty loaf of daily bread. I believe that she goes barefoot as well as shod. I believe that she dwells rather oftener in alleys and by-ways than she does in courts and palaces, and that it is good, and pleasant, and profitable to track her out, and follow her. I believe that to lay one's hand upon some of those rejected ones whom the world has too long forgotten, and too often misused, and to say to the proudest and most thoughtless, "These creatures have the same elements and capacities of goodness as yourselves; they are molded in the same form, and made of the same clay; and tho ten times worse than you, may, in having retained anything of their original nature amid the trials and distresses of their condition, be really ten times better." I believe that to do this is to pursue a worthy and not useless vocation.—CHARLES DICKENS. (3402)

VIRTUE NOT TO BE COERCED

The most temperate crowd of men I know is in Sing Sing. There isn't a single thief in the Raymond Street Jail. But pull down the walls of Sing Sing, and then you will discover the difference between a man whose virtue depends upon a wall and the man whose goodness depends upon a will.—N. D. HILLIS. (3403)

VIRTUE, TIRING OF

We have come to a time when multitudes are tired of law, and duty, honor, justice, and the old solid and substantial virtues of the fathers. Now and then this rebellious mood voices itself in the lips of some restless youth who exclaims boldly, "I hate the very word duty." Men are become like the cattle in the clover-field, that once the appetite is satisfied, tire of walking around knee-deep in rich, luscious grasses, and stick their heads through the fence, to strain toward the dog's kennel in the dusty lane. It is a singular fact that a colt in the field, up to its ears in clover, as soon as it has eaten and is full, envies the poor old forsaken horse, out in the lane, a mere bag of bones, deserted by its owner and left to die, and eating dirt in its hungry desire for a single mouthful of grass-roots.—N. D. HILLIS. (3404)

VIRTUES, TRANSPLANTED

A rare plant from the King's Gardens at Kew, England, has floated down the stream to a little village in Surrey. Its flowers may now be seen, to the great surprize of botanists, growing on the banks of this village stream in fine profusion. So the flowers of humility, love, and faith, transplanted in us from higher lives may grow in the humblest lives, surprizing all around by their sweet fragrance. (3405)

Vision—See ELEVATION AND VISION; INSPIRATION.

Vision, Distorted—See BLINDNESS CURED.

VISION OF JESUS

It was the vision of the Savior which transformed the whole being of Paul. And the apprehension of the person of the risen and ascended Son of God must forever change the one who has beheld Him.

Sir David Brewster says, in his life of Sir Isaac Newton, that the great astronomer on a certain occasion gazed steadfastly with his naked eyes on the sun shining in his meridian splendor. As a consequence, the impression in the retina was so deep that for days he could not see anything with distinctness—turn which way he would, he constantly beheld the image of the sun. He shut himself up for days in a dark room, but even there he could clearly discern the golden halo of the light. (Text.) (3406)

VISION RESTORED

A young French girl, daughter of a famous painter, had lost her eyesight in infancy. She was supposed to be incurably blind. But years later a noted Paris oculist was consulted and performed a delicate operation which completely restored her vision. Frequently afterward she would run into her father's arms and exclaim: "To think that I had such a father for so many years and never knew him!"

So many souls are blind and are ignorant of their Heavenly Father! (Text.) (3407)

Vision, The Larger—See SELF-LIMITATIONS.

Visiting, Vain—See ACQUAINTANCES.

VITAL FAITHS

An institution has life in it. Cut any of the faiths of your fathers and they bleed. At the heart of a grain of wheat is a golden spot that holds the life, and a coming sheaf. You may strip off the outer hull, but touch that living heart at your peril. You may change the forms of your government, but, oh, guard the liberty of your fathers. You may change the wording of your fathers' creed, but at your peril touch the providence of God, His Fatherhood and love, the way of life through Christ, the hope of immortality. You may change the method of worship on Sunday, but at your peril do not destroy it, until in one wild orgy of drunken pleasure, your children become mere insect "skippers," dancing for a day on the surface of a poisoned pool, then to disappear forever.—N. D. HILLIS. (3408)

VITALITY, LOW

Just as the body when at a low vitality is susceptible to colds, so it may as truly be said of the soul, when impoverished it falls a prey to temptation and sin.

The common theory that all colds are the result of exposure is a great mistake, inasmuch as exposure is not the direct cause of the trouble. Colds are caused by hostile microbes, or bacteria, which gain a foothold at a time when our vitality has been lowered by exposure. But there are many quarters of the globe where one finds it impossible to catch cold, simply by reason of the fact that there is no cold to catch.

Peary and his men during the months they spent in the arctic regions were immune from cold, tho they were constantly enduring exposure of every kind. They passed day after day in clothes so saturated with perspiration that by day they froze into a solid mass, so to speak, and the clothes cut into their flesh. And at night, in their sleeping-bags, the first hour was spent in thawing out. They returned to civilization none the worse in health, but soon contracted severe colds upon reaching there. People were much amused by the press accounts of how Commander Peary had taken cold while proceeding to dine with a friend in a suburb of

Washington, the taxicab which was conveying him and his wife having broken down during a snow flurry in December.—*Harper's Weekly.* (3409)

Vocabulary and Missionaries — See SPEECH AND MISSIONARIES.

Vocal Practise and Health—See SINGING CONDUCIVE TO HEALTH.

VOCIFERATION

The Persians in their battles with the Scythians brought with them from Europe in their train a great number of asses, as beasts of burden, to transport the tents and the baggage of the army. These asses were accustomed in times of excitement and danger to set up a very terrific braying. It was, in fact, all that they could do. And it was effective, for the Scythian horses in their troops of cavalry, who would have faced spears and javelins and the loudest shouts and vociferations of human adversaries without fear, were appalled and put to flight at hearing the unearthly noises which issued from the Persian camp whenever they approached it. The battle was won by the braying of asses.

Any political campaign might stand as a testimony of the power of vociferation. But the really important issues of the world are never decided by the braying of asses. (3410)

Voice—See AUDIENCE, INSPIRATION FROM.

VOICE, A SWEET

The sweet voice of Philip Phillips once charmed the Senate chamber at Washington and won a rare tribute from President Lincoln. It was toward the close of the Civil War. The United States Christian Commission was in session. Statesmen, generals and other leading friends of the Union were there. On being invited to sing, Mr. Phillips rendered Mrs. Gates' "Your Mission," beginning,

"If you can not on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet."

As he proceeded every one sat spellbound. But when he reached the lines,

"If you can not in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent
You can go with careful tread;
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead,"

the Senate chamber rang with a tempest of applause, and a note was passed to the chairman, Secretary Seward, from the pen of Mr. Lincoln for the singer: "Near the close let us have 'Your Mission' repeated." (3411)

Voice, Knowledge of—See TESTIMONY, A SHEEP'S.

VOICE OF GOD

There is an old legend of a nun. She had gone into the thick solitudes to listen to the forest voices. Seated in the shade of a tree she heard a song till then new to her ears. It was the song of the mystic bird. In that song she heard in music all that man thinks and feels, all that he seeks and that he fails to find. On strong wings that song lifted her soul to the heights where it looks upon reality. There, with hands clasped, the nun listened and listened, forgetting earth, sky, time and even self—listened for long centuries, never tiring, but ever finding in that voice a sweetness forever new.

Just such music, only infinitely sweeter, does the soul find that listens amid its solitudes to the voice of God. (Text.) (3412)

VOICE, THE HUMAN

The author of the "Descent of Man" thinks even the human voice is prophetic of the ascent of man. Speaking of the "wonderful power, range, flexibility, and sweetness of the musical sounds producible by the human larynx," he says:

The habits of savages give no indication of how this faculty could have been developed. The singing of savages is a more or less monotonous howling, and the females seldom sing at all. It seems as if the organ had been prepared in anticipation of the future progress of man, since it contains latent capacities which are useless to him in his earlier condition. (3413)

Voice, The Mother's—See FATHER'S VOICE.

Voting—See BALLOT A DUTY.

Vows—See GRATITUDE.

Voyage of Life—See LIFE A VOYAGE.

VULGARITY IN THE RICH

"Edward Everett Hale," said a lawyer, "was one of the guests at a millionaire's dinner. The millionaire was a free spender, but he wanted full credit for every dollar put out. As the dinner progrest, he told his guests what the more expensive dishes had cost.

"'This terrapin,' he would say, 'was shipped direct from Baltimore. A Baltimore cook came on to prepare it. The dish actually cost one dollar a teaspoonful.'

"So he talked of the fresh peas, the hothouse asparagus, the Covent Garden peaches, and the other courses. He dwelt especially on the expense of the large and beautiful grapes, each bunch a foot long, each grape bigger than a plum. He told down to a penny what he had figured it out that the grapes had cost him apiece.

"The guests looked annoyed. They ate the expensive grapes charily. But Dr. Hale, smiling, extended his plate and said:

"'Would you mind cutting me off about $1.87 worth more, please?'" (Text.)—Rochester *Herald*. (3414)

W

Wager, A Rash—See WOMANLY WIT.

WAIT AND SEE

Be not swift to be afraid;
Many a ghostly thing is laid
In the light from out the shade,
Wait and see.

Do not live your sorrows twice;
Fear is like a touch of ice;
Faith can kill it in a trice,
Wait and see.

Why expect the worst to come?
Pondered cares are troublesome,
Joy makes up a goodly sum,
Wait and see.

Better than your wildest dreams
Is God's light that for you gleams.
When the morning cloudy seems,
Wait and see.

—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.
(3415)

WAITING

We often accomplish more by patient waiting than by direct effort.

There was a very balky horse in town which nobody could drive. A kind gentleman undertook to drive him through the White Mountains. His owner laughed, and said: "You can not drive out of town, much less through the mountains." He said quietly, "I think I will manage him," and he did, in this way. He filled the carriage-box with books, and when the horse balked he quietly flung the reins on the hook, took out a book and began to read, and waited patiently until the horse saw fit to start. This he did two or three times, and the horse was cured. (3416)

See STATIC PROGRESS.

Waiting for Enlightenment—See DRINK.

Walking—See FOLLOWING INEXACTLY; GAIT AND CHARACTER.

WALKING FOR INSPIRATION

Much bending over the folio does not make the better part of poetry or of prose. It inheres as much in the physiological condition that results from the swinging of the legs, which movement quickens heart action and stimulates the brain by supplying it with blood charged with the life-giving principle of the open air.

In spite of his club-foot, Byron, one of the most fecund, if not the most moral, of poets, managed to walk about in the open to an extent that should shame the verse-writer of to-day, clinging to his strap in the trolley-car. Wordsworth walked all over the Cumberland district and the neighboring country. Wherever he happened to be he poked into every secret corner. Shelley, we are told, rambled everywhere. Despite all unseemly cavil as to Tennyson's drinking habits, I should say that he drew more inspiration from his walks than from his wine. Goethe, who during his lifetime required fifty thousand bottles of the vintner's best to sweeten his imagination, found his extensive walks about Weimar a source of great inspirational profit. (Text.)—BAILEY MILLARD, *The Critic.* (3417)

WALKING WITH GOD

When a boy I remember distinctly seeing my father at a long distance off (almost as far as the eye could reach) on a road on which we were all accustomed to travel, as it was the highway to a big city. The one thing that enabled me to distinguish my father from other fellow travelers on that road was his manly walk. There was the graceful swing of the arm and directness of step, with his toes pointing in the right direction that quickly identified him from other men.

In the moral and spiritual world we are known by how we step, whether we are stepping with God or away from Him.—R. S. (3418)

Jeanette McMillan writes in this poem of a life's journey with God:

My plans were made, I thought my path all bright and clear,
My heart with songs o'erflowed, the world seemed full of cheer,
My Lord I wished to serve, to take Him for my Guide,
To keep so close that I could feel Him by my side;
And so I traveled on.

But suddenly, in skies so clear and full of light,
The clouds came thick and fast, the day seemed changed to night.
Instead of paths so clear and full of things so sweet,
Rough things, and thorns, and stones seemed all about my feet,
I scarce could travel on.

I bowed my head and wondered why this change should come,
And murmured, "Lord, is this because of aught I've done?
Has not the past been full enough of pain and care?
Why should my path again be changed to dark from fair?"
But still I traveled on.

I listened—quiet and still, there came a voice:
"This path is mine, not thine; I made the choice.
Dear child, this service will be best for thee and me
If thou wilt simply trust and leave the end with me."
And so we travel on. (3419)

WANDERER'S RETURN

A widowed lady of mature life mourned a runaway son who was lost to her for years. Her sorrow had silenced her song, for she was a cultured woman and an accomplished vocalist. But during a visit at a distant friend's home she was induced to sing at a church service, choosing for her solo, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" and, of course, sang it with much feeling; and after rendering the second stanza:

"Once he was pure as the morning dew,
As he knelt at his mother's knee,
No face was so bright, no heart more true,
And none were so sweet as he,"

the congregation joined in the refrain:

"O where is my boy to-night?
O where is my boy to-night?
My heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows,
O where is my boy to-night?"

"Mother, I'm here," responded a young man away back, making his way sobbing up the aisle. Among the converts that night was this returning wanderer. The Rev. Robert Lowry is the author of the hymn and tune. (3420)

WANT BRINGS PROGRESS

How paltry, worthless, small and scant
A world in which man knew not want,
Where no ungratified desire
Allured or drove him to aspire!
Then welcome world of toil and hope
Where every energy has scope!
Brothers, in God's great world rejoice,
And harken to His cheering voice
That calls man to the larger task
And gives him more than he could ask.
Let us in the assurance rest
That what God does is always best.
—CHARLES WILLIAM PEARSON, "A Threefold Cord." (3421)

War—See ARMIES OF THE WORLD; MILITARISM; NAVIES OF THE WORLD; STRATEGY; TENSION, MORAL.

WAR, AFTER EFFECTS OF

The Civil War lasted four years. The number of those enlisted in the Union army was 2,113,000. The number killed in action was 67,000; died of wounds received in action, 43,000; while the total number of deaths from all causes was 359,000. I have no statistics of the Confederate army, but certainly they would largely increase the total casualties of the war. On the other hand, the Spanish War lasted but a few months. The total number of men mustered in was 223,000. The number killed in action was only 218—not as many as have been killed in many a single mining catastrophe; the number of those that died from wounds received in action was 81; the number dying from disease, 3,848. The total casualties during that war were less than the number killed in railroad accidents in this country during a single year. According to the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the number killed on our railways during the year ending June 30, 1908, was 3,764; the number injured, 68,989. Other years show a greater fatality. In the Civil War were some of the greatest battles of history and a terrible loss of life on either side. In the Spanish War, outside of two brilliant naval engagements, there were only a few skirmishes. The two wars taken as a whole compare about like a twelve-inch rifled gun with a small pistol; and yet, as we have seen, after the Civil War there was no cry for an increase in armament, no call for a navy to challenge the fleets of the world, a steady payment of the national indebtedness, a devotion to the pursuits of peace, and a magnificent enlargement of our industries and business, while after the Spanish War we increased our army, and we have been steadily building ironclad after ironclad, until now our navy stands second among the navies of the world.—David J. Brewer. (3422)

See Sacrifice, Too Costly.

WAR AND PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

In a sermon on the scientific indictment of war, Dr. James H. Ecob says:

Soldiers must be young men; not only that, but young men of the finest possible physical development. The question at once presents itself, What effect must it have upon the physical stamina of a people, if the very flower of its young men are led out and fed to the cannon? What would we say of a farmer who should lead out into the back lots the very flower of his stock and shoot it down, leaving it there as food for crows and foxes? At first we would cry, shameful waste? But a second thought, more fundamental and portentous, is, what effect must such a policy have upon the physical status or grade of the stock that remains. If the best are thrown away and only the second best are retained, progressive degeneration of the stock must result. (3423)

WAR, COST OF

That we may better appreciate the present problem in its relation to the United States, attention is called to the appropriations made by the United States Government. For the year ending June 30, 1910, the appropriations for the army, fortifications and military academy amount to $111,897,515.67; for the navy, $136,935,199.05; and for pensions, $160,908,000. The total amount to be expended during the current fiscal year on account of wars and preparations for war aggregates $409,740,714.72. Compare these figures with the relatively insignificant sum of $32,007,049, which is the total amount appropriated for the use of the executive, legislative and judicial departments of the Government during the same period.

The total expenditures of the Government of the United States from its beginning in 1789 to 1909 has been as follows: For war, $6,699,583,209; for navy, $2,441,572,934; for pensions, $4,155,267,356. This aggregates the vast sum of $13,296,423,549 expended for war purposes, as against $4,466,068,760 expended for civil and miscellaneous purposes.

The average annual cost of the army and navy of the United States for the eight years preceding the Spanish War was $51,500,000. The average annual cost of the army and navy for the eight years since the Spanish War has been $185,400,000. The average yearly increase in the latter period as compared with the former has been $134,000,000, making a total increase in eight years of $1,072,000,000, or 360 per cent. This increase for eight years exceeds the national debt by $158,000,000. The amount of all gifts to charities, libraries, educational institutions and other public causes in 1909 in this country was $185,000,000, or $400,000 less than the average annual cost for the army and navy for the past eight years. What benefit has the nation derived from all this expenditure? (3424)

See Armies of the World; Navies of the World; Militarism.

WAR DISPLAY

Edmund Vance Cooke writes of the cruise of the American fleet around the globe in the following significant lines:

This is the song of the thousand men who
are multiplied by twelve,
Sorted and sifted, tested and tried, and
muscled to dig and delve.
They come from the hum of city and shop,
they come from the farm and the field,
And they plow the acres of ocean now, but
tell me, what is their yield?

This is the song of the sixteen ships to buffet
the battle and gale,
And in every one we have thrown away a
Harvard or a Yale.
Behold here the powers of Pittsburg, the
mills of Lowell and Lynn,
And the furnaces roar and the boilers seethe,
but tell me, what do they spin?

This is the song of the long, long miles
from Hampton to the Horn,
From the Horn away to the western bay
whence our guns are proudly borne.
A flying fleet and a host of hands to carry
these rounds of shot!
And behold they have girdled the globe by
half, and what is the gain they have
brought?

This is the song of the wasters, ay, defenders, if you please,
Defenders against our fellows, with their
wasters even as these,
For we stumble still at the lesson taught
since ever the years were young,
That the chief defense of a nation is to guard
its own hand and tongue.

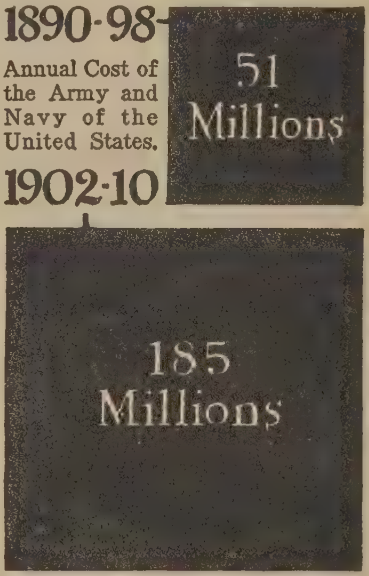
This is the song of our sinning (for the fault
is not theirs, but ours),
That we chain these slaves to our galley-ships as the symbol of our powers;
That we clap applause, that we cry hurrahs,
that we vent our unthinking breath,
For oh, we are proud that we flaunt this
flesh in the markets of dismal death.

—*Christian Work and Evangelist.*

(3425)

WAR, RACIAL FERTILITY AND

Overproduction of offspring—"race-suicide" by suffocation instead of by starvation—is responsible, we are now told, for the impulse that is driving the great nations toward war. Germany has outgrown her territory and must seize on some of Great Britain's colonial overflow territory; Japan is similarly plethoric with population and must disgorge into our Philippines. This is the simple explanation of modern militarism offered by Henry M. Hyde, writing under the title that heads this article, in *The Technical World Magazine*. His theory has the advantage that most of the great world-movements in recorded history may be traced to this cause, from the Aryan migration to the daily influx of Poles and Hungarians on our own shores. After dwelling on the recent huge increase of armaments, the hasty building of dreadnoughts, the war-scares in England, the eager toasts on German battleships "to the Day"—meaning the day when the Kaiser shall turn loose his dogs of war on Britain—the writer goes on:

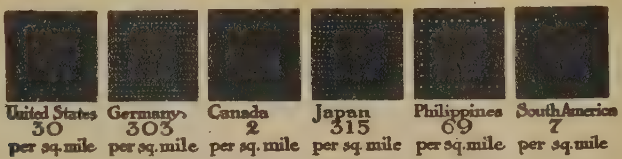


COMPARISON OF THE ANNUAL COST OF THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES—1890-98, 1902-10

> What is the matter with the world? What is the disease from which civilization suffers? And where are the physicians who shall prescribe the necessary remedies?
>
> Pending an answer to these ancient and disputed questions, it is desired to point out certain facts which may help to explain the present situation and to ask whether, because

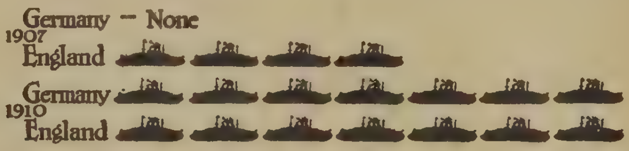
of these facts, the nations may not, almost in spite of themselves, be driven into war?

In 1800 France had 4,000,000 more population than Germany. At that time both nations occupied approximately the same amount of territory, about 200,000 square miles each. The density of population in France was 134 to the square mile; in Germany it was 113.



Comparative Density of Population

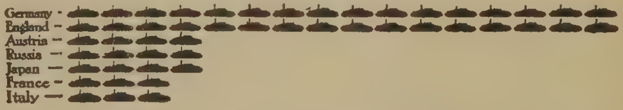
In the last hundred years the fertility of the German nation has been so great that, in spite of the fact that it has sent more than 6,000,000 emigrants to the United States and millions more to other foreign countries, it has increased its home population to 64,000,000, nearly treble the number in 1800. During the same period the population of France, which has sent practically no immigrants abroad, has increased by less than 50 per cent. And, it should be remembered, in spite of Alsace and Lorraine, the territory of the two nations has remained practically the same—approximately 200,000 square miles each.



Comparative Naval Strength of England and Germany in Terms of Dreadnoughts

At present the density of population in the German Empire is 303 to the square mile. What that means may be grasped by considering that if the United States was as thickly populated as Germany is at the present time we should have 900,000,000 people—ten times our present population. In other words the present density of population in the United States is only 30 to the square mile.

If there were ten men to the present one on every acre in the United States some of us would certainly think of moving. Indeed, there is already complaint that the country is getting overcrowded. This year alone nearly 100,000 farmers from the Western States moved across the line into Canada, where land is still plenty and unsettled. If every man, woman and child in the United States was shut up within the limits of Texas, the Lone Star State would be little more crowded than is Germany at the present time. Put the strongest navy in the world across the Gulf from Texas and line the boundaries of the State with camps of armed men and one may get a fairly good idea of the German situation.



At the End of Three Years

Comparative naval strength of the nations, in dreadnoughts, in 1913; the United States has six dreadnoughts, built and building.

But—granted that Germany now holds all the people it can support—where may the loyal German go and remain under the German flag? The German colonies are small, scattering and not well fitted for the homes of white men. There are hundreds of thousands of Germans in various parts of South America, where the country is still undeveloped. But the United States holds all this continent under the protection of the Monroe Doctrine and forbids the hoisting of a foreign flag. Almost all the rest of the undeveloped world which is counted a white man's country is part of the Empire of Great Britain.

Where and how shall the immensely virile and fertile Germanic race find a new home and a new empire over seas? Or will it, with the greatest army in the world at its command and a tremendous war fleet in the making, sit tight within its narrow boundaries at home until famine and pestilence sap its vitality and reduce its numbers? It may do that, it may allow millions of its sons to renounce their allegiance to the fatherland, or it may—the last terrible alternative is the one of which the world stands in dread. (3426)

See Armies of the World; Militarism; Navies of the World.

WAR, THE HORRORS OF

After his splendid victory of Austerlitz was won and the iron crown of empire securely fixt on his brow, Napoleon, standing on the high ground, saw a portion of the defeated Russian army making a slow, painful retreat over a frozen lake. They were at his mercy. He rode up to a battery and said, "Men, you are losing time! fire on those masses; they must be swallowed up! fire on that ice!" Shells were thrown, the bridge of ice was broken, and amid awful shrieks hundreds upon hundreds of miserable wretches were buried in the frozen waters.

The crime of war is its wanton waste of human life. And so are the social wrongs that decimate our world. And so is evil in every form. (Text.) (3427)

WARFARE, ANTIQUATED

The ordinary spear was eighteen feet long, or three times the height of the man, and from one inch to an inch and a half in thickness. The iron jaws of the head were two feet and a half in length.

With such spears the Massachusetts militia was trained for more than forty years, or until the outbreak of Philip's war. I do not know how long they may have been used in Virginia. Poking Indians armed with muskets out of a swamp with a spear might do for imaginary warfare—but when it came to real fighting it was very ugly business. The desperate character of the conflicts with Philip and the necessity for the exclusive use of gunpowder became apparent, and the edict went forth that the militia, who were trained to the use of the spear, should take up the musket. With this edict the spear disappeared in this country forever. It went out in England about the same time. Thus do we learn the progress of the human mind in arts of destruction.—Edward Eggleston. (3428)

WARMTH, LOST

A story is told of a certain pastor who mourned over a backslider in his congregation, once a regular attendant at the prayer service, but who had drifted away, and who for many months had not been seen in the "upper room." Finally, unable to stand it longer, at the close of one of the meetings, in which the voice formerly accustomed to lead in prayer was sorely missed, the minister went straight to the man's home and found him sitting before the open fire. The absentee, somewhat startled by the intrusion, hastily placed another chair for his visitor and then waited for the expected words of rebuke. Had the rebuke been spoken, no one knows what the reply might have been or what mistaken yet lasting anger might have been kindled. But not a word did the minister say. Taking his seat before the fire, he silently took the tongs and lifting a glowing coal from the midst of its fellows, laid it by itself upon the hearthstone. Remaining painfully silent, he watched the blaze die out and the last warm flush of life fade away. Then it was the truant who opened his lips to say: "You need not say a single word, sir; I'll be there next Wednesday night." (Text.) (3429)

Warmth of Christian Love—See Doubts, Dissolving.

WARNING

A wasteful loss of fish life occurs by the sacrifice of millions of little fishes that are left to gasp out their lives on the meadows and grain-fields all over the great State of Montana owing to the irrigation ditches. To prevent this waste a paddle-wheel is installed at the head of a ditch to frighten back and prevent the fish from entering the intake. A law requiring this to be done is now in force in that State.

How many silly souls are warned away from danger-points in life by wise devices both divine and human! (3430)

Julius Cæsar was at one time the idol of the Roman army. The ancient eternal city was at his feet. His foot was on the neck of his enemies and his word was sufficient to hurry his rival, Pompey, to an ignominious grave. The treasures of the world, power, dominion and wealth were at his command. Yet he had not the time as he went forward to the senate chamber on the Ides of March to read the letter handed him that warned him of the plot against his life.

Men are mercifully given time to live. But they are too busy to get ready to live, and too busy to heed the warnings that, if heeded, would save and prolong their lives. (3431)

On an island off the Connecticut coast there stands, says *Harper's Weekly*, a huge revolving platform whereon are placed eight large megaphones, each measuring some seventeen feet and having a mouth seven feet in diameter.

These horns are intended to cry warning to vessels at every point of the compass, the power being furnished by a steam-whistle. Their cry has been heard a distance of twenty miles, and when the wind is favorable it will carry nearly twice as far.

The instruments utter their warnings every fifteen seconds, each megaphone giving out its cry in turn, so that the warning notes make their way out over the water in every direction. There is a combination of short and long blasts for each point of the compass, so that mariners may know exactly whence the sound proceeds.

At Diamond Shoals, off Cape Hatteras, that graveyard of the Atlantic, where, by reason of the shifty character of the soil, it has been found impracticable to erect a lighthouse, the Federal Government has installed a contrivance held down by "mushroom" anchors. This instrument consists of two big megaphones, with a diaphragm vibrated by electricity. The machine is operated by clockwork, and, once wound up, shouts for many months without the necessity of any attention on the part of attendants. In calm weather the shout of this instrument is audible for a distance of twenty-five miles.

To be useful these warning voices must be heeded. So is it with moral warnings, of which the world is full. (3432)

WARNING, AUTOMATIC

The spirit of God is a signal of warning to the soul when floods of evil are imminent.

Spain is subject to more frequent sudden inundations, perhaps, than any other country in Europe, and the necessity for some device to give warning may be appreciated. Such an alarm, ready night and day to notify the population along a river-bank of the approach of a dangerous flood, has been invented by Ramon Martinez di Campos, an engineer of Murcia. It is described as follows:

"The device uses the electric current; when an abnormal stage of the river is reached the water closes a circuit and thus starts an alarm signal at a great distance down-stream. In the present arrangement the automatic circuit-closer consists of a galvanized iron float which at high water makes contact with a fixt sheet of metal on a pole or a masonry support."—*Cosmos.* (3433)

WARNING MESSAGES

Once when the Persians and the Scythians confronted each other for battle, there appeared at the Persian camp a messenger from the Scythians, who said that he had some presents from the Scythian chief for Darius. The gifts proved to be a bird, a mouse, a frog, and five arrows. No explanation being given as to what the message meant, much curiosity on that point was manifested and many guesses were made. At length it was suggested that it meant threats and defiance. "It may mean," said one, "that unless you can fly like a bird, into the air, or hide like a mouse in the ground, or bury yourselves like a frog in morasses and fens, you can not escape our arrows."

The gospel message to us is not so ambiguous as this, but it is equally ominous if it be slighted. (3434)

WASHINGTON, GEORGE

Perhaps one of the wittiest toasts on record is that of Franklin. After the victories of Washington had made his name well known throughout Europe, Franklin chanced to dine with the French and English ambassadors, when these toasts were drunk. The son of Britain rose and proudly remarked: "England—the sun whose beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The Frenchman, glowing with national pride, drunk: "France—the moon whose mild, steady, cheering rays are the delight of all nations; consoling them in darkness and making their dreariness beautiful."

This furnished Franklin with a fine opening, and his quaint humor bubbled over in his retort: "George Washington—the Joshua, who commanded the sun and the moon to stand still and they obeyed him." (3435)

See Life, The Simple.

WASHINGTON'S GENIUS

Brilliant I will not call him, if the brightness of the rippling river exceed the solemn glory of old ocean. Brilliant I will not call him, if darkness must be visible in order to display the light; for he had none of that rocket-like brilliancy which flames in instant coruscation across the black brow of night, and then is not. But if a steady, unflickering flame, slow rising to its lofty sphere, dispensing far and wide its rays, revealing all things on which it shines in due proportions and large relations, making right, duty, and destiny so plain that in the vision we are scarce conscious of the light—if this be brilliancy, then the genius of Washington was as full-orbed and luminous as the god of day in his zenith.—John W. Daniel. (3436)

Washington's Humility—See Life, The Simple.

WASTE

Water washes everything, touches everything, impregnates everything. Nothing escapes it. Incessantly, everywhere, whatever it meets, is dissolved and finally deposited in the immense common receptacle of the oceanic basins.

This constant washing continually modifies the chemical composition of the earth's surface, and it evidently does so to the detriment of the soil's fertility, since the substances that make a soil fertile are just those that are soluble in water. This general sterilization is masked by local advantages. A valley like that of the Nile, for instance, benefits by the substances brought down from regions nearer its source, but in the long run rivers are always carrying to the sea an enormous quantity of fertilizing material that is lost beyond recall. (Text.)—Paul Combes, *Cosmos* (Paris). (3437)

Petroleum and natural gas, which are supplements to coal, are subjected to wanton waste. Natural gas is now being wasted at the rate of a billion cubic feet a day, by being blown into the air. In Louisiana great spouting wells of gas are burning in the open atmosphere, doing no good whatever to anybody. It is estimated that there are thus consumed in that State alone seventy million cubic feet per day, more than enough to supply Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, and Pittsburg.

If the present rate of increase of exploitation of high-grade iron-ore continues, the supply will not last more than fifty years. In the not distant future it is certain that we shall be obliged to turn to the lower grade ores, of which the quantity is vastly greater, but the smelting of these ores will make a much heavier draft upon our coal supply.

Like coal and iron, the output of copper and zinc has more than doubled during recent decades, and the product of the past ten years is greater than the entire previous history of exploitation of these metals in this country.

Each year, not considering loss by fire, we are consuming three and one-half times as much wood as is grown. It is estimated that we allow twenty million acres of forest to be burned over annually. Of the timber we take, from one-fourth to one-half is lost by our wasteful methods of cutting and manufacture. Already within a little more than a century of the life of this nation approximately one-half of our forest products are gone. Our system of taxation of forests encourages rapid cutting rather than conservation. We must reform our tax laws concerning forest products; we must eliminate forest fires; we must use economically the wood cut; we must reduce the total amount used per capita until the growth of one year is equal to the consumption of that year.

Our water resources, including water for domestic purposes, for irrigation, for navigation, for power, are enormous. As yet they have been only very partially utilized. Fortunately, the water continues in undiminished quantities, being ever withdrawn from the ocean through the power of the sun, and ever falling upon the land. It is a perpetual resource.—*Collier's Weekly.* (3438)

WASTE BY DRINK

A man, who had destroyed three happy homes through his drinking habits, was converted, and set to work to lead his friends to

Christ. Some time after his conversion one of his mates, seeing how clean and happy he was looking, asked him jocularly if he had any houses to let. He knew the questioner was a heavy drinker, so he decided to give him a practical lesson. "Here, mate," he said, "just take a look down my throat, will you?" "There's nothing there," said the other, after a careful inspection of his throat. "Well, that's queer, for I've put three good homes and a grocer's shop down that throat, drowning them in drink." (Text.)
(3439)

See Drink, Effects of.

WASTE OF LIVES

Of all wastes, the greatest waste that you can commit is the waste of labor. If you went down in the morning into your dairy, and found that your youngest child had got down before you, and that he and the cat were at play together, and that he had poured out all the cream on the floor for the cat to lap up, you would scold the child, and be sorry the cream was wasted. But if, instead of wooden bowls with milk in them, there are golden bowls with human life in them, and instead of the cat to play with—the devil to play with; and you yourself the player; and instead of leaving that golden bowl to be broken by God at the fountain, you break it in the dust yourself, and pour the human life out on the ground for the fiend to lick up—is that no waste?—John Ruskin. (3440)

WASTE, STOPPING

The Agricultural Department has inaugurated a war on rats, not as a preventive of the plague or on account of health, but because of the great loss produced in the country by rats, and especially to farmers and producers. The department claims that a rat eats sixty cents' worth of grain a year, and that the actual destruction caused by them amounts to over one hundred millions of dollars a year. The extermination of rats will be a great undertaking. Yet it could be accomplished by national effort were it not for the new supplies brought by ships. It is believed that by proper regulations even this supply might be cut off, or the rats killed before spreading. It would cost only a small part of the one hundred millions of dollars to exterminate the rat. The expenditure of ten millions under national authority would be economy.

There are moral wastes comparatively more destructive than the plague of rats, that all men should join in exterminating—the saloon, for example.
(3441)

WASTE, THE PROBLEM OF

Professor Marshall, the English economist, estimates that the British working classes spend every year not less than $500,000,000 for things that do nothing to make them either happier or nobler. The president of the British Association, in an address before the economic section, confirmed these estimates, and avowed his belief that the sum named above was wasted in food alone. Professor Matthews adds that so large a proportion of our housekeepers are brought up in town life and factory life that they do not know how to buy economically, while the cooking art has necessarily gone into decadence. He estimates the waste in the United States from bad cooking alone to be at least $1,000,000 every year.—*Independent.*
(3442)

WASTES, MORAL

One day in a public restaurant a gentleman, who owns a large fruit-orchard in one of the Northwestern States, was talking about what wonderful fruit was produced by his trees.

"Why," said he, "I see in market here in Pittsburg apples selling at a good price that we wouldn't even use out our way. We'd never think of selling them. Such apples are thrown aside as culls."

There are a great many human culls, men and boys, who, because of some injurious habit, have lost their full market value. There is the cigaret cull, the boy who is blighting his future and depreciating his value as a member of society because of his nauseous habit. And there is the whisky and beer cull, the man who can not keep out of a saloon; good enough man, many ways, but nobody wants to employ him in any responsible position. Then we have the obscene cull, the individual who has some rancid story to tell to raise a haw-haw among companions as coarse and vulgar as himself. He may be a good workman, but morally he is a cull. Another man I know is the Sabbath cull. This is the man who goes about watering his garden on the Sabbath, or driving out in his automobile for the pleasure of the thing; who is sometimes seen on the train Sabbath morning with his golf-sticks going out to some country club grounds. They may have their thousands and live in the best houses on the avenue, but they are moral culls. These things are blemishes which show the character. (Text.) (3443)

Watchfulness—See ASLEEP; DISGUISED DANGER.

WATCHFULNESS AGAINST ENEMIES

The conscience and will ought to guard character against its destructive enemies as the Brazilians guard their houses, according to the following account:

Rats have multiplied to such a degree in Brazil that the inhabitants rear a certain kind of snake for destroying them. The Brazilian domestic serpent is the *giboia,* a small species of boa about twelve feet in length and of the diameter of a man's arm. This snake, which is entirely harmless and sluggish in its movements, passes the entire day asleep at the foot of the staircase of the house, scarcely deigning to raise its head at the approach of a visitor, or when a strange noise is heard in the vestibule. At nightfall the *giboia* begins to hunt, crawling along here and there, and even penetrating the space above the ceiling and beneath the flooring. Springing swiftly forward, it seizes the rat by the nape and crushes its cervical vertebrae. As serpents rarely eat, even when at liberty, the *giboia* kills only for the pleasure of killing. It becomes so accustomed to its master's house that if carried to a distance it escapes and finds its way back home. Every house in the warmest provinces where rats abound owns its *giboia,* a fixture by destination, and the owner of which praises its qualities when he wishes to sell or let his house. (Text.)—*Scientific American.* (3444)

WATCHING THE KETTLE

There is a bit of proverbial philosophy afloat to the effect that "a watched kettle never boils." False philosophy this, whether taken literally or figuratively. In the one case it is an idiotic superstition; in the other, a stupid mistake; in either, a humbug and a cheat. Cease to watch your business kettle, and what comes of leaving it to take care of itself? It either becomes stone-cold or blows up. You don't want your enterprise over-done, and you don't want it underdone. Your object is to strike the golden mean between lukewarmness and the explosive point, represented, we will say, by 212 of Fahrenheit. How are you to stimulate the contents of your kettle up to the right mark—to make them ebullient without turning them into a dangerous element—unless you regulate the upward tendency judiciously? It is only the neglected business kettle that never boils to a good purpose. Suppose Lord Worcester, Marquis of Somerset, had not watched his kettle, and so had not observed the phenomenon of the flapping lid, forced into motion by the pressure of the escaping steam? If the marquis had not received that hint from his watched kettle as to the latent force of steam, who can tell what deprivation of motive power mankind would have undergone? Your moral kettle must be looked after, too, or it is more likely to freeze than boil. Morality without the warmth of feeling necessary to make it active, is not of much use. In fact, all the figurative kettles, individual and social, included within the range of human hopes and duties, require to be closely watched. The world is paved, as one may say, with the wrecks of kettles which would have been of incalculable utility if they had been properly managed—reformatory kettles, for example, which only require the fire of zeal to keep them going, and the guardianship of practical common sense to regulate them, in order to become valuable utensils in the kitchen of progress. To watch your kettle till it boils, and all the time that it is boiling, is the only sure way to provide against accidents.—New York *Ledger.* (3445)

Water and Natives—See MIRACLES, EVIDENTIAL VALUE OF.

WATER OF LIFE

The briny waters of Great Salt Lake have been tried by the Southern Pacific Railway for a novel purpose and with remarkable success. Stored in tanks the fluid has been hauled over the line by water-trains and sprinkled upon the right of way. Under this treatment the weeds, the bane of the section-hands, have withered and died. After an experiment of sixteen months the scheme has now been permanently adopted. This briny water is a water which brings death to those things it touches.

There is a water we are told which brings life, higher than any material life, the water of life. It was made known to the world through the divine teacher. At Jacob's well in the center of Palestine He declared Himself to be the water of life. Those who drink from natural fountains of water will thirst again, and the strength they gain, the refreshing they receive, will only be temporary. Those who come to drink of the true water of life will receive spiritual refreshing. This life-giving water takes away all foulness from the soil of the soul, by purifying it, by sweetening it, by enriching it. The weeds of sin in the soul are best destroyed not by the infusion of something more noxious, but by the infilling of the sweet graces of life. (3446)

One of the most interesting creatures of California's great desert is the tortoise. Frequently a school of them, that we usually think of only in connection with water, are discovered afar out in the desert where water is scarce and difficult to obtain. Dissection shows that in a convenient place upon their body is located a pair of large water-sacks. These the owner fills with water as needed and in this way it is kept supplied.

The man who has acquired character and experience so that he has moral and spiritual reservoirs within is equipped for every emergency. (Text.) (3447)

At Huntsville, Ala., is a spring that supplies the whole town with an abundance of pure, fresh water. But the wonder of it all is that the flow of it is made to operate a wheel that pumps the water into the homes of the people.

The supply of water is the power of the water supply. God, who is the water of life, also sends all we need for the operation of all activities. (Text.) (3448)

The sources of the soul's water of life is in the hill-springs, but one may have to go down into the depths to find it, as these divers bring up fresh water out of the ocean:

The hottest region on earth is on the south western coast of Persia, where Persia borders the gulf of the same name. For forty consecutive days in the months of July and August the thermometer has been known not to fall lower than 100 degrees, night or day, and to often run up as high as 128 degrees in the afternoon. At Bahrin, in the center of the torrid part of the torrid belt, as tho it were nature's intention to make the region as unbearable as possible, no water can be obtained from digging wells one hundred to two hundred or even five hundred feet deep, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to copious springs which break forth from the bottom of the gulf, more than a mile from shore. The water from these springs is obtained by divers, who dive to the bottom and fill goat-skins with the cooling liquid and sell it for a living. The source of these submarine fountains is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some five or six hundred miles away.—*Public Opinion.* (3449)

See SURFACE LIVES; SPRINGS OF LIFE.

Waters, Lake—See RENEWAL.

Waters, Tempestuous—See ADVERSITY.

WAY, DIRECTION OF

Years ago a young man in Providence, R. I., took up a loose leaf of a Bible to use for a wrapping. "Don't use that," said a friend, "it contains the words of life." The young man put the leaf in his pocket. Later, taking it out again, he said, "I will see what kind of life it is that that leaf tells about." The words in Daniel 12:13 caught his eye, and he read, "But go thou thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." "I wonder what my way is and where it will end?" he asked himself, and the reflection at length led him to a new life. (3450)

Way, Knowing The—See FAMILIARITY.

WAY OF GOD

Could I but know each step that I
  Must tread unto the end;
Were I to have life's devious chart,
  Complete, placed in my hand,
With every burden there portrayed,
  And every task well planned,
The joys to know, the griefs to bear,
  The causes to defend,
How automatic life would be!

Thy way is best, hold thou the chart,
Permit me but to know
Each day, the duties to perform,
Each hour, the way to go;
And I, thy will, shall strive to do,
As faith e'er stronger grows,
And knowledge into wisdom blends,
As stream to river flows,
Until at last I meet with thee.

—Frank L. Connor, *The Progress Magazine*. (3451)

WAY, THE RIGHT

Wakutemani, a Sioux warrior, was an acknowledged leader among the young Indians of his tribe. He heard a woman missionary tell the gospel story, but tho he felt strangely drawn to Christianity, he threw himself more ardently into the heathen dances and practises. One day he said to the missionary, "I will try your way without leaving the old way for a year, and at the end of that time I will follow the way that has satisfied me." She taught him to pray and gave him directions for living a clean, straight life. At the end of the year Wakutemani appeared painted and befeathered to lead the young braves in the old war-dance. The dance was wild and calculated to awaken all the savage instincts; but during a pause in drum-beating, Wakutemani stept into the center of the circle and motioned for silence. "I said I would try both ways. This way does not satisfy me. If any others feel as I do, let them follow me." Two young warriors, Many Bulls and White Sitting Buffalo, rose silently and followed him out of the ring. They went to the mission house and said to the missionary, "We wish to follow your way. Ours does not satisfy." All three have now many years of consistent Christian life to their credit, and one has passed to his reward. (Text.) (3452)

Way We Look at Things, The—See Moods Determining Desires.

Wayfarer, The—See Pilgrims, The.

Wayside Ministry—See Control, Divine.

WAYWARD, SEEKING THE

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman tells this story:

On one of the last Sundays that I spent in Philadelphia an Englishman gave an address to our Sunday-school. He told how a young girl had gone away to live a life of sin. He said, "Her mother came to my minister and asked him to find her daughter. The minister said, 'Bring me every picture that you have of yourself!' She brought him every picture and the minister dipt his pen in the red ink and wrote underneath the sweet face these words: 'Come back.' These pictures were placed in mission stations and halls. One night the girl, on entering one of these halls, found herself face to face with the picture. As she saw that sweet face that had looked down into hers with love, her eyes were blinded with tears, and when she brushed the tears away she read the two words, 'Come back.' She made her way out to the edge of the city, waited till night had fallen and, going up to her old home she put her hand upon the latch of the door and, behold, it yielded! She had no sooner crossed the threshold than she was in her mother's arms. The first greeting she had from her mother was this: 'My dear, this door has never been fastened since you went away.'" (Text.) (3453)

Weak Will and Whisky—See Last Resort.

WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH

Storms may rend the giant oak
Yet may pass the floweret by;
Feeble lives may long be spared,
Strongest men may soonest die.

—Pastor Clark. (3454)

WEAKNESS, CONSIDERATION FOR

The dialog below indicates a good way of practising the Pauline injunction in Phil. 2:4:

"Here, boy, let me have a paper." "Can't." "Why not? I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard at the city hall." "Yes, but that was down t'other block, ye know, where I hollered." "What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling; I'm in a hurry." "Couldn't sell you a paper on this here block, mister, 'cause it b'longs to Limpy. He's just up at the furdest end now. You'll meet him." "And who is Limpy? And why does he have this block?" "Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. Ye see, it's a good run, 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't git around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be thrashed. See?" "Yes, I see. You have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?" "Well, we're goin' to look out for a little cove what's lame, anyhow." "There comes Limpy now. He's a fortunate boy to have such friends." The gentleman bought two papers of him, and went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field. (Text.) (3455)

WEAKNESS, HIDDEN

A tiny worm may pierce the heart of a young tree, and the bark may hide the secret gash. But as the days go on the rain will cut one fiber and the heat another, and when years have passed, some time when a soft zephyr goes sighing through the forest, the great tree will come crashing down. For at last nature will hunt out every hidden weakness.—Newell Dwight Hillis. (3456)

WEALTH

Harold S. Symmes, in *Pearson's Magazine*, writes:

Give of thyself. Man's wealth depends,
Not on the pence he holds and hoards,
Not on the gift he well affords,
But on the spirit-gold he spends. (3457)

The danger of wealth lies in its tendency to smother sympathy and exalt selfishness.

Dr. W. B. Wright says that Henry Heine, the Jew, one of the most sparkling talkers in Europe, sat silent at a banquet until his Christian hostess asked, with some anxiety, "Why are you so dumb?" He answered, "I am studying a problem which I can not solve. I have been looking at these gold dishes, this fine linen, these splendid waiters, your great diamonds, and wondering what you Christians are going to do with the camel question." (Text.) (3458)

WEALTH AND WORK

The following account, indicating great motherly wisdom, is from a despatch from Chicago to the daily papers:

If Leonard Loeffler, six years old, has fallen heir to a fortune of $1,000,000 his mother will be sorry. It has been reported among the relatives of the late William Loeffler that his will, which will be probated this week, bequeaths his entire fortune, amounting to $1,000,000, to his grandson, Leonard, who is the son of Mr and Mrs. Frank Loeffler, and this intimation moved Mrs. Loeffler to express the hope that her son might not inherit riches.

"I do not want any son of mine to inherit a million dollars," declared Mrs. Loeffler.

"Why?" she was asked.

"Because I do not think it does a child any good to have riches which he has not earned. If Leonard can get a fortune by working for it the way his grandfather had to do I shall be the proudest mother in the world, but there is no reason why he should have wealth unless he does earn it. I want my boy to earn what he gets. I don't want him to get $1,000,000 for nothing. That is how much I think of money. It spoils children and removes the incentive for work, and it is work that shapes a career." (3459)

WEALTH, COMPARATIVE

A man who gets a million wants another million. If he gets ten millions then he wants to be as rich as Rockefeller. And then he wants the whole world fenced in and fixt up for him. What if a man is as rich as Rockefeller? What is that compared with the State of New York? And suppose a man owned the whole State of New York, what is that compared with the balance of America? And suppose one man owned the whole United States, what is that compared with the balance of the world? And suppose a man owned this whole world? Why, you could put two such worlds in your pocket, and go out to the dog star and stay all night, and you wouldn't have enough to pay your hotel bill. This whole thing is comparative.—"Popular Lectures of Sam P. Jones." (3460)

Wealth Diminishing the Smiles—See Poverty.

WEALTH, RIGHT USE OF

Some years ago an American gentleman was driving past one of the beautiful old homes in rural England, standing in its stately park. He asked the driver who lived there. "Oh," said the man, "we used to have lots of aristocratic company there. They had plenty of money and they spent it freely. We poor folks were well off then. But now the place belongs to a woman, and she is a Methodist, and everything is going to the bad." So spoke the countryman, and from his little view this loss of luxury and extravagance was all wrong, even for the poor man. But meanwhile there was another side to the picture. That estate also included a large tenement district in one of the worst portions of London. In wretched hovels, surrounded by saloons and low resorts, the miserable people paid their rents, exorbitant for such quarters, and these rents supplied the funds for the luxury and extravagance of the former owner. But now what has happened? The lady who owns the estate to-day is using her revenues, not for her own luxuries, but in bettering these homes, in driving out these saloons, and in creating a new spirit of love between her and her tenants. A few country yokels get less to spend for drink, but a great city population has more joy in living, and the bitter class distinction between riches and poverty is lessened.—DONALD SAGE MACKAY, "The Threshold of Religion." (3462)

Wealth Statistics—See MONEY-POWER IN CANADA; MONEY-POWER IN THE UNITED STATES.

Weapons Displaced—See WARFARE, ANTIQUATED.

Weather Forecast—See PROGNOSTICATION OF WEATHER.

Weather Influencing Crime—See CRIME, EPIDEMICS OF.

Weather, The, and the Spider—See INDICATOR, AN INSECT.

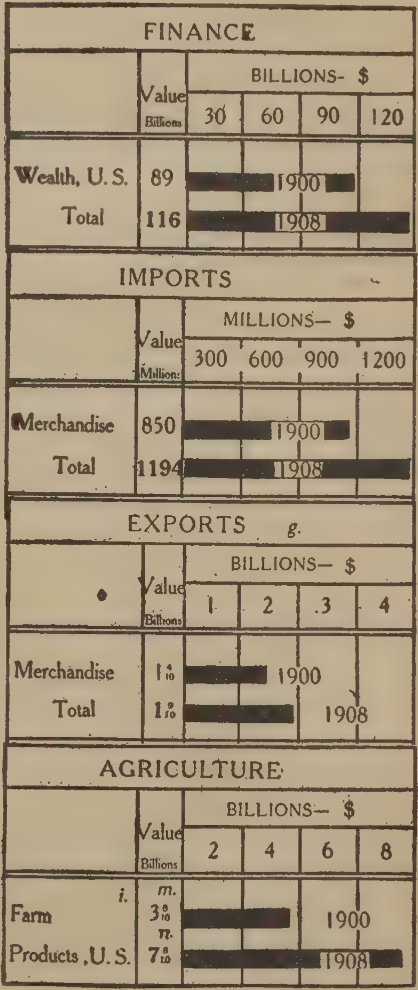
Weaving—See WEB OF LIFE.

WEB OF LIFE

Sit down by the side of an Old World lace-maker for a few moments. Fifty or a hundred bobbins, or spools, hang around a cushion in which there is a forest of upright pins. Every bobbin hangs by a thread that runs toward and among the pins. The onlooker sees the worker throw one bobbin over another, as tho she were playing with them. But how she knows which bobbin to pick up, and where to toss it, is a mystery. Out of the great complex of pins and threads comes a beautiful lace pattern, regular and beautiful. So the divine Weaver takes one and another of us, ordering us here and there, but keeping us always attached, like the lace-maker's thread, to a definite purpose. As we look back over the past, we can see the wonderful pattern and perfect work of the weaver. Just what he is working out, for us and with us, now, we can not discern. But the lesson of the past is that the future will be good, and we can trust the Weaver of the indefinite to do all things well. (3463)

WEALTH, INCREASE OF

The great increase of wealth in the United States through a period of eight years (1900-1908) is shown in the tables below. Does it not mean a corresponding increase of national responsibility? (3461)



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Wedding Incident—See RENUNCIATION.

Wedge, The Entering—See SABBATH DESECRATION GRADUAL.

WEED DESTROYER

Man's enemies are not by any means confined to those he meets in his daily work. He has soul enemies which he has to reckon with constantly. Just as sure as the farmer can depend on a certain preparation to kill weeds, so can man depend upon a higher power to keep down and destroy our open and secret sins.

There is no dispute that we must meet the weed question with a certainty of success and at the same time it must be done in a very economical manner. In addition to what we may do with our cultivators and weeders and the growing of such crops as rye and winter wheat, by which we can destroy a certain class of weeds before they mature seed, we can also add that there is a system of weed destruction which is found in spraying. This is a matter which has come to the knowledge of men during the past few years. I learn from my reading that the first step in this direction was taken by a party in France. From that beginning it was taken up by men here in America, and it has now assumed a very practical form. The first spray was copper sulfate, or bluestone, but this would be somewhat difficult to obtain. The present material which is largely used is a by-product turned out by the steel-mills. This is called sulfate of iron. This by product has been thrown away, but now it can be used for the destruction of weeds by making a solution of it and spraying fields that are infested with a certain class of weeds.—O. C. GREGG, *The Northwestern Agriculturist.* (3464)

WEEDS, WARFARE AGAINST

Charles H. Spurgeon once said:

An old wall is so interpenetrated—every nook, crack and crevice—by the notorious ivy that, tho you may cut the vine at the roots, you can never thoroughly destroy it, till the wall itself is leveled.

Most weeds spread chiefly from their seeds, hence care should be taken to prevent the formation of weed-seeds. The more thorough we are in keeping out weeds, the easier our work. While we may not hope to get rid of all weeds, we may greatly lessen their numbers by keeping up a continual warfare against them. (3465)

Weighing Effects—See PROBATION.

WEIGHT DIMINISHED BY ASCENT

A writer, speaking of variation to be seen in the column of mercury in a barometer, says:

If you prop up the tube, and watch it carefully from day to day, you will find that the height of the column of mercury will continually vary. If you live at the sea-level, or thereabouts, it will sometimes rise more than thirty inches above the level of the mercury in the cup, and frequently fall below that height. If you live on the top of a high mountain, or on any high ground, it will never reach thirty inches, will still be variable, its average height less than if you lived on lower ground; and the higher you get the less will be this average height of the mercury.

The reason of this is easily understood. When we ascend a mountain we leave some portion of the atmosphere below us, and of course less remains above; this smaller quantity must have less weight and press the mercury less forcibly. If the barometer tells the truth, it must show this difference; and it does so with such accuracy that by means of a barometer, or rather of two barometers—one at the foot of the mountain and one on its summit—we may, by their difference, measure the height of the mountain provided we know the rules for making the requisite calculations.

The higher one ascends, the less weight oppresses the climber. This is a truth also of the moral life. The higher one ascends, the less obstacles and weights he encounters. In the valley the demoniac writhes; on the mountain top Christ appears in His glory. (3466)

Weight Yielding to Persistency—See PERSEVERANCE.

Welcome Home—See SONG AS A WELCOME HOME.

Well-digging—See MIRACLES, EVIDENTIAL VALUE OF.

Well Done—See EARLY RELIGION.

Well Known, The, Unknown—See LOCAL PRIDE.

White Plague—See TUBERCULOSIS.

White Robes—See BIBLE CUSTOMS TODAY.

"White Slaves"—See GIRLS, TRAFFIC IN.

WHOLE, SEEING THINGS

Our lives should be so organized and ordered as to move on at God's pace so that they will produce a whole effect, a unitary total. Some men live by jerks, showing no conviction between to-day and yesterday.

If a spark or point of flame be rapidly swung around in a circular path it is no longer seen as a spark or point, but as a continuous circle. Drops of falling rain appear to the eye as continuous slanted lines or streams. This is due to the fact that the motion is too rapid to enable the eye to compass the diameter of the rain-drop, or the spark, before it has moved the distance of its diameter to a new position. (3467)

WHOLENESS

A Chicago tailor displays a sign which announces that he makes trousers at "$1.75 per leg." Inquiry reveals the fact that altho he uses a goose he is not foolish enough to furnish trousers with only one leg. One can not get trousers at his shop except their two legs be properly sewed together and one pays $3.50 for them. But the tailor compels editors to read his sign.

This fable teaches that two things even apparently complete when separate ought to be brought together if they are to be made practical. (3468)

WHOLENESS OF CHARACTER

Foster, the distinguished essayist, said to a friend one day, "There is a want of continuity in your social character. You seem broken into fragments." To this plain dealing the gentleman replied good-naturedly, "Well, I sparkle in fragments." "But," rejoined Foster, "how much better to shine whole, like a mirror."

As the glory of gems is realized best when shown in a splendid necklace, so virtues impress most when many are combined in unity in the one character. (3469)

WILFULNESS

Young America in feathers is almost as bumptious and self-assertive and needs almost as much guidance as Young America in flannels and lawns. Tho the parents may be as wise as Solomon, the youngster will be foolish and headstrong; he will call and shout when enemies are near; he will leave the nest before his wings are ready for service, and so place himself at the mercy of cats and other prowlers. As soon as he has even partial use of his wings he will wander into a thousand dangers and draw his devoted parents after him, for they can not desert him, and he will not heed their coaxing. In such cases the distracted parents have been known to attack and beat off their great enemy, the cat, and even to fly at man himself, sometimes with success.—OLIVE THORNE MILLER, "The Bird Our Brother." (3470)

Will, Doing God's—See TEMPERATURE.

WILL OF GOD

The following verses are by John Hay:

Not in dumb resignation, we lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist, content to do and die.
Our faith springs like the eagle's, who soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto thee, "O Lord, Thy will be done."

When tyrant feet are trampling upon the common weal,
Thou dost not bid us bend and writhe beneath the iron heel.
In thy name we assert our right by sword or tongue or pen,
And even the headsman's ax may flash thy message unto men.

Thy will! It bids the weak be strong; it bids the strong be just;
No lips to fawn, no hand to beg, no brow to seek the dust.
Whenever man oppresses men beneath the liberal sun
O Lord, be there! Thine arm made bare, thy righteous will be done. (Text.)
(3471)

Will, Our, and God's—See TEMPERATURE.

WILL POWER

In "Louis Lambert" Balzac describes certain forces, when they take possession of strong personalities, as "rivers of will." There is an impetus in these potential men which sweeps away all obstacles and rolls on with the momentum of a great stream. In men of genius the same tireless activity, the same forceful habit, are often found; nothing daunts them; nothing subdues them.—*Christian Union.* (3472)

The late Lord Beaconsfield, in an address before the Literary and Scientific Institute of London, in 1844, on his early life, gave utterance to these impressive words:

"Man can be what he pleases. Every one of you can be exactly what he designs to be. I have resolved to hold a certain position, and if I live, I will."

We do not know what that position was that Disraeli refers to, but we do know that he attained to the highest position possible to any man in England. He had much to contend with. He was of a Jewish family, but by the remarkable power of his will he ejected the Jew blood from his veins and pumped the blue blood of England in. He climbed into the seat next to the throne of the queen herself.

In contrast what a small conception some men have of their opportunities and privileges. (3473)

People will insist on living, sometimes, tho manifestly moribund. In Dr. Elder's life of Kane, you will find a case of this sort, told by Dr. Kane himself. The captain of a ship was dying of scurvy, but the crew mutinied, and he gave up dying for the present to take care of them. An old lady in this city, near her end, got a little vexed about a proposed change in her will; made up her mind not to die just then; ordered a coach; was driven twenty miles to the house of a relative, and lived four years longer.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. (3474)

See GREATNESS; MIND, THE HUMAN.

WILL, THE

God will not force the door of the human heart. The faculty of volition is a divinely-given prerogative, and our free will is not violated by any forcible means.

While the painting by William Holman-Hunt, known as "The Light of the World," was yet in the studio of the painter a visitor stood admiring it. Suddenly he asked the artist, "Where is the key? I do not see one in the door." Said Mr. Holman-Hunt, "Ah, no; the key is inside, and the door is locked not from without but from within. It can only be opened to admit the Savior who stands there and knocks if the tenant within chooses to turn the key." The visitor understood the parable. (Text.) (3475)

See MASTERY.

Winds as Benefactors—See NATURE'S RECUPERATIVE POWERS.

WINNING

Young man,
What is your plan
Of progress? Are you
Going to pull through?
Or will you lie down in the road
And let your load
Sink you out of sight in the mud?
Have you white blood and pale,
That curdles at the hard word "Fail,"
And dares not face
The chances of the race?
Or, have you red, clear red,
The good strong color
All the great have shed
In deed or thought,
For every triumph wrought
Out of what seemed full
Of the impossible?
Have you the nerve
To serve
Until you can master? To wait
And work outside the gate
Until you win
The strength to open it and enter in?
Have you the heart to meet
Defeat
Day after day,
And yet hold to the way
That upward leads,
And must needs
Be hard and rough
To make man tough
Of sinew and of soul,
Before he sees the goal?
Young man,
Think on these things,
What each one brings

Is as you choose it;
You make take
The stake,
Or you may lose it.
Start in
To win
And keep straight in the way
Unflagging to the end;
Whatever it may be
Is victory.

—William J. Lampton, *Success*.
(3476)

WISDOM OF THE IGNORANT

It is related of the celebrated astronomer, Tycho Brahe, that one night, on leaving his observatory, he suddenly found himself surrounded by a tumultuous crowd which filled the public square. Upon inquiring the cause of so great a concourse, they pointed out to him, in the constellation of Cygnus, a brilliant star, which he, aided by the best telescopes, had never perceived. (Text.)
(3477)

Wisdom Rejected—See Intolerance.

Wish, A Boy's—See Retrieved Situation, A.

Wishes—See Retrieved Situation, A.

Wishes Fulfilled—See Early Religion.

Wit and Business—See Abbreviation.

Wit, Ready—See Eccentricity.

WITCHCRAFT

In two hundred years thirty thousand witches are said to have been destroyed in England; and as recently as 1716, when the town was enjoying the wit and satire of the "Queen Anne men," a woman and her child nine years of age were hanged at Huntingdon. Addison, with a mind that wavered between superstition and good sense, said he could not forbear believing "in such a commerce with evil spirits as that which we express by the name of witchcraft," while, at the same time, he could "give no credit to any particular modern instance of it." Scotland, which is regarded as an enlightened part of the empire, held with the utmost tenacity its faith in witchcraft. The Scotch, a vigorous people, put their hands to the work heartily. It was easy to find victims, since, as we have said already, they tortured until they confest. It is calculated that two thousand persons were burned in Scotland in the last forty years of the sixteenth century. A century later a witch epidemic broke out in the village of Mohra, in Sweden. A number of children were said to be bewitched, and familiar with the devil, who was described as wearing a gray coat, red and blue stockings, a red beard, and a high-crowned hat. The witches kept this exacting person supplied with children, and if they did not procure him a good many, "they had no peace or quiet for him." The poor wretches were doomed to have no more peace or quiet in this world. Seventy were condemned to death, and twenty-three were burnt in a single fire at Mohra. It is noteworthy that a belief in this frightful superstition which destroyed more innocent persons than the so-called holy office was held by men of great intellectual power—by Erasmus, Bacon, and the judicious Hooker; by Sir Edward Coke, Sir Thomas Browne, Baxter, and Sir Matthew Hale. And the old belief is not yet extinct in country districts. Only recently a man at Totnes accused his father of bewitching, or, as a "white witch" called it, "overlooking" his daughter, so that she suffered for months from a disease in the arms; and the people who live in remote villages may often hear of similar cases.—London *Illustrated News*.
(3478)

WITCHES, BELIEF IN

Dr. James B. McCord writes in *Medical Missions:*

The Zulu baby is born into the fear of witchcraft; in the fear of witchcraft he grows up, and when he sickens and is about to die, his one thought is that a spell has been cast upon him for which the charm can not be discovered. All his life long he dreads in lonely places to meet the *inswelabova*—an inhuman man, lacking only hair or fur to make him altogether a beast—a sort of beast in human form who rides backward on a baboon, ready to pounce upon and make medicine of the unwary traveler. In mature manhood he suspects his neighbor, his friend, his brother, and even his wife of having dealings with makers of charms and poisons. He walks with an uneasy feeling that an enemy may have put medicine in his path to harm him. From every possible source, from earth and from sky, from river and from forest, from friend and from foe, he is continually apprehensive of evil influence coming upon him and searching for a talisman to wear against it. (3479)

WITNESS OF SERVICE

On one of the battle-fields of South Africa a young chaplain found a Highlander sorely wounded and with life ebbing quickly away. He asked him to allow him to pray, but the soldier said gruffly, "No, I don't want prayers. I want water." The chaplain secured, with great difficulty, some water, and then asked the refreshed man if he might read a psalm. "No," said the soldier again. "I am too cold to listen to a psalm." The chaplain instantly stript off his coat and wrapt it tenderly round the wounded soldier. And then, touched by the chaplain's sympathy, the man turned and said, "Chaplain, if religion makes men like you, let's have that psalm." When Christians prove themselves loving and considerate for the sick and suffering, even the hardest heart melts. (3480)

WIVES OF GREAT MEN

It is an oft-quoted saying of Dr. Johnson that "a man in general is better pleased when he has a good dinner on the table than when his wife talks Greek." Racine had an illiterate wife and was accustomed to boastfully declare that she could not read any of his tragedies. Dufresny married his washerwoman. Goethe's wife was a woman of mediocre capacity. Heine said of the woman he loved, "She has never read a line of my writings and does not even know what a poet is." Therese Lavasseur, the last flame of Rousseau, could not tell the time of day. "How many of the wise and learned," says Thackeray, "have married their cooks! Did not Lord Eldon, himself the most prudent of men, make a runaway match? Were not Achilles and Ajax both in love with their servant-maids? Seven hundred people sat up all night to see the beautiful Duchess of Hamilton get in her carriage, but would one in a thousand lose a wink of sleep to get a glimpse of the learned wife of the pundit Yainavalka, who discoursed with the Indian in Sanskrit on the vexed problems of life?—*The Interior.* (3481)

Woman Suffrage—See Retort, A.

WOMANLY WIT

Foster, the State news paragrapher of the Cleveland *Press,* published a paragraph to this effect: "A Marion girl started her graduating essay as follows: 'I am fairly worried out with the incessant pratings of the lords of creation on the duties and sphere of woman.'" The paragraph closed with the somewhat dangerous assertion that the editor would bet a new spring hat that the author of that discourse on woman's sphere could not bake a loaf of bread. Two days later Mr. Foster received from Marion a large box. It contained sundry light loaves of bread and cake marvelously toothsome. An accompanying affidavit bore the solemn oath of the sweet girl graduate (who possesses the pretty name of May Williams) that she had, unaided, made the wheat-bread marked "Exhibit A," the two specimens of corn-bread marked "Exhibit B," and the chocolate, "Exhibit C." The notary's seal of office was affixt to the affidavit, and it was settled beyond a doubt in Mr. Foster's mind that his wager had been accepted. He therefore went out and lavished his week's salary on a new spring hat. (3482)

WOMAN'S SPHERE

She's a woman with a mission; 'tis her heaven-born ambition to reform the world's condition, you will please to understand.
She's a model of propriety, a leader in society, and has a great variety of remedies at hand.
Each a sovereign specific, with a title scientific, for the cure of things morbific that vex the people sore;
For the swift alleviation of the evils of the nation is her foreordained vocation on this sublunary shore.
And while thus she's up and coming, always hurrying and humming, and occasionally slumming, this reformer of renown,
Her neglected little Dicky, ragged, dirty, tough, and tricky, with his fingers soiled and sticky, is the terror of the town.

(Text.)—*Tit-Bits.*
(3483)

WOMAN'S STRENGTH

There is no physical reason why a woman should be more feeble or diseased than a man. Stanley was furnished with two hundred negro women to carry his stuff into the interior of Africa, and he found them the best porters he had employed, altho he felt very doubtful about accepting their services when first proposed. The Mexican Indian woman is able to carry her household goods on her back with two or three babies on top when a change of location is desirable. Meanwhile her husband trudges bravely along carrying his gun. On the continent of Europe most of the heavy work is done by women. In Vienna women and dogs are frequently hitched together, and sometimes a woman is yoked with a cow to draw a load of produce to the city. Many of these peasant women will carry upon their heads a load of vegetables that few American men could easily lift. These women have the muscles of the waist and trunk thoroughly developed. Despite their hardships, they do not suffer from the backache or displacements, or other ailments which the women who dress fashionably are constantly afflicted with.—*Phrenological Journal.* (3484)

Women, Courage of—See BRAVERY OF WOMEN.

Women Fighting Disease—See TUBERCULOSIS.

Women Graduates—See ALUMNÆ OCCUPATIONS.

WOMEN IN BONDAGE

In Korea woman is a useful member of society, for material interests hang on her hand. Once, on a walk by the city wall, we saw a man sitting on a stone weeping. His was a full-mouthed, heart-broken cry, as tho the world had given way under him. "Why," we asked—"why all this fuss?" He looked vacantly at us for a moment, and then resumed where he had left off. We found that the trouble was about a woman, his wife; she had left him. "How he must have loved her to cry like that," remarked a lady in the party. It was translated, but he resented it. "Loved her? I never loved her, but she made my clothes and cooked my food; what shall I do? boo-hoo-oo," louder and more impressively than ever.—JAMES S. GALE, "Korea in Transition." (3485)

Women in Finance—See BUSINESS, RELIGION IN.

Women in Persia—See PERSIA, MOSLEM SITUATION IN.

WOMEN, INJUSTICE TO

She was a woman, worn and thin, whom the world condemned for a single sin; they cast her out of the king's highway and passed her by as they went to pray. He was a man, and more to blame, but the world spared him a breath of shame; beneath his feet he saw her lie, but he raised his head and passed her by. They were the people who went to pray at the temple of God on the holy day. They scorned the woman, forgave the man. It was ever thus since the world began. Time passed on, and the woman died, on the cross of shame was crucified; but the world was stern and would not yield, and they buried her in the potter's field. The man died, too; and they buried him in a casket of cloth with a silver rim, and said, as they turned from his grave away: "We've buried an honest man today." Two mortals knocked at heaven's gate and stood face to face to inquire their fate. He carried a passport with earthly sign, and she a pardon from Love divine. O, we who judge 'twixt virtue and vice, which think ye entered paradise? Not he whom the world had said would win, for the woman alone was ushered in. (3486)

WOMEN JUDGING WOMEN

At a large dinner party in Washington, a lady sitting next to William M. Evarts, then Secretary of State, said to him: "Mr. Evarts, don't you think that a woman is the best judge of other women?" "Ah, madam," said Mr. Evarts, "she is not only the best judge, but the best executioner." (3487)

WOMEN, WARLIKE

In warlike times, when battle was the business of life and victory over a foe the highest honor that could be had, when home in the true sense there was none, and when castles were less houses for pleasant living than strongholds to shelter raiders and resist assault, women were as heroic as their age. If they were not so accurate in their aim as the archers, of whom it was said every English bowman "bore under his girdle twenty-four Scots," they knew how to man the ramparts and defend the bridges as well as their lords themselves. Womanliness in the bower, dignity in the hall, courage in the castle—that was the whole duty of these noble women of a rude but manly age, and to their example, their influence and their shaping power as mothers England owes much of her greatness and half of her strength. Letting Boadicea pass as an example of the feminine fighting blood, we find in Dame Nicola de Camville an early specimen of the warlike political woman. She took the royal side in the famous war with the barons, and held Lincoln Castle against Gilbert de Gaunt, first for King John and afterward for Henry III, till the battle called Lincoln Fair broke her power. The beautiful Countess of Salisbury, she who was so ardently beloved by the third Edward, was another instance of feminine daring, in her case coupled with the loveliest and most graceful sweetness. Black Agnes was again a heroine of the virago type, and Queen Philippa, Queen Margaret, and others of the same kind honored their adopted nationality by their courage and devotion. Meaner women were as brave. In a skirmish at Naworth (1570) Leonard Dacres had in his army "many desperate women, who there gave the adventure of their lives and fought right stoutly."—*The Fortnightly Review.* (3488)

WOMEN'S FRIVOLITY

What most women want to-day is a donkey-load of Paris dresses for their bodies, an automobile to pull them around, an army of servants to hook them up and then to unhook them. The mammonism of men to-day is the outer and physical embodiment of the inner and essential vulgarity of the whole pleasure-loving mob of women on the avenues, with their sipping of cocktails at the beginning of the meal in great restaurants, their flashing of jewels, their parade of gowns, their killing of time through bridge and games of chance. Killing time! When these golden hours are more precious than the purple drops of paradise itself. Oh, these superficial, frivolous, vapid women, who have turned their beautiful bodies into something scarcely better than the wire stands that exhibit gowns in merchants' windows. And they use their very beauty as exemption from duty!—N. D. HILLIS. (3489)

Wonders of Nature—See INSECTS OF REMOTE TIMES.

WONDERS UNSEEN BY MAN

The insect must see a whole world of wonders of which we know little or nothing. True, we have microscopes, with which we can see one thing at a time if carefully laid upon the stage; but what is the finest instrument that can be produced compared to that with twenty-five thousand object-glasses, all of them probably achromatic, and each one a living instrument, with its own nerve-branch supplying a separate sensation. To creatures thus endowed with microscopic vision, a cloud of sandy dust must appear like an avalanche of massive rock fragments, and everything else proportionally monstrous.—W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS, "Science in Short Chapters." (3490)

Word, Effect of a Tender—See HEART-HUNGER, SATISFYING.

WORD IN SEASON

Buckingham, the war governor of Connecticut, one day met a young man named Simmons as both were walking along the street, and putting both hands on the young man's shoulders, the governor said solemnly: "Simmons, we are none of us living as well as we ought to," and passed on. Simmons, as an old man, declared that that act had a most powerful and permanent influence on his life. (Text.) (3491)

WORD JUGGLING

There are three hundred and sixty-five prohibitions in the law, said the Rabbins, just as many as there are days in the year, and two hundred and forty-eight positive commands, corresponding to the number of members of the body, according to their anatomy; the whole number making six hundred and thirteen precepts. "There can be no more precepts or any less," reasoned the wise Pharisees, "because there are just six hundred and thirteen letters in the decalog." Or if one had not liked this interpretation, they would have given him another equally satisfactory reason why there should be just six hundred and thirteen precepts. In Numbers 15:38, the Jews are commanded to wear fringes, called in the Hebrew tsitsith, upon the border of their garments. Now, as there are eight threads and five knots in each fringe, making the number thirteen, and as the letters of the word tsitsith stand in Hebrew for the number six hundred, therefore, as was proved before, there must be just six hundred and thirteen precepts in the Mosaic law. To such silly word jugglery had the Pharisees recourse in placing upon men's shoulders burdens too grievous to be borne. —*The Golden Rule.* (3492)

WORD OF GOD FREED

When Elizabeth of England succeeded to the throne she was petitioned to release, according to custom, four or five principal prisoners. "Who shall they be?" she asked. The reply was: "The four evangelists and the apostle Paul." (Text.) (3493)

WORD OF GOD UNIVERSAL

The following is by Frank Dempster Sherman:

Not only in the Book
  Is found God's word,
But in the song of every brook
  And every bird.

In sun and moon and star
  His message shines!
The flowers that fleck the green fields are
  His fragrant lines.

His whisper in the breeze,
  And His the voice
That bids the leaves upon the trees
  Sing and rejoice.

Go forth, O soul! nor fear
  Nor doubt, for He
Shall make the ears of faith to hear—
  The eyes to see. (3494)

WORD, THE, A HAMMER

Thor was the god of thunder. The most prized of all his possessions was his magic hammer. This was red hot, and always returned to his hand ready to be thrown again. He used it to drive boundary stakes, and also to punish his enemies. The ancient Northern peoples made the sign of the hammer, as later Christians did the cross, to ward off evils and to secure blessings.

What an allegory, all this, of the Word of God! (Text.) (3495)

Words—See Glitter versus Depth.

WORK

It was while Moses was at his common task that the call came to him. This wilderness training was simply a third school which he entered to fit him for the great work of his life. When God wants a man he usually calls one who is busy among the commonplace things of life. Commonplace duties are always glorified in God's sight. When God wanted a prophet he selected Amos from among the farmer-shepherds. When He wanted a poet He called a lad from keeping sheep. When He wanted an apostle He called a swearing tar from mending his net on the beach of Galilee. When He wanted a missionary He selected a Paul from among the tent-makers. When He wanted a deliverer of Israel He called a man from the commonplace duties of the desert. When God wanted to show man how much He loved him and honored toil, He chose to incarnate Himself in the carpenter of Nazareth.

"This is the gospel of labor,
Ring it ye bells of the kirk;
The Lord of Love, came down from above,
To live with the men who work;
This is the rose He planted,
Here is the thorn-curst soil,
Heaven is blest, with perfect rest,
But the blessing of earth is toil."
(Text.) (3496)

Paul was not ashamed to work with his hands, altho he had been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel and taught according to the perfect manner of the law. He had not forgotten the custom of the Jews, who always taught their sons in early youth to work at some trade or handicraft. A true saying is that "an idle brain is the devil's workshop." Miss Dryer, a Chicago missionary, in addressing the ministers' meeting of that city in behalf of girls' sewing-schools, made the significant statement that in all her experience of many years she had never known of a fallen woman who knew how to sew. (Text.) (3497)

Man's work is to labor and leaven
As best he may—earth here with heaven,
'Tis work for work's sake that he's needing;
Let him work on and on as speeding
Work's end, but not dream of succeeding!
Because if success were intended,
Why, heaven would begin ere earth ended.
—Browning.
(3498)

See Genius and Work.

Work a Necessity—See Industry and Longevity.

WORK AND ART

Between digging a ditch to drain a meadow and composing a sonnet, what is there in common? Nevertheless, if we look closely into the matter, the ditch and the sonnet are much the same thing. We might even fairly challenge that category of "useful" and "fine." The useful are surely fine, for nothing is finer than use; and the fine, if they be not in a high sense useful, are not fine after all. The ditch is dug to increase the serviceableness to man of nature; the sonnet is composed to enable man to discern in nature a beauty (or serviceableness) to which he had heretofore been blind. From a broad standpoint, there is little to choose between them. The ditch is nothing in itself, but neither, strictly speaking, is the sonnet. They are both means to ends. The ditch is, perhaps, more distant from its end than the sonnet, but it is a link in the same chain. Moreover, the ditch will always be an honest ditch, but the sonnet may be false or artificial, and in that case counts for nothing, or less. The real difference resides in the person doing much more than in the thing done. A workman, building a wall, may have a perception of the value of the use he is performing, or he may not; only in the former case, of course, does he deserve the name of artist. The seamstress who plies her needle in our attic, or the poor man's wife who must needs wash and scrub and darn and work all day long, and from year's end to year's end, if she realize the universal bearings of her industry, is an artist, and a nobler and more adorable one than she who sings for $5,000 a night.—*America.* (3499)

Work and Long Life—See INDUSTRY AND LONGEVITY.

Work as Witness—See TESTIMONY OF WORK.

WORK ATTITUDE, THE

What is work—work not as mere external performance, but as attitude of mind? It signifies that the person is not content longer to accept and to act upon the meanings that things suggest, but demands congruity of meaning with the things themselves. In the natural course of growth, children come to find irresponsible make-believe plays inadequate. A fiction is too easy a way out to afford content. There is not enough stimulus to call forth satisfactory mental response. When this point is reached, the ideas that things suggest must be applied to the things with some regard to fitness. A small cart, resembling a "real" cart, with "real" wheels, tongue and body, meets the mental demand better than merely making believe that anything which comes to hand is a cart. Occasionally to take part in setting a "real" table with "real" dishes brings more reward than forever to make believe a flat stone is a table and that leaves are dishes. The interest may still center in the meanings, the things may be of importance only as amplifying a certain meaning. So far the attitude is one of play. But the meaning is now of such a character that it must find appropriate embodiment in actual things.

The dictionary does not permit us to call such activities work. Nevertheless, they represent a genuine passage of play into work. For work (as a mental attitude, not as mere external performance) means interest in the adequate embodiment of a meaning (a suggestion, purpose, aim) in objective form through the use of appropriate materials and appliances. Such an attitude takes advantage of the meanings aroused and built up in free play, but controls their development by seeing to it that they are applied to things in ways consistent with the observable structure of the things themselves.

The point of this distinction between play and work may be cleared up by comparing it with a more usual way of stating the difference. In play activity, it is said, the interest is in the activity for its own sake; in work, it is in the product or result in which the activity terminates. Hence the former is purely free, while the latter is tied down by the end to be achieved.—JOHN DEWEY, "How We Think." (3500)

WORK, CHRISTIAN

The verses below are true of every soul who really desires to do God's work.

If we can not be the watchman
  Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
  Offering life and peace to all;
With our prayers, and with our bounties
  We can do what heaven demands;
We can be, like helpful Aaron,
  Holding up the prophet's hands.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting,
  For some greater work to do,
For time is a lazy goddess—
  She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
  Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor
  You can find it anywhere. (3501)

Work, Daily—See MELODY FROM DRUDGERY.

WORK DESPISED

A king desired a fine mosaic picture. The master-artist divided the stones from which it was to be constructed among his workmen, giving to each his own design. One artist considered his fragment too small to notice, and threw away the stone intrusted to him, saying, "It is of no worth." When all the work was brought together, his stone was found to be the most important of all, the very centerpiece. He lost his place, and was branded upon the forehead with the words, "Of no worth," as a penalty for his neglect. (3502)

WORK DIVINELY INTENDED

As the clear and sensitive organ of the eye, which holds upon its tiny lens the masses of far stars and the mazes of their movement, was evidently made for this marvelous function; as the nerve of the ear, which takes eloquence, poetry, wit, applause, the tone of affection, the crash of the thunder-burst, the lively laugh of childish glee, and communicates each with instant fidelity to the spirit behind, was manifestly formed for exactly this office; so, just as clearly, the personal soul, with its judgment and its will, with its deep-seated instincts and its eager desires, with its unrest in indolence, and its thought that outruns attainment every instant, was made to realize its good by working. The date-tree in the desert is not more precisely preadjusted to its office!—RICHARD S. STORRS. (3503)

Work in Miniature—See MINIATURE WORK.

WORK PROVING RELIGION

There is a story of a young minister who had just come to be pastor in a town, and he called on Hiram Golf, the shoemaker.

"Well, Hiram," said the minister, "I have come to talk with you about the things of God, and I am very glad a man can be in a humble occupation and yet be a godly man." The shoemaker said, "Don't call this occupation humble." The minister thought he had made a mistake, and he said, "Excuse me, I didn't mean to reflect on what you do for a living." The man replied, "You didn't hurt me, but I was afraid you might have hurt the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe the making of that shoe is just as holy a thing as your making a sermon. I believe that when I come to stand before the throne of God, He is going to say, 'What kind of shoes did you make down on earth?' And He might pick out this very pair, in order to let me look at them in the blazing light of the great white throne; and He is going to say to you, 'What kind of sermons did you make?' and you will have to show Him one of your sermons. Now, if I made better shoes than you made sermons, I will have a better place in the kingdom of God." (Text.) (3504)

Work, Quiet, Successful—See VALUE OF ONE MAN.

WORK, THE TRUE WISDOM

When Frederick Temple, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, was a poor boy, wearing patched clothes and patched shoes, he had the good fortune to have a wise mother who stimulated and encouraged the right kind of ambition, and directed his zeal. One day the boy waxed critical over the inconsistency of English spelling, when his mother chided him gently: "Freddie, don't argue; do your work." The lesson was not lost on his open mind. He followed the sage advice. And long years after, when as primate of all England he had arisen to a position scarcely second to any in dignity and influence in the land, he acted on his mother's counsel: "Don't argue, do your work." (3505)

WORK TRANSFORMED

As the water drops of the storm-clouds are transfigured by the sunlight into rainbows, so the lowliest work is transfigured by thoughts of God shining through it. So it was with the old negro washerwoman who sang, as she climbed the stairs wearily at night after her hardest day, "One more day's work for Jesus." So it was with the Christian child in the mission Sunday-school, who was asked, "What are you doing for Jesus?" and replied, "I scrubs." (3506)

WORK VERSUS WORKER

James Buckham is the author of this poem:

"What hast thou wrought?" is the world's demand.
Where is thy product of brain or hand?
That presented, the wise world says,
"Take this place!" and the man obeys.

Somewhat otherwise measures God,
Searches the soul with love's testing-rod;
Gets its innermost depth and plan;
Ignores the product, exalts the man!

Whittier, in a similar vein, wrote:

Not by the page word-painted,
My life is banned or sainted.
Deeper than written scroll,
The colors of the soul,
Nobler than any fact,
My wish that failed of act. (Text.)
(3507)

Work, Unrecompensed—See ILL-PAID WORK.

Working Hard—See ENCOURAGEMENT.

Working Men and Church—See CHRIST APPROVED.

WORKING TOGETHER

Faraday, the distinguished chemist, says:

The change produced by respiration so injurious to us (for we can not breathe the air twice over) is the very life and support of plants and vegetables growing on the surface of the ground. These latter absorb carbon—the leaves taking up the carbon of the air to which we have given it in the form of carbonic acid, and grow and prosper. Give them a fine air like ours, and they could not live in it, but carbon and other matters make them grow. All trees and plants get their carbon from the air, which carries off what is bad for us and at the same time good for them—disease to the one is health to the other. So we are made dependents not only on our fellow creatures but on our fellow existers as well, all nature being tied together by the law that makes one part conduce to the good of another. (Text.) (3508)

WORKING WITH GOD

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatso'er is willed is done. (Text.)
—JOHN G. WHITTIER.
(3509)

Workmanship—See BEAUTY FROM FRAGMENTS.

WORKS DESTROYED

When Thomas Carlyle was writing his famous history of the French Revolution, and when he had the first volume ready for the printer's hands, he one day loaned the manuscript to John Stuart Mill, his intimate and admiring friend. This friend's servant girl, seeing the pile on the library floor one day, and wanting some kindling, unceremoniously put the whole of it into the stove and kindled the fire with it. Thus the priceless labor of many years was in a few moments swept away.

Mill came himself, pale and trembling, to break the news to the author. When he heard it, his spirit fairly broke down under the terrible disaster.

If the loss of a book is such a calamity, how unspeakably terrible will it be to have the works of one's lifetime burned? There are men of whom the divine word says, "They shall be saved, but their works shall be burned." (3510)

Works, Immortality in One's—See IMMORTALITY OF INFLUENCE.

WORLD IMPROVING

In the old days the bee-master to reach the honey killed the bees, but now he contrives to spare the bees, who continue to live on and share their own sweetness. A similar transformation is being effected in the hives of human industry. There is an attempt to get more justice, fairness, and even mercy, into commercial rivalries; to substitute some plan of cooperation for the existing competition, if that is possible. That glove-fights are being substituted for prize-fights is indeed a slow approach to civilization, yet the thinnest gloves are a concession to the rising sentiment of humanity; so in business, modern society is getting rid of certain naked brutalities of antagonism, and giving to reason and compassion a larger place. With aching head and aching heart, thousands to-day feel that the struggle for gold and bread is bitter enough; yet a better spirit slowly emerges, tempering the fiery law.—W. L. WATKINSON, "The Transfigured Sackcloth." (3511)

World, Need of the—See YOU.

WORLD NOT INDISPENSABLE

During the latter portion of his life, declares a writer in *Everybody's Magazine,* Emerson seemed to live much in the world of souls, and came back with difficulty to take cognizance of physical affairs.

At the time of the Millerite excitement, he was walking one day down Bromfield Street, Boston, when he met one of his friends, who remarked: "This is the day when the world is to come to an end, according to the Millerities." The Sage of Concord looked reflectively at his friend for a moment, and replied: "Ah, well, we can do without it." (3512)

WORLD, THE, IN THE CHRISTIAN

A ship in the water is good, but water in the ship is bad. A transatlantic liner, years ago, owing to some defect in one of its pumps, began to pump water into the ship instead of pumping it out. As they thought the ship had sprung a leak, they pumped all the harder, with the result that the ship only filled the faster. Presently the water rose so that their fires were extinguished. Then, thinking that they were going to the bottom, they abandoned the ship. Later on, some Englishmen found her tossing in mid-ocean, water-logged. Going on board, they ascertained the trouble, pumped her out, brought her in and secured $300,000 salvage money.

Just so the Christian in the world is good, but the world in the Christian is bad. The believer who allows the evil practises of the sinful world to dominate his heart can not possibly succeed; and yet there are men who, like those in the ship above mentioned, seem to pump the world into themselves as fast as they can.—A. F. SCHAUFFLER, *The Christian Herald.* (3513)

Worldliness—See AMUSEMENTS.

Worldliness, Vanity of—See CHURCH INDISPENSABLE.

Worldly Life—See PLEASURE, MOCKERY OF.

Worry—See THINGS.

WORRY, DON'T

Do not hurry,
Do not worry,
As this world you travel through,
No regretting,
Fuming, fretting,
Ever can advantage you.
Be content with what you've won,
What on earth you leave undone,
There are plenty left to do. (3514)

WORSHIP, ENFORCED

Some ministers would welcome the method described below for our churches at home:

Some interesting new methods and agencies are noticed in the *Baptist Missionary Magazine* as having been introduced into the missionary church at Sinwaugan, Philippine Islands. A band of policemen has been instituted to see that all the members of the church attend the services on time. These policemen hunt up delinquents, and if they can not give good reasons for their absence, bring them to church. In the church they keep order among the throngs of children who attend. (3515)

WORSHIPER, A MOTHER

One of the first Christian novels of Japan tells of a widow, whose only son was a careless, aimless boy. His mother tried to inspire him with the lofty purpose of reestablishing their house, then in danger of becoming extinct. Her efforts were all in vain, until one day she took him to his father's grave and kneeling there with him, sternly rebuked him in the face of the dead for his thoughtless life. Then drawing a dirk she handed it to him with this startling order: "Die, coward! Die with this dirk here and now! Then I will follow you!" In this way this Spartan-like mother aroused her boy so that he became a great and successful man. He never could cease to love and reverence her. He said: "The fire of my mother's face burned into my soul and gave me the supreme decision of my life. Therefore, I am a worshiper of my mother." This represents some of the best traditions of Japanese family life, and with such a basis, it is easy to see how welcome with many is the Christian truth, which emphasizes the duties of parents and recognizes the rights even of children.—JOHN H. DE FOREST, "Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom." (3516)

Worshiping Idols—See FETISHISM.

WORTH, ESTIMATING

The difference between a good job and a bad one is nothing—unless the man with a good one is a good man.

A certain office in Chicago had this fact demonstrated. There were two men on the pay-roll who had an equal opportunity for a new place, a place much in advance of that held by either. One of the men had a good job, the place of assistant to the head of a department. The other was only a clerk. The first man got $30 a week, the second was paid only $18. When the time came for the head to look around and select the man for the new position his eyes fell on the two under consideration, and he began to sum up their merits.

"My idea of a man for this new place," he said, "is one who has proved by his steadiness, industry, and economy that he is ambitious, that he wants to and means to do well, and who, generally speaking, has shown that he's a strong character. Now, while Johnson, at $30 a week, is obviously first choice for the place, I won't give it to him until I've compared him with Nagle, who's only getting $18. I'm going to look them over first and find out who really is the bigger man of the two."

A week later the office was surprized and shocked to see Nagle, the clerk, get the coveted place.

"Why in the world did you do it?" a friend asked the boss.

The answer was short and to the point. "I looked 'em up, and found that Nagle was a better man than Johnson, in spite of the fact that the latter had the bigger job. Johnson has been getting $30 a week for two years. He's single, but he hasn't got a cent of savings in the bank. Nagle has been getting $18 for the same length of time. But Nagle has been taking care of his money, and now he has $300 to his credit in his savings account. Johnson goes out and blows in his money and doesn't give a single thought to the future. Nagle plants a few dollars every week. Do you suppose there can be any question as to the ability of these two men?"

And when you think it over this is about as good a test of worth as any that could be made.—Chicago *Tribune*. (3517)

WOUNDS, CURIOUS

Simon Stone was shot in nine places, and as he lay for dead the Indians made two hacks with a hatchet to cut his head off. He got well, however, and was a lusty fellow in Cotton Mather's time. Jabez Musgrove was shot with a bullet that went in at his ear and came out at his eye on the other side. A couple of bullets went through his body also. Jabez got well, however, and lived many years. *Per contra*, Colonel Rossiter, cracking a plum-stone with his teeth, broke a tooth and lost his life. We have seen physicians dying, like Spigelius, from a scratch; and a man who had had a crowbar shot through his head alive and well. These extreme cases are warnings. But you can never be too cautious in your prognosis, in view of the great uncertainty of the course of any disease not long watched, and the many unexpected turns it may take.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR. (3518)

Wounds of Christ—See STIGMATA.

WOUNDS THAT SPEAK

The advocates in ancient Rome gave effect to their appeals by producing on fit occasions the living image of the client's misery, and his claims on the compassion of the courts. Thus, when Antony was defending against the charge of pecuniary corruption, Aquilius, who had successfully conducted the campaign in Sicily against the fugitive slaves, and was unable to disprove or refute the charge, in the midst of his harangue, after appealing in impassioned tones to the services rendered to his country by the brave soldier who stood by his side—he suddenly unloosed the folds of his client's robe, and showed to his fellow citizens who sat upon his trial the scars of the wounds which had been received in their behalf. They could not resist the effect of such a sight, and Aquilius was acquitted. (Text.)—CROAKE JAMES, "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers."

Many a heart, like that of Thomas, has been softened and convinced by the sight of the marks of Christ's passion. (3519)

Writing Life Records—See RECORDS, LIVING.

WRONG RETROACTIVE

For he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned.
(Text.)—TENNYSON.
(3520)

Wrongs, Little—See LITTLE SINS.

X-Ray as Detective—See DETECTION; EXPOSURE.

Y

YEARS, THE UNRETURNING

Each day the tide flows out and in,
  Each day the gray ships leave,
Each night the mute-lipped stars appear,
  Each night the waters grieve;
But from their distant harbor home
  Toward which our hearts are yearning,
No more with laden ships of dreams
  We see the years returning.

Each year that passed the silent bar
  Went out beyond forever;
Tho on the heights we watch and wait,
  The ships are sighted never;
But in our hearts old memories
  Come to the heart's discerning,
And comfort us if nevermore
  We find the years returning. (Text.)
  —Arthur W. Peach, *The Sunday-school Times.* (3521)

YOU

The personal note in these verses (author unidentified) gives force to the advice they contain:

The world is waiting for somebody,
  Waiting and watching to-day;
Somebody to lift up and strengthen,
  Somebody to shield and stay.
Do you thoughtlessly question, "Who?"
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,
  Somebody brave and strong,
With a helping hand, a generous heart,
  With a gift of deed or song.
Do you doubtfully question, "Who?"
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,
  The sad world bleak and cold,
When wan-faced children are watching
  For hope in the eyes of the old.
Do you wond'ringly question, "Who?"
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,
  And has been for years on years;
Somebody to soften its sorrows,
  Somebody to heed its tears.
Then doubting question no longer, "Who?"
For, oh, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,
  A deed of love to do;
Then up and hasten, everybody,
  For everybody is you!
For everybody is you, my friend,
  For everybody is you! (3522)

YOUTH OF THE HEART

If we would keep our spirits young we should learn this lesson from the trees, by Richard Kirk:

Master, I learn this lesson from the trees:
Not to grow old. The maple by my door
Puts forth green leaves as cheerily as I,
When I was taller than this selfsame tree,
Put forth my youthful longings. I have erred,
Standing a bleak and barren leafless thing
Among my hopeful brothers. I am shamed.
I will not be less hopeful than the trees;
I will not cease to labor and aspire;
I will not pause in patient high endeavor;
I will be young in heart until I die.
—*Lippincott's Magazine.*
(3523)

YOUTH, USEFUL

A newsboy of only fourteen lately did heroic rescue work in connection with the disaster at the Alexandra docks extension, in Newport, Monmouthshire, England, descending sixty feet under the fallen and broken timbers to clear the way to where the bleeding and crippled laborers were lying. The lad with two hands to help, and with a clear brain and a loving heart, is a very important factor in this busy and often troubled world. (Text.) (3524)

YOUTHFUL TENDENCIES

One of our illustrated papers presented a picture in a late issue that painted a very definite moral. It was labeled "Man in the Making," and showed two well-grown boys in a trolley car, one crowded in a corner and reading "Dead-Eye Dick," and the other sitting up thoughtfully and studying his geometry. (3525)

Z

ZEAL

Dr. Bonar tells of a dream he once had. In his dream the angels weighed his zeal, and he was delighted with the result. It reached the maximum and turned the scale at a hundred. Then they analyzed it, and his delight vanished. For (out of the hundred) fourteen parts were pure selfishness, fifteen parts sectarianism, twenty-two parts ambition, twenty-three parts love for man, and twenty-six parts love to God. He awoke from his dream sobered and saddened, but resolved on a new consecration. How much religious zeal (if analyzed) would prove even more corrupt! (3526)

Zeal in Teachers—See TEACHERS, ALERTNESS OF.

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Church, The. Eph. 5:27—A glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle.

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D

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Danger, Stimulating Exertion. Matt. 7:13, 14—Enter ye in at the strait gate, &c.

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Darkness Developing Character. Job 29:3—By his light I walked through darkness.

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Dawn of Christian Light. Mal. 4:2—Arise with healing in his wings.

Daybreak. Exod. 16:7—In the morning then shall ye see the glory of the Lord.

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Death, Christian Attitude toward. Rom. 5:12—Death passed upon all men, &c.

Death, Spiritual. Eph. 2:1—And you hath he quickened, &c.

Death, The Ring of. Rom. 6:23—The wages of sin is death; 1 Cor. 15:26—The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

Death, Untimely. Isa. 28:10—I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave, &c.
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Deep Things. 1 Cor. 2:10—Deep things of God.
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Devil, The Chosen. Judges 10:14—Go and cry unto the gods which ye have chosen; let them deliver you in the time of your tribulation.
Direction. Luke 9:51—He stedfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem.
Directions. Psalm 119:105—Thy word is a lamp, &c.
Directions Contrasted—Isa. 53:9—He made his grave with the wicked, &c.
Disappointment. Isa. 49:4—I have labored in vain, I have spent my strength for nought.
Discipline. Rev. 3:19—As many as I love . . . I chasten.
Discipline from Change. Psalm 55:19—Because they have no changes, &c.
Discontent, Divine. Phil. 3:13, 14—Brethren, I count not myself, &c.
Disease, Beneficial. Psalm 119:67—Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word.
Disguised Danger. Matt. 7:15—False prophets . . . in sheep's clothing . . . inwardly ravening wolves.
Dishonesty. Matt. 16:24, 25—Then said Jesus unto his disciples, &c.
Divinity. Acts 17:28—For in him we live and move and have our being, &c.
Dominant Elements. 1 Cor. 12:6—There are diversities of gifts.
Doubt, Issuing in Peace. Gen. 45:27—And when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived.
Dreams. Eccl. 3:11—He hath set the world (eternity) in their hearts, &c.
Drink, Heritage of. Exod. 20:5—Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, &c.
Drink, Peril of. Prov. 20:1—Wine is a mocker, strong drink, &c.
Duality. Rom. 7:23—But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind.
Duty in Death. Rev. 2:10—Be thou faithful unto death, &c.

E

Early Promise. Gal. 5:7—Ye did run well, &c.
Early Religion. Eccl. 12:1—Remember now thy Creator, &c.
Earnestness. Rev. 3:16—Neither cold nor hot; 1 Cor. 9:25—They . . . for a corruptible crown . . . we for an incorruptible.
Eating and Character. Phil. 3:19—Whose god is their belly.
Economic Motives. 1 Chron. 22:15—Moreover there were workmen with thee in abundance, hewers and workers in stone, &c.
Economy. Heb. 13:5—Be content with such things as ye have.
Economy in Work. Eccl. 12:11—As nails fastened by the master, &c.
Economy of Energy. Hosea 7:9—Strangers have devoured his strength and he knoweth it not.

Economy of Natural Resources. Gen. 8: 22—While the earth remaineth, seed time, and harvest, &c.

Effacement of Sins. Ps. 51: 1—Blot out my transgressions; Ps. 51: 9—Blot out all my iniquities.

Egoism. Gen. 4: 9—Am I my brother's keeper?

Elect, The. Rom. 8: 29—For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate, &c.

Elevation. Deut. 34: 1—And Moses went up from the plains of Noah unto the mountain of Nebo to the top of Pisgah; Isa. 40: 9—Get thee up into the high mountain, Jerusalem that bringest good tidings, &c.

Elevation and Vision. Psalm 121: 1—I will lift up mine eyes, &c.

Emergency. 1 Sam. 21: 8—The king's business requireth haste.

Encouragement. Eccl. 9: 10—Whatsoever thy hand findeth, &c.; 2 Tim. 2: 1—Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.

Endeavor. 1 Pet. 3: 13—Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good.

Endeavor, Constant. 1 Cor. 9: 25—And every man that striveth for the mastery, &c.

Endurance. Matt. 10: 22—He that endureth to the end, &c.

Endurance of Pain. Heb. 13: 6—I will not fear what man shall do unto me.

Enemies Converted. Rom. 12: 20—In so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

Enticement. Prov. 1: 10.—If sinners entice thee consent thou not.

Environment, Destructive. 1 Cor. 5: 6—Your glorying is not good, &c.

Environment that Transforms. Rom. 12: 2—And be not conformed to this world, &c.

Envy. 1 Cor. 13: 4—Charity envieth not.

Equalization. Lev. 27: 8—According to his ability shall the priest value him.

Ethical Principle. John 7: 17—If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, &c.

Evangelization. Mark 16: 15—And he said unto them, Go ye, &c.

Evaporation. Psalm 63: 1—O God . . . early will I seek thee, &c.

Evidence, Christian. Matt. 7: 21—Not very one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter, &c.

Evil Beginnings. Prov. 16: 25—There is a way that seemeth good, &c.

Evil Deflected. 1 Peter 3: 13—Who is he that will harm you, &c.

Evil Disguised. Matt. 23: 27—Ye are like unto whited sepulchers, &c.

Evil Self-Destructive. Psalm 7: 16—His mischief shall return upon his own head.

Evil, Virulency of. Rom. 5: 12—Wherefore as by one man, &c.

Example. Gal. 6: 2—Bear ye one another's burdens, &c.; Heb. 6: 12—Followers of them who through faith, &c.

Example, Attention to. Psalm 123: 2—Behold, as the eyes of servants, &c.

Exclusion from Heaven. Matt. 25: 10—And the door was shut.

Excuses. Luke 14: 15-24—Began to make excuse, &c.

Experience. Matt. 7: 35—Cast out the beam in thine own eyes, &c.

Experience a Hard Teacher. Matt. 23: 3—Whatsoever they bid you observe, &c.

Experience the Best Argument. 2 Tim. 1: 12—I know whom I have believed, &c.

Experience, Value of. Matt. 15: 14—If the blind lead the blind, &c.

Experiment. Psalm 64: 6—They accomplish a diligent search . . . and the heart is deep; 1 Cor. 3: 10—I have laid the foundation, another buildeth thereon; John 4: 37—One soweth, another reapeth.

Exposure. Prov. 28: 13—He that covereth his sins, &c.

Extravagance, Censurable. Job 27: 19—The rich man shall lie down, &c.; Prov. 22: 27—The rich ruleth over the poor, &c.

Eye, The Searching. Gen. 16: 13—Thou God seest me.

F

Face, The, Revealing the Gospel. Eccl. 8: 1—A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, &c.

Facts, Religious. 2 Tim. 4: 3—For the time will come, &c.

Failure Transformed to Success. Isa. 45: 2—I will go before thee, &c.

Faith. Psalm 30: 5—Weeping may endure for a night, &c.; Heb. 11: 1—Faith . . . substance of things hoped for, &c.; Luke 12: 24—Consider the ravens . . . God feedeth them, &c.; Micah, 7: 8—When I fall, I shall arise, &c.

Faith, A Child's. Luke 18: 17—Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom as a little child. &c.

Faith and Power. Acts 6:8—Full of faith and power, &c.
Faith and Prayer. Matt. 7:11—If ye then, being evil, &c.
Faith and Support. Matt. 10:9, 10—Provide neither gold nor silver, &c.
Faith Better Than Sight. 1 Cor. 5:7—We walk by faith not by sight.
Faith Taught by Nature. Psalm 147:9—He giveth . . . food to the ravens, &c.; Matt. 6:30—If God so clothe the grass of the field, &c.
Faith without Works. James 2:17—Faith if it have not work, &c.
Faithfulness. 1 Cor. 4:2—Moreover it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful.
Faithfulness unto Death. 2 Tim 4:7—I have kept the faith.
Falsehood. Gal. 2:13—Other Jews dissembled likewise with him.
Falsity, Inner. Matt. 15:18—Those things . . . come forth from the heart, &c.
Family Religion. Prov. 22:6—Train up a child in the way he should go, &c.
Fasting. Matt. 6:16—When ye fast be not as the hypocrites, &c.
Father Animals, Unparental. Psalm 27:10—When my father and mother forsake me, &c.
Fatherhood. Luke 15:20—When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, &c.
Father's Voice. Luke 15:18—I will arise and go to my father.
Fear as a Motive. Eccl. 12:13—Fear God.
Fear of God. Eccl. 12:14—Fear God, &c.
Fear of Man. Jude 16—Having men's persons in admiration because of advantage.
Fertility. John 12:24—Except a corn of wheat, &c.
Fire, Cost of. 1 Cor. 3:13—The fire shall try every man's work.
Fire, Heavenly. Jer. 23:29—Is not my word like as a fire, &c.
Fishers of Men. Matt. 4:19—Follow me . . . fishers of men; Luke 5:10—From henceforth thou shalt catch men.
Flowers, Meanings of. Matt. 6:28—Consider the lilies of the field, &c.
Focusing the Eye. Matt. 6:21—For where your treasure is, &c.
Following Christ—John 2:5—Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it; John 15:14—Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.
Following, Inexact. Matt. 7:14—Strait is the gate, &c.; James 2:10—Keep the whole law . . . offend in one point, &c.
Forbearance. John 8:10, 11—When Jesus had lifted up himself, &c.; Rom. 12:17—Recompense to no man evil for evil.
Forgiveness. Matt. 6:14, 15—If ye forgive not, &c.
Forgiveness, Conditions of. Matt. 3:8—Fruits meet for repentance.
Form versus Reality. 2 Tim. 3:5—Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.
Foundations. 1 Tim. 6:16—If the foundations be destroyed, &c.; 1 Tim. 6:19—A good foundation; 1 Cor. 3:11—Other foundations can no man lay.
Freedom Chosen. Gal. 5:1—Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free.
Freedom of Soul. John 8:32—Truth shall make you free.
Friendliness. John 15:15—I have called you friends.
Friends, Choice of. Prov. 13:20—He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, &c.
Fruit and Soil. Mark 4:5—Fell on stony ground, &c.
Fruit-bearing. Luke 6:44—Every tree is known by his own fruit.
Fruitfulness. Psalm 1:3—Like a tree planted by the river, &c.
Future Life. 1 John 3:2—It doth not yet appear what we shall be; 1 Cor. 13:12—For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face, &c.
Future Welfare. Jer. 31:34—And they shall teach no more, &c.

G

Gain through Loss. 2 Cor. 4:17—Our light affliction which is but for a moment, &c.
Generosity. Prov. 11:24—There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, &c.; Acts 20:35—It is more blessed to give than to receive; Heb. 13:16—But to do good and to communicate, forget not, &c.
Generosity, Christian. Matt. 25:40—Inasmuch as ye have done it, &c.
Genius Can Not Be Hidden. Isa. 58:10—Then shall thy light rise in obscurity, &c.
Genius, Discovering. John 1:41, 42—He first findeth his own brother, &c.
Genius versus Tools. Mark 9:28—Why could not we cast him out, &c.
Getting and Giving. Matt. 10:8—Freely ye have received, freely give.
Giants. 2 Sam. 22:36—Thy gentleness hath made me great.

Giving Faithful. Mal. 3:10—Bring tithes into the storehouse, &c.

Giving through Love. Luke 7:37, 38—Alabaster box of ointment, &c.

Glory of Christ. 2 Peter 3:18—To him be glory, &c.

God, Greatness and Smallness. Isa. 57:15—I dwell in the high and holy place.

God, Immanence of. Psalm 19:1-3—The heavens declare the glory of God, &c.

God, Living for. Rom. 11:36—Of him, through him, and to him all things.

God our Strength. Psalm 50:15—Call upon me in the day of trouble, &c.; Job. 5:19—He shall deliver thee in six troubles, &c.

God Revealed in Nature. Psalm 19—The heavens declare, &c.

God Sends Gifts. James 1:17—Every good and every perfect gift is from, &c.

God, Sleepless Care of. Psalm 4:8—In peace will I both lay me down and sleep.

God Surrounding the Soul. Acts 17:28—In Him we live and move and have our being.

God, the Unsleeping. Psalm 121:4—He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber, &c.

Godlikeness of Man. Psalm 139:17—How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God.

God's Care. Deut. 33:27—Underneath are the everlasting arms.

God's Inscrutability. Rom. 11:33—O, the depth of the riches, &c.

Golden Age, the. 2 Cor. 6:2—Now is the accepted time.

Good for Evil. 1 Peter 3:9—Not rendering evil for evil.

Good in all Men. Luke 19:10—For the son of man is come, &c.

Good, Nourishing the. Psalm 55:13—Instead of briar shall come up, &c.

Good Out of Evil. Gen. 50:20—Ye thought evil . . . God meant it unto good, &c.

Good Shall Prevail. 1 Cor. 15:25—He must reign until, &c.

Good Will. Isa. 11:6. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, &c.

Goodness from God. James 1:17—Every good and every perfect gift is from above, &c.

Gospel, a Medicated. Jer. 8:22—Is there no balm in Gilead?

Grace, not Growth. Eph. 2:8—By grace ye are saved, &c.

Gravity. Eccl. 7:4—The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning; but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth.

Greatness Called Forth. Isa. 43:10—My servant whom I have chosen.

Greatness in Men. Gen. 6:4—The same became mighty men which were of old men of renown.

Greatness Serving. John 13:4, 5—Took a towel and girded himself, &c.

Greed. Matt. 25:40—Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Grief, Revealed. Gen. 43:31—And he washed his face, and went out and refrained himself.

Growing too Fast. Isa. 3:4—I will give children to be their princes, and babes shall rule over them.

Growth, Cause of. John 3:5—Jesus answered, Verily, verily, &c.

Growth, Evil. 2 Tim. 3:13—Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, &c.

Growth, Unconscious. Matt. 13:31, 32—Another parable put he forth, &c.

Guidance, God's. Psalm 73:24—Thou shalt guide me, &c.

Guidance Evilward. Eph. 6:11—The wiles of the devil.

Guilt. Job. 20:27—The heaven shall reveal his iniquity, &c.

H

Habit, the Power of. Eccl. 2:20—Therefore I went about to cause my heart to despair of all the labor which I took under the sun.

Happiness, Dearth of. Isa. 48:22. No peace . . . to the wicked.

Happiness, Imparting. Acts 20:35—More blessed to give than to receive.

Hardness of Heart. Ezek. 11:19—I will take the stony heart out of their flesh.

Hardship, Missionary. 2 Tim. 2:3—Endure hardness, &c.

Hardship Vicariously Borne. Matt. 8:17—Himself took our infirmities and bare our sickness.

Harvest from Early Sowing. Eccl. 11:1—Cast thy bread upon the waters, &c.

Havoc that Spreads. 1 Cor. 12:26—Whether one member suffer all the members suffer with it.

Headwork. Eccl. 9:10—Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, &c.

Health, Economics, of. Isa. 55:2—Eat ye that which is good, &c.

Heart Interest. Rom. 10:10—With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, &c.

Heart, The. Rom. 10:10—With the heart man believeth, &c.

Healing Waters. Psalm 46:4—A river, the streams whereof shall make glad, &c.

Heaven our Home. Heb. 13:14—For here we have no continuing city.

Heights, Pressing toward. Psalm 121:1—I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, &c.

Help for the Helpless. Matt. 11:28-30—Come unto me, &c.

Helpfulness. Rom. 12:13—Distributing to the necessity of saints, &c.; Luke 21:1, 2—Casting in two mites.

Heredity. Jer. 31:29, 30—The fathers have eaten sour grapes, &c.

Heroism. Acts 17:26—And hath made of one blood, &c.

Higher, the. Mark 10:29. There is no man that hath left house, &c.

Higher Law, the. Esther 4:16—I will go in unto the king, &c.

Homage. Phil. 2:9—That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, &c.

Homage to Christ. Rev. 4:10—Cast their crowns, &c.

Home. Hab. 2:5—He is a proud man, neither keepeth at home, &c.

Home where the Heart is. Eph. 1:14—Which is the earnest of our inheritance, &c.; Heb. 13:14—For here we have no continuing city, &c.

Homesickness. 2 Cor. 5:4—For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, &c.

Hope. Rom. 8:24, 25—We are saved by hope, &c.

Hope Deferred. Prov. 13:12—Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

Hospitality in Old Times. Heb. 13:2—Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, &c.

House, the Mortal. 2 Cor. 5:1—For ye know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, &c.

Human Nature, Insecurity of. 2 Sam. 22:47—God the rock of my salvation.

Human Nature, Much Alike. Acts 17:26—Hath made of one blood, &c.

Humble Work. 1 Cor. 12:14-21—In the law it is written, &c.

Humility. 1 Peter 5:6—Humble yourself therefore under, &c.; Luke 18:14—He that humbleth himself, &c.; Luke 23:42—Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom, &c.; John 13:5-15—Began to wash the disciples' feet.

Humor Overdone. Prov. 17:22—A merry heart doeth good, &c.

Hymn, A Good. Matt. 11:28—Come unto me, all ye that labor, &c.

Hypocrisy. Numbers 32:23—Your sin will find you out.

I

Ideal, the, Attempted. Isa. 11:9—Nor hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, &c.

Identification. John 10:3—He calleth his own sheep by name, &c.

Idleness. Eph. 5:16—Redeeming the time, &c.

Ignorance. Hosea 4:6—My people are destroyed, &c.; Psalm 55:22—Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.

Ill-fortune Becoming Good Fortune. Deut. 28:13—And the Lord shall make thee the head and not the tail, &c.

Image of God Reproduced. 2 Cor. 3:10—Changed into the same image, &c.

Imagery of the Mind. Ezek. 8:12—Every man in the chambers of his imagery, &c.

Imagination, Lure of. James 1:14—Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lusts, &c.

Imitation. 2 Cor. 3:18—Changed into the same image, &c.

Imitation of God. Matt. 5:45—That ye may be the children, &c.

Immigration. Matt. 25:35-38, 43—For I was an hungered, &c.

Immortality. Isa. 26:19—Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise; Prov. 16:31—The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness.

Immortality, Intimations of. John 14:3—And if I go and prepare a place for you, &c.

Immortality of Influence. Heb. 11:4—He being dead yet speaketh.

Immortality, Proof of. Rom. 2:7—To them who . . . seek for . . . immortality, eternal life.

Imperfections Corrected. Eph. 2:21—In whom the whole building fitly framed together, &c.

Impress. Prov. 22:6—Train up a child in the way he should go, &c.

Improvement. Psalm 112:2—His seed shall be mighty upon earth; the generation of the righteous shall be blessed.

Improving Time. Eph. 5:16—Redeeming the time.

Incentives. Matt. 7:14—Strait is the gate, &c.

Incitement. 2 Kings 19:14—And Hezekiah received the letter . . . and spread it before the Lord.
Inconsistency. Matt. 23:3—They say, and do not.
Indecision. Luke 18:8—When the son of man cometh shall he find faith, &c.
Individual, Value of the. Eccl. 9:10—Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, &c.
Individuality. John 2:24, 25—Jesus . . . knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man, for he knew what was in man.
Individuality in Interpretation. 2 Pet. 1:20—No prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation, &c.
Individuals, God's Care over. Matt. 18:12—If a man have a hundred sheep, &c.
Industry of Bees. Prov. 6:6—Go to the ant, thou sluggard, &c.
Infidelity Repulsive. Psalm 14:1—The fool hath said in his heart, &c.
Influence, Corrupt. 1 Sam. 8:3—And his sons . . . turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and perverted judgment.
Influence, Posthumous. Heb. 11:4—He, being dead, yet speaketh.
Injury to Self. 1 Pet. 3:13—Who is he that will harm you, &c.
Inoculation. Heb. 10:16—I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them, &c.
Insensitiveness to Beauty. Matt. 13:14, 15—And in them is fulfilled the prophecy, &c.
Instinct. Prov. 30:18-19. Three things too wonderful for me, &c.
Instinct, The Homing. Isa. 35:10—The ransomed of the Lord shall return, &c.
Intelligence, Animal. Jer. 8:7—Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times and the turtle and the crane and the swallow, &c.
Intelligence Outdoing Ignorance. 1 Kings 18:21—If the Lord be God follow him, but if Baal, then follow him.
Intemperance. Prov. 23:31—Wine . . . when it giveth its color in the cup, &c.; Prov. 23:21—For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.
Intimacy with Christ. John 15:4—Abide in me, &c.
Investment, Safe. Matt. 6:19—Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, &c.
Invisible, Potency of the. Rom. 1:20—The invisible things of him from the creation, &c.
Invisible, The, Made Visible. Rom. 1:20—The invisible things of him from the creation, &c.
Irrational Laws. Prov. 22:22—Neither oppress the afflicted in the gate.
Irrigation. Isa. 32:2—As rivers of water in a dry place.

J

Jesus, Second Coming of. Matt. 24:42—Watch therefore for ye know not, &c.
Journey to Heaven. Heb. 11:16—But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly.
Joy. Phil. 4:4—Again I say, rejoice.
Joy and Sorrow. 2 Cor. 6:10—As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.
Judging, Care in. John 7:24—Judge not according to appearances, &c.

K

Knowledge through Experience. 2 Cor. 4:13—We having the same spirit of faith, &c.; Luke 5:30—But their scribes and Pharisees murmured, &c.
Knowledge, Unity of. Colos. 1:17—By him all things consist (stand together).

L

Labor, Opportunity for. John 4:35—Fields . . . White already to harvest.
Laughter. Eccl. 3:4—A time to weep and a time to laugh.
Laughter, Value of. Prov. 17:22—A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; Gen. 21:6—God hath made me to laugh.
Law and Grace. Rom. 8:3—For what the law could not do, &c.
Lawlessness. Matt. 26:52—All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.
Leadership, Faithful. Phil. 3:17—Walk so as ye have us for an ensample.
Lethargy. 2 Pet. 1:5—Giving all diligence, add to faith virtue, &c.
Leveling. Luke 1:52—He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.
Liberty, Spiritual. Rom. 8:21—Because the creature itself, &c.

Life, a Voyage. Psalm 107:30—So he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Life, Feeding the. 1 Cor. 3:21—All things are yours.

Life from Death. Job 38:22—Treasures of the snow, &c.

Life Learned from Death. 1 John 3:14—We know that we have passed from death unto life, because, &c.

Life, Origin of. Gen. 1:2—And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

Life Purpose. Matt. 5:48—Be ye therefore perfect, &c.; Rev. 13:10—The patience and faith of the saints.

Life, Self-propagating. Matt. 13:33—Another parable spake he unto them, &c.

Life, Spending. Matt. 6:20—Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.

Life, Value of. Eccl. 12:8—Vanity of Vanities, &c.

Life What We make It. Prov. 23:7—For as he thinketh in his heart, &c.

Light. John 3:20—For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reproved; Matt. 5:16—Let your light so shine before men, &c.; Matt. 5:6—Let your light so shine, &c.

Light after Night. Psalm 30:5—Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

Light and activity. Dan. 12:3—They that be wise shall shine, &c.

Light as a Cure. 1 John 1:7—If we walk in the light, &c.

Light, Christian. Matt. 5:14—Ye are the light, &c.

Light Developing Beauty. Psalm 36:9—In thy light shall we see light.

Light of the World. John 8:12—I am the light of the world.

Light Preventing Crime. John 3:20—Neither cometh to the light lest, &c.

Light, Source of. 1 John 1:5—God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.

Light that Cheers. Matt. 5:16—Let your light so shine, &c.

Limitation of the Senses. 1 Cor. 2:9—Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard . . .the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

Little Things. Song of Sol. 2:15—Little foxes, &c.; Luke 19:10—Faithful in that which is least, &c.

Lives that Shine. Prov. 4:18—But the path of the just, &c.

Locusts as Food. Matt. 3:4—His meat was locusts, &c.

Longevity, Recipes for. Exod. 20:12—That thy days may be long, &c.; Prov. 3:1, 2—Length of days, and long life, &c.

Looking up. Psalm 121:1—I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, &c.

Loss, Gain in. Phil. 3:8—I count all things but loss for the excellency, &c.

Lost Chords. Psalm 143:5—I remember the days of old.

Lost, Finding the. Luke 15:20—But when he was yet a great way off, &c.

Lost, Seeking the. Luke 19:10—To seek and to save that which was lost, &c.; Luke 15:4—What man of you having a hundred sheep, &c.

Love. 1 Peter 2:17—Love the brotherhood.

Love a Finality. 1 Cor. 13:13—But now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity.

Love Driving Out Fear. 1 John 4:18—Fear hath torment, &c.

Love in Man. 1 John 4:7—Love is of God.

Love Indestructible. 1 Cor. 13:8—Charity (love) never faileth.

Love of Christ. Heb. 2:14—Forasmuch then as the children are partakers, &c.

Love, Practical. Mark 12:30—Thou shalt love . . . with all thy heart, &c.

Love, Preservative. 2 Cor. 2:14—Now thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place.

Love's Acceptable Offering. Gen. 4:3-5—And in process of time it came to pass, &c.

M

Magnanimity. Prov. 24:17—Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth.

Make-believe. Rom. 6:11—Likewise reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin.

Man as a Temple. 1 Cor. 3:16—Ye are the temple of God.

Man, Value of a. Gen. 19:1—And there came two angels to Sodom, &c.

Manhood. Jer. 5:1—Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem and see now . . . If ye can find a man, &c.

Manhood Recognized. Matt. 10:6-15, 24—Lost sheep, &c.

Manliness. 1 Cor. 16:13—Quit you like men, be strong.

Man's Size. Ps. 8:4—What is man that thou art mindful of him? &c.

Margins of Life. 2 Peter 1:5—Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, &c.

Marking Time. Exodus 14:15—Speak unto the children of Israel that they may go forward.

Marks, Covering. Prov. 28:13—He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, &c.

Master Mind, The. Phil. 2:5—Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.

Mastery of Nature. Ps. 8:6-8—Thou madest him to have dominion, &c.

Mean, The Golden. 1 Cor. 10:13—Who will not suffer you to be tempted above what ye are able, &c.

Measure for Measure. Matt. 7:10—With what measure ye mete, &c.

Measurement. 2 Chron. 16:9—For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, &c.

Mediation. Eph. 4:32—Even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.

Memory. Ps. 119:52—I remember thy judgments of old, O Lord; and have comforted myself.

Mercy, Limitation of. Isa. 55:6—Seek ye the Lord, &c.

Message, A Welcome. Gen. 8:11—The dove came to him, &c.

Methods in Religion. John 10:16—And other sheep I have which are not of this fold, &c.

Ministry, Difficulties of the. Acts 2:23-37—Him being delivered, &c.

Mind-healing. Ps. 19:7-10—The law of the Lord is perfect, &c.

Miracles, Evidential Value of. Ps. 107:35—He turneth dry ground into water springs.

Misery Exciting Sympathy. Acts 17:16—His spirit was stirred in him, &c.

Misfortune, Superiority To. Acts 20:24—But none of these move me, &c.

Mission Fruit. Acts 4:13—And they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.

Missionary Martyrdom. Acts 20:29—Neither count I my life dear unto myself.

Missionary Results. Mark 4:9—He that hath ears . . . let him hear.

Models. Eph. 4:13—Unto a perfect man, unto the measure, &c.

Modernity. Isaiah 41:1—Keep silence before me, O islands, and let the people renew their strength, &c.

Modesty. Luke 14:10, 11—But when thou art bidden, &c.

Mortality Resisted. Hosea 7:9—Gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth it not.

Motherhood in Animals. Deut. 32:11—As an eagle stirreth up her nest, &c.

Mother Love in Birds. Deut. 32:11—As the eagle . . . fluttereth over her young.

Motive, Mercenary. Matt. 6:16—They have their reward.

Music of Nature. Ps. 19—Night unto night showeth knowledge; Job 38:7—Morning stars sang together, &c.

Music Reflects the Soul. Ps. 137:4—How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

Mutation. 1 Cor. 7:31— . . . For the fashion of this world passeth away.

Mutualism. Rom. 1:14—I am debtor, &c.

Myself. Ps. 8:4—What is man that thou art mindful of him? &c.

Mystery in Nature. Job 11:7—Canst thou by searching find out God?

Mystery No Bar to Belief. John 20:29—Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.

Mystery, Value of. Ps. 2:4—If thou seek her and silver, and searchest for as for hid treasure.

N

Names, Enduring. Acts 4:12—None other name under heaven, &c.; Phil. 2:9—Name that is above every name.

Nature, Dual in Man. Rom. 7:21—When I would do good evil is present.

Negative Teaching. Gal. 5:14—For all the law is fulfilled, &c.

Neglect of Opportunity. Eph. 5:16—Redeeming the time, &c.

Nervousness. 1 Pet. 5:7—Casting all your care on him, &c.

New and Old. Eccl. 1:9—No new thing under the sun.

New, Appetency for the—Col. 3:9, 10—Seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds and have put on the new man.

New Birth. 2 Cor. 5:17—If any man be in Christ . . . all things are become new.

New Faiths. 2 Cor. 5:17—All things are become new.

Night, God's Presence in the. Ps. 4:8—I will both lay me down in peace and sleep for thou Lord, &c.

Note, A False. Job. 19:4—I have erred, &c.

Notoriety. Matt. 6:2—That they may have glory of men, &c.

Nourishment from beneath. Ps. 1:3—Like a tree planted by the rivers of water, &c.

O

Oases. Isa. 41:18—I will make . . dry land . . . springs of water, &c.

Obedience. Eph. 6:1—Children obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right.

Obedience in Spirit. 2 Cor. 3:6—The letter killeth, &c.

Obligation to the Church. Phil. 2:12—Work out your own salvation, &c.

Offerings Extravagant. Ps. 4:5—Offer the sacrifices of righteousness; Ps. 116:17—I will offer sacrifices of thanksgiving; Exod. 30:9—Offer no strong incense.

Old Age Incurable. Ps. 103:5—Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's; Ps. 90:10—The days of our years are threescore and ten, &c.

Old, Encouragement to the. Joel 2:28—Your old men shall dream dreams.

Old-year Memories. (Past, Forgetting the). Phil. 3:13—Forgetting those things that are behind.

Omniscience. Luke 8:17—For nothing is sacred that shall not be made manifest.

One, Winning. Zach. 4:10. Who hath dispersed the day of small things.

Opportunity. Eph. 5:16—Redeeming the time.

Optimism. Ps. 103:2—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

Organizing for Work. Eph. 4:16—The whole body fitly joined together.

Ostentation. Matt. 6:2—Do not sound a trumpet before thee, &c.

Others, Consideration for. Phil. 2:4—Look . . . every man also on things of others.

Overplus of Duty. Matt. 5:41—And whosoever shall compel thee, &c.

P

Pain, the Angel of. 2 Cor. 12:9—Glory in my infirmities.

Painstaking. Isa. 28:16—Therefore thus saith the Lord God, &c.

Palliatives versus Prevention. Prov. 22:15—Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it from him.

Panic Through Fear. Ps. 53:5—There were they in great fear, where no fear was.

Parenthood in Savages. Ps. 27:10—When my father and my mother forsake me, &c.

Partiality. Prov. 3:5—Lean not unto thine own understanding.

Passion, Growth of. Col. 3:5—Mortify therefore your members, &c.; Matt. 17:20—And Jesus said unto them, &c.

Patience. Ps. 37:6—He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, &c.

Patriotism. 2 Tim. 4:2 . . . Reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine.

Patriotism, Disinterested. 1 Sam. 12:23—Moreover as for me, God forbid that I should sin, &c.

Pattern, The Divine. Heb. 12:2—Looking into Jesus.

Peace. Is. 9:6— . . . His name shall be called the Prince of Peace.

Pedigree. Heb. 1:12—Thou art the same and thy years shall not fail.

Perishableness. Heb. 1:11, 12—And thy years shall not fail.

Permanent, The. 1 Cor. 3:13—Fire shall try every man's work, &c.

Permanency. Matt. 24:25—Heaven and earth shall pass away, &c.

Perseverance. Gal. 6:9—Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not; John 8:29—The Father hath not left me alone; Matt. 18:20—Where two or three, &c.

Persistence. Gal. 6:9—And let us not be weary in well-doing, &c.

Persistence in Missionaries—Gal. 6:9—Let us not be weary in well-doing, &c.

Personal Element, The. Matt. 17:18, 19—Why could not we cast him out?

Personal Evangelism. Jas. 5:20—He that converteth the sinner . . . shall snatch a soul from death.

Philanthropy. Mark 2:17—I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

Picturesque. Matt. 13:35—I will open my mouth in parables.

Pilgrim, The. Jer. 9:2—A lodging place for wayfaring men.

Place, Filling One's—1 Cor. 12:12-22—For the body is one, &c.

Play Necessary. Zach. 8:5—The streets . . . shall be full of boys and girls playing, &c.

Point of View. 1 Cor. 3:13—Every man's work shall be made manifest.

Politeness. Prov. 22:6—Train up a child, &c.

Post-mortem consequences. 1 Tim. 5:24, 25—Some men's sins are open-beforehand, going before to judgment, and some men they follow after, &c.

Poverty. Ps. 107:41—Yet setteth he the poor on high.

Poverty, Christian. 2 Cor. 6:10—As poor yet making many rich, &c.

Power in Self-repression. Exod. 34:7—Keeping mercy for thousands, &c.; Num. 14:18—The Lord is long suffering, &c.

Power through Union with God. Eph. 4:6—Strong in the Lord, &c.

Practical, the. 1 Cor. 4:12—And labor, working with our own hands.

Practise. Hebs. 5:14—By reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil; 2 Peter 1:10—Give diligence to make your calling and election sure.

Praise—Ps. 34:1—His praise shall be continually in my mouth, &c.

Praise-spirit, The. Job 13:15—Tho he slay me, &c.

Prayer. Jude 20—Prayer in the Holy Ghost.

Prayer and Effort. Jas. 2:26—Faith without works is dead.

Prayer for Others. Jer. 31:13—I will turn their mourning into joy.

Prayer in Secret. Matt. 6:6—But thou when thou prayest, &c.

Prayer, The Call to. Matt. 6:7—Use not vain repetitions as the heathen do.

Prayers, Views of. Matt. 6:6—But thou when thou prayest, &c.

Preaching the Word. 2 Tim. 4:2—Preach the word.

Precaution. Joshua 11:15—He left nothing undone of all that the Lord commanded Moses.

Preparation. Prov. 16:1—The preparations of the heart.

Presence of God. Ps. 24:3, 4—He that hath clean hands and a pure, &c.

Presences Unrecognized. Heb. 1:14—Are they not all ministering spirits.

Pride. Prov. 16:18-29:23—Pride goeth before destruction, &c.

Pride in One's Task. Ps. 40:8—I delight to do thy will, O my God.

Principle. Daniel 3:18—But if not, &c.

Prison Literature. 1 Pet. 3:19—By which also he went and preached to the spirits in prison.

Privilege. Acts 10:34—God is no respecter of persons.

Prodigal, The. Luke 15:20—Ran and fell on his neck and kissed him, &c.; Ps. 27:10—When my father and mother forsake, &c.

Profession versus Character. Matt. 7:21—Not every one that saith Lord, Lord, &c.

Professionalism. Judges 16:20—I will go out as at other times before . . . and he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.

Progress, Modern. Eccl. 7:10—Say thou not, what is the cause that the former days were better than these, &c.

Promised Land, The. Exod. 13:5—He sware unto thy fathers to give thee a land flowing with milk and honey.

Promises. 2 Peter 1:4—Grace and peace be multiplied, &c.; Luke 6:38—Give and it shall be given unto you, &c.

Promises, Implied. Luke 6:38—Give and it shall be given unto you, &c.

Proof. 1 Peter. 3:15—Always ready . . . to give a reason for this hope that is in you.

Proof by Experience. 1 Kings 3:16-28—Then came there two women, &c.

Proper Nutrition. Isa. 55:1—Every one that thirsteth, &c.

Prophecy. Eccl. 8:7—For he knoweth not that which shall be: for who can tell him when it shall be.

Protection. Jonah 4:6—And the Lord prepared a gourd and made it to come up over Jonah, &c.; Josh. 6:12-16—And Joshua rose early, &c.; Eph. 6:16—Above all, taking the shield of faith.

Protection, Unseen. 2 Kings 6:17—Open his eyes that he may see.

Provocation, Silence Under. Ps. 39:1—I will keep my mouth with a bridle.

Pruning to Destroy. Matt. 5:30—If thy right hand offend thee, &c.

Punctiliousness. Matt. 23:24—Strain out a gnat, &c.; Esther 4:11—Whosoever whether man or woman shall come unto the king . . . who is not called, there is one law of his to put him to death, &c.

Punishment, Profitable. Ps. 119:71—It is good for me that I have been afflicted: that I might learn thy statutes.

Purity. Ps. 51:7—Wash me . . . whiter than snow.; James 1:27—Unspotted from the world.

Purity of Associations. Ps. 51:6, 7—Behold thou desirest truth, &c

Q

Quibbling. James 2:10—Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, &c.

Quickening. Eph. 2:1—And you hath he quickened, &c.

Quietness. 1 Thess. 4:11—Study to be quiet; 1 Peter 3:4—Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.

Quietness in Danger. Isa. 30:13—In quietness and confidence, &c.

R

Race Loyalty. 1 Cor. 9:27—But I keep under my body, &c.

Reasonable Religion. 1 Pet. 3:15—A season of the hope that is in you.

Reasons. Matt. 5:37—Let your communications be, &c.

Reclamation. Is. 35:1—The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; Jas. 5:20—Converteth a sinner from error, &c.

Recognition by One's Work. Rev. 20:13—And they were judged every man according to their works.

Record, Keeping the. Eccl. 12:14—God shall bring every work into judgment.

Reflection, Imperfect. Matt. 6:23. If the light in thee be darkness.

Reformation. Rom. 12:2—Be ye transformed, &c.

Reformers, Erratic. Jude 12—Carried about of winds, trees whose fruit withereth; Eph. 4:14—Carried about with every wind of doctrine.

Refreshing Springs. Psalm 45:1—My heart is inditing (bubbleth up) a good matter.

Rejection of Christ. Matt. 19:22—But when the young man heard, &c.

Religion, Allaying Fear. Psalm 121:1—I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, &c.

Religion, Family. Gen. 18:19—For I know him that he will command his children, &c.

Religion versus Business. Matt. 6:25—Is not the life more than meat, &c.

Reminders, Unpleasant. Isa. 1:18—Tho your sins be as scarlet, &c.; Gal. 6:17—I bear on my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.

Renewal. Ezek. 47:9—Everything shall live whither the river cometh, &c.

Renewal, Spiritual. Acts 2:1-4—Day of Pentecost, &c.

Renovation. Psalm 51:2—Cleanse me from my sins; Psalm 19:12—Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Renunciation, Complete. Matt. 6:24—Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

Repair of Character. Isaiah 40:31—Shall renew their strength, &c.

Repayment. Joel 3:7—And will return your recompense upon your own head, &c.

Repeated Effort. Josh. 6:15—They compassed the city seven times.

Repentance, Practical. Matt. 3:8—Bring forth therefore fruits worth repentance, &c.

Reputation. Prov. 22:1—A good name is to be chosen, &c.

Rescue. Gen. 19:15-22—And when the morning arose, &c.

Reservation. Luke 18:29—There is no man that hath left house or parents, &c.

Resignation. Mark 7:37—He hath done all things well; Psalm 127:2—It is vain for you to rise up early, &c.

Resolution. Psalm 56:4—I will not fear, &c.

Resources, Making the Best of. Eccl. 9:10—Whatsoever thy hand findeth, &c.

Resourcefulness. Mark 2:4—And when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, they uncovered the roof where he was, &c.

Responsibility. Matt. 27:24—I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it.

Restitution. Ex. 22:3—For he should make full restitution.

Restoration in Nature. Psalm 119:64—The earth, O Lord, is full of thy mercy.

Restoring God's Image. Gen. 2:27—God created man in his own image, &c.

Restraint. Jer. 14:10—Thus saith the Lord unto his people, &c.; Psalm 119:101—I have refrained my feet, &c.; Prov. 1:15—My son, walk not thou, &c.; Amos. 2:14—The strong shall not strengthen his, &c.

Resurrection. Heb. 11:4—He being dead yet speaketh, &c.

Retardation. Luke 2:52—And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature; and in favor with God and man.

Retribution in the Individual. Rom. 2:6—Who will render to every man according to his deeds; Ezek. 18:4—The soul that sinneth, it shall die.

Reverence for Parents. Exod 20:12—Honor thy father and thy mother, &c.

Revivals. Matt. 14:23—He went up into a mountain apart to pray.

Rewards, Spiritual. Matt. 6:19—Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, &c.

Riches, Imaginary. Prov. 4:7—Wisdom is the principal thing, &c.

Riches, Unrealized. Eph. 1:18—Riches of his glory, &c.

Right, Triumphs of. Gal. 6:9—Be not weary in well-doing, &c.

Right versus Expediency. Daniel 3—We are not careful to answer thee in this matter.

S

Sabbath-breaking Rebuked. Exod. 20:8—Remember the Sabbath day, &c.

Sabbath, Observing the. Mark 2:27—Sabbath was made for man, &c.; Exod. 20:8—Remember the Sabbath day, &c.; Exod. 20:8—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

Sacrifice. Isa. 53:5—But he was wounded, &c.; John 15:13—Greater love hath no man than this, &c.

Sacrifice, Filial. Rev. 7:14—These are they that come out of great tribulations, &c.

Sacrifice of Our Best. Rom. 5:6—While we were yet without strength, &c.

Sacrifice, Vicarious. Rom. 5:9—We shall be saved from wrath through him.

Safety from Water-brooks. Psalm 42:1—As the hart panteth for the water brooks, &c.

Saved as by Fire. 1 Cor. 3:15—He himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire.

Scars of War Healed. Isa. 55:13—Instead of the thorn, &c.; Isa. 2:4—Neither shall they learn war any more.

Science, Devotion to. Psalm 8:3, 4—When I consider thy heavens, &c.

Scruples, Minute. Mark 7:8—For laying aside the commandments of God, ye hold the tradition of men, as the washing of pots and cups, &c.

Secret Things. Deut 29:29—Secret things belong unto the Lord, &c.

Secrets. Deut. 29:29—Secret things belong unto the Lord, &c.

Seeing, The Art of. Mark 8:18—Having eyes, see ye not, &c.

Seeking and Finding. Matt. 7:21—Not everyone that saith unto me, &c.

Self-confidence. Gal. 1:10—For do I now please men?

Self-consciousness. Luke 2:49—Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

Self-control. Prov. 16:32—He that is slow to anger, &c.

Self-depreciation. Rom. 12:3—Not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think.

Self-effacement. Rom. 12:3—Not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think.

Self-flattery. Prov. 27:2—Let another man praise thee, &c.

Self, Forgetting. Matt. 16:25—Whosoever will save his life, &c.

Self-help. Eccl. 11:6—Thou knowest not whether shall prosper, &c.

Self-hidden. Judges 7:16—Empty pitchers and lamps within the pitchers, &c.

Self-limitations. Isa. 54:2—Enlarge the place of thy tent, &c.

Self-measurement. Rom. 12:3—Not to think more highly of himself than he ought, &c.

Self-sacrifice. John 15:13—Greater love hath no man than this; 1 Tim. 2:5, 6—Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all.

Selfishness. Acts 20:35—It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Selfishness Rebuked. Phil. 2:4—Look not every man on his own things, &c.

Sensitiveness. Psalm 19:4—Their line is gone out through all the earth, &c.; 1 Sam. 25:3—But the man was churlish, &c.

Sentiment Useless. Jas. 2:16—And one of you say . . . be ye warned, &c.

Separation. Isaiah 59:2—Your sins have separated between you and your God, &c.

Serenity in Life. 1 Peter 5:7—Casting all your care upon him, &c.

Service. Luke 2:49—Wist ye not, &c.; Matt. 20:28—The Son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister; Gal. 5:13—By love serve one another.

Service and Sacrifice. 1 John 3:16—We ought to lay down our lives, &c.

Shame. Jas. 1:23-24—A man beholding his natural face in the glass, &c.

Shams. Matt. 23:14—Ye devour widows' houses and for pretense make long prayers, &c.; Matt. 23:27—Whited sepulchers; Matt. 10:26—There is nothing hid . . . that shall not be made known.

Shepherd, the Good. John 10:1-16—Good shepherd.

Signals. 1 Kings 19:12—And after the fire a still small voice.

Sin, Fascination of. Prov. 16:25—There is a way that seemeth right, &c.
Sin, Original. James 1:15—When lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin, &c.
Sin, Sense of. Rom. 7:13—That sin . . . might become exceedingly sinful.
Sin Without Atonement. Joel 2:25—And I will restore to you the years, &c.
Sins, Pet. James 1:15—Sin when it is finished, &c.
Sins of Youth. Psalm 25:7—Remember not, the sins of my youth.
Size not Power. Psalm 8:4-6—What is man that thou art mindful of him, &c.
Skill with Tenderness. John 11:35—Jesus wept.
Slave, for the Gospel's Sake. Eph. 6:20—An ambassador in bonds.
Slaves of Pleasure. 2 Tim. 3:4—Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.
Small Evils Hardest to Bear. Job 14:19—The waters wear the stones.
Snobbery Rebuked. Roman 12:3—For I say through the grace given unto me, &c.
Social Christianity. Jer. 23:29—Is not my word like as a fire, &c.
Social Interdependence. 1 Cor. 12:26—And whether one member suffer, &c.
Social Progress. Malachi 3:16—Then they that feared the Lord spoke often one to another, &c.
Solidarity. Rom. 14:7—None of us liveth to himself, &c.
Solidity of Old Truths. 1 Thes. 5:21—Hold fast to that which is good, &c.
Solitude, Lesson of. Psalm 139:18—When I am awake I am still with thee.
Solitude, Training in. Job. 35:10—Giveth songs in the night.
Song and Suffering. Acts 16:25—And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God, and the prisoners heard them.
Song in the Night. Job. 35:10—Giveth songs in the night.
Song, the Gospel in. Eph. 5:19—Speaking to yourselves, &c.
Sorrow for a Lost Cause. Joel 2:25—And I will restore to you the years, &c.
Soul, Your. Matt. 18:3—Except ye be converted and become as little children, &c.
Sowing and Reaping. Gal. 6:7—Whatsoever a man soweth, &c.
Spirit, Fruit of. Eph. 5:9—Fruit of the Spirit, &c.
Spirits, Watching. Heb. 12:1—Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, &c.
Spiritual Declension. Isaiah 63:11—Then he remembered the days of old, &c.
Spiritual Nobility. Isaiah 53:2—There is no beauty that we should desire him; Heb. 13:2—Some have entertained angels unawares.
Stagnancy. Rev. 3:1—Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead.
Steadiness of Providence. Isaiah 42:4—He shall not fail nor be discouraged till he hath set judgment in the earth, &c.; Isa. 59:9—As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways, &c.
Stedfastness. Eph. 6:13—Having done all to stand.
Straight Character. Matt. 7:14—Straight is the gate and narrow is the way, &c.
Strain, Nervous. Esther 8:6—For how can I endure to see the evil that shall come upon our people? &c.
Strength, Secret Source of. Gal. 1:15,16—I conferred not with flesh and blood, &c.; Psalm 25:14—The secret of the Lord is with, &c.
Substances, Penetrating. Psalm 18:35—Thy gentleness hath made me great.
Substitution. Matt. 8:17—Himself took our infirmities and bare our sickness.
Subtlety. Gen. 3:1—Now the serpent was more subtle, &c.
Success. Jer. 17:11—He that getteth riches but not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool.
Success too Dear. Matt. 16:26—What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?
Suffering, Fellowship with Christ's. Phil. 3:10—That I may know him . . . and the fellowship of his suffering, &c.
Suffering Transformed. Rom. 8:18—The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared, &c.
Suffering, Universal. Rom. 8:22—The whole creation groaneth, &c.
Suicide Prevented. Acts 16:28—Do thyself no harm.
Sunday Recorded. Exod. 20:8-10—Six days shalt thou labor, &c.
Sunlight and Starlight. Isa. 60:19—The sun shall be no more thy light by day, &c.
Sunshine. Dan. 12:3—They that be wise shall shine, &c.
Surface Lives. John 4:10-15—Woman of Samaria.
Synchronism. Phil. 3:16—Let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing.
System in Labor. 1 Cor. 14:40—Let all things be done . . . in order.

T

Tact. 1 Cor. 9:22—All things to all men, &c.

Talents, Buried. Matt. 25:14-30—For the kingdom of Heaven, &c.

Talents Differ. 1 Cor. 12:4—Diversities of gifts.

Teacher's Function, The—James 1:23, 24—Like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass, &c.

Temperance. 1 Cor. 9:25—And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things, &c.

Temptation, Matt. 6:13—Lead us not into temptation; Rom. 12:21—Overcome evil with good.

Temptation, Plausibility of. James 1:13—Let no man say, &c.; Matt. 6:13—And lead us not into temptation, &c.

Temptation Resisted. Matt. 4:8—All the kingdoms of the world, &c.

Tenderness. Matt. 12:19, 20—He shall not strive, &c.

Tension, Moral. Acts 27:23—God, whose I am and whom I serve.

Testimony, A Sheep's. John 10:4—For they know his voice, &c.

Testimony of Work. Acts 9:39—Showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, &c.

Tests. 1 Cor. 3:13—Every man's work shall be made manifest, &c.; 1 Cor. 3:13—The fire shall try every man's work, &c.; Phil. 1:10—Sincere and without offense, &c.

Thanks, the Solace of. 1 Tim. 4:4—If it be received with thanksgiving.

Theology as a Discipline. Job 11:7—Canst thou by searching find out God, &c.

Thoroughness. Eccl. 9:10—Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do do it with thy might, &c.

Time, the Present. James 4:13, 14. Go to now, ye that say, &c.

Timeliness of God. Isaiah 65:24—Before they call I will answer, &c.

Timidity. Prov. 29:25—The fear of man bringeth a snare, &c.

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